

Hinemoa swam from the mainland. Then we left all the beauty behind and went to another point where a buggy and pair of horses awaited us. We had a drive of about four miles to Tikitere through desolate manuka scrub and bracken. Tikitere is famous for its boiling mud springs, it is a place of wonder and horror. We thought we had better fortify ourselves with luncheon before we walked round. There is a Maori whare made of raupo where we were told to go, and here was a table and a fireplace, and an inner door which being opened disclosed four beds divided from each other by raupo walls, all as primitive as you can imagine. The beds were of dried fern with a Maori mat spread over each, yet people actually stay in this whare for weeks at a time for the sake of the baths. We were "Cook's tourists" so we had no trouble about anything, our luncheon was all ready for us and then we went to look at the wonders.

At Tikitere

Close to the whare is the mud bath roughly enclosed with raupo, and a few yards away is a stream of water in which you wash after the bath. After seeing that and hearing wonderful stories of people who had come on crutches and walked away without them, our guide showed us round the Springs. It was rough walking for these waters leave a deposit which hardens and forms what is called suiter, rough hard stones and rock. We saw great black or rather brown depths all bubbling up amidst clouds of steam, large things like cauldrons, small things like pots, but all boiling and bubbling as if some devilish agency was at work below. One is called the "Devil's Cauldron", another "The Devil's Porridge Pot", and so on. One fearful cavern is called "The Gates of Hell". I was glad when this round was over and we got back to the comparatively innocent and beneficent mud bath. Then your uncle and aunt and a gentleman