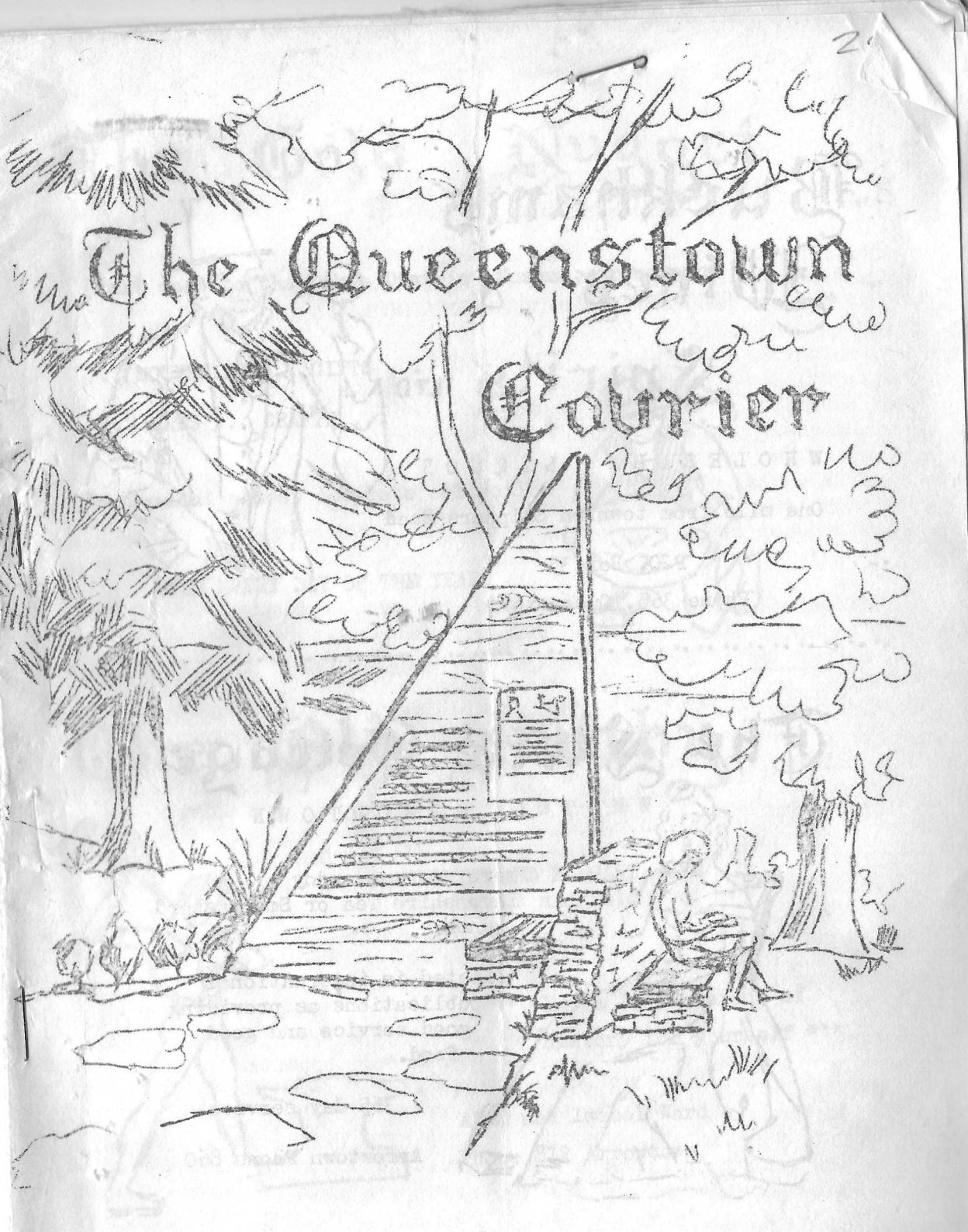




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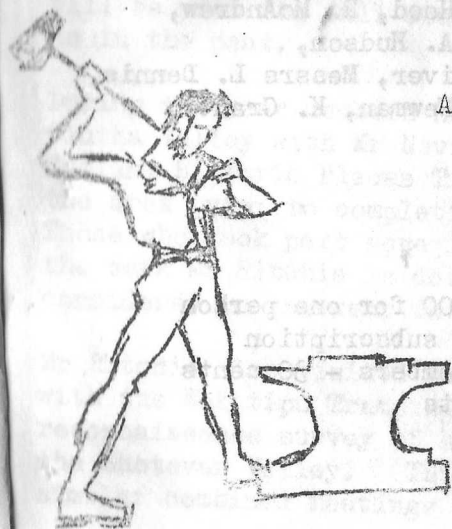


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The Official Publication of the
QUEENSTOWN AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY (INC)

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Twenty fourth Issue - March 1980

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Secretary: Mrs Pat Dennis, c/o Vacation Hotel, Frankton
P.B. Queenstown

Treasurer: Mrs Rona McCurdy, 66 Lake Esplanade, Queenstown

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PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT

The year has been relatively quiet, although the aftermath of the demolition of Buckham's Brewery has remained with us, following publication of the Ombudsman's report earlier in the year.

The society clearly lost the brewery battle, and there remains within the local authorities a hard core of opinion that historic places are of little or no account, regardless of the Ombudsman's views as to the action of local authority members and officers.

On the positive side, however, there have been some gains, with a clear change in local body policy towards places of historic and special interest, and much improved communication through the building and health inspectorate.

The local bodies have been extremely tardy in completing the review of the Queenstown-Wakatipu Combined District Planning Scheme, and the proposed amended list of historic buildings put forward by the society for inclusion in the scheme for official registration remains in a planning "limbo". In the meantime the Queenstown Borough Council has agreed to consult the society should any buildings on the amended list be considered for demolition or drastic change, and the final decision in any case will be with the full council rather than one or two individuals as in the past.

During the year members have visited Archaeological sites in the Clutha Valley with Mr Neville Ritchie archaeologist for the New Zealand Historic Places Trust, who is conducting excavations in the area prior to completion of the hydro-electric schemes. Those who took part were impressed with what they saw, and with the work Mr Ritchie is doing and a similar venture may be considered in the near future for other members who are interested.

