

# **THE WAKATIPU CENTENNIAL STORY**

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# THE WAKATIPU CENTENNIAL STORY

OR

*9 18 NOV 1962*

THE BEARDED MEN

by

F W G. MILLER

Queenstown  
1965

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## FOREWORD

Immediately after the conclusion of the Wakatipu Centennial celebrations many requests were received for a permanent record of this unique event. The Historical Committee which was set up for this purpose undertook the task of collecting as many photographs as possible to provide a complete pictorial coverage of the celebrations from the arrival of the whaleboat to the night of the shaving of the beards. It was also decided to enlist the services of Mr F W G. Miller, author of "Golden Days of Lake County" the official history of the Wakatipu and one of the series of regional histories sponsored by the Otago Centennial Historical Committee, to write a descriptive account of the proceedings.

The result is a publication which the committee feels will be in keen demand in Otago and Southland as well as in many other places further afield. The photographs were made available to the Committee by The New Zealand Weekly News, J D. Knowles, F N. Mitchell, The Otago Daily Times, The Central Otago News, The Southland Times, The National Publicity Studios.

The first poster announcing the Centennial reproduced on page 70) was drawn and supplied by the Queenstown artist Charles McKenzie and the map on page 43 was drawn by Mr P. M. Chandler of Invercargill.

I would like to express my deep appreciation of the co-operation given me by the committee in this undertaking. The members of the committee associated with me in the publication of the centennial history are Miss Margaret Hamilton, J G. Reid, R. C. Robins, J D. Knowles, A. D. Cooke, W E. Robins, W A. Hamilton, G. H. Bleakley A. S. Robins, M. T. Robertson and B. W. Moroney (secretary)

J B. HAMILTON,  
*Chairman Wakatipu Historical Committee.*



Chairman Mr J. B. Hamilton and Mrs J. B. Hamilton.

# THE WAKATIPU CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE



Back row (left to right): B. W. Moroney, R. C. Thompson, Dr W. A. Anderson, J. Short, M. T. Robertson and R. C. Robins.

Middle row: Mrs W. H. Davidson, Mrs J. Scott, W. E. Robins, Mrs W. E. Robins, Miss M. L. Hamilton, Mrs A. S. Robins, A. S. Robins, C. R. Gordon.

Front row: Miss M. Hughes, W. E. Cooper, T. Gray, B. Friend, Mrs J. B. Hamilton, J. B. Hamilton, W. Shaw.

Inset: C. A. Grant.



## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WAKATIPU

In August 1859 an intrepid Scot named Donald Hay reached the southern end of the great Wakatipu Lake, where Kingston now stands, and set off on a voyage of exploration in a little moki raft. He was the first white man to venture upon the waters of the lake, although others had seen it from the mountain tops in the distance.

He reached the lake in company with D. A. Cameron, who had taken up a sheep run in the vicinity and as he pushed his raft into the water Cameron stood on the shore and watched him as he disappeared, a tiny speck in the distance. Donald Hay after turning to wave his former companion a last farewell, continued a journey that was to last a fortnight.

His travels along the surface of the lake led him into many hazardous adventures which marked him as a man of courage, endurance and resource. Towards the end of his journeyings he drew his raft ashore at the shallow Frankton Arm and explored the country to the north. It was on this trip that he found the small lake that was afterwards to bear his name. Then he returned the way he had come and applied for some of the land he had explored in Dunedin—but found that a speculator who had never set foot on it had been granted the title.

The first to settle on the site of what is now Queenstown was William Gilbert Rees, English gentleman and a cousin of Dr W. G. Grace, the famous cricketer. Rees, in company with Nicholas Von Tunzelmann, explored the lake early in 1860, Rees applying for the north-eastern side and Von Tunzelmann the land to the south-west, on the opposite side of the lake.

The story of how Rees's sheep reached the Wakatipu is one of the romances of the pioneering days of a district whose whole story is romantic. The feat has been graphically described by Alfred Duncan who was engaged by Rees as a cadet, in his book "The Wakatipians". After a long and arduous journey from Hampden in North Otago through Central Otago down the Clutha river and along the course of the Kawarau river and then retracing

their steps to head up to Wanaka they finally reached the top of the Crown Range from which they beheld the great Wakatipu basin. The sheep, smelling the fresh grass along the flats below broke into a run and the journey to the lakeside was completed in quick time.

In the meantime Rees's men had erected the buildings at the site that had been selected six months earlier. Duncan remained behind to look after the sheep while Rees went to Invercargill to bring his wife and family and it was on this trip that he bought his famous whale-boat at Bluff and took back with him on sledges drawn by two working bullocks. On arrival at Kingston he launched the boat, put the bullocks in it, taking with him also his family, the men for the station, building materials and provisions.

This then was how the first settlement was established on the shores of Lake Wakatipu. Alfred Duncan, George Flint and Duncan MacAusland were sent to the head of the lake with a flock of sheep and Bob Fortune, the boatman, sailed up the lake with supplies for them. The four men built a sod hut on a spit opposite the mouth of the river which they named the Rees and then MacAusland and Bob Fortune returned to the Camp—the name by which Queenstown was first known—leaving Alfred Duncan and George Simpson to tend the sheep.

In the early part of 1862 the first child was born at the new settlement to the Flint family and was named William Wakatipu Flint. Unfortunately the child died at the age of four.

The Wakatipu rusholders were to be left in undisturbed possession of their lands for less than two years. In 1861 Gabriel Read discovered gold at Tuapeka, and the following year two Californians, Hartley and Reilly started the rush to the Dunstan when they walked into Dunedin with a parcel of 87 pounds of gold, won after working the river for the winter months at a beach just below where Cromwell now stands.

Gradually the miners began to work their way up the great rivers of Central Otago and their tributaries, and in most of them they found gold. All the time they were working



William Gilbert Rees.

Nicholas von Tunzelmann.



up towards the areas where William Rees's sheep were contentedly grazing.

Rees realised that it was only a matter of time before they were spreading over his runs and his anticipations were borne out with the arrival at the lake of two tattered and travel worn prospectors, William Fox and his mate John O'Callaghan. These were the first of several parties among whom were McGregor and Low who arrived at the Arrow river about the same time. For weeks the small band of men worked the gorge in secret and the river rewarded them richly. Indeed it seems that the gravelly beaches of the Arrow must have been strewn with gold like beans and peas because in two weeks Fox and his party had won 40 pounds weight of gold. John Cormack's new claim party obtained 110 pounds—1420 ounces!—in a little over four weeks and Macgregor's party won 82 pounds in about the same time.

This was the beginning. The men at the Arrow tried to keep their discovery secret but already there were others on their trail and it was not long before the forerunners of the rush appeared over the brows of the surrounding hills and discovered the secret community of which Fox was the self-appointed and undisputed head. Many boundary disputes followed and it was not until the arrival of the celebrated mounted policeman, Sergeant-Major H. W. Bracken, that order was restored and the rowdy element was suppressed. By the end of the year there were 1500 men at the Arrow.

While all this feverish activity was going on at the Arrow river two of Rees's shepherds, Thomas Arthur and Harry Redfern, took a Sunday afternoon's walk from the Camp to the Shotover river, taking with them a dish and a shovel, and there in a few hours they washed nine ounces of gold. This was at the place later to be named Arthur's Point, and it marked the beginning of the Shotover river rush to Maori Point, Skippers and points beyond and to the many subsidiary diggings in the tributaries of the Shotover.

Within two months Thomas Arthur and two mates had won £4000 worth of gold at their claim at Arthur's Point. The discovery was followed by the largest rush that ever occurred in Otago. Over the Crown Range they came, up the Kawarau and from the south along the lake shore or up the lake when possible in



Rees's whaleboat. Over the mountain ranges they climbed and whenever they found a break in the ranges they made for the river and let themselves down its precipitous flanks by ropes. Their only source of food supplies was from Rees's home station, and the runholder was quick to accept the responsibility of provisioning miners who would otherwise have starved.

He often had to pay £100 a ton for flour and at times there were 200 to 400 men waiting for his whaleboat to come up from the foot of the lake to get a few pounds of flour each. Before the arrival of the police he was the general custodian of gold—as much as 5000 ounces being left in his charge without weighing and without receipt. It was in his famous whaleboat that the first escort with 25,000 ounces of gold went to the foot of the lake.

Barely two months had gone since Fox established himself at the Arrow but already there were two settlements—the first known as Fox's, at the mouth of the Arrow Gorge, and the other at Rees's home station on the lakeside, known as yet simply by the name of The Camp. In addition there were various small encampments up and down the length of the Shotover river, and of these the biggest was Maori Point, the site of the famous beach where two Maoris, in going to the rescue of their dog which had been swept away in the river, saw the gold gleaming in a crevice and gathered 25 pounds weight of the metal before nightfall.

Bill Fox, having done well on the diggings, opened his Golden Age Hotel at the Arrow and in January 1863 there arrived at the township at the Arrow the notorious "Bully" Hayes who opened his United States Hotel, with "The Inimitable" Thatcher and Madame Vitelli as special attractions. Opposite was the Provincial Hotel run by a group of talented young people known as the Buckingham family. Sensing the strength of the rivalry of this gifted family Bully Hayes wooed and married their star, pretty Rosie Buckingham. Before coming to the Arrow Hayes had been a blackbird— that is, a kidnapper of natives in the Pacific Islands whom he sold to unscrupulous planters as slave labour—and a buccaneer. When he left the Arrow he acquired a ship in Australia, the Black Diamond, which he kept for a while in Croixelles Harbour, near Nelson. It was there on August 19 1864 that a boat containing

his wife Rosie, her baby her brother George Buckingham, a nurse and Hayes himself cap-sized, drowning all except the gallant captain who was able to save no life but his own. Hayes met his end in the Marshall Islands in 1877 during a brawl in the course of which he was struck over the head with an iron tiller and dropped overboard.

It was the discovery of gold in the Shotover that finally convinced Rees that his privacy at the lakeside was gone for ever. Miners, traders, packers and wagoners began to flock into the camp at the lake and the whole frontage was dotted with canvas tents. Rees was quick to adapt himself to the changed circumstances and one of his first actions was to pull down his woolshed and erect in its place the Queen's Arms Hotel under the management of Sergeant-Major Bracken as his partner. This was the hotel that was later to become Hotel Eichardt, after a Prussian officer who later owned it and who rebuilt it in brick and stone.

By this time the name The Camp had given place to Queenstown. In the early part of 1863 it was not a peaceful town and business was carried on for seven days a week, money changing hands over the bars of the hotels and in the grog shanties in a continuous stream.

But as the township began to settle down the demand for Sunday observance became more insistent and there followed a general closing of stores while services were held in the churches. Queenstown had become established as a permanent community.

With the opening up of the diggings on the Shotover and Arrow rivers many of the later arrivals decided to prospect further afield and it was not long before it became known that a party had struck gold at the Twenty-five Mile, the river which Alfred Duncan had named the Buckleburn. Three miles north of Glenorchy George Marshall extracted 80 pounds of gold in a few weeks—enough to establish the pharmacy business in Dunedin that bore his name. At Glenorchy too, scheelite was found and worked for many years and it was for this mineral rather than for gold that Glenorchy became celebrated for many years.

The central feature of the Wakatipu diggings was the great lake, which fills a glacial valley extending for 53 miles from Kingston in the south to Glenorchy and Kinloch in the north,



during which it takes two right-angled turns. The rivers flowing into it are the Rees and the Dart, the Buckleburn at the head, the Greenstone, the Von and the Lochy lower down and a few smaller creeks. But the only outlet is the Kawarau river which flows out of the lake at Frankton, to join the Clutha at Cromwell.

From the time that Donald Hay sailed his little raft from Kingston the lake has had a continuous history of shipping and much of

the gold that was won in the early days travelled down the lake to Kingston in Rees's whaleboat and in the other vessels that followed. The Wakatipu Lake is still extensively used for shipping, especially by the runholders who have settled along its shores and who use it for the transport of stock and of supplies. The present fine steamer, Earnslaw operated by the Government, was launched in 1912 and has operated continuously since then.

#### EARLY HISTORICAL SEQUENCE

The following is the sequence of some of the events in the history of the first few years of the district, given in chronological order.

*August 1859.* Donald Hay explores the Wakatipu Lake in a raft.

