

MR ARTHUR SHAND'S JOURNEY THROUGH AUSTRALASIA 1878



HE MET A YOUNG WOMAN NAMED FLOSSIE WHO WAS NOT ONLY EASY ON THE IRISH EYE BUT WAS A MEAN FIDDLE PLAYER TA BOOT

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THE LEGENDRY ARTHUR SHAND ARRIVED IN NZ IN AUGUST 1878 FROM AUSTRALIA IN SEARCH OF OUTLETS FOR GUINNESS & SONS NEW BREW GUINNESS STOUT NOW A POPULAR TIPPLE IN IRELAND.

After a gambling loss in Dunedin, a stolen horse, nearly robbed in Clyde and a run in with the Burgess Gang up the Buller Gorge Arthur made for Nelson to exchange his gold nuggets for cash at the Assays Office. He also wondered if 'The Little Fiddle' bar was for Nelson. It wasn't!

Arthur made his way on 'Nicked' his stolen horse to Kaikoura where he heard the sea food was 'as good as gold' as they say. He was not disappointed needing a rest from his journey thus far. It was an oasis by the sea and he met a young woman named Flossie who was not only easy on the Irish eye but was a mean fiddle player ta boot.

Arthur spent a little time with Flossie at The Adelphi Hotel where she played for room and board. Unfortunately for Arthur he wasn't the only one after her affections. Big Ben Thompson with a hook for hand stepped into the bar one night after a fishing trip only to find Flossie in the arms of the sweet talking Arthur. "Get your dirty filthy mits off the woman!" he yelled! The bar just stopped as the locals knew the temper of Big Ben all too well.

Flossie got off Arthurs knee and said "Oh Ben don't be silly its not wh..." "Shut ya mouth Flossie and you." Pointing at Arthur "Stand up and face me like a man ya bastard!" Big Ben strode toward him across the bar knocking a table over, pints flying in all directions and Bens hook glinting menacingly in the kerosene lantern light.

Arthur ducked the first hook swing dodging the spike by an inch but had his shoulder slashed on the next swing. That was it for Arthur, enough is enough in this blasted colony so he grabbed a heavy brass spittoon and with a huge 'BONG' struck Big Ben on the temple, down he went and smashed onto the wooden floor boards glasses jumping off the bar top. Silence followed, heart beats could be heard then a resounding cheer from the locals as Big Bens bullying ways finally had a pay back.

They hoisted Arthur onto the bar shouting him a bottle of Irish Whiskey while Flossie tended his wound. "Where are you off to next Arthur?" she asked. "Off to Christchurch to open a bar Flossie." "Would ya be needin a little fiddle by any chance Arthur?" she asked. "I'd love you to come Flossie then we'll head to Christchurch!" so they both went upstairs.



THE **LITTLE FIDDLE** EST. 2018

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