Mr Ritchie also visited Queenstown to address a combined meeting with the Wakatipu Tramping Club, to explain an archaeological reconnaissance survey of historical sites he has carried out in the Shotover Valley. This was a most successful evening and similar combined meetings with organisations having interests

close to our own may be worth considering again for the future.

Mr John Newman continues to represent the society on the management committee of the Lake District Centennial Museum. I have had the honour also to be elected to represent members of the Museum Society on that committee, and will at the same time keep in mind the views and wishes of the Historical Society. In particular, it will be my endeavour to ensure that the standing of the museum, which is highly regarded in museum circles, is maintained by the appointment of a suitably qualified director to replace Mr Bennett who has now resigned.

On your behalf I extend grateful thanks to all members of your committee who continue to work unfailingly for the good of your society, and for our historical heritage here in the Wakatipu.

Some years ago I accepted election as your president for one year only. Now, several more years have passed and it seems high time that another, with a new and fresh approach to the society's affairs, should take my place. Thank you for your support and goodwill through all that has occurred during my time in office.

Neil Clayton
(November, 1979)

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A STORY FROM THE "EARLY THIRTIES" ...

A party of students arrived in the Glenorchy area ... their intention was to explore the north face of Mount Earnslaw. They were very proud of their climbing gear, all very up-to-date.

On the back of Earnslaw they met up with 'Arawata Bill' prowling around on the ice, and his gear rather startled them - one sugar bag slung over his shoulder with binder-twine, one long handled shovel and a rather antique pair of gumboots!