*January 1860.* W. G. Rees and Nicholas Von Tunzelmann explore the Wakatipu Lake and environment.

*December 1860.* Rees's party, consisting of Simon Harvey (in charge) Archie Cameron, Andrew Low Alfred Duncan (shepherds) George Simpson (cook and packer, in charge of 13 horses) John Gilbert (advance rider) and Harry Burr bring Rees's sheep from Hampden to the Lake, over the Crown Range. *1862.* First white baby born at the lakeside, to Mr and Mrs James Flint. Named William Wakatipu Flint, the child died at the age of four.

*October 1862.* William Fox, Macgregor and Low and others find gold in the Arrow river.

*November 1862.* Thomas Arthur and Harry Redfern discover gold in the Shotover River at Arthur's Point. Start of the Shotover rush.

*December 1862.* Alfred Duncan and two others set out with sheep for the Head of the Lake.

*December 1862.* Opening by W. G. Rees of Queen's Arms Hotel under management of H. W. Bracken. This subsequently became Eichardt's Hotel.

*December 1862.* Discovery of Maori Point, Shotover river, by Dan Ellison and Hakaria Haeroa.

*January 1863.* Arrival of Captain "Bully" Hayes at the Arrow and opening of his United States Hotel.

*January 1863.* Naming of Queenstown.

*January 1863.* First gold escort of 25,000 ounces reaches Kingston by Ree's whaleboat.

#### HISTORICAL SOCIETY

A sequel to the Wakatipu Centennial celebrations was the establishment of the Queenstown and District Historical Society at a meeting held in the home Dr W. A. Anderson on June 11th, 1965, with the object of preserving the relics of the pioneering days and keeping alive an interest in the past. Dr Anderson has been elected chairman of the society which

hopes to draw support not only from the local population but also from the thousands of visitors and holiday home owners who find in the Wakatipu district a place of surpassing beauty and sunshine with a strongly developed atmosphere of the romantic past, evidence of which is to be seen in the quaint buildings, the streets, the paved tailraces and the other signs of a busy goldmining community.

S. G. Rees, grandson of the original Rees and M. von Tunzelmann, great nephew of the original von Tunzelmann.



# THE WAKATIPU CENTENNIAL STORY OR THE BEARDED MEN

This is the story of an adventure into the past, when the clock was turned back a hundred years. It began with a meeting held in Queenstown on September 13, 1960, convened by the Mayor of Queenstown, Mr R. C. Robins, and attended by representatives of the Queenstown and Arrowtown Borough Councils, the Lake County Council, the Lake County A. and P. Association and Federated Farmers, the Queenstown Rotary Club, the Travel and Holiday Association and various individuals.

The outcome of this meeting was the formation of a committee to plan for the Queenstown, Arrowtown and Lakes District Centennial, with Mr J. B. Hamilton, chairman of the Lake County Council, as chairman of the Centennial Committee. This, as it turned out, was a particularly appropriate appointment, for Mr Hamilton was the representative of a family which has been associated with the district since 1863 with the arrival of his grandparents.

The Town Clerk, Mr C. A. Grant, was appointed secretary and the following personnel executive committee was set up:—Messrs T. J. Thomson, W. J. Shaw, R. C. Robins, J. G. Reid, J. E. Reid and R. G. Jenkins.

The choice of Mr Grant as secretary was a happy one, for from the very beginning he applied himself with energy and enthusiasm to his task, literally growing into it with beard, hard hat and period clothing—a zealous and dedicated scrivener.

The newly formed association from which the executive was elected was named the Wakatipu District Centennial Association.

The machinery was thus set in motion for the organisation of the biggest and most spectacular events in the district since the original gold rush of November 1862 and the establishment of the township at the Arrow and the Camp at the Lake, later to receive the name of Queenstown.

In the months that followed the future celebrations began to take shape and the aid of many local enthusiasts was enlisted, so that

most of the population of the central areas of Arrowtown and Queenstown had some direct or indirect association with the preparations for and the conduct of the centennial.

Meetings of the Centennial Association from which the executive had been formed were always well attended and as the time of the centennial drew nearer the members of the association threw themselves wholeheartedly into their appointed tasks. All sections of the community were represented—the churches, the schools, business and commercial interests, tourist and travel organisations, women's groups, the press and many individuals with specialised interests.

At one meeting six months before the celebrations the president, Mr Hamilton, reminded the gathering that they would in their celebrations commemorate the sacrifice, toil and bold achievement of their pioneer ancestors who first founded and settled the district and later set up local government which had made the Wakatipu what it was today. The centennial would be their chance to show their pride and to express tangibly their gratitude.

This was indeed the thought in the mind of everybody working for this spectacular project.

## "BEARDS WILL BE GROWN"

Perhaps the most far-reaching decision of all these proceedings was the resolution at a special meeting to grow beards for the celebrations, and "B" day for the growing of beards was set for August 1, 1962. An obligation was placed on all personnel on the executive to set an example and except for a little token resistance on the part of a small minority which was short-lived the decision of the locals to comply with the request was practically unanimous. To explain their condition in the early stages of the contest—for it was to be a competitive event culminating in a "night of the long knives" for the beards as the concluding function of the celebrations—a lapel badge inscribed with the insignia "Pardon my scruffy



appearance" was issued. A beard levy of 10s was charged, a portion of this to be refunded if the beard was still appended on November 16.

This decision was, as it turned out, a master stroke. For one thing it showed the world that this centenary was to be as genuine as it would be possible to make it—no cotton wool and hemp beards which had given earlier celebrations in other parts of New Zealand an air of pantomime rather than of reality would be tolerated. The beards for the Wakatipu centenary were to be the real thing, and everybody was expected to wear one. Not only that, but people living in other towns—Invercargill included—who had been selected to play major roles in the re-enactment were also required to grow beards. This indeed was a test of courage and determination because it is all very well to grow a beard when all your neighbours are doing likewise—but to be the odd man out in a city of 40,000 called for a strength of will that showed the degree of dedication to the cause.

As a publicity stunt alone it proved to be the highlight of the occasion from the very moment the decision was taken. Newspapers all over New Zealand seized upon it with delight, and the national, metropolitan and provincial press gave it full publicity with feature articles and photographs. It showed the world indeed that the Wakatipu was going to take its centenary seriously and that something on a scale never before attempted was under way.

Sid Scales, the cartoonist of the Otago Daily Times, made the most of his opportunity and photographs of the progress of the beards from the stubble stage to the full bloom appeared all over New Zealand at regular intervals. In all, more than 450 men in the district set themselves the task of growing some sort of whiskers, and firms from all over the world offered prizes and sponsorship to beard growers.

As an additional item of propaganda in favour of beards, someone dug up an extract from the Lake County Press of January 14, 1885, in the hope that it would silence the criticism of a few of the wives who were not so enamoured of their husband's face fungus. It was entitled "AN INDIGNANT WOMAN'S VIEW" But don't think it was a denunciation of the beard. On the contrary! This is what she said.



C. A. Grant,  
Centennial Committee Secretary.

"A man without a beard looks like a house without blinds, a horse without a mane or any other incomplete affair. It is not uncommon for the throat and eye disease to punish the man who shaves, not to mention the tears and wry faces he knows in consequence of a resisting beard or a dull razor.

"I knew a gentleman who had a fine beard. His wife hated it. As he would not shave, she cut off one side of it while he slept. Of course, then he was obliged to cut it all off. Soon after he fell into a dead faint or fit of some kind. The doctor, when called, said to him, 'Why have you shaved? It is not well for you.'

"The man wore his beard in full flow ever after and his wife did not quarrel with it again.

The complaint goes on to warn against the dangers of cutting the hair too short. Like this:



"The hair is a conductor of electricity to the brain and it should never be less than two inches in length. Unless the facts in the case are taught in the schools, so that boys are warned, in a few generations we shall have a general softening of the brain among our masculine population. There is more than one sign of the near danger."

"Give us back the beard, the majestic, flowing beard, and spare us the hairless head until age renders it natural and revered."

There were two factors that made the Wakatipu centenary the outstanding one of its kind—one was gold, the other was beards. And by far the greater of the two was the beards. After all, the gold that was found in the sixties has gone for good, but the beards have blossomed forth again in full bloom. As one newspaper said at the time, "You read about them, you hear about them, but it is only when you reach the edge of the Wakatipu country that you really begin to believe in them."

And seeing was indeed believing. The edge of the Wakatipu country was roughly the Parawa Hotel. That was where the first beards were to be seen. From there on it was beards all the way. Every place you stopped at there were more and more, until at last you fetched up at Kingston where Ces de Clifford, mine host at the local, sported a two-tone job that was the pride of the southern arm of the lake. The two tones were grey and black.

As a tribute to the memory of Donald Hay,

who launched his little moki raft from the southern arm of the lake in 1859 to become the first white man to navigate that great stretch of fresh water it really was first class.

And if you had stood at the bar long enough, other beards would have appeared at the various slides and even in the bar itself. But of course you had to be in Queenstown to savour the real atmosphere of the past. There were many shades and colours and shapes, from the black piratical outfit of Frank Haworth, great grandson of W. G. Rees, which made a terrific impact on the unsuspecting tourists, to the various shades of reds, browns, greys, whites, blacks and the intermediate shades, and the spades, the Dundrearies, the sideboards, the knife-edge jobs, the straggly ones, the gone-to-seeds and the gorse bushes.

Only those who took a direct part in the preparations know the tremendous amount of organisation and sheer hard work that was necessary to ensure that the proceedings would run smoothly as indeed they did. In every respect the celebrations were a tribute to the energy, foresight and skill of the unseen band of dedicated men and women who had put their hands to the plough from the very beginning and who had been determined to see it through from start to finish. And at the finish they had the deep satisfaction of knowing that their task had been well and truly done.

## Chapter 2

### WHALEBOAT PILGRIMAGE

The re-enactment actually began from Invercargill for it was from there that William Rees brought his whaleboat that was to become such an important asset to the miners in the sixties in carrying stores from and gold to Kingston. Rees quickly realised that a boat would be the only means of transport from Kingston, save for a treacherous land route, suitable only for horses and men on foot, which wound round precipitous mountain slopes down to the lake side.

The decision to re-enact this epic journey of the whaleboat from Invercargill to Queens-

town was made by the Wakatipu Boating Association as its contribution towards the centennial celebrations, on the suggestion of the then commodore of the club, F. M. Haworth. An exact re-enactment with so large a boat as 40 feet and a team of oxen was, for obvious reasons, out of the question, so a token boat of 16 feet was loaned by the Dunedin Naval Reserve. At one stage it looked as if the whole plan would fall through because of the difficulty of securing suitable horses, but these were finally made available by Mr Adam McLeod of Kingston and Mr Lyall Coombes of Speargrass



A fair wind for Queenstown:  
Left to right: R. Thompson, R. Ker, S. Clarkson, Mrs F. Thompson,  
F. Haworth.

Flat. The building of a suitable sledge, but fitted with pneumatic tyres and an efficient braking system to hold the weight of the boat was also a problem, and many weekends were spent building and trying out the carriages and training with the horses.

The raising of the necessary finance of about £150 also had its moments of worry but there were many generous contributors. Finally the stage was set for the launching of the expedition.

Friday morning, November 2, 1962 saw this team of five, the four men all bearded and dressed in the clothes of the day, Mrs Rees in a long

gown, shawled and bonneted, with the horse-drawn whaleboat at the steps of the Town Hall in Invercargill. The five members of the expedition were Mr and Mrs William Rees (played by Frank Haworth and Mrs Faye Thompson), Chips, played by S. Clarkson, Posselthwaite, played by R. Ker, and Bob Fortune, Rees's boatman, played by Bob Thompson, all of Queenstown.

The Mayor, Mr N. L. Watson, entered magnificently into the spirit of the occasion in his farewell from the Town Hall steps. After wishing the travellers a safe journey on behalf of the city he shook hands with them all round.



His farewell remarks went like this.

"Goodbye, Mr Rees." A handshake.

"Goodbye, Mrs Rees." A handshake.

"Goodbye, Mr Posselthwaite." A handshake.

And finally with a last handshake, "Goodbye, Mr Chips."

He then handed to Mr Rees a letter of greeting to the Mayor of Queenstown while radio, television and numerous cameras recorded the scene.

