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THE QUEENSTOWN COURIER



*The Official Publication
of the Queenstown & District
Historical Society*

The Queenstown Courier

The official Publication of the
Queenstown and District Historical Society

Sixtieth Issue - May 1998

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The Courier is included in the subscription.

All correspondence and accounts should be addressed to the Society's permanent address - P.O. Box 132, Queenstown

EDITORIAL

The summer season has just concluded, and with it a worthwhile and enjoyable programme of field trips. The trip organiser, Malcolm Boote, must be applauded for his efforts. The trips included:

- 1 1-3 November '97: The Trans Alpine excursion (train from Christchurch to Greymouth) and visits to Mt Peel Homestead and Church, the Ross Gold Museum, and the White Heron colony. (58 people)
- 2 13 December '97: Glenorchy, with the opening of the sealed Glenorchy Road, and launching of Julia Bradshaw's book, 'Miners In The Clouds'. (74)
- 3 19 January '98: Lower Shotover and Arrow Junction. Ferry Hotel (Kevin Reynolds), Whitechapel, Bakers Cottage, Scheib Cottage. Morven Ferry Road (Alva Shaw - see story in this issue), Doonholm (Allan Hamilton). (89).
- 4 15 February '98: Dunstan Range Road (Middlemarch, Styx, Patearoa). (46).
- 5 16 March '98: Fairlight/ Garston - Kingston Flyer to Fairlight, Fairlight Station and Homestead (Mrs Butson), Garston (Donald Gordon). (73).
- 6 19 April '98: Waikaia - Glenary. King Solomon's mine (Peter Jackson), Switzers (Wattie Stirling), Glenary Station (David Pinckney), and the Waikaia Museum. (83)

Functions planned for later this year include our Winter Luncheon on Thursday 20 August at the Copthorne Hotel, possibly an afternoon tea in Arrowtown and Museum visit in June, the A.G.M. in November, and a proposal to attend the Oamaru Festival 27-28-29 November which requires two nights accommodation, and of course the 'Journey of a Lifetime' to the Southern Fiords 5-11 September on the 'Milford Wanderer' which is being organised by Bruce Hamilton. So another interesting programme is already in the planning!

The Williams Cottage

On 18 August last year members of our society began manning the cottage on a daily voluntary basis for the Lakes District Museum and the Queenstown Heritage Trust. Over seventy couples and individual members have now volunteered. This marvellous contribution is hereby acknowledged.

MUSEUM NEWS

Microfilm Reader:

The Museum thanks the Historical Society and Ray Timmins in particular for providing a microfilm reader to be housed at the Museum. This reader now provides the Museum staff and all interested people with the ability to look at early newspapers covering the Lakes District. Our original papers were getting too brittle. Through additional funding from the Queenstown Lions Club, the Community Trust of Southland and the Lotteries Grant Board we now have the Wakatipu Mail 1885 to 1939 and The Otago Witness from 1890 to 1907. Feel free to come out and have a look and a read.

Exhibitions Coming Up

May 28th to June 30th - 'Speaking of Change'. Memories of the Wakatipu 1900 to 1960 - a re-running of this popular exhibition.

July 4th to August 14th - 'The Hope That is Within Us' - The story of the Dominican Sisters in Otago 1871 - 1996.

August 21st to November 8th - 'They Came they Saw they Painted' - 130 years of artists who have painted the Wakatipu.

Please make the effort to visit these fascinating exhibitions.

Books and Gifts

Don't forget our shop in the Museum foyer for an excellent selection of historical and pictorial books - 10% discount to Museum Members.

Membership

Are you a Museum Member? Enjoy unlimited free entry to the Museum. 10% discount on books and gifts. Get your membership forms at the Museum.

LEGACY OF OTAGO GOLDMINERS

By Arthur Cyril Boyd
(alias Bridget Ridden)

(Bridget Ridden was the winner of the James Hargest High School, W.G. Rees memorial essay on Local History. Awarded by the Queenstown and District Historical Society in 1997)

My foremost impression of Central Otago was brought quite simply by the air. The trace scent of thyme wafted serenely on a breeze so crisp as to numb from head to toe; a comforting smell which belies the very harshness and cruelty of such a place in dead of winter.

As magnificent as Central Otago is, by nature it is unforgiving. For the untamed beauty of this area comes not from the rugged shorelines, or unpenetrable bush which drapes a possessive hand across mountaintops and valley-floors, but from the majesty of all as they combine to form an undominatable terrain, where man is glad for the few acts of kindness with which the land cares to bestow. In this instance, the generosity of spirit shown in Central Otago can be seen by the lavish proportions of gold by which the land is endowed; to be found in the torrents of water, there so it lies, a temptation before the eyes of mortal souls.

For myself, it was such enticement which led me to settle here.

Originally from Epsom, Surrey, where my parents' estate was housed, I had since birth been groomed to be a prospective member of government; attending the right schools, being introduced to the right people, in a conscious effort to gain standing in the upper class circles of Westminster. But it was not in the realms of power which I so devoted myself. My calling, as it were, came from the land, as it was here that I found a measure of fulfilment, my perspective of farming was to shape and colour the landscape so it pleased the eye. Upon reluctant agreement, my passage to New Zealand was paid, along with a deed for land purchase, and with few possessions I left England to discover a foreign land.

Ironically it was from London that my future did begin, boarding the deck of 'Dover Castle' in 1858, a wooden vessel, New Zealand, port of call. The months at sea did nothing to dim my resolve to work the green pastures:

whereas people around me were going mad at the lack of visible land, many throwing themselves overboard not to be salvaged. I was strangely unaffected by it all, perhaps due to the remoteness I exuded as a result of my upbringing.