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THE OLD SKIPPERS TRACK

Contributed by Peter Chandler

Within a few weeks of Thomas Arthur's discovery of gold in the Shotover River (16 November, 1862) and the subsequent rushes to Maori Point, Skippers Creek and Upper Shotover, diggers in hundreds had flocked to the many beaches along the length of the river. To the packers with their horse teams who carried supplies to the outlying camps, the greatest difficulty lay in picking a way through the gulches, bluffs and slips which blocked their way. It was not until July, 1863, that the Otago Provincial Government let a contract to a Mr Armstrong for the construction of 11 miles of track, 4 feet wide, from Arthurs Point to what is now known as Maori Point Flat. Armstrong's track followed closely the line already in use by the packers - in many ways a difficult route, but one which avoided the obstacles of the lower hill slopes.

Two particularly notorious sections were the stiff climb out of Long Gully, from McArthur's Hotel to Green Gate Saddle and what the "Lake Wakatip Mail" described as those "frightful steeps" at the upper crossing of Deep Creek, below the "Green Gate", a shanty kept by Maggie Balderson.

Construction was hastened by the many complaints made about the arduous conditions faced by man and beast in keeping up food supplies during the hard winter. The Shotover correspondent of the "Mail" in May, 1863, wrote of the perils of the Packer's life, as man and beast picked their way along trackless hillsides, or followed narrow ledges made slippery by rain or frost.

"The horse, be it ever so good, is with three months work rendered quite unfit for further service; the number dead along the road speak plainly the perils of the way."

In October, 1864, a deviation was completed between McArthur's and the lower crossing of Deep Creek, which avoided the Green Gate defile but passed over the top of Pinchers Bluff and reach Deep Creek by two steep zig-zags, that on Stapleton's

Hill having grades of one in three. THE OLD TRAIL

The line of this old track may still be followed from its starting point just opposite Mr J. Cockburn's roadside shed at Arthurs Point, just a few chains nearer Arrowtown than where the present road turns uphill. It climbs first to a two storied ruin (stated to have been built by "Holy Peter" for a hotel, but used later by William McHardy as a depot for his packing operations), then climbs steadily to the top of the trees (sycamore and pines) above the old Ben Lomond station homestead, until it intersects the road. The line from this point is above the road, following the telephone wire between several small hillocks to a point about twenty chains from Dan O'Connell's, from where road and track follow the same alignment. In 1863, Dan O'Connell operated the "Halfway House" at the beech trees, where a branch track, opened in October, 1863, turned off as a shorter route for packers operating from Arrowtown. This branch was upgraded in 1872 and widened into a full road by Lake County Council in 1893. It is now barely passable by vehicles, but is still known as "Dan O'Connell Track."

From Dan O'Connell's the route lies uphill to the west, with a steep climb to Skippers Saddle, 3,000 ft. Now begins the descent of Long Gully almost continuously down the east bank of the stream to the Dirty Four Creek, where a stone chimney is said to mark the site of another early "bush" hotel. Bush licences were issued by the police for a fee of £2, mainly as a check on the keepers of grog shanties which sprang up wherever a gold rush occurred. Mr Robert Davidson, a pioneer miner and runholder, told my informant that the stream was named after a party of miners who had never heard of the blessings of soap and water, but the other name of the stream (Dirty Ford) is of considerable antiquity.

Leaving the ford, the track climbs on to higher ground, to reach eventually the site of a more permanent establishment - John McArthur's hotel, the "Travellers' Rest." This was built in 1863 and operated by McArthur until his death in 1874, when his widow took over the management, Mrs McArthur, who died in 1913, aged 93, sold the premises to Peter Bell in 1881 and moved to Bullendale, where she owned the "Reefers' Arms" hotel until 1892. Bell was a Swede and conducted

the hotel until construction of the road took traffic away from the old track. The building was destroyed by fire in 1889, when a shift was made to a new building alongside the road. Peter Bell met a tragic death in the winter of 1899, when he was thrown from his horse and spent the night immersed to the waist in a creek. His family continued hotel keeping until 1908, in which year the premises were sold to Henry John Haines ("Charlie") Lewis and the premises were still owned by the Lewis family when the licence was cancelled in 1949. Jim Hood, who held the licence at this time, was Mrs Lewis' nephew.