Crowds lined the streets to give the cavalcade a friendly wave as they left the city on the first leg of a journey that was to take nine days to bring the expedition to Queenstown to coincide with the opening of the celebrations. Overnight stops were planned for Winton, Lumsden, Garston and Kingston, and calls were also to be made after the launching of the boat at Kingston at Halfway Bay and Cecil Peak stations where they were to camp in the open.

Godspeed. In addition the school buses were re-routed so that the children could see history being repeated.

This was to be the shortest and easiest day of the planned journey but it turned out to be the hardest and hottest. As on the first stage to Winton, good friends turned up at the roadside with a beautifully cooked hot roast meal, fruit salad and icecream and a welcome drink. After this delicious meal the day became even hotter and the travellers had many a reminder of the first laborious journey over the rolling hills before they reached the Benmore Plain over a route that was very much rougher than the one they were following in 1962. In Rees's time, too, the countryside was covered with heavy bush of which hardly a vestige remains today.

It was with considerable relief, after a trying day's journey that the party reached the Benmore Hotel in conditions of extreme humidity



Arrival of the wholeboat at Queenstown.

#### *WAYSIDE HOSPITALITY*

The hospitality of the wayside dwellers over the whole route was generous in the extreme and the travellers everywhere were treated as honoured guests. At Winton the people lined the streets for a mile into the town and when they left the following morning the whole population seemed to have turned out to wish them

After unharnessing the horses and housing them in the original stables lightning and thunder opened up the heavens with a downpour of savage intensity. But hot showers, a change of clothing and a welcome cup of tea restored their freshness and enabled them to enjoy a well earned rest and then dinner with their host and hostess.



### **GARSTON TO KINGSTON**

Lunch at the Hotel Garston, where they were also to stay the night as the guests of the proprietor, followed, and then there was a review of the floats, old-time sports and children's afternoon at the sports ground. In the evening they attended an old-time country ball where the dancers wore costumes that would never again be seen there.

November 7 was to be their last day on the road and they set off at the head of a large procession which accompanied them to Kingston. The local school children had a two days' holiday and many of the drays and wagons had numbers of children as passengers all enjoying the novel means of transport and the lovely day—for once again the weather had relented. Each child was dressed as in the days of yore, as also were the adults, and the sight was one that none of those who took part will be likely to forget. Arrival at Kingston was timed for 2.00 p.m. and as they had plenty of time up their sleeves they were able to make numerous stops to rest the horses.

At Fairlight the whole procession stopped on the Fairlight Flats for a picnic meal, and there on the side of the road, the tussock flats marred by modern power poles or fences, was the perfect setting for an old-time picnic, with horses browsing on the flats, gigs and buggies with the shafts lying on the ground and the many-costumed groups talking and eating their lunch, took the scene back a hundred years and brought the sojourners the closest they had felt to the spirit of the pioneers.

Kingston was reached a few minutes after 2.00 p.m. and here crowds of Kingston and Garston residents, bearded and costumed, gathered to meet them. Here they unharnessed the horses for the last time, bidding a reluctant farewell to their faithful team which was to be sent on by float to Queenstown to take part in the centennial procession.

Many willing hands assisted them to launch the boat, mast and sails were set and Mr and Mrs Rees took her for a short sail, much to the delight of all present. This was to be their mode of transport for the next two and a half

**The end of an epic journey.  
The whaleboat landing at Queenstown.**





S. Clarkson (Chips), R. Ker (Posselthwaite), R. C. Thompson (R. Fortune), Mrs Thompson (Mrs Rees), F. Haworth (William Rees).



The crowd on the Queenstown waterfront watching the arrival of the whaleboat.

days. Meanwhile at Kingston a large number of children were taking part in sporting events and other centennial festivities. When the Rees party returned from their brief sail they were invited to share in a *hongi* meal of meat and vegetables which had been cooking all day in an earth oven—but to give the fire a boost the Maori lads had poured large quantities of diesel oil on it and this gave the food a strong flavour.

#### LAKE JOURNEY BEGINS

The next day they were launched on their trip up the lake, with no passers by now to call them a cheery greeting, and no comfortable hotel beds at night. The morning started windless, cloudy and cold, with brief periods of sunshine, with Chips and Mr Posselthwaite rowing.

The first haul up the lake was long and arduous and the sailors were assailed by almost every kind of weather possible—rain, hail, sunshine, veering winds and periods of utter calm. They pulled inshore for lunch and enjoyed a billy of scalding tea and then a southerly squall gave them a fresh impetus up the lake and carried them at last out of sight of Kingston.

Conditions now were almost identical with those experienced by the original party of 1860 and the travellers realised that, as in the case of their predecessors, their success or possibly survival, depended on their ability to handle the craft. They appreciated this fact fully, and for that matter the lake was to dish up everything she could on this first day to try their patience, blister their hands at the oars, show them her tempting tranquillity and beauty and test them in tempest, rain and hail.

Their next landfall was made just beyond Halfway Bay where they pulled into the beach at 4.00 p.m. and boiled the billy. Here they were located by a floatplane which landed near them and spilled out photographers and the press who joined them for coffee.

Half an hour later they were off again, and after two more hours they pulled into Collins Bay Cecil Peak Station, unloaded their gear and prepared to camp in the old shearers' quarters. They made camp and Mrs Rees cooked a delicious meal by candlelight. Never was food more welcome after ten hours on the lake, and a roaring fire and retirement to sleeping bags ended their first day of the Lake journey.





S. Clarkson (Chips), R. Ker (Posselthwaite), R. C. Thompson (R. Fortune), Mrs Thompson (Mrs Rees), F. Haworth (William Rees).



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Friday November 9 dawned clear and sunny with the remnants of the previous night's blow making whitecaps. It was an excellent day for sailing but they were now in no hurry. The greater distance was covered and only seven miles separated them from Queenstown where they were scheduled to arrive at 1.00 a.m. on the Saturday. They had a leisurely cooked breakfast, loaded the gear into the boat and enjoyed a pleasant sail in the warm sunshine, reaching Refuge Point at 10.00 a.m. Now they had a whole day to fill in so they had no alternative but to beach the boat until next morning and await a launch to take them up to Queenstown.

Eventually a large powered launch arrived and took them to Queenstown where they were able to attend the centennial ball that night, the first official opening of the centennial celebrations.

#### ARRIVAL AT QUEENSTOWN

Saturday November 10, was their big day. They were due to arrive in Queenstown Bay at 11.00 a.m., so they all assembled early to be taken to Refuge Point by launch and on arrival there they reloaded all stores of flour, sugar, tea, etc and slipped the boat into the water, allowing themselves three hours to cross to Queenstown Bay. With a gentle southerly breeze behind them and the sun blazing down they sailed many broad leads, gradually working closer to the bay.

By this time the stream of traffic on the Kingston Road and into Queenstown was endless. The noise of the vehicles and the hustle

and bustle with the last-minute preparations were plainly audible across the sparkling blue waters. Numerous launches came out to see how they were faring as well as to bring out the press and television photographers.

Queenstown Bay was strictly controlled, with no boats allowed inside. The whaleboat was to sail in alone and put the scene back as nearly as possible to the original landing. It was now a matter of timing to make the last run-in to the Bay but alas the breeze dropped and left them sitting in a flat calm. So it was to the oars that backs were bent to cover the last half mile. Masses of people crowded round the whole perimeter of the Bay, an estimated 30,000 to see them arrive—a crowd never before seen in Queenstown.

As the cockleshell boat drew nearer the noise of the huge crowd subsided and the whole Bay was very quiet and still—until they hit the beach when they were greeted with a full-throated roar. The travellers were welcomed by billy-boiling farmhands who manhandled the boat out of the water and began to unload the stores. Speeches of welcome from the chairman of the Centennial Committee and the handing over to the new Mayor of Queenstown, Mr G. D. Cochrane, the letter from the Mayor of Invercargill, completed their task.

It was now all over. The re-enactment of the trek of Mr Rees's whaleboat to the lake gave the travellers, to some small degree, an idea of some of the trials, privations and determined courage required by those taking part in the original journey, which in those days was a mammoth undertaking.

### Chapter 3 CELEBRATIONS BEGIN

During this progress up from Invercargill the people of Queenstown and the surrounding districts had not been idle and preparations for the continuing of the celebrations were proceeding at a feverish tempo. The Centennial Ball held on the Friday night was attended by more than 400 of the local residents in their

ancient finery and in all there were more than 1000 present in the dress of Maori chiefs, soldiers, diggers, gamblers, business promoters and others. From the beginning the daytime proceedings were conducted in beautiful sunshine.



Dancers at the colourful Centennial Ball in  
Queensdown.

Something of the grace and dignity of an  
earlier Victorian era.

Mr and Mrs G. McIntyre.



A Pioneer Family:  
Eon Lewis, Granny Demmon, Frances Lewis.

Strong ancestral memories:  
Mr and Mrs H. Boyd.







Yesterday's tomorrow.  
Standard 4 pupils wearing the frocks that their  
great grandmothers wore.



The Centre

Senior schoolboys and schoolgirls did not wear matching uniforms in  
earliest times, but, definitely favoured longs.



Daughters of





unial Ball.



Stephanie Smith with her mother and father, Mr and Mrs C. J. ("Tex") Smith, wearing period costumes.

Bonnets, blouses, bodices and skirts of long ago displayed by Form 3 pupils of Queenstown District High School.

the Pioneers.







Mr A. Cooke, a teacher, wore an "Abraham Lincoln" beard.



Miss D. Jackman taking a history lesson.

A bearded pupil sits at the back of this Form 5 classroom, but his beard could not match that of the teacher, Mr N. Robertson.



the cavalcade of progress through the streets of Queencstown, depicting the arrival of the first settlers and miners. This was watched by thousands of people lining the roads—and here too it was noted that every detail of the procession, the costuming, presentation and the timing, showed that nothing had been left to chance in the organisation. The preliminary briefings bore the stamp of long experience and there were no hitches.

Down through the years they came, miners,



Terri Hamilton of Form II rings the school bell.

Infant teachers, Misses B. McCone and J. Cockburn, with some of their five and six-year-old pupils.







*Rees's Sheep arrive from Oamaru under the charge of Simon Harvey.*

*Rees's Whaling Boat on the Bullock sledge—Bluff to Lake Wakatipu.*





The rush of miners to the Arrow and Shotover rivers.

with their tools, shearers and drovers, men, women and children, dogs, horses and sheep, all taking part in a charade that was as vivid as it was authentic. The Wakatipu was given over entirely to the colourful past, and the visitors from all over New Zealand were treated to a clear and living picture of life in the roaring days of the camps, the pick, shovel and

gold pan, the packhorse and the sluicing nozzle, and they felt too something of the air of expectancy that hovers over a goldrush town when news may come in at any moment of a big strike up-country.

All these pictures were conveyed by the procession which passed before their eyes through the streets of Queenstown.

The packhorse trains which followed the river miners.





### SEQUENCE OF EVENTS

The following is the sequence of events on the Saturday

11 a.m. Arrival of the Whaling Boat and landing in Queenstown Bay and off loading of provisions and cargo to miners and station hands.

- 1 1.45 p.m., Arrival of William G. Rees and Nicholas von Tunzelmann at Wakatipu.
- 2 Rees's sheep arrive from Oamaru under charge of Simon Harvey. Alf Duncan and George Simpson.
- 3 Rees's Whaling Boat on Bullock sledge—Bluff to Lake Wakatipu.
- 4 Rush of miners to the Arrow and Shotover rivers.
- 5 The packhorse trains which supplied the river miners.
- 6 The first families arriving by Packhorse.
- 7 The first families arriving by dray
- 8 The arrival of the gold coach with mounted escort on the goldfields.
- 9 The arrival of the Chinese miners.



Families arrive by packhorse with all their worldly goods.





The arrival of the Chinese miners.

#### HORSE DRAWN VEHICLES

depicting the various form of early transport.  
The numbers given represent the order in  
which the vehicles drove in the procession.

10 High Country Station Transport.

11 Dray

12 Wagonette.

13 Skippers Trolley

14 Waggon and 4 horses.

15 Hawker's Van.

16 Spring Cart.

16b Buckboard.

