

## Maori Foods

I CANNOT resist listening to Te Ari Pitama. Had the original raison d'être of these notes not been somewhat changed by over-sensitiveness on the part of some of our lecturers, I should have had no excuse for mentioning another of this gifted orator's talks. It is thus another instance of an ill wind blowing someone some good, and I am duly grateful to those responsible. With all the compliments which have, periodically, been showered on Te Ari Pitama, he can no longer be in danger of over-estimation of self-opinion, and my tribute may safely be contributed. Not only do I find the subject matter of his talks of immense interest, but I revel in his perfect delivery, beautiful English and poetic phraseology. On Wednesday he spoke from Christchurch on Maori foods. It so happened that force of circumstances compelled me to listen from far afield; static and atmospherics did their united best to spoil the talk, but it was beyond their power. Maori traditions are, of course, fascinating to a degree. How the race managed to get to the fundamentals! Surely Te Ari Pitama is by way of being a satirist? (an' he considers himself an obvious one, my query will make him sigh greatly). I appreciate his "of course the Maori thinks only of to-day—the pakeha would live for ever!" And surely his ample apology for the Maori mode of reception of his visitors should act as a gentle reproof of our own more casual, less dignified, and cruder methods. His comparison of dried shark, rotten potatoes, sea eggs and eels (which are the culinary joys of his own race and the marvel of our own) with crawling cheese, stinking game and advanced poultry (over which many of us rave consciously or unconsciously) was a veritable sword thrust. Te Ari Pitama wound up an enthralling talk by a most amusing anecdote about the illustrious late Bishop Selwyn. His Lordship had been entertained by the Maoris. Having eaten, he was shown his sleeping quarters and, shortly after he had retired, a Maori maiden appeared at the door of his hut, having been supplied by the courteous and hospitable chiefs in lieu of the Bishop's own wife, unavoidably absent. She was promptly ordered away. Hearing this, the chiefs went into committee and decided that the Bishop was numerically disappointed at the hospitality afforded and accordingly dispatched ten maidens to his hut. These were dismissed equally quickly, and the Bishop took considerable pains to let all and sundry know what he thought of this particular Maori custom. The chiefs reluctantly came to the conclusion that His Grace was mentally deficient, and went off to bed! One more instance of "One man's meat . . ."

## On Footballs—and Afterthoughts

IN days gone by, when I vigorously punted a football upfield, I had little knowledge of the thought, care and skill which had been employed by its manufacturers to make it "boot proof." Certainly I had vaguely realised that the ball was once part of the top coat of

a perfectly respectable bullock, but there the matter ended. Mr. Darlow, in a talk from Auckland on Thursday, supplied some illuminating data on the subject. Not only must the more exposed parts of the hide (the back, for instance) be selected for the best balls, but the twine must be heavily steeped in water-proof coating; the panels must be carefully graded and weighed for balance; the stitching must be done by hand—in fact no detail must be overlooked in providing a ball which shall

Signora Martinelli  
Reggiardo



Signora Martinelli Reggiardo, pianiste-conductress in the concert to be given by Signor C. Stella and his party on Sunday, June 28, from 4YA, Dunedin, is an artistic and versatile musician, who has held for long periods the conductorship of the best professional orchestras in the principal theatres and picture houses of the Dominion.

withstand the vigorous onslaughts of All Blacks made, or in the making. Cheaper grades are made from the sides of the hide, and are machine-sewn; cheaper grades still are made from the underneath section. The talk, coming as it did under the auspices of the New Zealand Manufacturers' Association, provided one more plea for New Zealand-made goods. Strange to say, I recently travelled with a business man to whom I was extolling these sentiments. He