A brief stop in Cape Town's port, where the streets vibrated with unknown life and vitality, added to my confusion upon entering Auckland's port. I had misled myself into thinking new Zealand was a miniature England, the same language and lifestyle albeit on a smaller scale.

Upon seeing streets devoid of life, and natives whose tongue was strange to the ear, my dreams were crushed under the heel of well-trodden boots. For sure it was only pride which kept me from returning home to England.

That was in the early part of 1860, at which time I was 19 years old, however it was not until 1863 that I reached Central Otago and the goldfields. Prior to this, I had bought a block of land in Northland where to the terrain I was suited, although I worked with little success, which led me upon hearing of a goldrush to gather my holdings and leave.

Four months after leaving the Northland community of Ruawai, I set foot on gold country soil, a strangely emotional time. What greeted me here was a dirt track, although well-travelled, which led to a number of small shacks and tents called "The Camp", later that year to be renamed Queenstown, (the reason for such a name supposedly because a miner once observed "the township is fit for a Queen".) I only stayed at this site until morn, I felt that "Foxes" was where my fortune would be made, and duly I left with the rising sun.

What awaited me was a mass of people greater than to imagine: more people at Foxes than I had seen in the last four years of my travels, tents and huts spread out like a blanket surrounding the south side of the Arrow River. After finding a spot on which to pitch my tent, I immediately went scavenging along river banks, to the miners' disapproval, looking for any gold discarded into silt heaps, also sorting out possible claim sites. To my joy I found a payable amount, enabling me to buy a pan and shovel in order to start prospecting.

After 7 months of back-breaking work, thigh-deep in water, I was yet to

recover any gold; once I had seen a faint glimmer, but due to my inexperience, I washed this out of the pan, never to be recovered. To be fair, gold panning is not the most demanding of mining techniques, but physically the coldest, due to the monotonous swirling of water, working from dawn till dusk, on guard for any claim jumpers of nearby sites, and forever hopeful of the elusive strike, all which takes an emotional toll. I soon tired of such a job, as although a fit, young miner, my luck had deserted me, so with new miners constantly arriving, I illegally sold my miners right for 9 shillings, illegal selling of miners rights common practice at the fields.

My departure from the physical mining of the land was only partial, my hopes of building a fortune here were still high, and due to a demand for trustworthy citizens to monitor gold recoveries, I became a bank officer. Only young people need apply, for it required sharp reflexes in the case of robbery, as well as good aim if shots needed to be fired from the revolver issued to us, plus daring in the case of crossing rivers during flood season. My job was riding from site to site along the Arrow, collecting gold and recording to whom it belonged before returning my loot to the jailhouse. After finishing this job, the only other time I saw the jailhouse was the night I spent there, courtesy of the Queen; I had a good night, and with too much drink partaken, I apparently sat on the steps of the gaol refusing to move, where upon I was shown a cell to pay for my nights accommodation the next morning!

However, while I was an officer, I realised that much of the gold found by miners working single claims was not handled by myself, the miners preferring to hold onto their gold until a substantial amount was raised, meaning that with the opening of the first real bank in early 1864, many miners brought forth their gold for weighing and payment. Up until then, most had paid for goods with gold currency, not knowing that the measuring scales were tipped in the storekeeper's favour, the banks formation cutting deeply into store profits.

My first few years in this job were not enjoyable, as all around me people were in a gold mining frenzy, the lure of gold leading to many deaths through drowning, and my friends were few but for a group of three men, father and two sons. Harold, Peter and Thomas Butler arrived several months after me, from Ireland, all planning to goldmine until enough money was raised to purchase a plot of land here on which to form a sheep run. It

was to this end across. Perhaps practised, not only for religion was mentioned. What as I myself did in

By this time I had a small two-room house which I had sold for a considerable sum. However, my father bought a claim on the Butlers would not admit to my lack of in Harold. My father discovered, although swept away in the the Catholic Church the Arrow it stands

I had by this time had a sharp mind for reasons I spent a backer for a few important to me in first contact with goldminers were

The Chinese who traditions were found near the river was separation between

I first met Su Su landscape of the whereupon Su took he sat well back, surprised at his position

that they worked, the most devoted company I was to come
s a curious thing is that for all the Irish customs which were
nce did any of the Butlers step inside the Catholic Church,
s never mentioned, just as Harold's wife Mary we never
ereby most miners found a degree of comfort in the church,
n the Presbyterian Church, the Butlers shunned this.

ad settled in Foxes, what we now call Arrowtown, owning a
ed cottage, paid for by the profit of my Northland Estate
d back to the crown. It became knowledge that I had a
urce of money, and I was constantly asked for donations.
rst experience as a financier came when Harold wanted to
he Shotover River. In return for my monetary support, the
ork the claim, sharing any profits made 50:50. I still did not
of knowledge of likely gold yielding spots, placing my trust
y trust was rewarded with many small nuggets being
ough while searching in the river, my three best friends were
e flood of 1872. With no bodies, and an obvious dislike for
urch in Arrowtown, a small cross was built, and overlooking
ds in remembrance.

ge left my job as a bank officer, finding my forte in life; I
d for numbers, but an even better eye for colour. For these
my time painting landscapes while becoming a financial
w hopeful men, the money to be made becoming less
in my happiness. It was through my painting that I had my
h the Chinese, and also that I saw the destruction the
doing to the environment.

no lived in Arrowtown were not liked by many. Their
oreign and therefore something to fear, so their settlement
as accepted with some relief, as there was some form of
en the two groups.

ing, a prominent Chinese settler, while I was painting a
e Arrow River, the Crown Range in the background,
o was wishing to paint the view. Not wanting to interrupt,
at once not able to see but not wishing to disturb me. I was
oliteness, and cleared space beside me on the ledge for him,

motioning him to come forward. To this day I have not seen a more joyous smile come across a man's face. I painted until the light was not sufficient and returned to the same spot the next day. In the following weeks in which I finished my painting, Su Sing and I became good companions, as although Su could barely speak any English, he showed me new painting techniques through mime and example, and I in turn to him, although his prompting was far more useful than mine was to him.

