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THE LAKE COUNTY PRESS, JULY 20, 1883.

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24th January, 1883.

N.B.—It is specially requested that all parties indebted to Mr. M. J. MALAGHAN do settle or make arrangements for the same forthwith, otherwise the accounts will be placed in the hands of his solicitor

**M. J. MALAGHAN.**



that new ideas and new blood would bring new life to our efforts. So much for hope, I found myself President with no Secretary! I knew I was over-committed and it has turned out that way. I have had no time to devote to any activities for the Society. We have held a Committee meeting when Mrs McDonald accepted the position of Secretary - though at present she has left us temporarily on an overseas trip - and we are under way again.

The membership and interest keeps up, and people are becoming more and more conscious of the value of our efforts. The 'Courier', once hard to move, now sells readily, and we are especially grateful to Mrs Kitchen at the Lakes County Museum, Arrowtown, who through the courtesy of the committee, has sold so many numbers to tourists.

The plaque has been placed in position on the stone wall in the Queenstown Cemetery, commemorating the stone-masons who built it so skilfully, and the Chinese Society in Dunedin has prepared a plaque to be placed in the Chinese Garden, which will be formally handed over when opportunity presents itself.

It has been decided by the Committee that the price of the 'Courier' be raised from twenty cents to thirty cents, in order to cover the cost of producing it. I would like to thank all those who have contributed to the 'Courier'. Please keep sending your articles, stories and information.

To all members I send my greetings and I hope to be able to report more activity in my next report.

By the way, years ago I mislaid the first minute book of the Society - an irreplaceable document. I searched high and low and finally gave up hope. Another miracle. It turned up last week tucked behind the drawers of the Scotch chest where I store the Society's belongings.

A.M. Miller  
President

## Chinese memorial plaque

### CHINESE MEMORIAL PLAQUE

The presentation of this plaque was made on Friday, July 14, 1972, by Mr Hugh Sew Hoy, accompanied by Dr James Ng, on behalf of the Otago Chinese Society, and was accepted by Mrs M. Miller, representing the Queenstown Borough Council and the Historical Society.

This small and informal ceremony took place beneath a cherry tree in the garden of Cherry Court Lodge in George St, Dunedin, and was attended by members of the Press, N.Z.B.C. and a T.V. team, by Mr Miller and a few members of the public.

The bronze plaque has two inscriptions, one in Chinese script which literally translated reads, "THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CHINESE WHO BOUGHT GOLD IN ICE AND SNOW - WE REMEMBER THEM", and an English inscription which reads, "IN MEMORY OF THE CHINESE GOLDMINERS WHO WORKED IN THESE PARTS FROM 1866 AND EARNED AN HONOURABLE PLACE IN OTAGO HISTORY."

The plaque is to be placed in the Memorial Garden adjacent to the town's cemetery, where the Chinese were buried.

(Further information on Page 11 of this issue. Ed.)

### THE TRIP TO THE LAKE

#### 'Reminiscences and Troubles of a Wakatipian Pioneer'

CONTINUING the extract from the "Lake Wakatip Mail", issue of 28th September, 1900, entitled as above, 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.

#### Stocking the Run

Well, I returned to Wellington and informed my brother-in-law, Mr Pickett, of my success, and we formed a partnership with Mr E. Pharazyn who had been sheep-farming for years in the Wellington province, and who started for Melbourne for sheep - while I got together bullocks and other requisites for starting the station. I shipped the bullocks to Dunedin, got tents, dray, provisions and two men and started on my way up country by the Taieri, the Pomahaka, and the long ford of the Mataura, and reached Chalmers' at the Hokonui in safety. But here my troubles began. The bullock driver refused to go further and threatened to knife me if I did not pay him and let him go, and being advised by Chalmers I did so. But I had lost my two leaders by tutu, a deadly plant at Balclutha, where I had to buy a pair of wild young steers for £50; the two fellows I had with me could not drive bullocks, and it was no joke, having severely injured my hand the day before in trying to get the dray out of a bog, so I could not undertake the driving.

