

not write 'into' but 'and towards' Daylight Cove; for Rona Bay lies between Muritai and Day's Bay.

In order to try to identify Crescent Bay with Muritai, let us examine some of the relevant parts of Katherine Mansfield's descriptions in *At the Bay*. I heartily agree with Mr Pritchett that this story is a minor masterpiece of English literature – but – only if taken as a whole. In analysis, the first paragraph would hardly pass without severe criticism from a junior form teacher because of its bad grammar, poor construction and contradictory information; as in: '... the whole of Crescent Bay was hidden under a white sea-mist. The big bush-covered hills at the back were smothered. You could not see where they ended and the paddocks and bungalows began. The sandy road was gone and the paddocks and bungalows the other side of it; there were no white dunes covered with reddish grass beyond them; there was nothing to mark which was beach and where was the sea. . . . all the pinks and marigolds in the bungalow gardens were bowed to the earth with wetness.' (But how could they be seen through the mist?)

Yet this paragraph gives us a very vivid and wonderful description of a seaside village under sea-mist, and also gives us a genuine clue about the house in Crescent Bay. We are told that the house was in front of the hills; that the paddocks and bungalows were on the other side of the road; the white dunes were beyond them; and we can presume that the sea was on the other side of the dunes.

'Little streams flowing' – There was a stream flowing along the southern boundary of The Glen.

'It was the big gum tree outside Mrs Stubbs's shop' – the gum tree beside Mrs Jones's store?<sup>5</sup>

'a figure . . . flung down the paddock, cleared the stile, rushed through the tussock grass into the hollow, staggered up the sandy hillock, and raced for dear life over the big porous stones, over the cold, wet pebbles, on to the hard sand that gleamed like oil.' – This could have happened at Muritai when Kathleen Beauchamp was in Wellington, before so many houses were built between The Glen and the sea.

'He . . . dashed out of the house, and swung down the garden path. Yes, the coach was there waiting,' – There was a bus that plied between the southern end of Muritai and the wharf at Day's Bay. In the early years of the century, the only public conveyances between the eastern bays and Wellington were the Muritai bus and the ferry steamer from Day's Bay to Wellington. Now there is an excellent bus service between Wellington and South Muritai by way of the Hutt Road.

'Kelly trailed his whip across the horses.' – The driver of the Muritai bus was Mr Dinny Kelly.

'... whole parties appeared over the sand-hills and came down on the beach to bathe.' – There are still some sandhills at Muritai between