

hundred children. Nothing remains standing. Now only five families live in the whole valley.

Water-pipes, old huts and shelters, timber, rusted equipment, and machinery lie abandoned over the gulch. We climbed through the window-frame of an old three-roomed house perched on a hillock of shingle. On the charred wall was a 1910 calendar. Heaped over the sunken floor were gum boots, shovels, forks, a weighing-scale, a saw, bottles (methylated spirits and whiskey), spanners, soap, nails, pans, and tangled balls of twine. Trousers, muddy and rotting, hung from rusting nails. In one corner was a large old-fashioned iron safe, the door locked.

This old house was evidently the field office of a mining company, for on a bench was a thick log-book in which were recorded, in neat, faded, back-hand writing, the day-to-day activities and the work done (or, it seemed, often not done) from 1896 to 1925. The first entry, on January 2, 1896, read "men still keeping up holiday, anyhow watter short." Hours of work, progress made, and weather conditions were always faithfully noted. Typical entries were "watter went off at 9 o'clock—hard frost"; "now a flow of watter, men woorking on races"; "races frozen, started ellevation." Charley, evidently one of the employees, must have given a lot of trouble; right through the years are such entries, often made, as "Charley not at woork"; "haven't seen Charley for a week"; "Charley arrived drunk, went away quick"; "Charley still not at woork."

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In Lawrence's main street.

According to the copy we saw of the by-laws of Lawrence, inhabitants and visitors are prohibited, among other things, from entering or being in the town with " . . . any sword, dirk, or dagger, discharging any firearm or letting off fireworks unless actually in pursuit of any felon or offender." There is to be no "throwing or discharging of any stone"; and a person "rolling any cask, beating any carpet, flying any kite, using any bows and arrows, or playing at any game to the annoyance of or danger to any person in a public place" will surely be fined. How it has been possible for so many windows to have been broken in the town without infringing these by-laws is a mystery.

Most of the towns of Otago Central sprang up almost overnight with the gold-rushes. Most of them also progressed in other ways when the mining days came to an end. Lawrence is different. Gabriel Read, with his famous discovery, started, among other things, a boom that resulted in the building of a large town in short time. It seems to a visitor that it must have been the only building ever to have been done in that town. Shops, offices, and houses once occupied are now empty; walls gape, floors and foundations have sunk, windows are without glass, and chimneys are at all angles—but they still stand, they have not been pulled down. One Sunday morning we were in the main street for an hour without seeing one person or one vehicle. Several of the shops and offices still in use have weeds sprouting from the roofs and over the doorsteps and entrances; they lean uncomfortably against each other at all

angles. Many of the houses in the residential area are more modern and in good condition, with neat well-kept gardens, but the main street is dismal and depressing. As we walked down the footpath that Sunday morning we heard a gramophone playing the Broadway Melody of 1926. In many ways Lawrence is even further behind the times.