However, one of the fellows undertook it and managed so well as to capsize the dray. The next day I undertook the driving, although my hand was very painful, and we reached Clayton's in time, where we rested a few days. Clayton having lent me his bullock driver and a pair of leaders, we made a start for the lake. But there being no known dray track I had to ride on before and look out for the best road. However, after a deal of winding about right and left, and retracing our steps often, we reached, in a couple of days, a nice place - with a lagoon - plenty of feed, and below us about 1000 feet the valley of the river (afterwards called after me), at the end of which we saw the lake about 10 miles away. As there was no chance of getting the dray any farther I made up my mind to build a hut there, and a yard for the bullocks, at which work we set about in a day or two - having to pull all the timber up a steep slope with ropes and pulleys. However, it was lovely weather - hot enough - in January I think, and in time we got the yard, hut, and futtah up, the latter a very necessary adjunct, as the native rats were swarming. When the work was nearly completed I left and started back to await arrival of the sheep from Melbourne. There was no road, and I started on foot, but taking the wrong bank of a stream - after wading through swamps and scrub - I found I was getting further and further away from the Bluff, having to wade through streams of tide water and swamps up to the middle, and when night set in I found I was near the coast towards Seaward Bush, and I laid down under a tussock. As it rained all night, and I had been wet to my waist all day, I was so stiff in the morning that as I attempted to rise I fell forward on my face and hands, my legs



refusing their functions.

Well, I managed to reach Invercargill late in the afternoon, quite exhausted, having had nothing to eat since breakfast the day before. After a day or two's rest I got a guide and reached the Bluff safely. After waiting about nine days, a sailing ship made its appearance, and Pharazyn landed the sheep out of her - but to my horror, only 600 out of the 2000 he had shipped. The sheep rushed for the salt water on getting ashore and, notwithstanding our efforts, we lost about 60 more. The ship had been becalmed most of the way, and as the weather was very hot, the vessel was a month coming over from Melbourne; The sheep had died like flies - having to be thrown overboard, as many as 100 some mornings. There was a loss! However, as there was no help for it, we started with the remainder - and stopping at the stations along the road - meeting with great hospitality everywhere, from the McKellars particularly, we reached the lagoon and found everything finished and comfortable. The sheep having plenty of food, settled down without any trouble, and Pharazyn and I started down to the lake to see what it was like and what sort of a road there was for getting the sheep and stores down. We found grass up to our knees nearly everywhere, and a prickly plant known as speargrass, and matagouri scrub so thick that we had great difficulty in getting along. However, we reached the mouth of the Von river in the afternoon, and, crossing it, pitched our tent under some big birch trees, and roamed about the beach till night.

Next morning, after starting back and reaching the high bank above the river, Pharazyn said to me "Let us sit down for half an hour - I shall probably never see such a sight again." However he married some years afterwards, and bringing his wife up they actually landed here at Beach Bay on the way to the Head of Lake. Unfortunately I was away, but Mr Sclan, then manager of the run, spoke to them and they told him who they were and were sorry not to find me here.

Of course losing the greater part of the sheep, which cost 12s a head, at a station about 100 miles up country from Melbourne ('Big Bells'), was no joke. Pharazyn retired from partnership and sold out to us. Owing to the great loss of sheep and only 500 on the ground, Mr W.H. Cutten, the then Commissioner of Crown Lands, tried to cancel the license when I went to Dunedin about it - and had it not been for "Johnny Jones", as he was called, I should have lost the run. However, as Pickett shipped about 300 more ewes from Wellington and I 200 hoggets at 22s each at Dipton (with loss of a few only on the road), I had about 1000 at the lagoon.

In the beginning of May a fall of snow of some inches gave me a fright and I made quick preparations to muster the sheep which I got down to the lake in two days, and it was very difficult and hard work to get through the speargrass and prickly scrub. The second evening we crossed them at the mouth of the Von River and I never saw them in a mob again until shearing the following summer.

The men refused to stop with me - being afraid of being snowed up, and having heard of gold being discovered at Weatherstone's

Gully, where of course they went. I was thus left perfectly alone and did not see a single soul for five weeks. However, the weather was lovely - much warmer than at the lagoon, which must be 1000 ft above the lake, and I started a log hut and clearing a bit of ground for a garden. Some weeks after that Clayton sent me up a half-caste boy to assist, and be some company at least. Soon after a boat came across from the Cove with Mr Rees' boatman, Bob Fortune, (after whom the Cove was called), saying he had seen our smoke and made for it. He told me he was going with provisions up to the Islands where Mr Rees had a couple of sawyers at work; that Rees had got his stock up, and the station was started in full swing. This was the first I had heard of Rees since we had parted in Dunedin after our exploration trip.