Although invited to his home many times, I never laid foot inside Su's house, nor he in mine, for society at this point could not accept this, and in the following years in which we painted together, in between Su managing his store, an unspoken understanding developed between us. It was not only Chinese customs which Su taught me, he showed me the effects of gold mining in the area.

Being one of the first Chinese to arrive in 1865, Su had framed a series of paintings made every second year in both summer and winter, from the vantage point at which we first met. His paintings showed the rivers diverted path and widening due to digging, but more noticeable, the unsightly mess miners had left behind at riverbed corners. I had never thought of gold mining in such terms before, that of destruction, for although the greediness and a lessening of man's moral standards was apparent, through the gambling, excessive drinking and crime increases, it had done no harm other than to the miner himself.

Of course gold mining was responsible for a booming economy, new townships emerging all over the region due to national interest in Central Otago, and for the improvement of many roads. When I first came, many roads and tracks were unusable due to the Speargrass and Matagouri which had covered them. To this day most have been cleared with many new roads developed.

I have lived a solitary life, with no female companionship, but this does not bother me, for I am at peace with myself and the region, being one of the few miners not to leave. The Chinese have all but left; Su Sing remains although his hands have grown unsteady and he now watches me while I paint.

Nearing my fiftieth birthday, I look older than I feel, a relic of the gold

mining boom. But Days, I would inst mining equipment I would show a man through hope.

Arthur Cyril Boyd
[Bridget Ridden
Form 7 History 199
James Hargest High

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if you were to ask what I remember most about the Golden
stead show you; I would show you the paintings, and the
left behind on the banks of the Arrow and Shotover, and I
his face in the mirror, as it reflects the way it all began....

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n School]

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JOHN BATHGATE: A VISIT TO QUEENSTOWN 1864

By Alan De La Mare

All those who followed the lure of gold, except perhaps journalists, were far too busy to record their experiences but one exception was John Bathgate who has left us a short account of a visit to the Wakatipu in 1864.

John Bathgate had a distinguished career. Born at Fountainhead near Edinburgh in 1809 he studied law at Edinburgh University. In 1835 he was admitted a writer and in 1864 became procurator Fiscal of the County of Peebles.

In 1863 he sailed to Dunedin to take up the position of manager of the Bank of Otago. Later in 1870 he was elected to the Provincial Council and remained in office until appointed District Judge in Dunedin which post he held for several years. He had an interest in journalism stemming from his founding the Peebleshire Monthly Advertiser and Tweedshire Journal before emigrating. In 1868 he became manager of the Otago Daily Times and in 1875 he and Thomas Bracken established the Saturday Advertiser. Bathgate, who married twice and had twelve children, died in 1886.

The job of manager of the Bank of Otago was a plum one at a salary of fifteen hundred pounds per annum and a house. The bank was registered in April in 1863 with a capital of half of a million pounds established by Otago capital to cash in on the gold rush profits. Bathgate arrived in Dunedin in November 1863 to find the accountant had attended to all the paper work, organising a private parliamentary bill to start the bank and issue notes etc. He had also opened a branch in Princes Street paying seven thousand pounds for the site.

After obtaining accommodation for his family and settling in, Bathgate left to open branches at Invercargill and Queenstown. It was probably January 1864. After a couple of days in Invercargill he took a coach to Kingston. There were no roads or tracks and the driver took a point in the distance and drove straight towards it as if he were navigating a ship. The day ended at a calico hotel at Kingston which he described a mere diggings hamlet depending on being the terminus for traffic from Invercargill to the south of

the Lake.

The next part of his journey was by a small steamer to Queenstown which he described as in the first stages of a diggings town, timber and calico and considerable bustle. At the hotel at which he stayed a dance was in progress and sleep impossible. He established a branch in Ballarat St next to the Bank of New Zealand which remained in business until it was closed soon after the Bank of Otago was acquired by the National Bank in 1874.

As there was no coach suitable for the next part of his journey he arranged to ride the post boy's horse while the post boy climbed on top of the post bags on the other horse. Departing at 6.00am they had a pleasant ride along the shore of the lake passing through Frankton, a township consisting of a solitary hotel.

Continuing on to Arrowtown, described as a row of canvas tents and booths where they breakfasted. Eggs were selling at twelve shillings a dozen. A long day over dangerous tracks ended after dark to lodge in a wooden hotel at Dunstan but there was no rest as the noise of men drinking all night prevented sleep. Bathgate carried on to Dunedin having earned his handsome salary in a tough week of travel. Bathgate left the bank in 1867.

Besides his distinguished career, Bathgate is remembered for having bought and lived in Carisbrook House, James Macandrew's home which is famous for Macandrew declaring it a public gaol when he was imprisoned for debt. Bathgate renamed the house "The Glen". He also left a description of a visit to Auckland in 1864 in his capacity as Managing Director of the Dunedin Waterworks Company to obtain a private parliamentary bill to authorise its establishment. He sailed in the steamer Phoebe which had been chartered by the government to take members of parliament to Auckland for a session. Port hopping from Lyttleton, Wellington, Picton, Nelson, New Plymouth to Onehunga with good food and company and a well stocked bar made the six day trip like a cruise especially as most nights were spent in port.

Bathgate must have thought Queenstown had potential as he bought several sections in the first sale soon after his visit. However, he must have bitten off more than he could chew as three years later he was in arrears for his rates.

MEMORIES OF MORVEN FERRY

By Alva Shaw

Morven Ferry Road was the original main road to Cronulla Punt Ferry, which transported people and horses across the river below Punt Hill.

