

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.

Richardt'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 Waima Plains).

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

W. M'PHAIL,

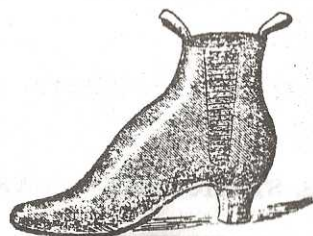
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HARP OF ERIN LIVERY AND
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management of GEORGE MULLIS,
whose experience may be accepted as guarantee
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be given.

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
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GEORGE MULLIS,
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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

Seventh Issue - November 1971

Officers of the Society for 1970-71:

PRESIDENT - Mr Ian Daniel
SECRETARY - Mrs H.H.J. Miller, 21 Hallenstein St
TREASURER - Mrs J.D. Knowles, 27 Hallenstein St.
COMMITTEE - Mr J. Grant, Mr L. McCurdy,
Mrs R. Skinner,

Annual Subscription to the Society - \$2.

'Courier' - included in Subscription,
price to non-members - 20c

The Secretary is always pleased to receive suitable stories
or material for articles for the 'Courier'.

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Secretary's Report

The main event to be recorded in this report is the opening of
the new Malaghan Library, which took place on Saturday, May 1, 1971.
This was the culmination of the long train of events which started
with this Society's decision to battle for the retention of the old
stone library building. The last issue of the 'Courier' was brought
out to mark this occasion and contained the history of events
leading up to the opening. The ceremony was held in perfect
weather, and the many visitors who gathered for the occasion all
expressed their great pleasure and enjoyment of the proceedings.

The guests of honour who included the Malaghan family which had
travelled from Wellington, and Mr Jim Blatch who is a grandson of
Mr George Bishop, a stonemason who helped to build the original
Library in 1877, gathered together with the public outside the
Justice Department and Old Library Building for the first part of
the ceremony, which was speeches by His Worship the Mayor, Mr Warren
Cooper, Mrs H.H.J. Miller, chairman of the Library Committee,
Mr F.W.D. Miller, well known writer of local history, and Dr Charles
Begg representing the Historic Places Trust.

Flowers were presented to Mrs Malaghan, and to Mrs Miller, Chairman of the Library Committee, who then welcomed all present, and continued, - "Today is a day for Civic Pride. Pride in the fact that we live in Queenstown and that we have all worked together to reach this particular moment in time when we are about to open the new Malaghan Library. We are carrying on a tradition of the first people of this town, and through the generosity of one of these families we have a building which will be a source of civic pride for generations to come. We can be proud that we have the skilled men in Queenstown who can not only build, but create with an eye to beauty." She also paid tribute to the part the children of the town had played in the project and the interest the School had shown in it, and she thanked the librarians and all others who had assisted.

The Mayor introduced Mr F.W.G. Miller whose address is reproduced in this issue, and Dr Begg and Mr Blatch, who both spoke briefly before Mr Blatch, assisted by Dr Begg, unveiled the Plaque presented by the Historic Places Trust to mark the fact that the building had been saved from demolition. Mr J.B. Hamilton thanked Mr Blatch and spoke on behalf of the Malaghan family.

The assembled company then moved round to the new Malaghan Library, where Mrs Malaghan spoke before being presented with the key by the builder, Mr Ron Inder, and officially unlocking the door to the new building. Mr Inder also presented a cheque for a very generous amount to be spent on furnishing the building.

The Library was then open for inspection, together with an exhibition which had been loaned for the occasion by the Hocken Library of a priceless collection of paintings of early Queenstown, which were later discussed and explained by Mr Oliver Cox. There was also an interesting collection of photographs of old Queenstown displayed in the old Library room. Since then the two rooms of the old building have been furnished and carpeted as a Reading Room and Council Chamber.

NEVIS TRIP. On February 20 the Society organised an all day guided bus trip to the Nevis, an historic gold mining area, and the background and history was told by Mr George Williamson, who had lived in the area in the early days, and his excellent memory enabled him to tell many tales and anecdotes of the past to the 37 people who were on the trip. These people were from as far afield as Waimate and Riversdale, with Arrowtown, Queenstown and Lake Hayes being well represented. Two buses carried the party which travelled down the Lake and turned off the Main Road near Garston, ascending the road up the Hector Mts. Mr Ron Gordon had some interesting tales to tell of the early miners and Chinese Race-keepers in these parts. Some mist impeded the view at the top of this road, but once over the pass and into the Nevis Valley the day was superb. The first stop was made at Bailey's Hill where mining has been resumed. A picnic lunch was held beside the ruins of O'Connell's old stone house. The O'Connells were renowned for their hospitality in the days of the gold rush, and at one time they owned a Hotel in the area. Other stops were made at various places of interest, including the old bakery, where Mr Gordon reminisced on the days when he helped to knead the dough, the site of the township where there was nothing to

be seen, but Mr Williamson vividly reconstructed the layout for us, as he did at all points where we stopped. Afternoon tea stop was at the bridge over the Nevis River, where the sun was so hot and the water so inviting that several of the party who had thought to come prepared had a swim. From there on the road wound up to the top of the hills again from where the view was outstanding, Mt Aspiring being visible to the north. The next halt was at the Bannockburn Hotel, where the party was made most welcome. The trip covered 129 miles, was entirely enjoyable, and thanks to Mr Williamson and Mr Gordon, history was made to live for us.

The Society also helped with another trek into the Nevis some time later to bring out Dredge Buckets to be set up in the Pedestrian Mall in Queenstown. These were retrieved at some cost to our President, Ian Daniel, - he left a small part of his finger to mark the spot where one bucket came from!

Social Evenings.