As Alfred Duncan gives a full account of Rees' start in a little pamphlet called "Early Days in New Zealand: or the Wakatipians", which I never saw until in Auckland last year, I will say no more on that subject. Rees, hearing from Bob that I was settled at the Von came over for me in the whaleboat, with four or five men, one Sunday. On returning, in time for 6 o'clock dinner, I was delighted to meet Mrs Rees again. The cloth was laid; the silver and glasses sparkled on the table; Mrs Flint (another old resident, now in Dunedin), came in with a tureen of steaming pea soup, all smiles, and we sat down to a jolly dinner, and the fact that we were neighbours and settled down on the ground we had explored together and gone through so much to achieve, made it the most enjoyable meeting and meal I ever had in my life.

#### REPRINT

The following notice and letter was included in our Third Issue of 'The Courier' before the first instalment of "The Trip to the Lake", and we reprint it here for the interest of those who have not seen that number.

"Lake Wakatip Mail" - August 3, 1900.

Death Notice.

VONTUNZLEMANN. - On Tuesday, 31st July, at the Frankton Hospital, Nicholas B. Vontunzlemann, Native of Poland, aged 76 years.

"Lake Wakatip Mail" - 14 September, 1900

TO THE EDITOR, L.W.M.

SIR - A copy of your paper of August 3rd has been forwarded to me. As you have been misinformed in some details of the life of my lamented late brother, whose full name, I may state, is Paul Nicolai Balthasar Tunzlemann von Alderflug. I consider it prudent, in case of eventual complications which might arise, to send you a correct sketch of his life, etc. He was born in Reval, Esthonia, where my father's regiment was at the time. My brother's birth and name was entered on the Roll of the Order of Teutonic Knights, which is kept in Arensburg, on the island of Osel, in the Gulf of Riga - the Ardikes of the Order having been removed there during the reign of Ch.XII. of Sweden, then our suzerain. He was born on August 24th (old style) in the year 1828. He was educated partly in Germany



and partly at University College, London, and on coming of age, was naturalised in England, as were also the two younger brothers, each on coming of age. We three sisters are still living. Our brothers are now all departed, of which Nicolai was the eldest. As I am the only one cognisant of the whole of the details of our family history, both political and private, and, as after my death there would be great difficulty in establishing identities in the case of the descendants of my brothers, I consider it due to their families to make these corrections, and thus leave a record that may at some future time be of value. - I remain, etc.,

ELISE TUNZLEMAN VON ALDERFLUG PICKETT.

## Maori History at head of the Lake Nelson, September 1, 1900

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### FRAGMENTS OF PRE-EUROPEAN HISTORY

at the Head of Lake Wakatipu

by A.M. MILLER

In our last issue we recorded some Maori history and place-names, and in this and future copies we hope to continue to write any further facts which come to hand, as it is becoming all too clear that pre-European records are almost non-existent.

Some revealing archaeological studies were made at Glenorchy at the head of the Lake in 1967, the report of which I have just found. I thought it worth recording these finds in our 'Courier', for although some years have passed since the report was written I believe there may be some of our readers who are not aware of the discoveries. Some of the artifacts found (eg. stone adzes) were the everyday tools of the polynesian people who lived in the Glenorchy area at the same time as Magna Charta was being signed in Britain. The earliest of these people were the Moa hunters, they were the forebears of the modern South Island Maoris. Mr David Simmons, who came to see me when he was doing this research, states in answer to the inevitable question "What about the Morioris?", "The Morioris were confined to the Chatham Islands and never inhabited the mainland of New Zealand." (Surprised? ed.:). When Mr Simmons was Keeper in Archaeology at the Otago Museum he discovered and superintended the excavation of various sites of former human habitation in the Glenorchy area which between them span about 55 years.

These excavations revealed that the old polynesians first started exploring the Routeburn for a source of greenstone somewhere about A.D. 1200 and 1400. The sites which he investigated were all in the Dart Valley and the Glenorchy area. Sheltered ovens and even foundations of a complete village of twenty dwellings showing planning on split levels with paved pathways between the houses were found. Dated around the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century the village is the only one of its kind so far discovered in New Zealand. There are places which closely resemble it in Samoa, but not locally. Here Mr Simmons comments on its character:

"I just don't know the reasons for its unique character", he

states, "The split level design is baffling and so are those paved paths. It is certainly not sited in a wet or muddy area, and if the design is merely traditional then it is a tradition which the archaeologists know nothing about so far,..."