At the end of Morven Ferry Road, J. Whalen built, in the late 1800s, a building as a farm house, but where refreshments and accommodation offered to coaching passengers from the north. The venture did not last long as Mr Owens, who ran the punt ferry from the Cromwell side of the river and took all the trade.

The Whalens building was purchased by Jack and Frances Whalen. They lived there many years and had 10 daughters. A daughter, Mrs McMasters now owns the building. The eight living daughters used to cross the Arrow River and walk seven miles up to the Crown Terrace every day. They also planted flower seeds near the top bench, even carrying water up to their plants. A few of these are still there, as well as a few fruit trees - started when the girls left apple and pear fruit stones in that area.

The original corrugated iron Arrow Store, started in 1880, was built down to the junction of Morven Ferry Road and Arrow Road. Mr Pritchard, the owner of the store, by horse and sled, used to take goods to Pritchard's farmhouse. I don't know how long the Pritchard family lived on the 336 acre farm. It was sold to William and Mary Shaw before 1900. Mary later extended the house by adding a walk-in pantry, coal store and living area all in one, a step down from the main building. Mary farmed Cave Farm 200 acres on the other side of Launceston Speargrass Flat Road. Mixed farming was carried on on the farm with particular attention devoted to horses. They put their horses on the Arrow Junction property. Bob Shaw gradually bought the property from his father. He had worked for a farmer on the Crown Terrace and with money on paddocks he was given the use of, taking crops on the Crown Terrace. He married Barbara Kirkpatrick Toll, and took over the farm in 1909.

FERRY

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...ff them, before he
...at Arrow Junction

When their three eldest, born on the farm, were still young they played hide and seek in the bins under the long wooden benchtop in the front room. These were part of the Arrow Store having been used to store bulk food, flour, sugar, rolled oats etc. There was Barbara, William and Mary (known as Tup) and later young Tom. They rode to school bare back on a horse, three on together, leaving the horse in grandparent Toll's paddock near the Presbyterian Church.

The top of the triangle, main road Queenstown-Cromwell, Morven Ferry Road and Arrow Junction Road, was known as the Denmark, as several Danes lived and worked up there for years, till Robert Shaw bought the extra 85 acres.

Ah Wong had a wee stone and corrugated iron hut down by the Arrow River where he grew strawberries to sell in Arrowtown. The first strawberries were always brought up for young Tommy as he called the youngest Shaw. Ah Wong was a character - he loved shortbread! George Bowler would bring Mary down every Wednesday to have afternoon tea with Nannie Shaw. There would be at least seven different plates of food on the table. One day Mary had brought down some shortbread for Nannie. When Ah Wong appeared they offered him some. He tried to break it with his teeth, then his hands, then he quietly walked outside with it, coming back with a smile across his face. "What for you makee this shortbread too muchy hard Mrs Bowler!" He had broken it with a hammer!

Much later when he took ill he was sent to Invercargill Hospital - died there, also buried there, although he had told Pop Shaw he wanted to die and be buried here in the Wakatipu.

Electricity was put into Arrow Junction. This was because Ernie Sanders was on the power board and they wouldn't put electricity onto just his farm, which was on both sides of the Arrow River, so it was put onto his neighbours as well in the early 1940s. Nannie Shaw had a Canadian Beatty stainless steel bowl, petrol driven washing machine which had come out for the big Dunedin Exhibition. Pop and Nannie Shaw put in a small kitchen, taking out the coal stove and putting in a fireplace. Later a bathroom was added with an inside toilet, although we still had the long drop.

Mr Ernie Bunn bought out Mr Ernie Sanders and put George on the main road

farm and David on the Arrow Junction Road farm. The power came earlier to Arrow Junction than to Arrowtown and Queenstown. The house on the corner of the triangle belonged to Charlie and Ted Fitzgibbon, cousins of Tom Fitzgibbon and family who lived at the top of Morven Ferry Road, where Athol and Helen Cameron farmed when I married Bill.

The old stables and farmhouse were bought by S F Chin of Invercargill from Bill and I. Foo got Bill's help taking off the original corrugated iron roof and had an 18" thick reinforced concrete collar put right around the top of the stone walls. We made an archway through from Dolly's (the last of Bill's horses) stall into the cowbyre, where I used to milk two cows. Daisy Annabelle McFie was one of them - very much a one man cow. Not long after we were married Bill had a nasty bout of flu. I said I would get Daisy in and milk her for him. He didn't think I would manage although he knew I had helped milk 80 odd cows at Purakanui for some years in the school holidays. I walked out to the paddock to bring Daisy in but she wouldn't budge. I smacked her on the rump, she turned her head and rolled her eyes at me. I went back to Bill who was going to get up and milk, but I said she wasn't going to beat me and thought what did he do when he went out to her? I put on his pants, jacket, hat and gumboots, took his cigarettes and walked out to her. I stood nearby, deepened my voice "come on cow" and lit a cigarette. Daisy got up and ambled into the byre where I put on the head stall, caught her tail and outer leg with the bail rope, put on the machine and she started milking. I took off the hat and spoke in my own voice "you hound of misery you". She stopped the flow of milk! I walked out of the byre, entered again, smoking, hat on and deepened voice, patted her rump "good girl". She let the milk down again. It took quite a few months before she accepted me and I didn't have to go through the whole performance to get her in and milking.

I remember one day standing by the byre talking to Bill while milking and wondered why the hens were all flat on the ground, wings outstretched - I looked towards Allan Hamilton's and the green paddock looked like a sea of waves rolling towards us - an earthquake.