In 1875, an "Otago Daily Times" correspondent wrote this description of a goldfields packer and of the Long Gully hotel, under the heading

"The Road There"

If man has been prodigal of his labour in developing the riches of the Upper Shotover, the Provincial Government of Otago have been as equally penurious in doing their share towards helping along the poor goldseekers, so that they might achieve the more. These daring men in this quarter never asked for subsidies to enable them to work, or sought favours which would enable them to shirk it; all they ever asked was that their fair share of the revenue might be expended upon making roads, so that they might work the more, and were satisfied to risk the result. But, because the Shotover is an out-of-the-way place, a deaf ear has always been turned to the claims of the people for justice, and only little imperfect paths, called pack-horse tracks, have been constructed, and these mostly in places where the work of making them was easy and the engineering difficulties light, for, where rocks and precipices mostly occur, the miner is compelled to struggle on as best he may, breaking his shins, or perhaps his horse's neck, as if no Provincial Government or Goldfields Secretary existed at all. Happily a change looms out in the distance; the death knell of provincialism has been sounded, and its abolition is not far off, which welcome consummation being attained, and the Goldfields revenue being expended upon the goldfields themselves. Upper Shotover miners will be done justice to in the end, in the shape of obtaining a cart road, which they should have possessed long since, for the more easy conveyance of their goods, stores and mining machinery.

The ranges of the Upper Shotover are, without doubt, rich in the possession of metalliferous veins. The native metals - gold, silver and copper - exist there in abundance; while there are also evidences of lead and tin; and it is only a question of time and convenience when they will all be wrought, and a good road, to make the country accessible, is one of the indispensable necessities to attain this object.

All traffic, except that a man is walking, is performed on horse-back; and toiling up and down steep ranges, round frowning rocks and precipices, to look down from which will often times make your head swim, and, plunging through creeks and watercourses, may almost every day be seen strings of pack horses from either the Arrow or Queenstown, laden with the most heterogeneous of burthens, which, upon careful inspection, you can but wonder how they could be strapped upon a horse's back, and neither beast nor burthen sustain injury. Sheets of galvanised iron, long strips of boards and squared timber, reaching from over the horse's ears down to within a few inches of the ground at his heels, and more often touching it, are of constantly-recurring occurrence. Iron piping for conveying water to Pelton wheels or hydraulic hoses; doors, windows and sashes, and sometimes ready-made iron chimneys, with fireplaces attached, are bundled by the packers - as the drivers of these horse trains are called - with almost wonderful dexterity, and who adjust them to the inequalities of their horse's backs with extraordinary precision. Depressing one part to avoid striking some well-known and ugly overhanging rock, or raising another so that it might clear an awkward knob of stone sticking out of the ground at a certain dangerous corner, for wherever any very hard projecting piece of rock occurs the road makers or menders religiously refrain from removing it. Having roughly placed his loads, the packer deftly introduces a strap here or a string or a tack there, or he tightens a buckle in another place, as he surveys his loaded horses with the greatest of interest, handling everything as delicately and systematically as a dressmaker would. Chests of tea, bags of sugar and flour, boxes of soap, or cases of brandy and whisky, quartz crushing machinery, such as heavy stamper heads, shanks, or false bottoms, or bibles, as these solid pieces of cast iron are familiarly called, are handled with equal celerity, and made to fit a horse so cleverly that it has become almost part of

the poor animal. One man usually attends upon six horses, while he rides another, driving the team before him. His leading horse, obedient to the call or crack of the whip, toils along briskly, keeping all the others at sharp walk, the train oftentimes travelling twenty or twenty-five miles in a day without food or rest ...