17 Dog Cart.

18 Gig.

19 Buggy

20 Phaeton.

21 Governess Cart.

22 Hooded Buggy

23 Double Buggy (straight seated).

24 Double Buggy

25 Road Coach.

26 Lady and Gentleman riders.



High Country Station Transport.

This wagonette  
(driven by A. G.  
McLeod), carried  
the fifth-generation  
descendants of  
early Wakatipu  
pioneers.







An early Queenstown Amenity—Sanitary Department.

Waggon and four horses.



A Skippers Trolley, specially built for the narrow gauge.

Spring Cart.







Dog Cart.

Light Gig or Sulky.



Gig.

Buggy.







Pharos.



Governess Cart.

Family Cart.





Hooded Buggy





Double Buggy (straight seated).



Road Coach.



Lady and Gentlemen riders.



Early Volunteers.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 27 The early volunteers.                               | 34 Mt Cook Co., past and present.   |
| 27b Goldfields Brass Band.                             | 35 Arrowtown-Queenstown Service Coach.  |
| 28 The first tractor to come to the Wakatipu District. | 36 The Mountaineer Steamer, aboard N.Z.R. Trailer   |
| 29 1914 Chevrolet.                                     | 37 N.Z.R. Road Coach.   |
| 30 An early Buick car                                  | 38 Two early businesses which have been in existence in the Wakatipu District for 100 years. The Arrow Stores past and present. |
| 31 An early motor bike.                                | 39 The Wakatipu Brewery past and present.   |
| 32 An Argyle truck.                                    |   |
| 33 An early truck.                                     |   |

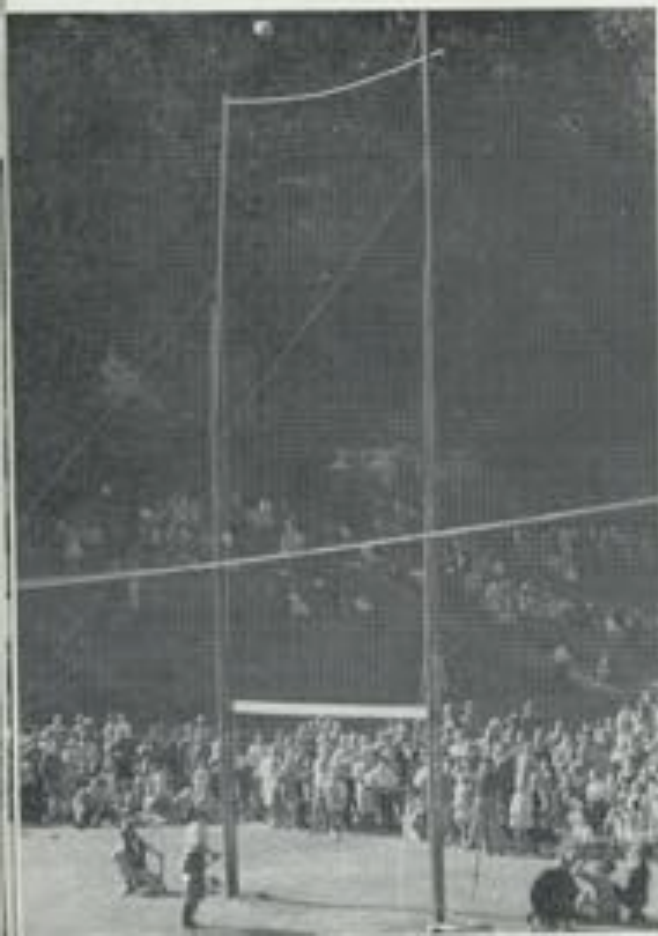
Goldfields Brass Band.







A model of the Mountaineer Paddle Steamer, aboard an N.Z.R. Trailer.



**Procession Route:** Coronation Drive, Stanley Street, down Shotover Street to Athol Street, Ballarat Street, Bridge, Camp Street to Recreation Ground.

All taking part in the procession were required to be in the correct period costume.

Following the procession a sports meeting was held at the Queenstown sports ground, the events being:

- 1 100 yards sprint for miners.
- 2 Tug of War (Moke v Macetown).
- 3 Wrestling bouts (Cumberland style).
- 4 Old Miner's games of iron quoits.
- 5 Working sheep dogs.
- 6 Blade shearing.
- 7 Tossing the sheaf.
- 8 Beer barrel rolling for hotel and shanty owners.

Another barrel-rolling event took place in the street in front of Hotel Eichardt and was won appropriately enough by the licensee of Eichardt's, Bill Traill.

Tossing the sheaf.



Double Buggy (straight seated).



Road Coach.



Lady and Gentlemen riders.





Early Volunteers.

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|--|---|
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| 32 An Argyle truck.                                    |   |
| 33 An early truck.                                     |   |

Goldfields Brass Band.





The first tractor to come to the Wakatipu district.



A 1914 Chevrolet owned by one of the pioneer families.

An early motorbike, New Hudson 1911.







The Mount Cook Company's first service car.



The Arrowtown-Queenstown Service Coach.



An early Business—The Wakatipu Brewery.





Miners'  
Tug-o-war.



Beer  
Barrel  
Rolling.

### AEROBATIC DISPLAY

During these proceedings too the miners of the sixties were granted a glimpse of the world a hundred years ahead, when a team from the R.N.Z.A.F. gave a demonstration of aerobatics.

This was an impressive and highly spectacular performance which was filmed by hundreds of movie cameras and photographed by thousands of colour slide enthusiasts. It was in such sharp contrast with the period that was being enacted at ground level that it provided the best illustration imaginable of the advance made in the space of a hundred years.

Associated with all these physical activities were the static features such as the art exhibition in the Lake County chambers, comprising a display of paintings by Wakatipu artists, an exhibition of old photographs depicting the early life of the district in the Garrison Hall and a display also in the hall, of Murray Gunn's exhibition of relics from Holly-



Murray Gunn's collection of Martin's Bay Relics.



Bill Traill (second from right) wins the Barrel Rolling in Queenstown.

ford Valley and Martins Bay. Here also was a model of a pioneer cottage kitchen.

In addition to all these features there was of course the Lake County Centennial Museum at Arrowtown, which is a permanent record of the past, and which has since its establishment attracted visitors from all over the world.

Saturday was the beginning of a week of amazing experiences, not only for the visitors but for the participants themselves, and the day concluded with a presentation in the Memorial Hall called "Turning Back the Pages" depicting incidents, music and clothing down through the ages, by the Wakatipu ladies.

The Sunday was quite properly a more sedate occasion, in keeping with the Sundays

### OH! Spinning Wheel demonstration.





## PLACES OF HISTORICAL INTEREST

### PLACE NAMES

1 **QUEENSTOWN** This settlement was known simply as The Camp until after 1862. It was the site of the original homestead of W. G. Rees's 100,000-acre run. By the middle 1860s, the town had a population of some 4000, and 26 hotels. The present estimated population is about 1400.

2 **ARTHURS POINT** It was here that two of Rees's shearers, Thomas Arthur and Harry Redfern, discovered gold on November 16, 1862. Site of cairn.

3 **MAORI POINT** Early prospectors here obtained up to a pound weight of gold per dish. One hole with an area of under 20 square feet yielded over 40lb of gold.

4 **SKIPPERS CREEK** This exceptionally rich creek yielded an average of 96 ounces of gold for every 12 feet square of its creek bottom.

5 **THE REEFS. (BULLENDALE).** Here the Phoenix mine, the first quartz reef to be worked in the South Island, employed over 200 workmen. In 1885, the first hydro-electric plant in New Zealand was operated here.

6 **MOUNT AURUM.** This mountain gained its name from being called the "Mountain of Gold".

7 **MOKE CREEK AND MOONLIGHT CREEK.** At the height of the gold rush in the 1860s these two creeks supported about 2000 miners, and the amount of gold won has been estimated at £4,000,000 worth.

8 **JONES CREEK.** From this tiny tributary of the Moonlight creek, £1,000,000 worth of gold was taken.

9 **SHIELBURN** The Shielburn represented the northern limit of the payable gold deposits.

10 **MACETOWN** Now a ghost town, this settlement was once the centre of the quartz mining claims, with 8 to 10 stamping batteries operating above the town. In its heyday it had a population of 500, four stores, four hotels, and a school with 50 pupils.

11 **SCANLONS CREEK.** One nugget of gold found here weighed 16ozs.

12 **CARDRONA.** In 1868, there were about 600 Chinese reworking the diggings in this valley.

13 **ARROWTOWN** First known as "Fox's" this township had a population of between 6000 and 7000 in 1863. (Present population about 200). Site of cairn.

14 **LAKE HAYES.** Named originally after its discoverer Donald Hay and known as "Hay's Lake" this lake was later spelt "Hayes", probably because of confusion with "Bully" Hayes, a blackbinder who ran a hotel in Arrowtown in its early days.

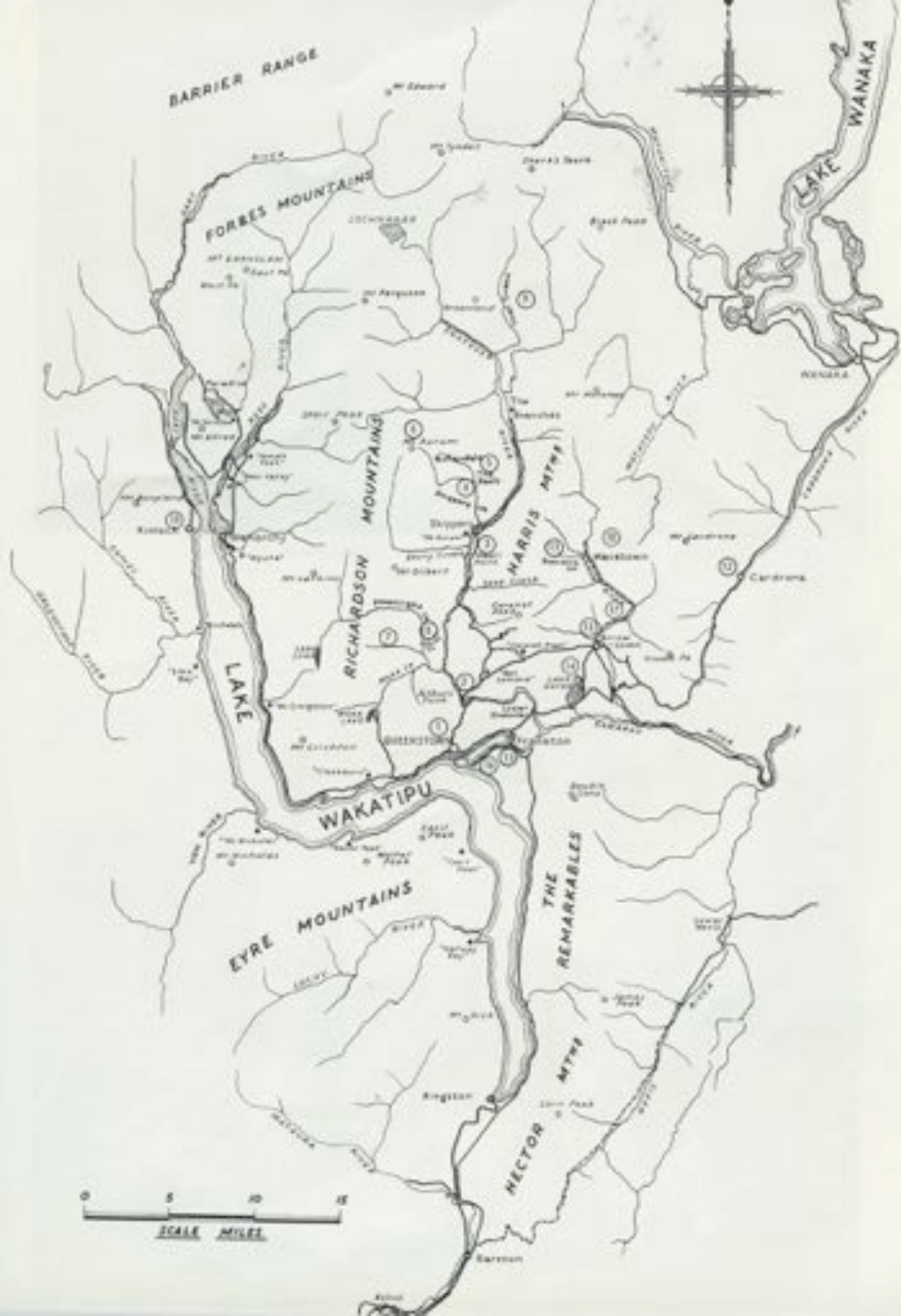
15 **FRANKTON.** Named for Rees's wife Frances, Frankton was the site of his second home, at Kawarau Falls. Later, the Kawarau Falls dam was built by speculators who wanted to work the riverbed for gold below the falls; but the venture was unsuccessful because of seepage. Near the falls in those days could be seen the Brunswick flour mill, built by Bendix Hallenstein (who also erected Thurlby Domain).

