

But this time the bush has not crept back to reclaim the clearings. The skeleton staff has plenty to keep it occupied and the postmaster has more to do than record the daily rainfall. Incidentally, that is in itself a pretty big job down there. They had 150 in. of rain last year and reckoned it a dry season. But the camp is ready for the post-war influx of labour; ready to get on with the job.

Up from Cascades Point below the Bay is Cascades Station, the most southerly station on the Coast and one of the biggest. Here in the wilderness Nolan Bros. raise cattle for the Wataroa market and take six weeks to drive them out to the sales. Supplies go in and out by packhorse. Much of the station is subdivided and fenced, but the ranges form the eastern boundary. South-east are the Red Hills, thought to contain payable amounts of iron oxide.

Most of this country had been surveyed and the geographical features named. The names have a flavour peculiar to the Coast. Some streams are named after a deck of cards; Knaves Creek, Deuce Creek, Right Bower, &c. Others are called after a ship's company: Bosun's Creek, Mate's Creek, and so on.

At Cascades Point is a seal rookery. After a close season of over thirty years the rookery is literally alive with almost tame seals. They can be driven up a narrow ledge that skirts the steep cliff to a dead end some 70 ft. above the sea.

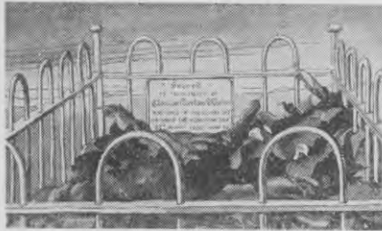
Finding they can go no further, they then dive off into the water, often knocking themselves out as they land. Those who have fished these waters claim that the seals are a menace to the blue cod and they are agitating that an open season be declared in order to keep the seals in check.

Like many other public works of first-rate importance, the completion of the road links between Jackson's Bay and Otago and the northern part of the Coast must await the end of the war. When the roads are through, the Bay will at last come into its own. The

sawmilling industry will doubtless be developed, and it may be followed by closer settlement of the land. Perhaps lime-crushing and brickmaking industries will also be commenced. There are crayfish by the thousand just off the end of the wharf and all varieties of fish are

plentiful in the Bay. The mineral possibilities of the district can also be explored and, if found to be worthwhile, exploited. The Bay itself, banked by forest heaped hills and enclosing a sheltered stretch of the sea across which the forests rise steeply from the coastline to the Alps, could become a popular tourist resort. It can rain there certainly, but the mild temperature is some compensation, and when the sun shines there is no more pleasant place in New Zealand.

The Coast has plenty of dead towns, relics of the old gold rush days. There is every chance that at Jackson's Bay one will be resurrected.



The grave on the foreshore.