On Thursday, May 20 the newly formed Maori Group was invited to join the Society for supper and a social evening. As the Group is based on the merging of the two New Zealand races such an evening was most appropriate. Mr John Newman read a paper dealing with Maori place names in the Lakes District, (reproduced in this number), and historical question game had the company moving and mixing, after which the Group presented Maori action songs and had us all joining in. Altogether a very pleasant evening.

On Thursday, September 2, a very interesting gathering was held in the Presbyterian Lounge, when Mr Edgar Williams showed a collection of Lantern Slides of photographs taken by his father towards the end of last century and early in this century, when on frequent holidays in the Wakatipu district. These monochrome pictures of Victorian and Edwardian Days had a great charm which quite captivated the audience. He followed these with some of his own colour slides which ranged over other parts of New Zealand, the beauty of which placed Mr Williams unmistakably among the top photographers of this day.

Mr Williams, who is over eighty years old, was enjoying a cycling tour of the South Island, though he arrived in Queenstown through the Greenstone Valley on foot. We felt some anxiety due to storms and deep snow in the mountains, but he emerged merry as a cricket and as the river was unfordable he was taken to Glenorchy by launch, and thence to Queenstown.

Several projects have been undertaken. The Queenstown Cemetery has continued to have our attention and is now as beautiful as it ever was, in the view of one of our not so young members who has lived here since he was a boy. The Queenstown Borough Council have cleared and grassed the area where the Chinese were originally buried, and have planted a large number of choice and exotic shrubs of Chinese origin, and placed two seats, in order to beautify this area which is to be a Memorial Garden to the Chinese who were buried there in the gold rush days, some of whom were reinterred in their homeland. The Historical Society has been in touch with the New Zealand Chinese Society and it is hoped that if present negotiations

bear fruit some record will be placed on a suitable memorial or plaque in the area.

The wooden grave marker is now being treated in the Otago Museum so that it will be preserved rather than rot as it was doing in the Frankton Cemetery.

Plaques for the wall in the Queenstown Cemetery and for St Omer Park are ordered, and should be ready any time now.

Efforts to negotiate with the Mines Department to preserve mining machinery in the Macetown area have largely proved fruitless, but it is hoped that we can co-operate with the Lakes County Museum Committee in preventing further thefts from the area.

Shrubs were planted at the Transit of Venus site. American varieties were chosen as a suitable reminder of the American Expedition which did the observation. A history of this expedition will be published in a future number of the Courier.

At a special Meeting of the Committee there was some difference of opinion among members as to whether the Society should lodge an objection to the proposed building of a highrise hotel on what was once Reserve Land. It was unanimously agreed that the height of the building was not the concern of the Society, but some members felt, as Bendix Hallenstein and other pioneers had worked so hard to get the land set aside for the use of the people as Reserve Land, and in view of the motion passed at the last Annual Meeting to support the move to have this land retained as Reserve, it is important that this Society should lodge an objection to the sale of the land to private enterprise. Two letters had been received by the Secretary from members asking that the Society lodge an objection. After some dissention a majority vote was recorded for objecting, and the objection has been lodged.

From this report it will be clear that the Society is very active, and there are preparations under way for the coming summer's activities, and it is hoped that all members will join in, as it is your support of the President and the Committee which makes the life of the Society, and enables it to do the work which is so important to the future of the whole district.

I would like to draw the attention of all readers that this is a District Society, and we would welcome more members from outside Queenstown, for there is so much of interest requiring attention in the surrounding area. In our constitution we are pledged to involve ourselves in preservation and education in the field of history in the whole District, and we warmly invite more to join us in this vital work.

My thanks for your support in the past, and I look forward to further achievements and enjoyment in our historical work.

A.M. Miller
Honorary Secretary.

MALAGHAN LIBRARY

Inaugural address by Mr. F.W.G. Miller,
Journalist and Lakes District Historian,
May 1, 1971.

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May I say at the start how glad I am to come to a place I have seen so little lately but which is so very close to my heart because I have become involved in it as its historian. Perhaps that is rather a bold statement to make, because Queenstown has various historians, not necessarily literary ones. Your artists, men like Douglas Badcock, Charles McKenzie and Alan Cooke, your architects and builders, all those who fight to preserve something of the original character of your district, your tree-lovers and conservationists - all are in a sense historians in that they attempt to preserve an awareness of history. There are other writers, too, who are historians of your district - my old friend Dr. Bill Anderson, and Terri MacNicol, and maybe some others who can bring the past to life before your eyes so that you will have an appreciation of the mighty efforts of those men and women who lived in these beautiful but primitive and challenging surroundings long before the sealed roads and the comfortable homes and hotels turned what was originally a mining camp into a modern luxury tourist resort.

May I say, too, that my own association with Queenstown goes back to those very days of the past, long before a century history of the district was ever envisaged, for my own grandfather, Walter Miller, was a Government Stock Inspector in Queenstown about the year 1885. So, in some respects, I am almost as much a native as some of you residents whose parents were here also. I am proud of that association with what has come to be acknowledged as one of the world's loveliest and most picturesque settlements.

Now I am afraid I am getting slightly away from my subject, which is the opening of this library. I am indeed glad that this historic building has been retained to house the literature of the district. And I hope, too, that it is largely the literature of the district, as well of course as a selection of the world's best current reading, both in book and periodical form. Books are an important part of a thinking man's life, and it is important too that they should be well housed, just as it is important that people should be well housed. Queenstown should be proud of this library. There is so much about itself that it can preserve here, and it is vitally necessary that young people and adults should know from books all about the place where they live, or to which they come year after year on their vacation.