16 **KELVIN GROVE.** Here, powering the winch for the government slipway is the 90-year-old engine from the paddle steamer "Antrim".

17 **THE ARROW AND SHOTOVER RIVERS** were the chief gold-bearing rivers of the county. It is estimated that, in the first six months they were worked, they yielded over 300,000 ounces of gold.

18 **KINLOCH.** This was the site of a sawmill which supplied much of the timber used in the late 1800s.

19 **MOUNT NICHOLAS, AND THE VON RIVER.** These were named after the pioneer who first took up his run here, and who had accompanied Rees on his exploratory survey of the district. He was Paul Nicolai Balthasar Tunzelmann von Alderflug, a naturalised British citizen, generally known as Nicholas von Tunzelmann, and familiarly as Von. No farmer, he died in virtual poverty in the Lake County Hospital in 1900.





many as she could conveniently hold and a great number of these were in period costume, with flowing beards and frock coats, with thin ribbon cravats as the ruling fashion for men together with a few coloured waistcoats, and crinoline, pantaloons and other furbelows for the women. In fact the ship looked more like one of Mark Twain's Mississippi river boats with a full complement of Southern gentlemen, professional gamblers and bearded gold miners than an ordinary steamer on a New Zealand lake.

From the bridge the peaked cap of Captain Pat Bennetts, surmounting a snowy white jutting beard of a most belligerent cut, looked

Visitors arriving at Glenorchy by the veteran lake steamer Earnslaw, which has completed 50 years of service and a million miles of running on Wakatipu.



Mrs I. V. Koch, aged 93, a niece of the pioneer settler, William Rees, cutting the ribbon to open the road. The Minister of Works, Mr Gosman, is on the left, and Mr T. J. Thomson, a county councillor, on the right.

down over the crowd on the foredeck, and the clanging of the signal bell as the ship called at the wayside stations drew attention to many other local characters in period costume who gazed down from the railings on to the scene below.

Never before in any district celebration was the past so vividly and realistically evoked. Not only were the beards—and what beards they were!—authentic, but the costumes were the real thing, handed down through the generations. And added to that Mr Rees and Mr von Tunzelmann, the pioneers of the Wakatipu, were present in the persons of their direct descendants—Mr Stewart Rees, of Wellington, who is a grandson, and two grand-daughters, Mrs Margaret Henderson, of Lower Hutt, and Mrs G. Munro, of Titahi Bay and Mr Alex von Tunzelman, of Stewart Island.



The Official Opening of the Queenstown-Glenorchy road.

Mr Rees, in period dress, carried also the 200-year-old watch and the compass of his celebrated grandfather which accompanied him on all his explorations.

#### PICTURESQUE PERSONALITIES

In the glory of Wakatipu sunshine the steamer steered steadily up the lake and sounded its whistle as it drew into the wayside stations, when more bearded men and gaily bedecked women in the style of a hundred years ago waited on the little jetties to come aboard for the great celebrations at Glenorchy. The black smoke of the funnel of the ship against the brilliant blue of the Central sky and the towering flanks of the lakeside mountains presented an unforgettable picture.

Memories were stirred by the presence of many almost forgotten personalities who had come back for the occasion. Among them was W. H. Overton, a former Mayor of Queenstown who had fought for so many years for the Lake road from Kingston and lived to see it completed a year or two before the Second World War. He and Mrs Overton appeared in period dress, as did many others.

Dr W. A. Anderson, another former Mayor still living in Queenstown, and author of the best-seller "Doctor in the Mountains" was the living representative of his great predecessor, Dr Douglas, and there were many others in character.

One of the most picturesque too, was Mr Fred ("Popeye") Lucas. His beard had to be seen to be believed, while Mrs Lucas, in colourful crinoline, was a picture of the elegance

and grace of an earlier age. Beards and crinolines, frills and furbelows, were everywhere. And an American who visited Queenstown especially to see this display declared that he had travelled the world and had never seen anything to equal it for local colour and realism. He had in fact called in to see the local barber, the late George Drew (who tragically lost his life in a tractor accident less than two years after). George sported a splendid facial growth. The American said he had read about the beard culture in the States and had made a trip down to the far south to see if it was really true—and he found it to be something beyond his wildest expectations. "Every goldarned word of it is true and I will go back to the States and tell my folks there that it is so," he declared.

#### COLOURFUL INVASION

Never before had the little township at the head of the lake received such an influx of visitors. The new arrivals strolled leisurely up the sunny street towards the public hall where a buffet luncheon substantial enough to have served twice the number was laid on. The opening of the Queenstown-Glenorchy road was the highlight for the locals. They had been waiting for it for longer than they could remember and now their days of isolation in which they had to depend on the lake shipping were over for good. The road at that stage was only an access road, but it was at least through.

The culmination of the day's events was the procession. It was unique in its way because





A demonstration of the original method of scheelite mining in the district, using 10 pound hammer and wheelbarrow.

of the representation of the scheelite industry in which floats were shown carrying great marble-white lumps of pure scheelite which the miners were working on with pneumatic drills.

To the onlooker it was astonishing how in such a small and isolated community so many motor vehicles had been collected—lorries, farm tractors and implements and motor vehicles of all vintages, all of which had been brought to Glenorchy in the first instance by steamer.

Glenorchy in the brilliant sunshine, with Mount Judah rearing its massive bulk in the background, presented a scene of leisure and

informality as the past blended happily with the present.

After the luncheon the crowd gathered at the sports ground where a sports meeting was held. By 4 o'clock they were on their way home again and once more Glenorchy drowsed under the hot summer sun that was setting over the mountain ranges on the other side of the lake, with Mount Earnslaw dominating the scene in the northern distance. Some of the travellers returned by the newly opened road and found the thirty miles rough and at times exciting going. Parts of it are far more spectacular than the Devil's Staircase on the Kingston road.

## Chapter 5

### THE CENTENNIAL BANQUET

The centenary steadily moved on from climax to climax. On the Wednesday night, November 14, it was the Centennial Banquet in the Memorial Hall. To the older generation it was the real highlight of the programme of events, because it enabled them all to fore-

gather and renew memories with old friends they had not seen for many years—in some cases half a lifetime or more.

Once again the Wakatipu Centenary Committee scored a triumph for it is not likely that any of those who attended that glittering



The Mayor of Arrowtown, Mr Willis Shaw, speaking at the Centennial Banquet.

function will ever forget it. There was an atmosphere present that does not exist today—not in everyday life at any rate. Once again it was the period costumes that made the occasion, making it another excursion into the past, into an age of gracious deportment and impeccable style.

The golden years were back in full strength. There were business contemporaries of Bendix Hallenstein in their frock coats, thin bootlace cravats and carefully clipped sideboard whiskers and goatees sitting beside sturdy heavily bearded miners from the Bullendale wearing their Sunday best, with their bowler hats hanging in a row on the pegs in the cloakroom. All were very conscious of their finery as they sat down to a banquet which was a convincing exhibition of the present day catering skill of the Wakatipu.

Crinolines with concealed wire hoops, wonderful old lace, all kinds of frills, long-flowing ringlets under Dolly Varden bonnets, voluminous skirts that made the traditional frou-frou sound as their wearers walked with statuesque dignity towards their places at the table, provided a fitting accompaniment to the male costumes that were so representative of the sixties and the seventies.

Every man was there in his own right as an individual. The local butcher with a beard

that would have been the pride of any pirate of the Caribbean, the more elegant shopkeeper and trader, the white-bearded doctor who used to ride his back or drive his gig into the rocky fastness of Skippers, winter and summer, to deliver a baby or mend a fracture, and all those others who formed parts of the colourful pattern of early Wakatipu.

The banquet was attended by upwards of 400 people most of whom were members of old Wakatipu families. Never again—at least not until 2062—will such a colourful company sit down to a meal in Queenstown as one happy family. The hall was appropriately decorated for the occasion. Every few feet along the walls were affixed gold-coloured dishes, skilfully designed from cardboard, with silver-headed picks and shovels crossed over them.

Mr J. B. Hamilton, County Chairman and chairman of the Centennial Committee, presided. And who better for a toastmaster could there have been than Dr J. D. Salmood, now of Dunedin, but with many vivid memories of a childhood spent in Queenstown where he was widely known to members of the older generation?



Miss Hamilton, the only woman speaker at the Banquet, replying to the toast to the Pioneers.



After grace said by the toast-master, Dr J. D. Salmon, the company partook of a magnificent meal catered for by O'Connell's hotel. The menu was in itself an historical document and because it suggested so much Wakatipu history we include it here with comments:—

## MENU

### Aperitif

Gold Miner's Cocktail  
(A welcome to 1862)

### Hors d'Oeuvres

Macetown Assorted Nuts  
(Macetown—now a ghost town, but once the centre of rich quartz mining)

### Meats

Roast Seasoned Maori Point Chicken  
(At Maori Point the wealth of the Shotover was first revealed)

### Moke Ham

(Moke Creek—once a hive of mining activity and the possessor of a cricket team!)

### Vegetables

Ah Gum—New Potatoes  
(Recalling Ah Gum, the last of the Chinese diggers, who died in 1937)

### Green Peas a la Rees

(A memory of W. G. Rees, the explorer and pioneer settler)

### Wakatipu Lettuce Salad

(Wakatipu—symbol of beauty and romance)

### Sweets

Arthur's Pavlova Cake  
(Recalling Thomas Arthur, the discoverer of gold at Arthur's Point)

### Trifle a la Fox

(Recalling Fox, the discoverer of gold at the Arrow)

### von Tunzelmann Fruit Salad

(Honouring von Tunzelmann, Rees's fellow explorer)

### Skippers Cream

(Recalling a golden river a golden mountain and friends of long ago)

### Over Shot Cakes

(A variation of the name of the golden river—the Shotover)

### St Omer Sandwiches

(A reminder of "Saintie" the dapper little French baker)

### Bullendale Coffee

(Memories of gold and reefs)

### Von Tea

(Another reminder of von Tunzelmann)

### Hotop's Cure—All Sweets

(Shades of Lewis's Hotop, the German chemist and tree planter)

### Corban's Montel Sauterne, Colonial Bitter

### Bracken's Lager

(Salute to Sergeant-Major Bracken who kept law and order at the Arrow)

When all had dined well and the tables had been cleared, Mr Hamilton called the company to order and extended a hearty welcome on behalf of the Centennial Committee. After a vocal item by Mrs T. Donaldson (Rose McSorley) the candles on the centennial cake were lit and later extinguished and the cake was cut by Mrs Helen Foster, niece of the old doctor Dr James Douglas, for 50 years the family doctor of the Wakatipu.

R. Tonkies, Fred Edwards (an old Bullendale resident), Mrs K. Brown.  
At the Centennial Banquet.

An early pioneer, Mrs H. Buckham and her three daughters.





End of the Banquet—singing "Auld Lang Syne"

At this stage Dr Salmond struck the right note when he urged all who were going to speak to "Speak out! We don't want them speaking through their beards" for there were hundreds of beards to speak through.

In proposing the toast to the pioneers Dr Salmond said that there was no other district in New Zealand that was more colourful in its history than the Wakatipu and no other district had celebrated its centenary with such enthusiasm and in such a fitting way. He paid tribute to Rees and von Tunzelman, the explorers, the early sheepmen, to the gold miners, the Chinese diggers, the early doctors, teachers, priests and ministers.

