

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND



On December 10, 1963 we arrived in Wellington, New Zealand, our home port away from home. Many memories for the Old Salts who made the previous trip were brought to life as we came into the large and attractive harbor set in an amphitheater formed by the steep, lush, green hills.

When asked what New Zealand is like, most of the crew were at a loss for words. Try if you can to imagine the Alps of Switzerland indented by Norwegian fiords, dotted with geysers of Iceland, and surrounded by Riviera beaches transplanted in the South Pacific and you will get a pretty fair idea of what we saw while we were there. Add to this picture big game fishing equal to that of the Caribbean with a no limit, no license and year-round fishing season. Add also forest bordered lakes like those found in Northern Italy, a mountain which resembles Japan's sacred Fujiyama and a subterranean fairy grotto illuminated by the bluish lights of millions of glowworms which has no counterpart in the world. Now you should have an idea of the beauty of New Zealand, a beauty which we of the Burtos Island will never forget.