



TO THE casual visitor, at any rate, Arrowtown is a more pleasant township than most of the other once-flourishing gold-mining settlements of Otago. The others have about them a touch of decay; their best days are behind them. But Arrowtown is like a beginning; true, a beginning which has come to little beyond the grassy streets lined with small houses—houses which are all of wood and local stone and of one story, except for the higher-pitched roofs of three churches and the pink-washed front of the Bank of New Zealand.

Once there was a way of building in that district that would turn our architects' eyes homeward from American colonial and Spanish mission if they knew it was there. Stables, shepherds' huts, farm houses, accommodation houses fit their purposes and the landscape perfectly. The thick walls are built with slabs of stone bound with a cement of clay and lime. The panes of the sash-windows are delicately divided by thin moulded wood. The joiners took time to consider the proportions and placing of doors and windows and the grouping of farmhouse, stable and barn. This lends to

the scattered homesteads and most of the houses in the township an unself-conscious charm that can be found elsewhere only in early water colours and prints of New Zealand settlements.

Along the main street, Buckingham Street, are the shops (many of them empty): the bootmaker's shop, the general store which is so well stocked that there is no need to go to Cromwell or Queenstown for anything at all, the barber's shop, the builder's shop, the Royal Oak Hotel, the post-office; on the river-side stand the Central Hotel, the Athenæum hall, the garage, a house or two, Tom Johnson's confectionery shop, Mr. Roman's butcher's shop, and the Bank of New Zealand, open for business once a week. The bank and the post-office stand on opposite corners. Then, through an avenue of elms that meets to shut out the sky and branches over the small houses, Buckingham Street continues its magnificent way to Cromwell and the Crown Range. Only the footpath separates the houses from the tree-trunks so that their roots, finding a way up the inner walls, emerge through the guttering, leafing the edge of the roofs in pale green like a second spring.