He also introduced Mr Stewart Rees, a great grandson of W. G. Rees, and Mrs Rees, and Mr W. L. Flint, a grandson of Rees's shepherd, and descendant of the first child born in the district. Others he mentioned were Bordeaux, the celebrated French Canadian wagoner and storekeeper, Tom Monk and Neil McInnes, the inseparable pair who lived on the Shotover for so many years, the one a Dublin Irishman and the other a Highland Scot, Frank St Omer, the first baker one of those pioneers responsible for the early tree planting, Father O'Donnell, the Catholic priest, the Rev Donald Ross, the Presbyterian minister and the Anglican minister, the Rev Richard Coffey as well as the Chinese community law-abiding and in-offensive.

"And above all we think of the pioneer women who lived through hard times without any of the benefits of modern medical science and other advantages and brought their children into the world with the help of those wonderful midwives," he said.

The reply was given by Miss Margaret Hamilton whose roots go deep into the soil of the Wakatipu. Miss Hamilton was called on to speak at short notice, owing to the indisposition of the speaker appointed, Miss K. Keddell, a daughter of Police Inspector Keddell, the guardian of the gold escorts through Central Otago.

Then some unique whistling items which delighted the company were given by Rannie McDonald, a member of the Cockburn clan. The toast-master introduced him as the whistling shepherd.

The next toast to Local Bodies was in the hands of Dr William Anderson, O.B.E. for 30 years the district medico and for 15 years the Mayor of Queenstown. Dr Anderson reminded the company that he was in the medical succession of Dr James Douglas ("Iodine Jimmy") and of Dr Alexander Stewart ("Semolina Sandy") and that his first Wakatipu nickname, due to his dieting treatments, was "Starvation Bill".

Mr T. J. Thomson of Glenorchy who lives under the shadow of mighty Earnslaw replied to the doctor's toast. He reminded us that with



the construction of the Queenstown-Glenorchy road the Head of the Lake was at last coming into its own.

At this stage a piece of original poetry describing the beauties of the Wakatipu was recited by a member of the McNicol family formerly of Mt Aurum Station, Skippers.

The toast to the hard working Centennial Committee was proposed by Mr D. McMillan of Garston. This toast was enthusiastically honoured and replied to by Mr B. C. Friend.

Then followed some very popular vocal items by Mr Fred Edwards a highly respected resident of Arrowtown whose voice, in spite of advancing years, continues resonant and true.

The toast to the president of the Centennial Committee was proposed by Mr C. A. Grant, the Town Clerk and the secretary of the Centennial Committee, and was honoured with enthusiasm. Mr Colin Grant's family tree includes the Grants of Mount Grandview and the Whites of Lake Hayes.

The president, Mr J. B. Hamilton, whose forebears came to New Zealand in 1863, and who put so much time and thought into the celebrations, responded. A toast in honour of the toast-master was proposed by Mr R. C. (Bobbie) Robins whose grandfather came to Queenstown in 1871 and who himself served as Mayor of the town for many years.

A toast to Absent Friends was feelingly proposed by Mr Willis Shaw of Arrowtown.

As the hour was still reasonably early an opportunity was given to any member of the company who wished to speak briefly to do so. This invitation brought forth happy speeches from Mr David Reid, a former Manager of the London Branch of the Bank of New Zealand and a member of an old Arrow family. Mr F. W. G. Miller, the author of "Golden Days of Lake County" the authoritative history of the Wakatipu, Mr David Cockburn, a former resident of Wharehuanui and a prominent public man, Mr Harold Overton, a former Mayor of Queenstown, and Colonel Peter McKenzie of the Walter Peak McKenzie Clan.

After the singing of "God Defend New Zealand" and "Auld Lang Syne" the banquet came to a reluctant end. People lingered chattering about the Hall for quite a time as if unwilling to go home. It was an historic occasion, the memory of which will linger long in the minds of all who were privileged to attend.

Accompanist at the piano on this occasion and for the shepherds' and musterers' function was Mrs P. L. Herdman (nee Jean Hamilton) of Rotorua, daughter of the chairman of the Centennial Committee, Mr J. B. Hamilton. The women played an important part in the organisation of many of the functions and special reference must be made to Mrs W. Robins as chairman of the ball and banquet committee and Mrs Alex Robins, her assistant, as well as to many other women helpers of her committee.

## Chapter 6 VINTAGE FARM IMPLEMENTS

Sights which many residents of the Wakatipu and visitors believed they would never see again in their lifetime were among the events and displays associated with the agricultural machinery displays presented by the Arrowtown Young Farmers' Club at the Lake Hayes showground on the Thursday. In the characteristic brilliant sunshine a crowd of about 800 assembled at this beautiful spot on the edge of the picturesque little lake and watched these old implements being put through their paces

—and many of the onlookers were wearing dress of the same vintage as most of these veteran implements.

There were no fewer than 70 individual units assembled by the young farmers after months of effort and investigation, and many of these old pieces were rescued from farm dumps and old sheds where they had lain among an accumulation of rubbish for many years.



A horse-powered chaffcutter in full operation.

An early method of flail threshing demonstrated by A. Humphries of Arrowtown.



It was indeed a glorious resurrection for them. The sight of horses being driven around in a hurdy-gurdy chaffcutter drew a fascinated crowd and a demonstration of the use of the flail to winnow the grain from the stooks by bearded Mr Alex Humphries, of Arrowtown, himself an octogenarian, was another highlight.

A few minutes after Mr Humphries had finished another patriarchal figure wearing a massive white beard and an old-fashioned coat and waistcoat was seen plying the flail with vigour. He was Dr Anderson—and it was not long before the doctor discarded his coat in that hot sunshine.

A back delivery mower made in 1884 was another interesting exhibit—and of course there was the inevitable traction engine. What made everything dear to the visitors, and especially the townsfolk from other parts, was the entertainingly racy commentary by Mr Ron Gordon, thethane of Thurlby Domain, who was never stuck for a word—or a quip.

Everywhere in the crowd the locals in period costume mingled with visitors from outside and indeed it was a blending of the two centuries into the one colourful scene.

Besides the explanations given by Mr Ron Gordon there were demonstrations of blade shearing, wool spinning with wool hot off the sheep, pressing by screw press, cutting chaff by hand, by horse power, by oil engine and

An early traction engine.







Early model ploughs—some just one hundred years old.



Heavily bearded Dave Cotton of Cone Peak Station, and his son as spectators.

Some of the vintage machinery on display.





A hand operated chaffcutter. The last chore of the day.





Jack Stevenson  
and his trusty team  
pulling a small  
cultivator.



The first big horse  
drawn grader in  
the Wakatipu.



Building a sheaf  
stack.



An early hayrake.



A demonstration of stacking and carting in oats by the young farmers.



An early bullock drawn grader.

also by steam engine. Stooking "with the knots in" was done in the proper style, stacking oats and threshing by flail were all part of the show.

One young farmer toiled all afternoon in the smithy on the grounds while such things as water wheels, seed cleaner, wool scourer, wool dryer, portable steam engine, etc stayed put.

The display was officially opened by Mr D. H. Cockburn who was the first Senior Advisory Man to the club and actually convened and

formed the Club.

Such an effort by a club of eleven members and three advisors proves the contention that it is quality that matters in membership not quantity.

The Arrowtown Young Farmers' Club has donated its entire collection to the Arrowtown Museum where they will be on display for all to see.

A flower show in the Parish Hall, Queens-town, brought that day's celebrations to a close.

The first wheeled vehicle to travel to Skippers loaded with pipes which were used on the sluicing claims.



F. J. "Popeye" Lucas, owner of Cecil Peak Station with his team of big draught horses.

A single cylinder portable steam engine of 1885. It was moved from farm to farm by bullocks.





## WAYSIDE INTERLUDE

During all these proceedings there were many unscheduled events taking part all over the district, many of them inspired by the period costumes, vehicles and decorations. One of the most delightful of these was the experience of a busload of tourists from America, England, Italy and Australia who on their journey from Mount Cook to Queenstown had the thrill of their lives just as they approached the Lower Shotover Hotel.

When they reached the Mayne's corner (the site of the old Victoria Hotel) their bus broke down—or at least their driver told them it had—and almost at the same moment a large open horse-drawn vehicle called a drag, licensed to carry thirty passengers, trundled round a bend in the road, right out of yesterday and drew up alongside the coach. The passengers stared unbelievably at the bearded driver in the costume of a hundred years ago. The arrival of this vehicle appeared to be a most fortunate coincidence, and the passengers were asked to alight from the coach and climb aboard the drag which would carry them as far as it was necessary.

The enchanted tourists suddenly found themselves translated into a new phase of time. They obeyed the request without question. The driver, Mr Keith Grant, of Arrowtown, barked a command to the horses which pulled at the shafts and the red drag set off at a smart pace down the hill. On the seats ranged in rows one behind the other the passengers, still in a daze, sat docilely in the bright sunshine and waited to see what would happen next.

They came to a hill and the driver pulled the drag up, explaining that the climb was a bit too much for four horses—there should have been six—and would the passengers please get out and walk up the hill?

So out they all climbed and trudged happily behind the drag as it laboured to the crest of the hill and there they were allowed to re-embark and the driver, known to them all as Barney, encouraged the horses on with a token flourish of the whip.

Presently they swung round a bend and came up alongside the Lower Shotover Hotel. They knew nothing about the Queenstown centenary and they stared again unbelievably at the sight that confronted their eyes.

Drawn up outside the hotel was a welcoming committee consisting of locals and visitors who had been attending the vintage display of farm implements at Lake Hayes in their period costume.

Black-bearded men in frock coats and brilliantly floral waistcoats, men with red beards, others with side whiskers and pointed moustaches, some wearing top hats and other in bowlers, ranged alongside women in crinolines, little girls in pantaloons and ringlets and Dolly Varden hats, older women in the traditional black costumes and white lace with bonnets—all the trimmings and finery of a hundred years ago—stood before the incredulous eyes of the new arrivals.

"Quick momma, my camera!" shouted one, and in a moment cameras were produced from everywhere. Then they began to step excitedly down from the drag. The first to greet them was Mrs G. P. Kirkwood, the licensee, known to her friends as "Kirky". An excited American stepped forward and enfolded her in a bear hug. "Hullo granny" he said, "you're just like my own momma."

The picture was one no one was likely to forget. The late afternoon sun was still shining and the scene was one of life and colour as the passengers mingled with the locals in their vintage dress and their welcoming smiles.

At the request of the new arrivals the locals stood in little groups and posed while photographs were taken and then the tourists climbed aboard the drag which moved off slowly up the hill while the travellers took more photo-



C. Herron and P. R. Davenport, owner and head shepherd of Walter Peak Station, and L. Herron owner of The Branches Station.



A group at the Station Owners, Musterers and Packers Reunion. All these men had served at various times, as musterers on the Kawarau Station, Queenstown.

graphs, and were photographed. At the crest of the hill the passengers took their farewell of the drag and entered their bus which somehow had been repaired in the interval and, still somewhat bemused, they were driven off to Queenstown, there to talk about their wonderful experience. But of course that was only the beginning. At their hotel it seemed that they were still in the past, for the costumes and beards of a hundred years ago were all around them—in the hotel bars, in the shops and streets, on the lake boats and in fact everywhere.

#### *MUSTERERS, PACKERS and RUNHOLDERS*

On the Friday night the Wakatipu Musterers' Packers' and Runholders' Centennial Reunion was held.

It was fitting that this function took a major place in the Centennial programme, for the first men to come to the Wakatipu district were the early runholders and shepherds.

They did the early exploring of the district, and later when the first of the miners and the early settlers arrived, they made possible their existence by supplying them with food.



Rolling out the beer: J. G. Reid, J. Dagg and W. Dagg, owners of Glenpanel, Mr Soho and Coronet Peak Stations.



Mr D. G. Jardine, owner of the Remarkables Station, and the Mackenzie brothers, former owners of Walter Peak Station.





G. Milne, a former minister.

Since then, through the century the high country men and women had played a major part in the development of the Wakatipu District, and it was appropriate that due homage be paid them. The evening took the form of a dinner followed by a smoke concert for the men and a picture party for the ladies; and 400 sat down to the dinner under the chairmanship of Mr D. G. ("Cap") Jardine of the Remarkables Station.

Mr Dick, M.P. for Waitaki and a past chairman of the High Country section of Federated Farmers, was guest speaker at the dinner, and he it was who proposed the toast to the High Country Pioneers and Absent Friends. Other toasts were proposed by Messrs C. R. Scott and A. S. Robins.

