



FROM THE launch which runs round from the railhead at Opua there doesn't seem to be much about Russell to distinguish it from other New Zealand seaside towns of comparable size. At the foot of hills, on which manuka and gorse grow freely, houses and shops, parallel with the line of the foreshore, press forward toward the sea. A single narrow jetty, with a launch and perhaps a scow from Auckland lying alongside, projects from somewhere near the middle of the line of buildings. Half a dozen more launches are anchored in the Bay; and here and there along the beach, above high-water mark, small craft lie on their sides or upside down.

Hills, houses, launches, dinghies, the jetty, and the curving foreshore—in its general outline certainly not an unfamiliar scene. And when you go ashore you find, too, that in much of

its detail Russell conforms to type. Crowding about the wharf there is just the usual collection of shops and public amenities, including, of course, though only once a week, the movies. If, at this time of the year, you walk along the foreshore—the Strand, according to a notice by the wharf—it's quite likely that the only things you'll see will be two or three cows cropping the grass beneath the young pohutukawa trees. Turn and walk back along the next street running parallel with the Strand and perhaps the substitutes for the cows are a dozen ducks in a wet paddock. But, remember, this is *not* the tourist season, and there are petrol and travel restrictions, too.

In any peacetime summer the story is very different. Then you can see in Russell's streets travellers from all over the world, many of them deep-sea