Also in the Glenorchy area is another so far unexplained mystery. This is the only inland fortified site found in Otago. In the style of typical North Island Pas it is terraced and ditched. Mr Simmons puts the date of this unusual fort at around 1800 or 1830. He can give no certain reason for its existence. One theory he has put forward is that it is "a sort of transplanted version of a fortified pa of 'classic' Maori culture built by marauding parties of Maoris from North Canterbury, (the Ngaitahu tribe), who came to Otago looking for greenstone and good land where they could plant their newly acquired 'white man's potato' - a legacy from Captain Cook.

But an even more romantic possibility is that it was the legend pa associated with the Southern Maories epic stand against the invading Puoho and his warriors in 1836. Puoho was a lieutenant of the fearsome and widely feared Te Rauparaha who invaded the South Island, landing at Nelson and marching the near impassable west coast to get to the spoils of Otago and Southland.

Mr Simmons firmly dispels the widely held notion that the Otago Maoris were a timid lot, unwarlike compared to their northern counterparts. "On the contrary," he states, "they were a tough and courageous bunch. They thrashed Puoho and they almost captured Te Rauparaha himself after giving his men a frightful hiding at Kaikoura."

Commenting again on the artifacts he discusses their historical significance. "The plain fact is that they themselves can't tell us very much. Artifacts out of context, that is haphazardly dug out of the ground, are of little value for proper scientific research." Mr Simmons stated bitterly his opinion of commercial curio hunters who interfere with such sites intentionally or otherwise, "They simply bulldoze through the site looking for interesting bits and pieces, making chaotic nonsense out of what could have yielded valuable information if professionally handled." "A trained archaeologist handles an excavation with as much care as though it were made of gossamer and spun gold. Not a spade goes into the earth until all has been exhaustively searched, surveyed, and every possible contingency provided for. Then and only then does the actual work of excavation begin with the delicacy of a dentist feeling for an exposed nerve."

Mr Simmons has now taken a post in Auckland, but in view of his interesting statements and the incomplete research done in this area of Glenorchy, which must still have a great deal of valuable information hidden away, it is to be hoped that he or some other expert will return to investigate the unknown secrets of the area.

There seems to be some confusion as to origins of place names at the head of the lake. In particular 'Paradise', which is always said to be named after the duck in the area. Alfred Duncan, author of 'The Wakatipians', had a romantic involvement with a Maori Princess there. It is a beautiful story and I hope to be able to print it in a future issue. Perhaps he named it Paradise, for he certainly found supreme happiness there. The Greenstone River was



named after some greenstone maori hatchets which were found in the vicinity.

Mrs McBride, wife of the publican at the Antrim Arms Hotel which was once situated near the old Frankton steamer wharf, (Coachman's Halt is the restored stable once belonging to the hotel), used to regale her granddaughter with tales of how she met Te Rauparaha. I thought this a tall story when I heard it, but now in view of this article, I think it might have been true.

I offer these few fragments of the past which may serve to encourage any reader who knows anything of the pre-European history of the Wakatipu district to write it down for publication in this Magazine.

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## Whitechapel road

### A N O T A G O G O L D F I E L D

#### THE WHITECHAPEL ROAD AT ARROW JUNCTION

by Winston Craddock.

No, this road was not paved with gold. the gold was underneath and on either side - in a strip of land extending from the East bank of the Arrow River to the base of the Crown Terrace. The strip is narrow and barely a mile long. But the gold was reputedly thick and lumpy; and, as anyone who has ever found a nugget will know, one lump is worth a thousand flakes.

In this small area stand six old but habitable stone cottages, a testimony to their own durability and that of the little goldfield which first encouraged and then justified their erection a hundred years ago. Unlike homes of today, they were built by the hands of those who were to live in them. They are of stone because the land, though now wooded, was then treeless for miles around. They are among the few man-made decorations of nature's grandeur. And, as if in further atonement for the slowly-healing scars of mining, imported poplars pierce the blue autumn skies with their own incomparable spires of gold.

The rush of miners to the Arrow River itself occurred in 1862-63; and it is probable that for several years thereafter the river and the banks immediately adjacent to it satisfied all comers. When gold is rich in the river and the river small and easily tamed, there is no need to look elsewhere. So we may assume that intensive digging at Whitechapel Road did not start until about 1870.