There are, of course, some few halting places on the road or track, where, should a pack train be unable to perform its regular day's journey, the owner might stay, or, as is usually termed, camp for the night. But he does not really camp, he stops within the house like other people, and having fed his horses he either stables them or secures them in a yard that they might not stray and the packer be prevented from making an early start in the morning. In some of these places there are quite ingenious contrivances for relieving the packhorses of their loads; the animals are taken into stalls in the usual manner, the girth straps are unloosed, a pair of slings attached to a rope and pulley are made to embrace both saddle and load, when the whole is lifted off the horse's back, swinging high into the air, there to remain suspended until it is time to load again the next morning. At one of these halting places - shanties, or, more properly speaking, hotels - I remained for a night, it coming on dark and the track slippery with ice, I was afraid to proceed further. Although rough looking in the exterior, it was a very comfortable place within, and assembled before the blazing fire I found another traveller, similarly benighted like myself. There were also two miners who had come up the river from their claim, some three miles distant, for the purpose, as they said, of meeting some strangers that they might enjoy the luxury of a few hours' conversation with their fellow men, they not having seen any living soul to speak to but themselves for nearly five months, and had grown tired of their loneliness. These miners were very intelligent fellows and we gossiped until past midnight, talking about the Shotover and familiar places in Victoria.

The establishment possessed more of the appearance of a small sheep and cattle station, rather than a hotel. Its buildings, stables, outhouses and sheds occupied both sides of the track, and what with stockyards and sheep pens, covered an extensive area of ground. The premises belonged to a worthy Scots lady, a widow, with an

only daughter, who was from home at school at the Arrow. The comely hostess, however, appeared to be rubbing along pretty smoothly, except, perhaps, feeling a little lonely when the days were so stormy that none would travel. The good man of the house, when alive, had cultivated a plot of ground on the little terrace upon which the homestead stands, and had succeeded in rearing some very fine fruit in the shape of currants, gooseberries and apples, thus making the wilderness blossom even in this outlandish retreat in the mountains of the Shotover. He left behind him both cattle and sheep. The cattle the poor widow manages to run upon the goldfields commonage, but to depasture her small flock of 900 sheep she is necessitated to pay to a runholder a sum amounting to nearly £90 per annum, which when all expenses are paid for the year, absorbs all the profits, and she has decided to sell them whenever a favourable opportunity for so doing offers. I had stayed at this place frequently in the summer months when journeying through the mountain fastnesses of the Shotover; and a very comfortable place it was to take a rest at, enjoy a drink or a meal while my horse also refreshed himself upon a sheaf of oats cut green from the field or pulled from the stack. I was away early in the morning, and a bitter cold one it was indeed; every thing was frozen like iron, while the very air was almost sufficient to bite your ears off. It was ice and icicles everywhere, and every streamlet from rock or mountain was solidified."

From McArthur's, the track passed to the north through a small gully, then forked - Armstrong's track climbing by a steep zig-zag to reach the Green Gate Saddle, from where it is still well defined and gives easy walking down Green Gate Valley to, firstly, the "Coronet Peak" station huts and then, after a further quarter-mile, to the ruins of Balderson's shanty, overlooking Deep Creek. It was here that Maggie, a native of County Clare and noted for her keen Irish wit, kept a drop o' the doin's for passers-by. In later years, when traffic had become fully diverted to the new road, the Baldersons moved out to a small two roomed hut in Long Gully - "to be nearer civilization", as they told inquirers.

The 1864 track keeps to a more level course and apart from one scrub-filled gully, gives easy walking right round to Deep Creek, passing en route over the top of Pincher's and Hutton's Bluffs. There are several good vantage points for photographs, one of the best being

from the zig-zag above Deep Creek. As the continuation of the track from Deep Creek to Maori Point was followed with only minor deviations by the present road, there is little to remark on.

From Balderson's, the 1863 track crossed Deep Creek at a point downstream of the shanty, but the passage of thousands of sheep over the years has all but obliterated the formation. To the north, it ascended a steep face, now overgrown with matagouri, to emerge finally on the skyline as viewed from the road at Stapleton's Terrace. There is a well defined formation along the ridge to the saddle where the Maori Gully water-race terminates, from where there is a long descent (track widened for vehicles in 1968-9) to the site of Charlestown, on Maori Point Flat.

