

ship had been so named after a nearby river. The attempt at settlement was a failure.

The settlers were not to blame. They had been led to believe that they were going to a land of milk and honey. They landed instead on a desolate beach beyond which was a barrier of impenetrable forest. Before they could win any return from their 10 acre holdings they had to clear back the bush and build their homes. They had to give battle also to the millions of mosquitoes who claimed prior right of possession and grow accustomed to the incessant rain, which was more than tropical in its dreary intensity. A depressing prospect for pioneers, however hardy.

Despite difficulties that must have seemed almost insurmountable, the settlement was established. But the settlers' hopes of a reasonable standard of living from land-development were not realized. The land was too poor, the locality too isolated. They made the best possible use of the natural resources available and tried to establish sawmilling, mining, and fishing as local industries, but though they had a good harbour they had no landing facilities and their efforts brought little return.

Their only regular revenue was the payment they received for road work. At this work they spent several days each week, but when the Government decided to discontinue road-building they were left almost destitute. Many left the district, but some few moved north to Okuru to try their luck on better land.

The Resident Agent, Mr. Duncan McFarlane, noted in his reports that there were extensive limestone deposits handy to the Bay and also traces of coal and other minerals as well as patches of fireclay. The scheme had undoubted possibilities, but the isolation, the disappointments, and the interminable rain must have been enough to dampen the ardour of the most enthusiastic.

After most of the settlers had left the Bay a big slip came down on part of the township and some millions of tons of earth wrote an effective "finis" to most



Ferrying stores across the Arawata River.

of the settlement. The bush crept down and the grave on the foreshore was once again enveloped.

It was found in 1937 when a Public Works camp was established at the Bay to carry a road north to the outside world, a road which sixty years before would have probably meant the success of the settlement. So once again Jackson's Bay came to life and for several years it was the busy headquarters of the men employed on road and bridge building. The bush was cut back and buildings erected on sites once occupied by the houses of the old inhabitants. The population grew to 150. There was a post-office with full radio transmitting equipment, a canteen (dry), a Y.M.C.A., a hospital, a men's cookhouse and a staff mess, and, in addition, all the Public Works Department's buildings. There were houses for the married men and huts for the single. The "Gael" called regularly bringing supplies and equipment for the work, and a wharf was built capable of berthing large ships. A landing-ground was cleared near the eastern edge of the Bay, and Air Travel, Ltd., ran a regular service bringing mails, newspapers, passengers, and some freight.

This time the cart and the horse were in the right order and with adequate access there was every chance of the natural wealth of the region being exploited successfully. But bad luck again postponed the completion of the necessary access. The war drew men away to the Forces and to more essential works elsewhere, and only a small staff was retained for maintenance work and the completion of a few unfinished jobs.