I wonder how many school children know how Queenstown received its name? The story was told to me by the late Tom Tallentire, who got it from an eye-witness, one Joseph Norrie Durie, and the same story was handed down to the late Frank St. Omer by his father. The news had come to The Camp, as it was called then, that Queen Victoria had given the name Queenstown to a small place

in County Cork, Ireland. The local Irish, of whom there were apparently plenty, thought there could be no better a name for their own town, so on an empty section at the north-east corner of the intersection of Rees and Beach Streets the two local blacksmiths, James Bridge and R. Black, who owned the section, gathered with their cronies in front of the anvil on Black's section. There, under the open sky, Archibald Cameron tinkled the anvil and Black pronounced the name of the lake settlement Queenstown. That was on New Year's Day 1863, and on January 6 that year the Otago Daily Times reported that the township on the lake had been christened, at a public meeting held for the purpose, "Queens-town"

We are so much inclined to think of early Queenstown as a place of gold-miners and roystering, and to forget the significance of it and some of the remarkable men who were its citizens - men like Bendix Hallenstein, who came from Germany and started in Queenstown a business that was to spread throughout New Zealand under the name of the H.B.; or the founder of Queenstown, W.G. Rees, without whose succour many of the miners would have starved; Francois St. Omer, who planted so many of the trees on a landscape which at that time was bare of anything bigger than a tussock; McConnochie, the nurseryman, and Philip P. Boulton, the County Clerk who planted the trees of justice in front of this Courthouse - these are the men of history, the men to be remembered today, who gave you in their day what you could not have provided in yours, - mature trees which have turned the whole district into a place of superlative beauty. There were others, of course, who realized just what trees could do to this place and how magnificently they flourished under conditions that proved to be ideal. These trees, the golden sunshine, the timeless lake and mountains that surround it, are the real gold of the Wakatipu - the other was only a temporary condition that was soon spent for all time. But it at least provided the impetus to make Queenstown what it is today. And so, in such wonderful surroundings, is it not as well to turn to the things of the mind as well as to the physical attractions of the environment? You who live in Queenstown, could in time take the beauty of your surroundings for granted, but if you can remain aware of the past, of the men who built the heritage you now enjoy, you will remain conscious of your surroundings; and it is only through the reading of books that you will acquire that sense of history and achievement of your forebears who have made for you what may be termed the good life. Mankind needs books. Between their covers is the sum total of human knowledge, the record of human experience. Without some of that knowledge we are no better than the butterfly that lives for 24 hours and dies unnoticed and forgotten. The past and the present are inextricably interwoven, and together they round off a personality to bring us to a fuller understanding of our environment, and indeed of our planet.

So I ask you then to remember the names of those who have gone before with respect and gratitude - names such as those I

have already mentioned, as well as others like Evan Prosser, the chemist, who founded the great chemical business of Kempthorne Prosser that is known all over New Zealand; of Daddy Robertson, the first mayor, Michael John Malaghan and his family, after whom this library is named; Sir Robert Anderson, one of the founders of J.B. Ward & Co., who was born here, and many others, too numerous to mention. From the shores of this lake, too, at Glenorchy, came the world champion billiard player, Clark McConachy; and let us not forget Sew Hoy, who pioneered, near Queenstown on the Shotover river, the gold-dredging industry which gave a new life to mining in the district and who brought out a vigorous and colourful Chinese population, some of whom are still sleeping in the Queenstown cemetery alongside their European brethren.

Again, who are the historians? You yourselves are. The records you leave or cause to be left. The things you do for good or ill - and there have been baddies even in Queenstown! A man went to gaol once for arson and defrauding the Insurance - but all these things go to make history. Our local characters made history. Who in Queenstown will ever forget the late Jock Edgar, who lived here for so many years since he returned from the Boer War and became a local legend? The stories about him are legion. And then there was the Russian, Matt Seffer, the man who could smell earthquakes when they were happening in other parts of the world as far away as Peru. And of course, his brother Johnnie, the last inheritor of the Moke Creek library, a collection that was supposed to consist of first edition classics in the old-fashioned high quality bindings, but which, in the ultimate, proved to be but a remnant. It could once have been all that was claimed for it - those old miners came out when Dickens was the best seller of the day. Perhaps some of those books are in this library. Then, too, there was old Egbert Sainsbury, the gold-miner of Skippers, who told me once that he had seen the hand of God in the sky. Egbert was a man who saw visions, and perhaps he found in his visions something that was a solace for his old age. They were very real to him, and maybe they gave him a feeling that he was being cared for, that he was not passing un-noticed by the higher ups. Queenstown was full of such characters, and I know old-timers like Dr. Anderson could name dozens I had never heard of. These are the people who should be remembered, who gave the district an atmosphere and are a part of its history.

Queenstown is one of the beauty spots of the world, and thousands of people from all over the world visit it every year. But part of its beauty is its atmosphere of the past, the lingering memories in stone buildings, in the growth of trees, in many forms of development and in the recorded facts of the last 100 years, all of whom and which together form the history. I trust much of that history will be contained in this fine new library building - and I trust, too, that it will be necessary some day to add to it to house the growing store of books to meet the requirements of a rapidly increasing population. One final suggestion, too, I would make - that someone in Queenstown should keep a running record, such as that contained in the special issue of the Queenstown Courier, incorporating all the

contemporary history of the area so that, in years to come, future historians will know where to turn for this information about the district when they come to bring it up to date in more permanent form. I myself will treasure this copy of the Courier as a valuable contribution to the work of future researchers.

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Discovery of the Lake by Rees and Von Tunzelman continued

- THE TRIP TO THE LAKE -

Continuing the extract from the "Lake Wakatip Mail", issues of 28th September, 1900, entitled 'Reminiscences and Troubles of a Wakatipian Pioneer', being a rough sketch of the discovery of the Lakes district by the late W.G. Rees and Paul Nicolai Balthasar Tunzelmann von Alderflug (Mr. N.B. von Tunzelmann), from the pen of the latter....