In 1870 it was stated that £325 had been spent on the "road" to Maori Point and Skippers, but this may have been merely on the Queenstown to Arthurs Point section. It was described by Thos Fergus, District Engineer, in 1876 as "the most dangerous track on the goldfields ... continually damaged by the runholders of the Upper Shotover driving their sheep over it."

Charlestown can not now be found in any records of the Department of Lands & Survey and its existence as a settlement was terminated by the departure of large numbers of miners to Wakamarina and Westland in 1864-5. A private toll bridge, owned by a baker and storekeeper named Thackeray, spanned the Shotover at its narrowest point, while a narrow track led onto Stony Terrace and from there to a second bridge over Stony Creek itself. These bridges seemed to provide the only crossings of the Shotover in times of flood, packers choosing, otherwise, to ford the river. In 1866, a contract was let for the construction of a bridle track from Maori Point to a new bridge site at Londonderry Creek. The bridge, a suspension type, suited only for foot or pack horse traffic, was completed at a cost of £1,372 and with various repairs and modifications, served the district's needs for 35 years, until the gradual build-up of tailings from sluicing operations had so reduced the waterway that fears were held of its destruction by a flood. The west approach to this bridge is still visible near the mouth of Londonderry Creek.

From Maori Point, another track was constructed towards Upper Shotover, starting with a tortuous passage through Hakaria Creek, then a steep ascent to Maori Point Saddle. From here, it kept to a high-level route to pass over the top of the Blue Slip, to descend finally to the store site at Deep Gully.

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THE DIARY OF JOHN DAGG, WRITTEN ON BOARD THE "TRIVELYAN", DURING HIS VOYAGE TO NEW ZEALAND, FROM 24/9/1883
(Part 2. Continued from 'Courier' No. 23)

Our Sailors told us they were a pretty rough lot, and only two of them could speak English, they hadn't an English book or paper for us to read. They made our Sailors a present of a lot of cigars, and a good drink of rum each. Nearly all our letters went without stamps, there was scarcely a man on board could boast a "Queen's Head." 8p.m. ship's time and the "Trivelyan" is sailing very well, the Sailors think we have got the Trade Winds. There was a concert planned for tonight, but it is put off for a night or two as the Doctor thinks we have had enough excitement for one day, with getting at our boxes and writing letters.

Harry and I are on the first watch tonight, we have made a pie, baked it, and intend eating it at the time when all are asleep.

Sunday, October 21st Nearly all are at Service on the Poop, all but the Roman Catholics, and one or two who have stayed in "Donley's" to keep a lookout on the carpet bags and boxes. The first Sunday when we were all at Service some of the bags were broken into and some odd things stolen, so there has been one or two on the watch last Sunday and today, I would like to catch the thief in mine. Last night, as I told you, Harry and I were on the first watch, so after 1a.m. it was so warm we took our beds and blankets up onto the forecastle. I told Stewart, who was on the lookout to waken us if it was to rain. I had scarcely slept an hour when a drop of rain on my face wakened me, I got up at once to waken Harry, but he was so sound asleep he took no heed of me. I had scarcely got my bed rolled up when down came the rain in torrents. In my hurry to get below I tripped myself and fell down stairs, I had just got up onto my feet when down came Harry, head first, both us and our bedclothes were pretty wet.

I forgot to mention that all the young men who have cousins or sisters on board are allowed on the Poop to visit them twice a week on Sundays and Thursdays 2p.m. Duncan Gordon is sitting on his bunk mending his trousers before he can go up onto the Poop to visit his young woman, she passes as his cousin, but she is as much a cousin as I am. But by all appearances she seems to him a great deal dearer than a cousin. After the sister visit was over I lay down on the top of the dog kennels and fell asleep, when I wakened it was after 11p.m. and everybody was in bed but the watch.

October 22nd This is an awfully warm day, we are going about with nothing on but shirt and trousers and hats, mostly all are barefoot but the deck is getting so hot that it nearly burns your feet, I have had to go and put my slippers on. We are in latitude 5 - 33 north, longitude 23-5 west.