put rather a different viewpoint forward. While he has no quarrel with the idea of shutting our markets to the "foreign" made, this business man deplores the modern tendency of curtailing our buying on the British market for the sake of supporting our already heavily subsidised secondary industries. He puts it thus: "However excellently our secondary industries may be supported, the only prop for our Dominion finance is the realisation of our primary products. How can we expect our only customer (the United Kingdom) to buy our goods if we offer no reciprocal trade?" When I reminded him of our strong pro-British tariffs he rejoined . . . "If you intend drowning a cat, does it matter if you elect to do so in two feet of water or in twelve?" Certainly it is a viewpoint worthy of very careful consideration because, with the best will in the world, New Zealanders can hardly hope to eat, for example, nearly 1½ cwt. of butter each per annum (to say nothing of wearing a young mountain of wool) and so keep the market cleared for our thousands upon thousands of primary producers. To bite off our nose to spite our face, or to jump from the frying-pan into the fire, are equally painful alternatives. In brief, with our population, and with our economic make-up, are we on the right track in this ardent supporting of comparatively minor secondary industries?

## The Book Worth While

ON Wednesday evening, Miss Driver, speaking from 1YA, passed some recently published books in review. The speaker had, without doubt, an intimate knowledge of at least one of the three or four publications mentioned. In fact I think perhaps a little more even distribution of the time at her disposal for the discussion would have improved a good delivery. I congratulate Miss Driver on the meticulous care of her articulation; here was quite a lesson in elocution. Not a consonant slurred, not a terminal omitted, not a sibilant without its just and due attention. Speaking principally of "Green Memories," by the authors of last year's winning contribution in the Sydney "Bulletin" competition, Miss Driver gave a very ample synopsis of the story. It will be remembered that the London Press acclaimed the predecessor to "Green Memories" as one of the finest examples of perfect collaboration on record. In the opinion of Wednesday's speaker, the later volume loses nothing by comparison with its fore-runner. It seems difficult

to realise that even Sydney had its Victorian era. Much of the description would have fitted any of Jane Austen's novels, and I found it difficult to realise that the background of "Green Meadows" was not a cathedral city of ancient memories and crumbling masonry, lichen-jacketed. A book by more than one author always fascinates me! I cannot help wondering how the two share the work. Does the one provide the imaginative power and the other the literary ability? Are characters conceived by either author and interwoven into the fabric of the story by mutual consent? In the event of a deadlock with whom is the casting vote? It is most difficult . . . perhaps a story could be evolved having for its plot the very difficulties which I can visualise? There's an idea for someone!

## By Guess and By God

I THOROUGHLY enjoyed the review of this book given by Mr. H. C. South from 2YA on Monday evening last. Here, for the first time since the war, is told in any real fullness the story of the British submarine. Mr. South paid a thoroughly justified tribute to the ability and skill with which Mr. Guy Carr, a lieutenant in "the trade," the cognomen under which the submarine branch became known, has discharged his task. His title was taken from the phrase forced into being by the very exigencies of the situation. Immured in their submarines, without sign of sun or landmark, the navigating officers were forced to navigate very definitely "by guess and by God." This became their version of dead reckoning, and the general skill with which they compassed their task, when blind as bats, and faced with the combined dangers of Nature and the foe was remarkable. To my great pleasure, Mr. South outlined at length the thrilling exploits of the British submarines in the area of the Bosphorus, and their penetration right to the harbour of Constantinople, where for the first time for 500 years an enemy war vessel faced the Capital of the Turks. The record of the damage done in this area by the submarine was astonishing, and quite an eye-opener as to the importance of operations in this little known sphere. Subsequently the flotilla army was transferred to the Baltic, there to engage in further phases of warfare. In the North Sea there occurred one of the most bizarre combats of the whole war: a fight between a submarine and an airship returning to Germany after raiding London and, most wonderful of all, the submarine won, downing the zep. Mr. South was wise in devoting practically his whole time to this thrilling book. His success can be gauged by the fact that he set me counting my spare cash to see if I could afford the purchase.

## Lured to the Dance

AS I listened to Miss Connop's description of the influence of ballroom dancing and her tribute to its charms, and the way it has been popularised by the film—silent and talkie—I could not but reflect upon the wonderful change wrought by the centuries