Trouble with a bogged horse.

"From Burwood next day I had to find my way up, alone, to Clayton's station, in the gap of the New River, Clark, my late guide, turning towards the Waiau in quest of signatures for his petition. This was the last station I should make, and the people thought I was on a wild-geese chase, as no big lake was known to them. However, Clayton had a brother on a visit - a surveyor (the father of Lady Vogel), who kindly offered to travel with me in search of the lake. Having had a good deal of experience in exploring, we reached at night the foot of a rather long spur - an isolated hill - where we camped against a big rock. We had travelled up the New River all day, the country being full of logs and covered with high snow-grass, allowing little of the horse or rider to be seen, so that we had to twist about a good deal and often retrace our steps. Next morning we pushed up the spur of this hill on foot, leaving the horses hobbled and arriving at the summit about the middle of the day we found, to our chagrin, a deep gorge below us - dividing the hill we were on from a round mountain with a flat top, higher than we were, and barring our view. Nevertheless, I was delighted to get a glimpse of the lake to the left, and recognised the mountains at the Head of the Lake. It was not possible to mistake Mt. MacIntosh with its glacier glittering in the sun, and I also recognised the mountain barring our view as the one seen by Ross and myself when we reached the top of the mountain above Bob's Cove and had to turn back. So far, so good. Mr. Clayton was surprised, and I delighted, that I had found a road and good sheep country. We turned back, reaching our camp at night and the station next day, where we astonished Mr. and Mrs. Clayton with our description of the big lake, and on my way back down country I was glad to find I was not looked upon as such a big fool as on the upward journey. Trying to find my way back to Cowan's, I bogged my horse I had shipped at Wellington, and very nearly lost him, as he was stuck in it all day, disappearing more and more until there was nothing visible but his shoulders and

saddle and head as he floundered about round and round, but never getting any nearer to the edge of the bog. I gave him up in despair, but, having been in Canada some years and seen the corduroy roads made there across swamps by laying logs close to one another, I started making bundles of flax stalks (koradies), tying them with green flax and then putting them close together, cut a lot of green flax leaves and laid them the reverse way on top - a distance of about 20 yards. When all was ready, I took the horse, a big animal of 16 hands high, by the bridle, and, shouting to him and giving him the whip, he made a spring, got his fore legs on the platform in front of him and, soon after, by another spring, his hind legs were on the platform. Letting him stand still at intervals while the bundles he had passed over were moved to the front, I managed to get him out as the sun was setting and, hobbling him, I put the saddle against a big tussock for a pillow and prepared for an uncomfortable night, having fortunately a sandwich left - wondering all night what fresh accident was in store for me on the morrow, but thankful I had saved my horse.

The following day, having to lead my horse as he was "cooked", I had a weary tramp along the foot of the Moonlight ranges, making for a clump of bush on the Hokonui range, and reached Cowan's at sundown, so exhausted that I could hardly speak. However, a few days' rest set me up again. I then made for Dunedin, reaching there about three weeks from the time I first left it on present trip - Rees and myself having been six weeks away on our first trip - thus making 9 or 10 weeks to find a road to the country I was going to settle on."

(End of extract from Mail of 28 Sept: Continued next Issue).

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FOUR MILES FROM QUEENSTOWN

by

Frankton Cemetery Winston Craddock

If you care to motor or even walk from Queenstown to Frankton you will see, almost directly opposite the junction of Highways 6 and 6A, some iron gates set in a stone wall surrounding the Frankton cemetery. The gates seem relatively modern. Of undistinguished wrought iron, they have an Edwardian air; and I would doubt whether they are part of the original entrance. But the dry stone wall which flanks them is a splendid example of the craft of "fencing" with stone. It has resisted weather and vandals, and its beauty has endured for over a hundred years.

Like many old cemeteries, this one is overgrown and neglected. It doesn't matter. In my view that is how cemeteries should be. If there is one thing worse than a crooked and weathered tombstone, it is a straight and polished one. The oldest memorial I could find was dated 1873. The most recent, standing in the wilderness with a sort of surprised look was of 1970. Here too, if left alone, Father Time will perform his unhurried magic.

But necrology is really not my line. We started with iron gates. If we continue to walk North-east along Highway 6 for about one-third of a mile and on the same (left) side, we will come upon some gates and railings of greater merit. Almost obscured by laurels, they give entrance to an old wooden house which would have been quite grand in its time. But it has fallen on evil days. Its sightless windows issue with starlings and bulge with bales of hay. Depressing. Turn from the stuffed ruin and enjoy the more durable and elegant iron work.

Older than that of the cemetery, it is also of greater technical and artistic interest in that decorative finials of cast iron surmount the main design of wrought metal. The structure deserves preservation on some more conspicuous and flattering site. But how? Meanwhile it is well to know that it is there and be alert to the risk of attack by vandals or the scrap-metal boys.

For those to whom names and battles and dates are the substance of history, I should add that the cemetery was established in or about 1863, and that the handsome gates further along the road were made in Dunedin by J. W. Faulkner & Son. My kind informant was Mr. J. D. Grant of Frankton. He is not only secretary to the Cemetery Committee, but also the enviable owner of the elegant gates.

If you have a mind to make him an offer, it may help you to know that he receives, and declines, several earnest enquiries each year.

Well, when next you are in the locality, have a look while there is still something to be seen. The bulldozers, concrete mixers, and high-rise buildings are creeping up. It is later than you think.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

Queenstown has gradually grown, basically along the lines of the early survey, but now pressure of expansion has accelerated and radical plans are having to be formed and implemented to cope. Two of these are historic breaks with tradition.

