I crashed in an unending line on the Mile after mile over a golden beach at small lagoons at the back of the beach shore. Occasionally we would pass over machine skimmed the teal, duck and swan sat on the still waters. Most of the feathered we flew by. Huts hidden among the bushes were occupied by beachcombers, who waved to us as we passed overhead. Ahead of us, north of the bush were occupied by beachcombers, who waved to us as we passed overhead. Ahead of us, north of the bush were occupied by beachcombers.

Out from Paringa. The machine rose to several hundred feet and we looked down on to无数 golden beaches. Bay after bay, resembling huge scallops in the cliffs, made a striking picture. The blue waters of the Tasman stretched out far from the shore. The steamer, the glistening white hull shining brilliantly in the late afternoon sun, made for Bruce Bay to drop three consignments. A clear stream flowed over the steamer, the glistening white hull shining brilliantly in the late afternoon sun, making for Bruce Bay to drop three consignments. A clear stream flowed over the steamer, the glistening white hull shining brilliantly in the late afternoon sun, making for Bruce Bay to drop three consignments. A clear stream flowed over the steamer, the glistening white hull shining brilliantly in the late afternoon sun, making for Bruce Bay to drop three consignments.

Over Kolinggaru, past the Croxton Valley: the pass to the Hightower, the peaks of Cook and Tasman again came into view. The sun was setting over the sea horizon in a mass of reddening into the richer hues of the Tasman. The Fox Glacier was a deep shade of pink. Slightly the evening shadow crept up the ice until only the peak of Cook caught the dying rays. The view was made more picturesque by the round glass window at the front.}

THE GRANDUR OR THE SCENERY along the aerial route is typified by this view of Mountains Cook (right), and Tasman, taken by the author on his recent trip with Captain Mercer.