

Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, looking fit and happy after their brief rest at Moose Lodge, left Roturua with a farewell handshake from a Maori woman a hundred and seven years old. Their tour of the North Island of New Zealand was nearly ended.

From Roturua, the royal party went by plane to Gisbourne; and from Kaiti Hill they looked down upon the beach on which Captain Cook had first set foot in New Zealand.

And now the railway takes a hand, as the Royal Tour moves from east to west --- the journey from Hastings to New Plymouth, en route for Wellington, ~~the capital~~. And from far and wide --- from little towns and remote, isolated farms, --- the people of New Zealand lined the way with smiling faces, and their hearts worn on waving sleeves.

Every now and again x there were wayside halts and friendly, informal conversations: then --- back to the train. And --- once again --- the happy crowds; the sheep-farmers, the shopkeepers and their children; and the country scenery, not so very different from counties in the British Isles.

At New Plymouth, on the far west coast, the Queen and the Duke left their train and ~~tax~~ drove to a dairy; or, to be more precise, a dairy factory. The last stop before leaving for Wellington, New Zealand's capital.