The Pedestrian Mall in Ballarat St is one, and when completed should be the focal point and the pride of Queenstown for many decades, though this will depend very much on the imagination used in its layout, and the quality of the materials used in furnishing it. The large water-wheel set up at the entrance has no historic significance in the district having come from a farm in Dipton, and is proving controversial in its appeal. Many people think it would be more fitting to place it in nearby Horne Creek than have it set up in a river of asphalt.

The other is the proposal to release by Act of Parliament 100 acres of the Commonage for residential development. Historically the Commonage was established for the citizens to graze their stock, but such usage has long been obsolete, and natural generation has covered the area with impenetrable forest. If good Town Planning advice is followed this is another scheme which should give lasting pleasure, and aesthetically enhance the town.

B. Knowles.

A Story of the Nevis

New cook at the Nevis

This anecdote was recalled to mind by a Member of the Society who worked there as a young man.

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THE NEW COOK

By Mr Ron Gordon.

There was a mild air of excitement at the Nevis Hotel. A new cook was due on Thursday.

Nevis was no longer looked upon as the back of beyond, Johnnie Williams the publican had just bought the first Bedford Truck in Central Otago, and Cromwell was now only a little more than an hour and a half away.

The new cook was coming from Dunedin, and the big questions were - what will she be like? - how old will she be?

In the bakehouse (a subsidiary of Johnnie's commercial empire) Johnnie and Ron were punching the dough for tomorrow's bread, and when they finished they tossed a coin to decide who would be the first to take her out, (where to, I wonder). Up went the coin, Ron called heads and heads it was. "Three tosses", called Johnnie, and after some argument Johnnie succeeded in upholding the Nevis custom, - always three tosses in the Nevis. The next two tosses were tails.

Thursday came, and Mrs Williams, Ron and Tommy went in the Bedford to Cromwell to do the chores and meet the train. Tommy was Mrs William's nephew, an ingenuous youth with an unfortunate stutter. He had borrowed a leather coat for the day, and as he also had a bus driver's hat he felt that he was truly the master of the new Bedford.

Eventually the train came in and with a final hiss of air brakes and steam it stopped, and the platform was beneath many feet, and there among the throng was the answer to all Tommy's dreams. As pretty as a peach she was, and she took one look at Tommy and made straight at him. But she just had one question, - "Could you tell me where the Mt Cook bus leaves from please?" "eh - eh - eh - eh -" stuttered Tommy, his hopes and dreams dashed, and the poor girl has not got her answer yet.

Then along the platform came Mrs Williams with a quiet, staid, middle aged lady, the new cook, who proved to be very quiet indeed.

Over the dough in the bakehouse Ron reminded Johnnie of the toss he had won, but several days passed before Johnnie was able to tell Ron the following - again over the dough.

"I got the cook in the kitchen on her own last night, the Missus was out in the office."

"What d'you know, Johnnie!" Ron was intrigued.

Johnnie put his doughy finger to the corner of his mouth, his head cooly to one side, and in a squeaky simpering voice said, "She's got a boy. He's been married before, he was coming to see me too often so I thought I would go away for a while, you know, it

...does one good to be away for a while."

But at the end of ten days the Bedford took her out to catch the train again, she had been away from him for long enough.

So that was the end of the hopes of victory and conquest promised by 'three tosses'.

A Poem from the Nevis

Mr Williamson read us this on the Nevis trip. He told us the lines had been written by an old miner named Bill McArthur, and were found in his hut after he died in 1900. He was well respected, and the sentiments expressed in the following did not surprise those who knew him.

The evening skies were laden with
the spoils of a summer's day,
And a wash of light and beauty
on the far horizon lay.

Her face was bright with blushes
and her eyes were smiles and tears,
As the twilight fell around her
like a dream of coming years.

The air seemed hushed with music
that whispered soft and low,
As she tripped away to the sunset,
to that sunset long ago.

There's a place with silent shadows
where the winding paths divide,
And there I often wander
with saddened heart alone.

.....

Snippets remembered from the day of the Nevis Trip

In 1876 Mr Cunningham settled at the foot of the hill at the Garston end of the Nevis Road, and with his traction engine he transported most of the heavy machinery into the Nevis. It took a truck of lignite or two bags of Westport coal for the journey. The last trip was when taking in the Upper Nevis Dredge, when the engine broke down and was abandoned.

Horses and sledges were used to take the long iron pipes up this zig-zag road, and the horses had to be moved from one end of the pipe to the other in order to bring it around the corners.

Races for the Nokomai Mining Co traversed these hills, and every mile or so along them lived a Chinese race-keeper. An exotic element in the community, they were well thought of, but their pidgen English was often quite a puzzle. What would you think "a push 'im in, pull 'im out, allee samee tomahawk" would be?
Answer - a cross-cut saw!

In 1890 John Bailley carried a billy full of baby trout into the Nevis, and for five or six years the river teemed with fish.

MAORI PLACE NAMES IN THE WAKATIPU

by

Mr John Newman

Much has been written on the history of the Wakatipu area, but prominence has been given to the activities of the European settlers. A limited history is available of the original Maori settlers. When sufficient interest had been stimulated in this research little first-hand knowledge was available and only through the sterling efforts of one individual has the somewhat meagre but very valuable information been gained. This laborious and commendable effort was undertaken by our great Historian, Mr Herries Beattie of Waimate, and the brief notes recorded here are largely a result of the achievement of his painstaking efforts. For something like fifty years this remarkable gentleman collected a great accumulation of valuable data on the activities of the early Maori inhabitants of the South Island. Likewise he recorded a tremendous history of the early white settlers and received little reward either financially or by other public recognition for his many thousands of hours of research. However, had it not been for his devotion and enthusiasm for this work little of what is now known would be available today. Had this enthusiast been born fifty years earlier more of the old Maori Authorities would have been alive to pass on this interesting information which is now irretrievably lost. As it was, Mr Beattie collected about 4,000 Maori names belonging to southern New Zealand which were largely unknown to the Survey Office and to no other Pakeha but himself.