Some summers were so hot that when I churned the butter, using the cold spring water, it would get too soft to handle. I would put 4-6lb of butter in a large enamel bucket with cold water, butter muslin over it. In knee high gumboots with some rolled oats in a bag I would go down to the spring itself

where I would stand
water till my hands
thoroughly and then
to finish weighing a
If I wasn't quick en
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d in the overflow pool and work the butter up in the icy
ls were going numb. Rolled oats cleaned your hands
butter wouldn't stick to them. Back up to the farmhouse
and patting the butter into pound lots and into the fridge.
ough it meant another trip down to the pool. Farm work
ot of fun and gave you a good feeling of accomplishment.



William and Mary Shaw

MCBRIDE FAMILY TREE

Tony Hanning, 32 Bremner Rd
Fairfield, Dunedin (03) 488-1817
Contributed by Margaret Templeton



FRANK AND MARGARET MCBRIDE & FAMILY

Frankton, Queenstown, (circa 1900)

Back Row: (standing on verandah) Dan (d, 1903). Frances, John (Jubilee), Margaret (Mag Sloper), Frank (d. 1902), Alex (Sandy)

Middle Row: (seated) Catherine (Dolly Grant) nee Lavery, Owen (Onie)

Front Row: Leonard, Monica, Cecil

Missing: Jane (d. 1899) & Mary (Sis O'Meara)

Frank McBride and his brothers were born and raised in the north of Ireland at Fairhead near the town of Ballycastle. Fairhead is a distinctive coastal landmark and typical of the sheepfarming countryside in the general area. That part of Ireland is the nearest point to Scotland. Visible quite distinctly on a clear day, and hazily at other times, is the Mull of Kintyre some few miles across the Irish sea.

The McBride family have farmed sheep at Fairhead and nearby for generations. The old stone buildings at Cross stand abandoned in the paddocks now, sheltering the black-faced mountain sheep from the cold and the rain, and sulking at the passing of the human touch which once they knew so well. The hearth has grown cold as nature reclaims her materials. Seamus McBride looks across towards there from his new home built alongside the remnants of what is believed to have been the Whiteford house. Its former grandness, too, is reduced to that of stores and stable.

Not far from the old McBride home stand the cosily occupied neighbouring buildings that formed the Butler home. The march that divides the two is still well marked by stone walls that must have stood as silent witnesses to the comings and goings of the McBride and Butler families throughout the years of company and courtship that ensued.

*cold be the wind;
cold be the land;
cold be the stones,
but warm be the hearts.*

In a corner of the country churchyard stands the silent, stony testimony to the past life at Cross of the parents of Frank McBride. Frank and five of his six brothers are at rest in a land far from their parents. Paddy and the only girl of the family, Mary McCarry, lie buried in well marked graves not far away on the slope beyond the Church.

Six of the boys made lives for themselves and families in New Zealand; Mary and Paddy remained in Ireland where they carried on the family tradition of farming and raising good families with a strong sense of identity and love of home.

Of the six who came to New Zealand all but one married, and that was John. John had left home at an early age to seek fame and fortune in the United States. Having fought in the Civil War there, he set out for greener, safer pastures in the south seas. John joined up with others of his brothers and McBride cousins and made his life around the shores of Lake Wakatipu. Land around the Greenstone was held in his name as he worked the native timber in that area, and helped with boating and farming. He plagued his sisters-in-law with that other enterprise of many an Irish settler of the time, the production of poteen, known by then as "Hokonui." John died at Frankton Hospital and is buried near Frank and others of his family at the little Frankton cemetery, so closely moulded like the cemetery of his family back home. John was 69 years of age. Although eldest of his family in life, he was a young McBride in death.

Life in Australia was Frank's first attraction, having embarked on his voyage of adventure in 1853 at eighteen years of age. After landing at Melbourne he made his way to Ballarook (Victoria). Subsequently he went to Cresswick, Castlemaine, continuing milling operations there. The work that he found among the timber mills in Australian bush earned him sufficient funds after three years to return to visit his family. The tales which he carried back were enough to encourage young Dan to follow him towards the end of 1858, and companions as well as brothers they remained for the rest of their days. Each lived his own life but never far from each other, and when help and support was needed it was given freely. When the gold rush to New Zealand set in both took passages across the Tasman, their objectives being Gabriel's Gully, which at that time was a mecca of thousands of others. From there they followed in the wake of the rush to all the important fields - Waitahuna, Dunstan, Fox's and the Shotover - in succession.

Gold mining soon lost its flavour for the two brothers, and they went to the head of Lake Wakatipu, where they were struck by the fine prospect of establishing a timber industry there. It was not long before they had a plant in operation on the Kinloch side. In this enterprise Frank and Dan were joined by J.W. Robertson, Captain Hicks, John McBride (a cousin) and a man named Paterson. The partnership was known for many years by the name of Robertson and Co.

One of the most important undertakings of the company was the building of the wooden paddle steamer, Antrim, which plied Lake Wakatipu for many years until scrapped. Her engine serves yet at the boat slip on the Kelvin Heights Peninsula where the S.S. Earnslaw receives her annual overhaul.

Other enterprises embarked on by this very progressive combination were the opening of timber yards at Queenstown and the erection of the Brunswick Flour Mill at Kawarau Falls, Frankton. It is interesting to note that the last of the old mill building was demolished to make way for the erection of the Kawarau Dam. Paul McBride, a descendant of Jimmy, has made an interesting observation of photos of the old mill and the stables on French Farm at Frankton. A comparison seems to show good evidence that part of the old mill formed the basis of the stables. More enquiry could well substantiate the observation.

Frank McBride took a very active part in all the affairs of the company. Being a man of dominant personality he made his presence felt in the shaping of the destiny of the industries undertaken. One of the last things done by the company was to acquire a farm property at Frankton which, when Robertson and Co. dissolved partnership, was purchased by Frank McBride. This endeavour he carried on with considerable success, barley growing being an outstanding feature of the farm. This led to him earning the nickname of "The Barley King".