There is an old man raffling a watch chain today, he says it cost £7.10 when new, and he wants £5 for it. They have 83 lots already at 1/- per lot, so I think there is no fear as he has not been among the Cabin passengers yet.

October 23rd Another of those horrible calm days, no wind at all, it just seems to me as if we are all sitting at a railway station waiting on a train. The watchchain was raffled this afternoon, a man named Mooney won it. We all got three throws each, I threw 36, Harry 35 and Jim 38, the winner was 43.

The concert was to have been held tonight, but the Captain was afraid of squalls, so it has been put off again. But the Sailors and us "Douley's" crowd had a concert of our own, and it was a first rate one too, some of the Sailors are very good singers. I gave them the "Song of Songs", and it pleased very well.

October 24th There is a little wind this morning, not nearly so warm as yesterday. There was rather a small supply of porridge this morning, only three of our Mess got any, I was one of the three you may be sure, I always look after No. 1. It commenced to rain this afternoon, and the wind died away, so it is nice and cool to what it has been.

There is to be a watch raffled today, it belongs to Sam, the lad that looks after the sheep, pigs and poultry, he is working his passage out and has no money and very few clothes. So it is more

a case of charity than anything else.

8p.m. This has been a very quiet day amongst us. Mother and I had a long crack about old Falstone. Bella Lindsay won Sam's watch today and she gave it back to him as a present, I think he would get about £2 for it, but I am not very sure. When I got up first thing this morning it was very wet again.

Thursday October 25th The rain has cleared away and it is quite fair now, but not a puff of wind. Everyone seems to have lost heart these last few days, it is hard for me to get up in the mornings in time to get my breakfast, it is often a near thing with me getting my trousers on before the porridge comes downstairs. It has been very wet again this afternoon, I have got myself wet through cupping water as it ran off the forecandle. I have got a good supply, so Mother intends washing tomorrow. We have got a nice breeze again now, you could not credit the difference it makes amongst us when we are sailing a little bit. It is only 2 knots an hour, but everyone has a smile on his face. There is a great talk about "varment", Scotch Grey, everyone is afraid they will get them, and no doubt they will, as there are a good many Irish on board, and they are sure to be lousy, there has some been got already, but I have never seen one yet. Our Jim says he knocked one off the forecandle, he says he heard it splash when it fell into the sea. Hugh Ross says he met one on the stairs with a blanket in its mouth, but I can't tell as good a one, not having seen such a big one!

Friday October 26th Fine morning, we are sailing about six knots, but the wind is too much ahead, Mother washed my sheets today, when I was hanging them out one fell overboard, but that does not matter much as we have more bedclothes than we can bare just now. When Tom paid our passages he paid £1 for our kit, so we got all our bed clothes and tins sent aboard before us, every man's tins and blankets were in his bunk before we came on board. We got 3 sheets, 1 double blanket, tick, quilt and pillow, 2 tin plates, knife and fork, 2 spoons, 1 tin to drink your tea out of, and a cookpot to hang on the side of the table when the Ship is rocking. Handbasin to wash in, teapot, hotwater tin, drinking water can and lots of other tins for holding sugar and butter, pepper and salt, the cargoes are all numbered. Some of the smaller tins are not numbered so we lose them everyday. One day when Harry was Captain we lost 5 between dinner time and tea time, there was a great row, but Harry just

knocked about till he stole another 5. There is a row about plates and knives and forks every day, there has never been a right stand up fight yet, but some very near things. There is some rough work amongst our tins, some drink oatmeal amongst the water when it is not very good, so you may find your tin half full of oatmeal, or sticking among the marmalade or butter, and when you come for your tea there is another row, but the man who has been drinking oatmeal is never to be found.

October 27th There was very little going on in the forepart of today, but we caught a shark this afternoon. I had just got on deck after my tea when I met a Sailor running for the hook to catch it. I lay over the side and saw it take the hook, after she was killed the Sailors hung her up about ten feet in the rigging so that all hands could get a good look, then Moody climbed up and cut her belly open, and there were 8 young ones, all about a foot long. "Donley" had their concert at night.