It is often more difficult to say when mining ceased. Goldfields worked by hardy men with simple tools usually rewarded first-comers handsomely. But soon the digging becomes harder, the holes get deeper and dangerous, the boulders bigger and more numerous, the water further away and subject to leakage from races formed in porous ground. For these and other reasons mining is abandoned.

But it does not stop suddenly; it just becomes gradually less profitable over a period of many years. Finally, a few old fossickers remain, many of them subsisting on pensions rather than gold. They stay on, not because they are making a fortune, but because they have no wish to go elsewhere. They like the life. They have come to terms with their harsh environment. Their needs are few and simple. As for wants, they have none.

Mining at Whitechapel Road, notably by Polson and three Honeychurch brothers, probably continued until about 1900. Especially as much of the land is not particularly valuable for farming, we may thus conclude that this small goldfield provided at least a livelihood for several families for almost thirty years.

Gold miners were not historians either by training or inclination. Moreover, and especially when Fortune smiled, reticence was often synonymous with prudence. In the very nature of their occupation they were men of few words. In gold mining, the open mouth could lead to the empty purse or the jumped claim.

Disappointing though it may be, it is therefore not surprising that miners left few if any accounts of what they did or how they did it. The story of life and work on the goldfields of Otago is pieced together mainly from the records of hoteliers, bankers, storekeepers, farmers, mining wardens, journalists, policemen, surveyors, priests, and others not directly engaged in parting the precious metal from the reluctant earth.

The outlines of the story are well known; and they apply to Whitechapel Road as elsewhere. As in many other parts, the methods employed here were unsophisticated and laborious; But some local problems deserve mention.

For information one must turn to the land itself. The relatively shallow holes and heaps of stone, the pond to the east of the road, and traces of old water races or low sod walls are easily found. But time and the elements have softened a landscape which, seventy years ago, must have looked like a battlefield.

Although quartz and other hard rocks are scattered through the deposits, the bulk of the material is schistose, soft, and hence easily disintegrated by weather, stock, and vegetation. Much of the land is, alas, covered with impenetrable briar.

Yet a few small areas retain something of their earlier character. In these it will be seen that the excavations are not usually more than five or six feet deep, and that only rarely do they have a rock bottom. It appears that gold was distributed loosely and at random through a relatively shallow alluvium which was, in parts, compacted or "cemented" to form a false bottom.

As in many other regions of Central Otago, the flow of water from elevated valleys was adequate only for intermittent use. While "wash dirt" was being accumulated and large stones being picked out and stacked, water was also accumulated and stored in ponds formed behind earth dams.

The dam enclosing the Whitechapel pond was probably built about 1872 by William McWhirter. It received water through a short head race fed by a small stream which descends steeply from the Crown Terrace directly opposite the northern end of



Whitechapel Road. The pond remains to this day and serves as a breeding and feeding place for waterfowl. In earlier times, when winters were evidently more severe than they are now, it was used for ice skating.

The Whitechapel Road locality is, of course, part of an old river terrace, the gold-bearing gravels of which, ideally, might have been worked by high-pressure sluicing from a monitor; but both the available quantity and "head" of water were inadequate for that method.

In the 1870's and indeed almost throughout the life of the Otago goldfields water had to be used either where it was found or where it could be conducted by gravity. Raising water from a low to a high level and delivering it under pressure and in quantity was so costly and complex as to be impracticable.

Unhappily also, little or no gold occurred on the flat or in natural hollows such as that which now forms the pond. On the contrary, it was abundant in the high ground, especially on the eastern side of the road; and on the slightly less elevated ground nearer the river.

Some of the area adjacent to the South and West of the pond was worked directly by ground sluicing; but as a consequence of the unusual distribution of gold and the hydraulic problems mentioned above, much soil and gravel had to be transported by some means to a lower level where it could be washed. Wherever sufficient fall could be arranged, small lateral races were cut from the main head-race on the side of the Crown Terrace and extended down to the river to carry away the tailings. Sluice boxes would be placed in these and the "pay dirt" shovelled in from adjacent holes or from a wheelbarrow if the holes were some distance away.

From some parts, no doubt, material was barrowed directly to the Arrow River, there to be shovelled or tipped into boxes set in the river itself. I could not deny, and would indeed hope, that occasionally a horse and primitive sledge might have been employed as a relief from such back-breaking toil.