Despite the call which farm life made upon his time, Frank was able to devote some of his energies to public life. For some years he was a member of the Lake County Council and he represented the rate payers on one of the wards of the Queenstown Borough. For over 30 years he was a member of the Lower Shotover School Committee, and was also a member of several other societies. He was, indeed, a supporter of almost every movement in the district which stood for the advancement of public interests.

About 1917 Frank sold his farm property and went to Dunedin, where he lived in retirement.

Frank had married Margaret Laverty, An Antrim girl who, after her parents died, had come out to New Zealand with her two brothers, John and Owen. The marriage took place in Queenstown on 6 August 1864.

Frank and Margaret raised a family of seven sons and six daughters:

- ♦ *John James*, the eldest, was known as Jack, then later nicknamed "Jubilee" when he became owner of the Jubilee stores in Queenstown. He married Sarah Cotter and had a family of five, one son and four daughters.
- ♦ *Francis (Frank)* lived on the farm and did not marry.
- ♦ *Margaret (Mag)* married Charlie Sloper, a Roxburgh publican, but had no family.
- ♦ *Daniel Patrick (Dan)*, died after a farm accident in 1903. He did not marry.
- ♦ *Catherine (Dolly)* married Thomas Talbot (Tommy) Grant, manager of the Bank of New Zealand, Outram, but had no family.
- ♦ *Teresa Jane (Jane)* died at the age of eighteen.
- ♦ *Mary (Sis)* married Morgan O'Meara and had two children.
- ♦ *Frances*, remained single. She was a very talented artist.
- ♦ *Owen (Onie)* had suffered from Polio as a child. He remained single.
- ♦ *Alexander Henry (Alex)* also stayed single.
- ♦ *Leonard Hugh* studied medicine and became an ear nose and throat specialist in Dunedin. He died at the early age of 32, leaving a wife and two young children.

Note:

Indications are that John and Hugh McBride (1st generation shown here) married sisters: Mary and Ellen Whiteford. A son of each, John and Alex, (1st cousins) married sisters: Mary and Catherine Butler, daughters of John Butler and Nancy McCormick of Doon, which is near Cross, Fairhead Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, Ireland, the home territory of the McBrides. Whitefords lived in the "big house" and the McBride and Butler lands were adjacent to each other, separated by the March.

EARLY McBRIDE FAMILIES OF THE WAKATIPU BASIN

(Cousin/ sibling relationships clarified)

WAKATIPU/ FRANKTON McBRIDE FAMILIES

John McBride = Mary Whiteford

Dan John Pat Ann Others unknown

m
Mary Butler

1830	1835	1839	1843	1845	1847	1850	1851 (DOB)
John	Frank	Dan	Bob	Paddy	Alex	James	Mary
s	m	m	m	m	m	m	m
	Margaret	Rose	Ellen	Grace	Elizabeth	Annie	Hugh
	Laverty	Bradley	Kinney	Butler	McHenry	McCougagh	McCarry

(Paddy & Mary remained in Ireland & the other six came to the Wakatipu.)

LAKE HAYES & HOTEL McBRIDE FAMILIES

Hugh McBride = Ellen Whiteford

Alexander
m
Catherine Butler

John	Hugh	Mary	Margaret	Anne	Ellen	Kate
m	m	m	m	m	m	m
Jane	Sarah	James W.	?Mooney	William	Thomas	John
Crawford	McCormack	Robertson		Thornton	Hicks	Keveney

(All seven came to the Wakatipu, as well as their parents, Alex & Catherine)

MAORI POINT

By Allan De La Mare

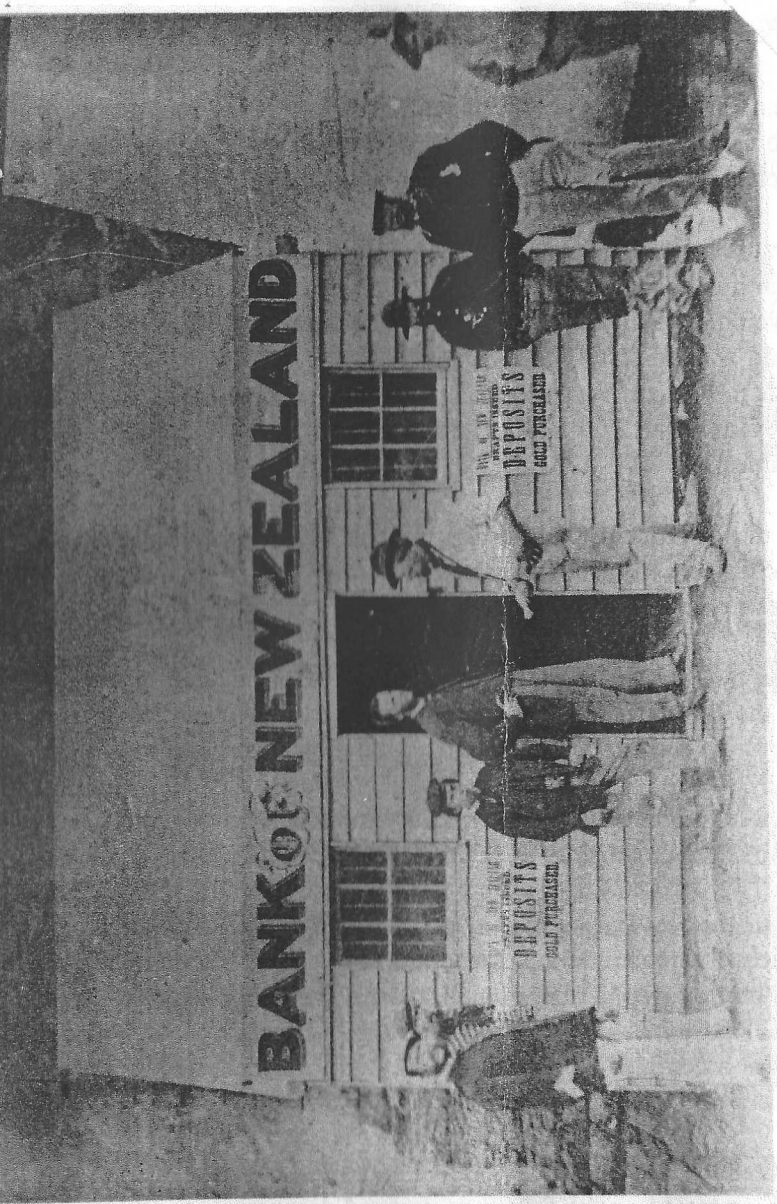
Like others I have studied many times the photograph of the Bank of New Zealand at Maori Point as it has appeared in many history books. It was not until recently that I took an interest in the person of short stature, wearing an odd looking hat to the left of G. Ross the Bank Manager. It followed a letter I received seeking historical information.