October 28th Fine morning, I baked a pie for dinner, we had two Services today, Presbyterian on the forecastle, and Church of England on the Poop. Mr Millar, an old man from Hawick and Mr Bee, belonging to Edinburgh conducts the Presbyterian, they read one of Spurgers sermons, then we had Bibleclass at night and read verse and verse about.

October 29th 12 midday, we have had a fine day up till now, but how long it will last I cannot say. Everybody you meet says "do you think it is the Trade Winds, and how long do you think it will be before we cross the Line?" But I doubt that it will be not long, I'm afraid a long time before we cross that awful Line. The First Mate told Maggie this morning that we are a long way off our course, we had to go off our course to get the winds, and it may be a long time before we get right again. The pea soup is coming downstairs, I can hear the tin plates rattling so I will have to be off. If you are not there the minute the dinner or tea comes down, your case is a bad one. 8.30p.m. We are going very well tonight, 9 knots when the log was heaved at 8p.m.

We had another death on board today, a child the name of Johnstone, 7 months old, it died at 11a.m. and was buried at 1.30p.m. Susan Goddes, a young woman, has been very poorly, but she is a good deal

better tonight.

October 30th This is a grand morning, we are going about 8 knots, and were about 62 miles from the line at midday today. Doctor made us a present of a pack of cards today, and we have had a great day playing Whist. We had one good pack but we lost the King and Queen of Hearts about a week ago, so we have not had a game at Whist lately. There is many a game at cards played on board that I have never seen or heard tell of before. There is very little gambling on board, and you cannot get a drink for love or money, there has been an odd bottle or two gotten the quiet, but that has had a stop put to it now. Last week Dan Dickie and I played Shanks and John Duncan for two pint bottles of beer, and we won, but we could not get them from the Steward, I was at him twice but it was of no use.

October 31st Fine morning, we are sailing very well. We crossed the Line this morning about 10a.m. This is Halloween, a great night amongst the Scottish, and the most part of those on board are scottish. We expected a dance tonight, but the Doctor would not allow it as Susan Geddes is much worse. Dave Harvie and I played Shanks and Dan Dickie at Whist for 2 bottles of gin. They won the first and we won the second, so we were straight. The next job was, how are we to get the drink, Davie Harvie got one bottle of gin from one of the cabin passengers, and whether or not it was imagination I could not say, but Davie Harvie and Shanks were drunk and went about the deck singing and making an awful fool of themselves. I expected a row as they were along where the young woman was lying, singing and carrying on. The Mate came off the Poop once and ordered them to make less noise.

Mother lost her hat overboard today, this is the second hat she has lost. She lost one the first week when we were in the Bay of Biscay.

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The Treasurer Reports

THERE ARE - 97 Financial Members
 13 Unfinancial Members
 14 Associate Members
 oooooOooooo

QUEENSTOWN & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY (INC)

(NO. 2 a/c)

WILLIAM REES MEMORIAL ACCOUNTStatement of Receipts & Payments for year
ending 30th September, 1979

RECEIPTS

Credit at Savings Bank 30/9/78		109.25
Donations:		
Wakatipu Fed. Farmers	10.00	
Q'tn & Lake Counties	160.00	
Transferred from No. 1 Account	<u>300.00</u>	470.00
Cheque Book refund		.35
Bank Interest		1.86
		<u>581.46</u>

PAYMENTS

A.J. Meehan (ch. 309 unpres. at end of last year)	100.00
A.J. Meehan, Stone work	200.00
Cheque Book	.50
A.J. Meehan (final payment)	160.00
Marilyn Coles (Architect)	100.00
Bank Balance 30/9/79	20.96
	<u>581.46</u>

R. McCurdy, Hon. Treasurer
30/9/79Examined and found in order.
L. Dennis, Hon. Auditor.

Published by

QUEENSTOWN & DISTRICT
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Queenstown

Aims of the Society:

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

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