

BY THE WAY

At one meeting of the Board it was seriously resolved "That authority be given for the purchase of some law-books, as certain ratepayers had not paid their rates, whilst another had claimed 8 per cent on an unpaid account, and that one pound be spent on poisoned grain, to be given to ratepayers." All in one breath, but what happened to the ratepayers?

In the records of another meeting the minutes solemnly aver, that four hundred and fifty feet of "HOES" was purchased for fire fighting purposes.

CLIFTON

"The ocean with its vastness, its blue green
Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,—
Its voice mysterious, which who so hears,
Must think on what will be, and what has been."

The residential portion of this favourite area, the subdivision of which was completed in 1906, is contained within the boundaries of R.S. 418 which extend from Nayland Street, via the Zig Zag, to the southern boundaries of the sections facing Victoria Terrace. The western line is the eastern side of Cliff Street.

This rural section, containing fifty acres, was granted by the Crown to Alfred Charles Barker of Christchurch, Esquire, on the nineteenth of September, 1856, for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds.

The views from the heights of Clifton, both in respect of variety and beauty, would perhaps be hard to surpass anywhere. Far away across the bay towards the north east, appear the Kaikouras, both seaward and inland, probably one hundred to one hundred and twenty odd miles distant. Capped with their snowy mantles and peeping over the foothills may be seen on the extreme right, Te ao Whekere (8,516 feet); a run of similar peaks bears to the left where Manakau (8,562) slightly lords it over his fellows. Mt. Saunders, which has been stunted in growth (having only attained 7,058 feet) has for his neighbour, Tapunae-nuku (9,462 feet). From the point of outlook on Clifton, Tapunae-nuku ("The footsteps of the Rainbow") seems smaller than Manakau, but the sixteen miles difference in air line gives this effect. The constant change in the moving clouds provides these peaks with perpetual beauty, but above all is the "sparkle" to be seen on a clear frosty morning or the exquisite beauty when the dying sun, sinking beneath a north-west arch, bathes these well known landmarks in a bath of colour, enhanced by the shadows and haze slowly creeping over them as night falls. It was of such as these that the late Thomas Bracken wrote

"Rising to the gates supernal
Pointing Godwards through the blue,
Where the summer's sunny splendour
Tips them with a nameless hue,
And the gusts of winter gather
Snow and sleet and mist and cloud
Weaving many a curious mantle
Many a quaint fantastic shroud.

"Oh! the mountains of New Zealand!
Wild and rugged though they be,
They are types of highest manhood,
Landmarks of a Nation Free."

Towards the west with Rapanui (Shag Rock) standing as a sentinel at the opening to the less protected waters beyond, a peaceful sight greets the eye when one looks down on the "White Wings" dotted over the sheltered bay. From the heights above, the flowing sails bending to the action of the breeze, with the craft rising and falling as the water dictates, would almost cause one to imagine that there on the estuary below were huge sea birds. Outboard motors darting here and there like spaniels barking annoyance at the intrusion of these sea birds on their domain, whilst the more stately launches appear as retrievers ready to pick up the spoils. All, however, establish the fact, that this is an ideal playground for aquatic sportsmen.

Looking eastward, we
"See below the glorious beaches
Glistening brightly in the sun;
And the multi-coloured costumes, of
The bathers as they run
Out towards the crested wavelets,
Breaking fast in surf and spray,
As they meet receding waters,
From the beach of Sumner Bay."

Further on Whitewash Head stands out, seaward of Scarborough Park. Here the South Pacific Ocean, backed by an easterly gale belies its name and one sees the mad fury of its riderless white horses restrained by the sea-worn rocks, fail in their attempt to encroach upon man's domain, or, perhaps on another day, when the clouds are flying high and the sea is like the proverbial mill-pond, we may join with Ernest Currie in saying

"And where so e'er my body be,
My heart remembers still
The purple shadows on the sea
Low down from Sumner hill."