The Maoris regarded Wakatipu as the crowning glory of Lakeland, their regard being based on its splendour of appearance, its length, the legends accounting for its origin and the traditions accruing to the human activities in its vicinity.

The Maoris' main methods of approach to the Wakatipu were much the same as our Main Road approaches today; that is from the South and from the East.

When coming from the South they came to the Mid-Dome Pass known as Te-Wa (The Space). Here they crossed the Paiherewao Stream which rises on the Mid-Dome, known as Tara-Mahitihiti, which is part of the Garvie Mountains or Paiherawao, - (To the East of here is Nokomai of goldmining fame, the correct spelling being Nukumai) - following up the Upper Mataura Valley to the old Maori Hamlet near Kingston known as Takerehaka, which is also the name of the Eyre Mountains which run from Mossburn to the vicinity of Walter Peak.

Kingston Bay was known as Tukutuku-Mokihi, where people of old used to make rafts to cross the Lake. Towering above Kingston is Puke-raki (Sky Hill) and known today as Mt Dick. To the right of or East of Kingston are the Tapuae-uenuku or Hector Mountains (Footsteps of the Rainbow God). This is a common mountain name in the South Island and can also be translated 'Moving or Sliding Footsteps'. To the east are two Waitaha tribal names which perpetuate the memory of a father and son, Te Papapuni, being the Nevis River and a mountain peak thought to be Ben Nevis called Tatawhe.

Further on to the Remarkables, known as Kawarau, (leaves of a kind of shrub), the same name as the river. Some sources erroneously call the Remarkables Kopu-Wai, which is the name of the Old Man Range near Alexandra.

On the western side of the Lake some sharp pointed peaks, perhaps the Bayonet Peaks, were called Ka-whaka-tutu. At Half Way Bay the locality was known as Ka-puke-maeroero, a name that betokens a fairy-haunted region. The Lochy River which flows through this haunted district bears the name Te Awa-maeroero, (the stream that flows through the fairy haunted region).

The Lumberbox was known as Muhaka.

The approach from the East came up the rough valley of the Kawarau River or over the Crown Range down to the Pakihi (flat) and known as Ka-muriwai on the Haehae-nui or Arrow River, passing Lake Hayes, known as Wai-whaka-Ata (water that reflects objects or Lake of Reflections), and would come to the Kimi-akau or Shotover River. Where this joined the Kawarau was known as Puahuru, and on the south side of the Kawarau near here stood a Katimamoe tribal Pa known as Tititea; following on up the river past the rapids known as Te Rotu, or sometimes O-Te-Rotu, and now misnamed Kwarau Falls and continuing over the flat to the Maori village of Te-Kirikiri, now known as Frankton, and then on to Tahuna or Tahunawai where W.G. Rees pitched his tent, and now known as the Queenstown waterfront. Here there was also a small Maori settlement.

Some of these names had traditions attached to them but most of these have been lost. However some of the meanings of the above mentioned names are: Arrowtown Flat, Ka-muri-wai, signifies that a number of streams end there. Haehaenui might be translated Big Scratches, as if the Arrow River had slit the ground and gouged out a number of channels for itself.

The name Kimi-akau (looking for the sea coast) carries a tradition that a band of explorers followed up its rugged course to see if they could find a way through to the West Coast.

Puahuru as one word means 'close muggy weather', but the same might apply to a snug camping spot.

One meaning of Tititea is a white muttonbird, but the more probable translation is a white peg, and it can also mean that an object has a glistening appearance.

Rotu means drowsy, and Kirikiri is white gravel, while Tahuna denotes a shallow place.

The small peninsula where the Park has been transformed from scrub was known as Te Kararo, or probably more correctly Te Karoro - the Seagull.

Queenstown Hill was known as Te Tapu-nui, a Hill which signifies intense sacredness.

One famous story relating to Queenstown or Tahuna concerns Haki-Te-Kura the daughter of a Maori Chief who was the first woman to swim across Lake Wakatipu. Her father was a Katimamoe tribe Chief who was born at Tahuna. Likewise his daughter was born and grew to womanhood here.

Other girls in the village used to try and outswim one another, and Haki-Te-Kura would climb the nearest spur of Ben Lomond to...

...observe their skill, but none were ever able to swim right across the Lake, so Haki went to her father and asked for a Kaueti (firestick) and a dry bunch of raupo. On obtaining these she bound them tightly in flax to keep them dry and next morning very early she swam the Lake. She set out in darkness that precedes daybreak and steered her course by Cecil and Walter Peaks, whose tops she could see in the dawning light twinkling and winking at her like two eyes - hence their name Ka-kamu-a-hakitekura, (the twinklings seen by Haki-Te-Kura). She landed on Refuge Point and lit a fire and that is why the rocks are black to this day, and why the place is called Te-ahi-a-Hakitekura.

When the people at Karoro and Tahuna awoke and saw the smoke across the Lake they wondered if it was an enemy. They were making ready to launch the wakas (Canoes) and Mokihis (rafts) when her father, Tu-Wiri-Roa, remembered his daughters request for a fire-making stick and for dry tinder. A search was made and it was found that Haki was missing. A canoe was then sent across the Lake and brought her back.

The distance as we know is 2½ miles, and the water cold, and as she had nothing to rest on it was considered a notable feat, and as a mark of her achievement the mountain slopes where she sat looking across the Lake when contemplating her swim, (the nearest spur of Ben Lomond) was named Te Taumata-o-Hakitekura, (the eyrie of Hakitekura), and her name is also commemorated in the name of the Kwarau Peninsula (Tenuku-o-Hakitekura), the place of Haki-te-kura.