The photo shows G.M. ROSS Manager of the Bank standing in the doorway and to the right four men who from their garb are miners. On the left is a police sergeant, named by some as Sgt Neale and another man with a shirt striped like a bee and probably another miner.

My correspondent said he understood his grandfather John Edward Goodwin was born at Liverpool in 1849 and lived with his parents at the Skippers Hotel and could I confirm this. I was able to tell him Thomas and Elizabeth Goodwin were licensees of the Diggers Rest Hotel at Maori Point when they were appointed Postmasters in 1864. Thomas Goodwin was drowned in the Shotover River on 4 July 1881 and was buried at the Skippers cemetery. Mrs Goodwin sold up soon after.

The sixty four dollar question, is the short person beside banker Ross, John Edward Goodwin? It seems likely though there is no certainty. When the photo was taken in 1863 or 1864 you would not expect any children to be living in the area. That there was one is proved by the photo and only a hotelkeeper or perhaps a storekeeper assisted by his wife was likely to take a child to such a remote place. So we can only speculate whether or not it was John Edward Goodwin who turned up when a photo was to be taken - a rare event at that time. He seems to fit the age group, 14 or 15. The reason why the photo was taken and the date is another subject for speculation. Ross opened the agency about April 1863 and it seems a likely time to have a photo taken and for an idle youth to go along to see the action.

Whatever the answers we are lucky to have had passed down a clear photo depicting one important part of the rush on the Shotover.



Bank of New Zealand at Maori Point, circa 1863. G.M. Ross, Manager, standing in the doorway.

GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS

By Rex Austin

(A story of William Fox who discovered gold in the Arrow in 1862, Ed.)

'A party under the guidance of a miner named Fox is reported to be doing well in the neighbourhood' wrote Jackson Keddell, warden at the Dunstan, in his official report about the discovery of gold at Cardrona.

Thus it was that on 15 November 1862, William Fox stepped out of the shadows into the limelight of history. On 6 December 1862 the Otago Witness would publish Fox's own statement about his movements from the time he and a mate John Callaghan led a party out of Hartley township (Clyde) one morning in September, until their sensational return two months later with more than 700 ounces of gold worth more than \$350,000 at today's values. It was a fortune equal to about 2500 pounds at that time.

But until then THE FOX as he was dubbed by provincial geologist, Dr James Hector, was to be the subject of a hunt which, in its own way, was every bit as sensational.

From about the middle of October rumours had been circulating among the miners on the Dunstan field, that someone was getting very large amounts of gold somewhere deep in the mountains to the West. Just rumours, nothing more. They reached the ears of the local correspondent of the Otago Daily Times. These rumours were reported very cautiously as you might expect. Just rumours? but tantalising.

So much so that several set out in pursuit of this will-of-the-wisp. One group, Michael Grogan and his friends P. May and J. Mullins were in the Cardrona, on 9 November they found a small quantity of gold which may have been 'lost' by Fox. Two days later they revisited the site and found more gold in a confined area. They recovered 9 ounces and were credited with the discovery of the new field.

Hector visited the new field, realised its limitations, but kept his thoughts to himself. He pressed on the following day and dropped in on the Fox, in a secluded valley now named Brackens Gully. He found 40 miners. Fox had discovered the new field. They made no secret that they were doing

exceedingly well. With their companions Fox's party managed to work quietly for almost a month. Although they had been able to protect their find they realised that Hector's visit was the beginning of the end. As soon as his findings and report were published there would be the usual stampede and a new gold rush would be underway.

The squatter W.G. Rees who had established his run two years earlier at the head of a small bay on the shores of Lake Wakatipu, had a vested interest in helping the men on the Arrow maintain secrecy.

Rees who had been on the Turon goldfield in New South Wales when it had been rushed 10 years earlier, knew too that it was only a matter of time 'before I should be surrounded by diggers'. Rees wanted to get his shearing over before the rush set in. He undertook to supply provisions to those first four parties on the Arrow - they were Fox, McGregor, West and Cormack - so that they would not have to go out to the Gibson & McCloud's store near what is now Cromwell, running the risk of being tracked back.

Fox decided to pre-empt Hector's report. With some of his party he left the Arrow on 19 November and headed for the Dunstan. Their arrival caused a sensation. "Fox and party are a genuine fact", readers of the Otago Times were told. "They are quite open about their discovery. They deposited 260 ounces with the Government Treasury, but waited until Saturday 22 November before announcing the exact location of the find." By the following Wednesday Fox and Callaghan were in Dunedin where they gave a detailed statement of events to both the Witness and the Colonist, after depositing a further 500 ounces at the Gold Office. The Colonist published the news the following day 27 November. The Witness carried Fox's statement verbatim on 6 December.