At the smoke concert, Mr Alex O'Shea, the secretary of the Federated Farmers of New Zealand told of his experiences as a shepherd at Glenorchy and other tales of the early days, hat and an enamel basin. It was a crowded and noisy affair, but everybody was happy.

## Chapter 7 THE ARROW GOLD RUSH

Then came the Saturday the day that was to prove the most fantastic day in a week of fantastic events. It was the day when all roads led to the Arrow. News had spread throughout the district that there was a big gold strike—that a man named William Fox and some other parties had found a secret gorge and were working away there on the quiet. The effect of this exciting report the people of the twentieth century were to see just as it happened a hundred years before. They came flocking into the Arrow in modern cars, and

there, in little Arrowtown they saw the miners standing at street corners, gossiping, talking about the big strikes, about this fellow Fox who was supposed to be somewhere up the gorge that ran northwards from the township.

Of course that was not the way of it really. The township at the Arrow was the result of the strike, not the forerunner. But there had to be a reassessment of timing to give the re-enactment an atmosphere of reality. The re-enactment was to begin at 1.30. That was the time Sergeant Bracken, the gallant goldfields



Fox and Callaghan's party, earliest discoverers of gold in the Arrow River, carry their mining equipment.

policeman, had set for the rush, and word had got around quickly. One side of the river had been set aside for the rush proper and only miners clad in the authentic costume of the day were to be allowed on to the piece of ground which when photographed and televised would look exactly as it did in the sixties. Not even a wrist watch was allowed, and amateur

photographers were forbidden. The professional camera men were placed in strategic positions where they could not be seen.

And from this moment a spell was cast over the whole great crowd that lined the western bank of the Arrow river and watched the epochal events of a hundred years before repeat themselves. At first all they saw was

The Boundary Dispute at Barney's Point.





the purling stream, rippling across the gravelly beaches in the bright, hot sunshine. Then, over the hill to the east, came a couple of miners—William Fox and his mate, O'Callaghan. They picked their way carefully down the steep slopes, came to the river, unslung their gear, their pick, shovel and pan, and began to prospect for gold. Suddenly they became excited—colour! And plenty of it! Hastily they made their preparations. A camp was established, they returned for their packhorses, cradles were assembled and work started on the bank of the Arrow

#### DRAMATIC BUILD-UP

The build-up from then was dramatic—the arrival of Bully Hayes with his prefabricated hotel and theatre, the dancing girls, the bullock wagons, carts and drays, gold coach and escort, the mounted police (not forgetting Sergeant Bracken and his horse, which he rode as to the manner born) and all those other features of goldmining life. The Arrowtown of a hundred years ago had grown up before our eyes in a few minutes in almost the exact spot it had been when the canvas and scantling township first took shape.



A rush of miners to the Arrow river.

Then over the hilltop came other prospectors, the men who had been following Fox. His journeys back to Cromwell to sell gold had provided an irresistible lure.

Reluctantly Fox allowed them to establish themselves—but you can't keep a secret like that for long and the news began to leak out. So it was that we saw the advance guard of the rush coming along the river flats, stirring the dust in the hot springtime sun just as it must have been stirred a hundred years ago.

Bully plied the miners with beer from the barrels that kept rolling into his pub and the police settled the disputes which were plentiful. Sergeant Bracken was the living embodiment of the law of the goldfields. He had been warned, too, that the Tipperary boys were there in force with shillelaghs and all bedad, and they were going to raid the claims. So he warned all and sundry that he was going to uphold the law at all costs, and he produced his handcuffs to illustrate his point. There was



The first packer



and his train coming in with supplies for the miners.





Sergeant Bracken, Peacemaker.

going to be no nonsense.

A portly Chinaman, pigtail, mandarin hat and smock, slant eyes and typical Chinese whiskers, was pushed around as the miners attempted to toss him into the river and was only saved when he shouted, "Pleecy man! Plotect me, plotect me pleecy man!" Bracken and his stalwarts came to the rescue. It is a saddening thought that Bart Sheehan, the well-known Queenstown solicitor who played this role, and who worked hard as one of the organisers to make the celebrations the spectacular success they were, died suddenly, less than two years afterwards in the prime of his life.

The manner in which the story of the discovery unfolded was perfect in every detail, and the timing of the events, to compress the developments of three months into an hour and a half, was a masterpiece of briefing.

Chinese Luck! Velly happy.





The Gold Buyer—and the Gold Crafter.







Bully Hayes's Dancing Girls.

The Gold Coach with mounted escort arrives at the Arrow river.





Summary justice  
for a claim jumper.

Chinese miners selling to the Gold Buyer.



The Arrow Diggings in the first flush. Bally  
Hayes Theatre going up. The 20th Century is  
just across the river (opposite).







A Trio of miners and Bully Hayes:  
Pip Robins, J. G. Reid, Alex Robins, A. D. Watt.

Credit for the remarkable organisation behind this re-enactment is given unreservedly to two local men, Messrs Alex and W. E. ("Pip") Robins. Alex's experience as a commissioned officer in the Second World War stood him in good stead as a briefing officer and he told all the men taking part exactly what they were to do. There was not even a single rehearsal—it was done all by constant briefing right up till the appointed day—and every man knew what he had to do and the moment when to do it. As a result everything moved like clockwork and about 300 men moving in from various directions were made to look like thousands.

For weeks before the re-enactment a separate goldfield was being "salted" by members of the committee and claims were numbered and

pegged out on the river flats. Specially prepared miners' rights were printed and sold to all and sundry for five shillings each. These gave the holders the right to take part in a well-planned rush after the official events had been completed. It was the climax to the whole proceedings, in which the public themselves were given an opportunity to find gold in just the same way that Fox and his mates and McGregor and Low had found it—though in nothing like the same quantity.

#### MODERN-STYLE RUSH

At a given signal the tape was crossed and the would-be miners sped across Tom Tiddler's ground in search for buried treasure, for gold had been deliberately planted in a few of the claims to be found by those who had bought



the right tickets. Most of the gold was found, but the holder of the first prize ticket failed to dig deep enough and missed his prize which still waits to be claimed. It amount to  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce of pure gold.

In the evening a miners' ball was held as a grand finale, but the hall became so hot that the dancing continued out in the streets to which the orchestra likewise adjourned.

In Queenstown the Memorial Hall was crowded with an audience which watched the Alexandra Musical Society's production of "Hell Bent for Dunstan"

Sunday November 18, was a free day for sight-seeing—and there was still plenty to see. Monday also was a free day—except that there was an exclusive function in the evening for the bearded men of the Wakatipu and their sponsors, and that was the final official gathering associated with the centenary celebrations. It was the shaving and shearing of the beards, the night of the great relief, not only for the wearers of the beards but also for their wives and fiancées who had suffered likewise.

Beards of all kinds were assembled for this great occasion. There was "Popeye" Lucas, looking for all the world like a Latter Day Saint, his silver hair cascading down his back over his collar and his beard jutting out white and belligerent. Russell Kidd, the local butcher, displayed a beard that was a tribute to the fertility of the Queenstown soil while the publican of Eichardt's, Bill Traill, wore a more civilised growth, straggly perhaps but cultivated and a fitting setting for his brilliantly flowered waistcoat. Others were red, brown, white and mottled—in fact a blending of grey and black was not uncommon—and all were on a generous scale.

Miner's Right—1962 style.

CLAIM No. 112

5/-

Antarctic Gold Rush

# Miner's Right

(limited by contract conditions 1962-1962)

Issued to *Mr. J. J. J. J.*  
for Great Silver Beach  
Saturday, November 17, 1962  
giving the Bearer the privilege  
of working the claim



*Antarctic Gold Rush*

## Chapter 8

### NIGHT OF THE BEARDS

The shearing provided a night of hilarity when nearly all the wearers assembled in the Memorial Hall at this wind-up ceremony. The prize for the champion beard went to Frank Haworth whose magnificent pitch black growth, thick and impenetrable as the Amazon jungle, jutting out at a rakish angle from his jawline, and surmounted by a moustache that framed the mouth and the smiling pearly teeth, had been the admiration of visitors and locals alike. In his peaked nautical cap and natty uniform he was in fact one of the scenic attractions of the Wakatipu.



F. M. Haworth's champion beard—  
impenetrable as the Amazon jungle.





Different methods of shaving.

The runner-up was Bernie Isherwood and third and fourth respectively were Andy Watt (Bully Hayes) and F. J. ("Popeye") Lucas. From the outset the atmosphere was one of masculinity and mirth. It was closed to women, but one woman managed to infiltrate in the opening stages in her capacity as a newspaper correspondent. But Bill Traill, in a stentorian voice over the microphone, announced, "And now we will wind up the clock and put out the cat." She interpreted his remark accurately and departed with celerity.

From then on the scene was indescribable. The various prizes were allotted by the sponsoring companies. John Riordan, a State Forest Service employee, was awarded the prize for the best beard depicting virgin timber stands, (as he pointed out, there were no fire breaks), and there were many other classifications, such

as the best red beard (Ian Brown), the widest point to point, the most hair in the left ear, the most homely the best goatee, tinted and so on.

Songs, ballads, stories, beer and cheese were the features of the evening, but it was in no sense a concert. Everyone moved around at will, from time to time those present were arrested by a couple of burly cops, sentenced to the stocks where they were plied with refreshments, and in general there was a good deal of clowning. Then followed the actual shearing and shaving. Bob Swann, Russell Kidd and Alex Robins in turn were thrown and held like sheep between Alan Hamilton's knees and literally shorn with a shearing machine. Others were hurled into a barber's chair and various operators set to work on them with clippers.

The ten oldest competitors in the Beard Growing Contest.





Tall timber falling to the axe at the "Shave Off"

Snowy Hansen's beard was the first off and his growth weighed on a set of banker's scales turned the scales at six pennyweights. The stage was now a huge barber's saloon with men ranged along the walls in front of mirrors with electric razors and hair cascading everywhere. "And this is another thing you will never see again—it just couldn't be repeated" was the general comment. The fun waxed fast and furious with Blair Sheehy now as M.C. Right until the end there was never a dull moment—and then all hands set to work on the cleaning up, clearing the chairs

away sweeping the floor with wide brooms, mopping up spilt beer and broken glass and then, like the Arabs but not so silently stealing away in little groups. And in this way was the closure applied to the Wakatipu Centenary

Next morning the revellers were back at their daily work, all nicely clean shaven as they took their places in the shops, offices and banks, or on their trucks, lorries or buses, all of them thinking it wonderful to be without their beards, and with their wives in full agreement with this.





A reluctant patron for the barber.

## Chapter 9 CENTENNIAL SIDELIGHTS

### PERIOD WEDDING

The whole of the community life of the Wakatipu fell into line with the pattern that was established by the period setting. Life went on normally but as it was in the sixties. So it was not surprising, therefore, that when a wedding was solemnised in St Peter's Anglican Church in Queenstown on November 24 it should be in the manner appropriate of the times that were being honoured.

Pamela Joan, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Wynne Midgley was married to Harry Keith, only son of Mr H. W. Munro, Temuka, at a ceremony which incorporated many old-time styles and customs. Crowds lined the streets between the White Star Hotel, home of the bride, and the church, as Mr Midgley still wearing a beard, walked his daughter, in the old English tradition, to the church.

The wedding party could have been a group of a century before, with the bridegroom, his

best man and groomsmen, sporting magnificent beards, and the bride with her two bridesmaids and two flower girls elegantly attired with bustles and bows and carrying old-time bouquets. The reception at the Memorial Hall was set in a Centennial atmosphere with the historic decorations used for the indoor functions still transforming the hall into an old world atmosphere.

### ART EXHIBITION

Prior to the Wakatipu District Centenary an idea grew in the mind of Mr A. E. Short, of Frankton Road, Queenstown, that an interesting venture would be to find out if there were enough people in the district with artistic ability to warrant holding an art exhibition. Mr Short kept adding to his list of possibilities and submitted the idea to the Centennial Association.

On August 29, 1962, a notice was sent to any artists who were known at that time, advising that a meeting would be held on September 4 to consider the possibilities of staging a display of local art for the Wakatipu District Centennial. This meeting was chaired by Mr J. B. Hamilton and Mr A. E. Short was elected chairman of the Wakatipu District Art Exhibition Committee, with Miss Irene Adamson as secretary.