The old name of Walter Peak was thought to be Omohora. Otherwise this was the old name of Cecil Peak given by the early Waitaha tribe and renamed Kakamu after Hakitekura's feat.

Other Maori names up the Lake include Puna-tapu (sacred spring) which is Bobs Cove, and the surrounding hills of Bobs Cove, Puke-Tapu.

The Richardson Range was Whaka-ari (to hold up to view). The mountains on the western side of this point of the Lake, more particularly the Ailsa Range and thereabouts were simply known to the Maoris as Ka-mauka-whakatipu (the Wakatipu Mountains), but the long line of fire-swept hillside dotted with blackened stumps, where once stood a far stretching dark green vista of noble forest running up from the Greenstone River to Kinloch was known to the forest loving brown man as Totara-ka-wha-wha (the Totara tree split open).

Of the three Islands at the head only two names are known. One as Matau, the larger of the three; the other as Wawahiwaka (splitting canoes). This name and its meaning are evidence that the islands were well wooded and were a popular canoe building spot.

Glenorchy was also known as Tahuna (a shallow bank). The Rees River was either Puahere (a bundle of bird snares), or Puahiri, which could mean 'foaming vigorously' or 'a bundle tied in a twisted manner.'

Diamond Lake was known as Turu after a Waitaha Chieftain. His name means building an eel weir, and is sometimes also used to designate Mount Alfred, but it is a question if the latter should not be called Ari after another Waitaha Chief, whose name applies...

...to this District.

The Barrier Range was known as Taumaro; the Dart River was Te-awa-Whakatipu (the Wakatipu River), and to its west Bold Peak in the Humboldt Mountains was known as Te Koroka. This was a very famous mountain in Maori estimation for it was the only inland locality where greenstone could be procured. Near the greenstone quarry (Te-Pari-Pounemu) a hill was called Puketai, which would have the strange translation of "Sea Hill" if it were not known the name was bestowed in memory of a man said to be the only noted Chief who has died in this particular part of the country.

Near the place where the Greenstone was worked there stood a Kaika or Village called Puia; and the general name for the whole district was Te-Wahi Pounemu (the place of greenstone). The greenstone found here was a coarse kind not nearly so good as the superior sorts found in the Rivers of Westland.

The names of small lakes in the vicinity: Moke Lake was either Puna-mahaka or Wai-ka-mahaka meaning twin waters because of its peculiar shape.

Lake Johnston was thought to be Waipuna, a name that is mentioned in an old song or legend.

There has been much surmise over the name of Rere Lake. The word has many meanings, one of which is waterfall. Again it could mean the Flight of a Bird, to Escape by Fleeing, to Sail, etc; or it might be part of a larger name such as Aorere, meaning scudding clouds. The creek to it or from it may have been Wai-rere. Lake Lochnagar was Otaka.

The vicinity of Skippers and Maori Point was known as O-Ka-Korokio, (the place of the Korokio Shrub).

Up the Arrow River or Haehaenui in an area about Macetown was known as O-tu (the place of Tu, a person whose name means 'to stand').

A peak called Taha-uri (dark side) after an ancestor of 22 generations ago is probably Mt Difficulty.

Much has been written on the meaning of the Wakatipu Lake, and the stories and theories are worthy of an article in itself, and no attempt is made here to cover the many stories associated with its origin, spelling and meaning. However the proper form of spelling is most likely Whaka-tipua (the hollow of the great giant).

The contributor is doubtful of the translation of Kawareau as being leaves of a kind of shrub. This is a correct enough translation and is thought to be the original meaning for this area, but it has so many other translations which could be applicable to the physical characteristics of the region that the origin of the name could forever be in doubt.

The above-listed Maori names were the correct names used by the small local Maori population. Occasional visits were made by Northern Tribes and other names were sometimes used by these visitors to denote certain places. This has added to the confusion of Maori place-names. A typical example of this is Tititea, the local name for the Pa on the south side of the Kawareau River. To the Maoris in Canterbury 'Tititea' embraced a large area including the mountains...

...to the East of Lake Wakatipu, the Crown Range, and round to the east of the head of the Shotover to Lake Wanaka, this name originating from a raid by South Canterbury Maoris on the Tititea Pa. The local Maoris drove the invaders off and pursued them up the Crown Range until they lost contact with them in dense fog. From then on the territory was named by the northerners 'Tititea', in memory of the exploits of the Tititea warriors. However, for the purpose of preserving records the local names only must be retained when quoting Maori nomenclature for the region.

Maori Place Names

The following is a letter which appeared in the Southland Times recently, and although only the last name mentioned is directly applicable to the district covered in the preceding article, we felt it covered places so familiar that it was worth printing here.

.....

Sir, - I am an old Maori of 83 years of age laid up in Lorne Hospital, and will be here for the duration. Before I pass away I would like to correct the mis-spelt Maori place-names and give their original meanings. For instance change Waikouaiti to Waikouaiti, (there must have been a misprint here) "the waters of the young shag." Kaikorai, the suburb of Dunedin, to Kaikomai, "away back of beyond." Tokomairiro to Tokomairaro, "I have poled up from the bottom," Waikaka to Waikakahi, "the waters of the fresh water shell fish." Otatara to Ototara, "the place of the totara forest". Waihopai to Waihapai, "the waters risen or lifted up". Oporo to Opera, "the place of the pora, the Maori cabbage". Tihaka, an island off Howell's Point and a railway station at the east end of Colac Bay to Tihaka te ra, "the sun is shining flat down". Orapuki to Aropaki, "the echo on the plateau". Manapouri to Manawapouri, "the sorrowing heart". Wakatipu to Whakatipua "to grow, expand, add on".

