



Dredge from which Morland stole the gold.

In April, 1942, following his release from McNeil Island Penitentiary, where since his conviction for smuggling on May 28, 1941, he had been imprisoned, Morland was deported to Canada.

On the Vancouver charge he was sentenced to the days already spent in Canadian custody, and pursuant to a request from the New Zealand Government that he be held as a fugitive offender a deportation order was fulfilled in June and he was placed on a vessel bound for Auckland.

When the trial was finally held after numerous complications and delays 26 witnesses were called and scientific evidence established that the gold had come from the Arahura dredge. No defence was offered and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

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New Zealand

MY time before these proceedings was largely spent as a guest of the New Zealand Government, visiting all the principal places of both the North and South Islands. By rail, bus and boat I travelled a total of 4,850 miles and saw a great deal of the country from its southern tip which points over unbroken water to the South Pole to its northern tip that almost kisses the tropics. It is a grand little dominion inhabited by sociable obliging people—no senseless racial prejudice like that in Canada and the United States mars the relationship between the native Maori and his white brother.

Of scenic attractions there are many. There is mountain climbing, if one wants it, in the snow-capped peaks of the South Island where glaciers glisten in the bosom of beautifully-wooded mountains. There are hilly ranch districts like those of Canada's West. There are beautiful lakes, and along the west coast the fiords equal in grandeur any we have along our shores. On the North Island there are the great subterranean Waitomo Caves with stalactites and stalagmites, as awe-inspiring, if not as large, as the Carlsbad Caverns of New Mexico. There are volcanic regions, geysers and areas where the earth rumbles fiercely as if the gates of hell were opening and closing. And a feature about these wonders is that any and all of them are only 24 hours removed from Wellington, the capital.

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Homeward Bound

HARDLY had the penitentiary gates closed on Morland than Ather-ton and I were on our way home. From Auckland we travelled in a Naval Air Transport Service twin-engined Martin Mariner reconnaissance sea-plane which carried ten passengers and had a nine-man crew under Captain Kelly, veteran of many Pan-American flights to the Orient. Full course meals were served and there were enough seats.

Cargo was stored in a separate store-room at the rear beyond a compartment provided with four berths. Admiral Baker, on his way from the South Pacific