It was agreed that the exhibition be open to all artists, either living in or associated with the Wakatipu district, that pictures be accepted in all painting mediums and drawings, including any subjects, not necessarily scenes of the Wakatipu area, to be original, preferably

Mr R. Cable started his beard a year or two earlier than the other competitors in the Beard Growing Competition.



framed, also pottery and craft of a good standard.

A further meeting was held on October 11 when a date and time was set for the official opening and other details were arranged, the display to be held in the Lake County board room. Douglas Badcock was asked to be the guest artist and with his experience he was able to advise on details relating to the catalogue, the hanging of the pictures to the best advantage in regard to lighting and wall space.

The list started by Mr Short had by this time grown considerably and when the exhibition was opened on a brilliantly sunny afternoon on Friday, November 9, a large crowd attended to look at 112 works of art which had been submitted by 26 artists. Among these were displays of pottery by Dr R. G. B. Bevan and Mr Roy J. Dickson.

Mrs B. E. Talboys opened the exhibition which, she said, was "an encouraging sign of the maturity of outlook we should be achieving after 100 years or more of life as a nation."

The success of the art exhibition vastly exceeded the hopes of all who had worked for it. The standard of work submitted was higher in most cases than was expected. So many people filled the County chambers to view the paintings that on one occasion the supervisor had to close the door on a "full house" while on other evenings at 9.30 (after closing time) there were still people wanting to see the display. The whole venture provided fresh interest for the public and artists and added a profit of £146 to the Centennial Association's funds after expenses were paid.

"The twins"—A. A. Tripp and Dr W. A. Anderson with a former coach driver, D. Cosgrove in the background.

#### MUSIC RECITAL

Arrangements were well in hand for the main programme of the centenary when it was suggested by Miss Irene Adamson that as Queenstown now possessed a fine new hall, an equally fine grand pianoforte it would be a fitting way to mark such progress if a programme of classical music were arranged for one evening of the celebrations. This was agreed to by the committee and Miss Adamson was appointed to arrange for suitable visiting artists to provide the programme.

On Sunday evening, November 11 a small but appreciative audience heard three Dunedin artists present a colourful programme in the Memorial Hall. They were Mr William R. Clarke (piano), Mr Lucas Bunt (bass-baritone) and Mr John Boardman (violin). The Adult Education Department of the Otago University co-operated in the organising of this recital.

#### SCOUTS AND HOT WATER

As the date of the centennial drew close it became apparent that the number that would be attending would far exceed the committee's expectations. The traffic was planned to be diverted to various streets away from the business block and hot water was to be provided at these parking points beside the waterfront and the sports area. Coppers in these days of washing machines are hard to find in any numbers and the district had to be canvassed to procure a sufficient number for the needs of the visitors.

Mr G. Green and his staff set the copper up at the various vantage points in Queenstown and the Boy Scouts and Cubs led by Kelly Boucher and Braddan Linton (two local Scouts who are holders of the Queen's Scout Badge) manned the copper and plenty of hot water was available to hundreds of cars of people who arrived in the town as well as those hundreds of excursionists who arrived in the steamer Earnslaw to view the historic cavalcade procession on November 10.

For the following Saturday coppers had to be transported to Arrowtown to supplement Arrowtown's coppers and the Boy Scouts were there again to maintain the hot water supply for the thousands of people who visited Arrowtown for the re-enactment of the gold rush.





## PARKING

One of the many details to be planned for the orderly conduct of the centennial procession was the problem of parking the many hundreds of cars expected to arrive in the town between 8 and 11 a.m. on the Saturday morning. Mr Trevor Gray chairman of the Parking Committee, was worried when the chairman asked him to work out a plan to park them all. After studying a map of the borough and inspecting its various sites it was decided to divide the town into two blocks and accommodate cars and buses, using the most central sites first and gradually moving on as necessity arose. There was an excellent response to a call for volunteers.

A meeting was called at which the plan was explained and men were allotted to each block to ensure that the parking was orderly while other duties were to direct the traffic to the various blocks as it became necessary.

As it was impossible to estimate the number of cars and buses that would have to be catered for a block of land adjacent to the town was laid out to accommodate 700 cars, but because of the orderly way in which the cars were parked it was found not necessary to use this land.

The public co-operated fully and no trouble was experienced and, as far as is known, everyone was satisfied with the parking space allotted to him.

Similar control was exercised at the gold rush at Arrowtown the following Saturday and here again everything worked smoothly with an efficient team of workers in control.

One of the major tasks in the organising of the centenary was the search for horses. It was only when this was begun that it was realised how near to an extinct animal the ordinary farm horse is, and it says much for John Robins and Keith Grant and their assistants that they were able to gather up no fewer than 132 horses from all around the district.

John Robins spent many Sundays carting the horses to their various rendezvous and the breaking of them in and the making of the harness and the breaking in gear was done by Keith Grant. Within an hour of the end of the procession every horse was on its way back to its owner.

The co-operation of all the local carriers was enlisted also and they gave a voluntary undertaking that if the celebrations were not a financial success they would forgo payment for their work—but it so happened that the committee was able to pay them in full.

## Chapter 10

### HOW IT CAME ABOUT

Back when the planning of the celebrations was only in the talking stages it was considered that since the bullock teams and the gold coach were colourful in the Wakatipu district history both would have to be included in any re-enactment that might be staged. Alan Hamilton volunteered to have a go at breaking in a pair of bullocks and was most enthusiastic about the idea of drawing Rees's whaleboat with two bullocks in the hoped for procession.

In June 1962, some months before the procession Alan, with Johnnie Elliot and Max Robins to assist, made a start coupling together two bullocks. With an 18 inch length of chain attached to their horns he tied together two very well matched black and white steers. Most Saturday and Sunday afternoons were spent in training these animals. But while one responded well the other was too hard to manage and was unreliable, so it had to be replaced by another. A roan was chosen and it soon paired up well with the trained black and white one. About a month before the celebrations the bullocks would often be seen on the highways drawing up an old dray fitted up with a pole. At the celebrations the bullocks played their part well, as they did also at the vintage implement display and the re-enactment of the Arrow Beach.

For the stage coach, since all the wagoners and coach drivers had aged a little too much for the very difficult and time-consuming job of training and preparing a lively team of four horses, Keith Grant, because of his keenness, knowledge and ability to break in horses, was given this immense task. While there were quite a few horses that would go in harness there were none available that had gone as a pair, let alone as a four-horse team.

Keith spent much time travelling round searching for and selecting suitable types, giving always much consideration to the matching and pairing. The pair selected for the pole were strong and level-headed. They had both been in single harness at some time in the past, but they had to be given a lot of work before being paired and further worked as a pair. The two selected for the leaders were a very fine pair of chestnuts but neither had ever before been in harness.

Their breaking to harness took weeks of patience and hard work. To assist him Keith built a device for exercising and working the partly harness-broken horses without which it is very doubtful if his task of harnessing the gold-coach could have been achieved.

As the celebrations drew closer, Keith received assistance from other keen horsemen, Charlie Barker, Noel May and Dave McFadzien. The days were long and fully devoted to the preparation of the gold-coach team. Hours were spent in harness preparation, most of which was made by Keith himself, an able saddler as well as a horsebreaker. How complete and well the job was done was well demonstrated by the excellent performance of the gold-coach and escort during the celebrations.

Those who assisted in various ways in the preparation of the procession and the re-enactment of the Arrow gold rush were:—J. G. Reid and F. K. May organising and assembling; Andy Watt, as "Bully" Hayes, planning the "Prince of Wales" Hotel, also horse transport; Maurice Barker, collecting and organising packhorse team, Bert Redhead, vehicle and harness preparation, John Robins, horse transport and handling; Bert Fletcher, assistant in organising of miners; Alex Hamilton, organising and outfitting of the Escort; Ernie Schieb, for his demonstration of hydraulic sluicing; D. McFadzien, vehicle restoration and horse handling; R. Kirkland, vehicle restoration and horse handling; Ian Cameron, for playing the role of Sergeant Bracken, C. R. Gordon, organising the Y.F.C. display; M. T. Robertson, organiser of the gold rush for which miners' rights were sold.

Thanks are due also to the many people in Southland and Otago who lent horses and vehicles and to Muir Robertson and his Dunstan people for their help. The committee

is also grateful to Stan Shearer for his special assistance and co-operation in making the assembly areas for the Queenstown procession available and ready.

#### **CENTENNIAL CARAVAN PARK**

During the last term under the Mayoralty of Mr R. C. Robins, the Queenstown Borough Council decided to develop part of section 56 of the original Camping Ground into a Caravan Park. The Camping Ground committee, then under the Chairmanship of Cr H. W. Sew Hoy began this development in 1961.

The area was fenced, the ground terraced, roaded and laid out into 160 Caravan sites. Thirty of these sites were provided with electric caravan points, and an ablution block was erected at a cost of £2500.

It was then decided by resolution of the Council that this project should become the Queenstown Borough Council's Centennial Project. A hooded well was erected and fitted with an old fashioned well-pump, and two stainless steel sinks.

This was to serve the dual purpose of providing a place to erect the Centennial Plaque, an extra amenity and also a reminder of the way water was procured in the town in the early days.

During the Centennial Celebrations, the Centennial Caravan Park was officially named and opened by the Mayor, Mr G. D. Cochrane, and was dedicated by The Rt. Rev A. H. Johnston, Bishop of Dunedin, on November 18, 1962 in the presence of the Chairman of the Centennial Committee, Mr J. B. Hamilton, past and present chairmen of the Camping Ground Committee, and a representative gathering of cabin owners, townspeople and visitors.

This Caravan Park commands a glorious view of the Remarkables, Lake and Town, and no doubt will become one of the most popular amenities in Queenstown.

#### **CAIRNS PROJECT**

One of the projects arising from the centenary celebrations was the erection of two cairns to commemorate the original discoveries, one at Arthurs Point, on the Shotover river and the other at Cooper's Terrace, on the Arrow river just above Arrowtown. These were completed in time for the celebrations.



## THE CENTENNIAL SONG

(Tune: "Riding Down from Bangor")

Composed by Mrs P. C. Boucher and sung at the Centennial Banquet by Mr Ralph Kelly

Through Cardrona Valley came an exploring band  
Bringing food and horses to survey the land,  
Returned to tell the story of the prospects there  
They were Rees, Von Tunzleman, none others  
I declare.

To the Lake they journeyed, riding side by side,  
Crossed the streams and rivers and Shotover wide,  
Settled on the lakeside with a mountain view  
And the gorgeous valley that they named for you.

Riding up from Dunstan on a shaggy mare  
After weeks of searching for the metal rare  
Quite extensive whiskers, beard and tucker box  
Came a cunning fellow known as William Fox,

Secretly he surveyed, washing with his pan  
Working Arrow river, saw another man,  
Knowing that his treasure was no longer his  
Made himself the head man—the centre of  
"big biz"

Tramping through the gorges in their search for gold  
Through Otago's mountains came men young and old,  
Left their homes and loved ones, sailed upon the blue,  
Turned up the gold rush of eighteen sixty-two.

Badly they were smitten with a bug for gold,  
Leaving friends for Queenstown all prospectors bold

With a pick and bedroll, sluicebox and gold pan,  
Hoping to find treasure where the rivers ran.

When you visit Queenstown and the journey's through  
Southland or Otago, or the Wakatipu,  
Up the Moonlight Valley and Glenorchy Road  
Think of those who trod there a hundred years ago.

## IN MEMORIAM

Since the Wakatipu Centenary celebrations were held several of those who contributed greatly to the success of the occasion have passed on and it is fitting that their efforts should be acknowledged.

Four active participants in the preparation of the festivities whom death has since removed from the scene are Messrs Ian Hamilton and George Drew both of whom were victims of

tragic accidents, Mr Bart Sheehan, whose role as a Chinese miner in the re-enactment of the Arrow gold-rush will be long remembered, and Mrs E. M. Bell, convener of "Turn Back the Pages" the centennial revue.

All four gave their whole-hearted efforts towards the success of the celebrations and their death was an irreparable loss to the community they served so well.

Opening of the Centennial Caravan Park.