But Fox was now on his way back to the Wakatipu with a four horse team dragging a ship's lifeboat capable of carrying five or even six tons of cargo. Fox was shrewd. He put his capital to work. He became a competitor of Rees in transporting supplies to a virtually inaccessible new goldfield. He built the Golden Age Hotel, the largest building on the Arrow. In this as in other ventures he entered into partnership with his former mining mates.

You don't hear a great deal about Fox after December 1862. On 2 February

1863 the Witness published a report that a rumour suggested that he had been drowned in Lake Wakatipu. Happily the paper later noted that the report had been exaggerated. Fox was very much alive.

In his lifetime Fox, of Irish birth, had spent fourteen years on the Californian and Victorian goldfields before arriving in Tuapeka in 1861. He was a sailor by profession, and was one of many who rose from cabin boy to captain. He abandoned ship in San Francisco Bay during the 1848/49 period and succumbed to the intoxicating lure of gold. He was in the vanguard of the rush to the Dunstan in August 1862.

Fox's claim to have prospected the Arrow is open to doubt. Vincent Pyke, Secretary of the Goldfields Department, attributed the discovery of gold in the Arrow to Jack Tewa, a Maori boatman employed by Rees.

In addition to his hotel interests, the ship's lifeboat he transported from Dunedin, was trading between Queenstown and Frankton. Frankton was at that time an important port in its own right. His boat was called the 'Wild Irish Girl'. Advertised to sail every morning at 9 am sharp, this fast sailing boat connected with another of Fox's interests, "Fox's Telegraph Line of Coaches", carrying passengers and parcels to the Arrow.

In September 1863 he relinquished his interest in the Golden Age Hotel at Arrowtown, and he had either bought into or established the Four Alls Hotel at Arthurs Point.

There on the night of 9 April 1864, he is alleged to have knifed one John McCoy in the course of a drunken brawl. Charged with malicious wounding he was brought to trial at the Dunedin Supreme Court on 7 June, where he was found guilty and sentenced to six months hard labour in the Dunedin Jail. The Judge commented that it was the first case involving a knife in a fight between two men. Passing sentence the Judge observed that Fox was a man to whom the mining population were under a deep obligation and among whom he commanded a great deal of sympathy.

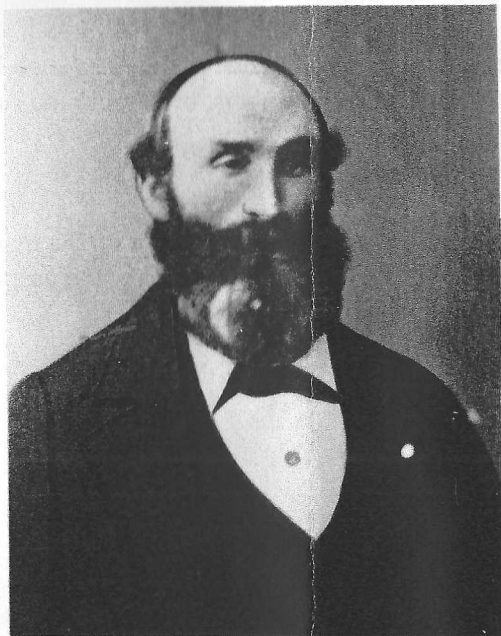
After his discharge in 1864 Fox left Otago for the West Coast where he remained until 1870. In that year he returned briefly to the Wakatipu where he carried out a prospecting expedition from the head of the Lake towards Martins Bay at the request of and paid for by Queenstown interests.

He is also credited with prospecting a number of new fields on the Coast where he earned a reputation as a thoroughly experienced and reliable miner.

Despite being convicted and fined after another brawl in Reefton in 1872, his reputation was such that he was employed during the 1880s by the Government to prospect between Big Bay and Jackson's Bay at the behest of the Minister of Mines, Mr Larnach.

Although he appeared to have fallen on hard times, and at one point requesting and being granted 20 pounds from the Inangahua County Council's charitable aid fund to travel to Auckland 'for the restoration of his health', Fox remained on the Coast, living most of the time at Reefton. He died at the Reefton Hospital on 9 April 1890 of what is described as 'decay and general debility', engendered no doubt by the hard life this old pioneer contracted as he lead the way from one goldfield to the next.

Buried in a Roman Catholic section of the Burkes Creek Cemetery he was remembered with some affection by the Reefton Guardian as a man of intense energy and determination of character who "had a splendid memory of by-gone occurrences and possessed a world of anecdotes from the early diggings".



William Fox - Early gold prospector, Arrow River

Alteration to the Rules

At the Annual General Meeting of this Society this year it is intended to ratify the following proposed change:

Payments to Members

Add the following to that at Rule 21:

“No member of the society or any person associated with a member shall participate in or materially influence any decision made by the society in respect of payment to on behalf of that member or associated person of any income, benefit or advantage whatsoever.”

“Any such income paid shall be reasonable and relative to that which would be paid in an arms length transaction.”

Alterations to the Rules

Insert the following to that at Rule 28:

“No addition to or alteration or rescission of the rules shall be approved if effects the Objects, Payments to members, or Dissolution rules.”

Effects of these rule changes

These changes will have no effect on members or on the manner in which this society operates or has operated. They are for the purpose of the Inland Revenue Department only.

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**QUEENSTOWN & DISTRICT
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Queenstown

Aims of the Society.....

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

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ADDRESS.....

All correspondence, accounts and subscription payments should be addressed to:

P.O. Box 132, Queenstown

The Courier Acknowledgement

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Their quality work is hereby acknowledged.*

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by Neil Bartlett*