

(and the population of Dunedin was about six thousand). As the pamphlet would have stated, "ladies were even more scarce, and those who are now shooting up to womanhood can always select a good husband out of four or five hundred applicants." Of the huge population, less than two hundred, at one time, were women. By 1865 the days of the rushes were over. Several thousand diggers left for other fields. Those remaining built themselves homes, settling to a more comfortable if less exciting way of living; often they divided their time and labour between sluicing and farming the land they had bought; some returned to the trades they had forsaken for the early rushes. Gold, however, continued to pour into the banks. An era of dredging, which started in the "seventies" and reached full force about 1900 and which has still not ended, replaced sluicing. From 1857 to 1927 gold valued at nearly £31,000,000 was exported from Otago fields.

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Venison and wild pork were on the menu for dinner at the pub at which we stayed in Cromwell. In the bar were a refrigerator and a fuel stove from which pipes had been led round the wall for steam heating. They were an indication of the extremes of summer heat and winter cold, of the variation in temperature of from more than 100°F. down, at times, to nearly zero. On the walls were the Lawson Woods cartoon of a group of policemen; a picture of a rooster and two fowls with the caption "Ginger Breasted Old English Reds," a modernistic study, done with an

airbrush, of a gazelle; and several stock-firm advertisements. Beer—and the practice in the district seemed to be general—was sold in medium-sized glasses for 6d.; there were no handles. Upstairs in the lounge was a case of strangely assorted books, including Isadora Duncan's autobiography (in the back of which was the annual report and balance-sheet for 1935 of the New Zealand Croquet Association), "How to Win at Cards," the second volume of Tolstoy's "War and Peace," James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (without a cover), and three copies of "Love in Chains."

Cromwell, pleasantly situated at the conflux of the Molyneux and Kawarau Rivers, is rather like that collection of books. In the districts round the township are heaps of tailings which have laid waste to the land, deserted mining shafts, orchards with the latest available in frost-fighting equipment, lignite-coal mines, a gold-dredge which is described as the largest in the Southern Hemisphere and which uses one-third of the entire output of a power-station, a cemetery close to the town in which the old-timers were buried and in which the average age of death for both men and women is probably under thirty years, a swimming-bath, and a war memorial. There is the old and the new, the usual and the unusual. Surrounding it all is that countryside with its appearance of fierce heat and the gullies towards the hill tops even in the middle of summer packed tight with snow. "Boy, it's just like home," a soldier on leave said one morning, and he stood looking. He was a United States Marine, and he came from Colorado.