Men will not work thus for thirty years without reward. A cynical but kindly and well-informed friend protests that I don't know gold miners or the fever that drives them. He insists that on the goldfields thousands of men spent their whole lives working for little more than tucker. But general readers probably, and tourists certainly, prefer the romantic legend. So I stick to my story that on either side of Whitechapel Road the gold was spread in generous lumps. Well, perhaps not the size of walnuts. Let us settle for grains of wheat, and agree that the biggest grains were the first to be picked up.

Even more confidently it can be confirmed that, as described, most of the topsoil and subsoil was removed from this locality and tipped or washed into the Arrow River, ultimately to enrich Balclutha and the Pacific Ocean. My home is set upon half an acre of the resulting rocky waste. After ten years' labour and the purchase of hundreds of yards of soil, I have managed to grow a few blades of grass where once I might have won a fortune.

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Reprinted from the Otago Daily Times.

## Chinese memorial garden

### CHINESE MEMORIAL GARDEN

This garden has been established in that part of the Queenstown Cemetery where the Chinese graves were grouped in the gold-mining days of the district. It had become, during the years of its disuse subsequent to the disappearance of the Chinese community, a wilderness of broom and undergrowth. Now the area is planted with appropriate trees and shrubs of Chinese origin, set in lawn and should become a pleasant resting spot for visitors, as well as commemorating those industrious men from China who supplied an exotic touch to the predominantly European pioneering and gold-mining community.

Only one headstone was uncovered during the clearance, but the Cemetery Register records some 25 Chinese who were buried there from 1871 to 1911. It is thought that many were disinterred and sent back to China for final burial in their ancestral plots in the homeland. This was common practice throughout New Zealand in the early days, consignments of such remains being made as shipping became available. However many must have been left here perhaps through lack of interested friends or relatives, or lack of finance - and it is possible that these graves were either unmarked, or marked with wooden signs and fences which would soon disintegrate, or otherwise disappear.

Nevertheless this corner of the cemetery had been set aside for these Chinese folk, and it is fitting that it should remain a memorial ground to them, with the one remaining headstone and this plaque to remind future generations of their part in history.

The following is a list of the names of those buried in this cemetery between 1871 and 1911.

Ah Chune		
Ah Gong	Aged 28	Canton
Tung Shung	32	East Canton
Ah Hoy	41	
Mh How	31	
Ah Way	38	North China
Ah Shou	33	Canton
Ah Gum	27	Canton
Ah Long	21	
Lock Ah Shun	22	
Wong Chook	40	
Ah Chee	36	
Wong Low	48	
Yun Soey	46	
Sum Cum	54	
Lum Choc	35	
Wong Sing Fook	40	
Wong Choy	46	
Ah Hoon	38	
Lee Chung	35	
Ah Ten Tor	62	
Oh Tay	42	
Cong Gip	56	
Wong Hip Fat	57	Canton
Wong Gong		



# Hugh and Jane Ross

## REMINISCENCE

### I KNEW HUGH AND JANE ROSS

by Mr W.P. McDonald

Wakatipu is a scenic wonder, and prior to the 1930's was a totally unique corner of New Zealand. Unique because of its natural excellance coupled with the most interesting people possible. These people, from all parts of the world, had courage to leave what comfort and security they had in their homeland to goldmine in those comfortless and unpredictable streams and rivers, or to farm those stark stern hills and flats. What fearlessness and individuality - each one relying on his own initiative and so being giant characters in this unique Wakatipu.

Hugh and Jane Ross were true Highland Scots, and did good service for the McKenzies of Mt Nicholas, but really took their place as lovable local characters when they became the proud proprietors of the Arthur's Point Hotel.

Let us call at the pub back in the early 1930's.

Bob Atley is there being provocative: "Hughie, I read in a magazine that bumble-bees don't sting, but bite."

Hughie laughs, sputters and chokes over his glass of beer, and finally replies: "Bob, don't be silly. There are plenty of bees on the nasturtiums in front of the Post Office and I'll catch one and show you the sting".

Bob sips at his shandy and is not surprised when Hughie bursts back in yelling, "Blast you, Bob, that damned bumble-bee stung me!"

Quite unperturbed Bob said gently, "But Hughie that bee didn't sting you, it bit you, - I know".

Hughie, red in the face and speechless with emotion, emptied his glass and once again charged out to the nasturtium bed.

Bob prepared to leave, and as Hughie came roaring back to the bar shouting, "The bugger stung me again", Bob made a hasty exit, mumbling quite audibly, "It bit you, you ignorant, red-headed Highlander."