Signed - "Mamaŋu"

Hamilton House

HAMILTON HOUSE - A FAMILY VENTURE

Hamilton House is a Private Hotel of high standing in Queenstown which began sixty four years ago as a Boarding House.

Its story starts in 1904 when Mrs Louise Hamilton, of Speargrass Flat, was widowed with three children to provide for. The family remained at Speargrass for three years, where Mrs Hamilton was cook to Mr Morris at Thurlby, and in that time she saved £100. It does not seem a very vast capital, even for those days, but to save it while caring for a young family showed a gift for good management typical of Mrs Hamilton, which must have been combined with an imaginative vision of the future development of Queenstown as a tourist resort and a popular place for family holidays, for she invested her £100 in a property which was to be the nucleus of Hamilton House as it is today.

There was a stone house and lean-to on the sunny western terrace which belonged to Mr Dan McBride of Kawarau Falls Station. It stood on a property running from Frankton Road down to the Lake shore on both sides of what is now Hobart St, and Mrs Hamilton negotiated with Mr McBride to acquire this block. The terms agreed on would seem to indicate that Mr McBride had great faith in Mrs Hamilton's character and acumen, for the agreement was generous, he accepted her capital of £100, the rest to be paid, without interest, when and in any convenient amounts which suited the purchaser, the full price being £250.

And so in 1907 began Hamilton House.

The tourist and holiday season was short in those days - only from the week before Christmas until Easter, and until additions were gradually made, only 10 - 12 guests could be accommodated. Mrs Hamilton was the cook, her daughters, Margaret and May, were waitress and housemaid, and small son Jack was cowboy and errand-boy. As far as possible the establishment was self-provisioning, with a kitchen garden, poultry, pigs and cows, and these activities were extended as the house grew and more land was acquired. The cows were run on the Commonage on Queenstown Hill, and it was Jack's job to go and find them, bring them in, milk them and turn them out again every day before and after school. Lighting was by kerosene lamps and candles, the latter made at home, and the moulds used are now in the Lakes County Museum.

All this and more must have meant constant work for the family, and with such a short season could hardly have been expected to provide for the family entirely, so for the rest of the year Hamilton House was a Maternity Hospital, and Mrs Hamilton the mid-wife. Young Jack did not appreciate the way babies so often get born during the night, for Dr Douglas lived at Frankton, and Jack would be woken up and sent to call him. The kerosene street lamps were doused at 11 p.m., and the only telephone in the district was a direct line from the Post Office to the Frankton Hospital and the doctor. What's more, the Postmaster did not appreciate getting up to make the call, and Jack was given the impression that he personally was to blame for an unwarranted intrusion of the Postmaster's sleep. Then back home he went, but not to bed, he had to await the doctor, who on his arrival would dismount from his trap, examine his patient, and decide whether he had time to stable his horses himself. If not, Jack drove the trap to Dagg's Livery Stables next to McBride's Hotel, (now Queenstown Hotel) in Beach St, unharness, rub down and feed the horses, and trudge back up the hill home to bed for what was left of the night until it was time to bring in the cows! He was only about 9 or 10 years old.

As time went by more land was acquired, first what was known as St Omer's Paddock in what is now the Hamilton Road area, for pig-keeping and market gardening, and then later the area which is now the Recreation Ground was planted as an orchard, but first it was a strawberry garden. By this time Mrs Hamilton was married again, to Mr Andrew Simpson, who became very concerned by losses in the strawberry crop, so Jack was called at three in the morning and sent off to scare the early birds. He was into his teens by this time, and a star athlete in the many district sports meetings which were such a feature of the social life of the day, and he

turned his scarecrow chore into a training session. Up and down the rows he ran, improving his speed and technique. However there was one other citizen regularly abroad at that ungodly hour, - the night-man would be carting his load for dumping at the foot of the hill on the far side of the strawberry patch, and he was very mystified by such an unusual display of early morning energy - until the next sports meeting when the young runner's successes made clear the reason.

Hamilton House continued to expand, and Mrs Simpson was quick to introduce improvements as they became available. She installed the first septic-tank in Queenstown shortly after the first World War, and as soon as electric power from the One Mile was made available in 1925 Hamilton House was provided with a refrigerator - another first in the district.

In 1931 Mrs Simpson died. She is still remembered with affection and respect. Supremely capable, she was noted for her industry, and it is said of her that her hands were never idle until she lay in her coffin. Her husband was Mayor of Queenstown for ten years, and as First Lady of the Town she acted with singular graciousness.

From 1931 until 1940 the two Miss Hamiltons continued to run the Guest House, when it was leased to Mrs Inder until 1943. Then it was sold to Mr and Mrs Gavin who operated until 1952. They sold to Mr and Mrs William Davidson, who have carried on with a standard of service, comfort and cuisine which entirely upholds the tradition set by the founder of this old established House. The land around it has gradually been disposed of for residential building, until now it stands on a comparatively small area. Nevertheless fresh fruit and vegetables from its own garden are still a feature, and the Davidsons have improved the building, notably with an upstairs lounge commanding a magnificent view of lake and mountains.

Now, even as we prepare this issue of the 'Courier', comes the sad news that Hamilton House has again been sold, and will cease to operate as a private Guest House as from November 1, 1971. Little did the writer think as the material for this article was gathered that the story would be rounded off with such finality. It has been bought by Gemini Investments Ltd who have recently started building a new Hotel next door to Hamilton House, - on the site of another old guest house, Golden Terrace, - to be one of a chain of Hotels known as Ramada Inns.

Hamilton House is the last of the owner-operated private Guest Houses giving full board at a reasonable tariff which were once a feature of Queenstown, and its closing will be regretted by many people for whom it was the answer to their holiday accommodation needs, and for whom Mr and Mrs Davidson were paragon hosts.