Hughie sat on the stool and shouted, "Lassie, lassie, bring the blue bag, I've been stung all through that stupid Bob Atley saying bees bite!"

Kind little Lassie hurried in with the blue bag, and with an impish smile, said, "Hughie, my dear, when are you going to learn that the CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT."

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# Graces Folly

## THE CHANGING SCENE

### "Grace's Folly"

Some very substantial houses were built in and about Queenstown in the early days, and if it was only possible to retain and preserve them they would help keep alive a sense of the history of the town, as well as being in interesting contrast to the newer housing which, predominantly, has been built during the last twenty years.

One of these, at present being demolished, is situated at 42 Frankton Road (Siesta Motels), and was built in the 1880's for the local solicitor, Mr W. Turton, who named it "Hawk's Head", but the citizens of the time called it "Grace's Folly".

Thomas Grace was a goldminer with a claim on the Shotover River which adjoined another claim owned by one, Mr Eager, and between these two miners a great legal battle evolved. Eager alleged that Grace had tunnelled into his claim, and sued for damages in the Queenstown Warden's Court in 1872. The case proceeded to the Supreme Court, from which the decision was taken to, and upheld by, the Court of Appeal. The legal costs were tremendous, and it was commonly believed that it was from his fee for defending Mr Grace that Mr Turton financed the building of this large seven roomed stone house. Either that or, presumably in payment of his fee, Mr Grace made over the land and his projected plans to Mr Turton.

It is known that the plans were drawn up by Mr John Turner, an architect and stone-mason, who did a considerable amount of work in the district, including the first Arthur's Point bridge which was swept away in a flood.

To return to "Grace's Folly". It was built of the local schist mortared, as were so many of the old stone buildings, with local lime mortar, probably from the Bob's Cove lime-kilns. The walls are 18" thick and plastered. The original shingled roof has been covered with corrugated iron, but the wooden 'lacework' edging the eaves over the verandah remained to the last, as have the original brick chimneys - of locally manufactured bricks.

It was a house of good proportions and gracious appearance in the Victorian manner. The main facade faced the street with a spacious verandah and a large bay window, and another wing ran back to form an "L". But the Victorians seemed oddly insensible to sunshine, and this "L" sheltered from both the southerly and the prevailing westerly winds and lying to the sun, was filled with a detached outhouse - probably storerooms - instead of being used as a sunny garden area, with only bedrooms and service areas facing onto it. Even the kitchen and dining room had their windows to the south, and the drawing room, with its splendid bay window looking out over the lake must have only seen the sun in the height of summer.

To renovate and maintain this old house would be an exorbitant charge these days, as the crumbling mortar would need sealing against the damp which has seeped into it, and this combined with the high ceilings, cause a heat retention problem difficult and expensive to cope with.



It is sad to see this house demolished, but as a dwelling these days one can well understand the difficulties of making and keeping it habitable according to modern standards, not only of planning, but also to comply with building requirements. Fortunately there are still several old stone houses still left in Queenstown, which have been continuously lived in and kept in repair. Notably two in Hallenstein Street, a cottage in Church Street, and one in Peninsula St. These four houses are probably of better workmanship than was Grace's Folly, and if they survive - as it seems likely they will for many years - they will be a scattering of fine reminders of early building.

Arrowtown is fortunate in being rich in old stone houses. It appears that the use of stone as a building material was more common there than in Queenstown, and so many of them have survived that it makes moving round the old established residential streets of Arrowtown an experience with a most delightful period flavour.

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#### THEN and NOW

With talk of Pollution, Smoke Inspectors and Environmental Councils these days, it is interesting to note efforts made in the last century on similar lines.

On April 12, 1871, the Otago Daily Times reported - "The Town Council of Queenstown at a meeting held a few days ago resolved to appoint an Inspector of Nuisances. The salary offered is £5 per annum."

At the same time it was reported that a new industry had been established in Queenstown. "A chimney sweep has commenced operations in the township."

At a recent meeting of the District Roads Board, Council concern was expressed at the lack of progress on bridging in the district.

More than a hundred years ago, in 1866 to be exact, a contract was let for the erection of a suspension bridge at Skippers Point, the contract price being a mere £1,375 for a bridge 700 feet long and 20 feet above the river. This, of course, is not the present steel and concrete bridge, which was opened in 1901, and is 300 feet above the river. Nevertheless the earlier bridge must have been a fair engineering feat in that remote area.

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