

WHANGAROA

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and the engine is stopped, or even, if necessary, reversed. Nine times out of ten, as you frantically reel in your line (some fifty or sixty feet will have been taken out at least), you will imagine that the fish has got off, for nearly invariably the fish, when struck, swims towards the boat. But a reassuring fresh bolt convinces you he is there, and if the fish be large, then commences a battle the joys of which are far, far beyond the felling. Giving him the butt, and keeping a gentle strain on the rod (don't have too "stiff" a one, there's far better fun with one with a bit of "whippiness" in it) you gently wind in the reel. Then comes a sudden tension, your rod bends, and with another exquisite whirr out goes another twenty yards of line. And so, according to the size and gameness of the fish, the struggle goes on, you gaining a few yards after every rush as you bring your prey in. Time and again he will spring out of the water; then smartly lower your point, or you may lose him, tackle and all. Careful, too, is the word when the brave fish comes into sight of the launch and fatal gaff. Down, down he will bore, and now, only just give him as much as your trust in your rod and tackle require; keep on the strain, stiff and steady, but more severe. Gaffing requires some little skill, both by the man behind the gaff and the fisherman. For, if your rod be ten feet or upwards in length, and you have a longish trace, it is difficult to "get back" in the boat far enough, so the fish, having a fair swing and headway, there is always a danger your prize may make a final dash for the propeller, and then what falls falls—language has no word for it, since tackle, fish and perchance, the top of your rod, will probably go, and you be left lamenting. As a rule, when the fish are feeding, both rods—only two can well fish at a time—will be occupied at the same moment; but if not, the slack line is reeled in in case of complications. The third, who is not fishing, handles the gaff, and also usually shouts direction warnings (always disregarded and sworn at) to the fishers, as a good, heavy, game fish will often fight ten or even fifteen minutes, and one strikes again and again, one is always, after killing a fish or two, physically tired out for the moment and only too willing to take a "smoke, hot" give up the rod, and assume the control of the steering gear and the charge of the gaff. No amount of description can, as said, give the remotest idea of the charm of this fishing, and of the enjoyment secured in cruising round and round the harbour from one lovely resort to another in search of it. When tired, or for a change, and for the pot, there is magnificent schnapper and rock cod fishing "outside," and, with the gun on board, the frequent chance of a shot—usually unsuccessful—at the detested shag.

In cruising, fishing, scrambling amongst the hills and rocks, and a-sitting the photographer, days slipped by all too fast.

A drive to Kaeo proved a change on one day. This flourishing little township is most picturesquely situated in a charming valley, and the drive there and to the bush beyond, where kauri-felling in progress may be seen, is most interesting. Space will not permit of a description of the work of felling the timber and getting it out of the bush; that must be "another story," as Kipling has it. But let no one who visits Whangaroa miss the opportunity of seeing it. Also, the vocabularies of the gentlemen who drive the teams of oxen—twenty strong—are truly travelling many miles to hear, being truly magnificent ebullitions of rhetorical profanity. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety" of the flow of luminous and lurid language to the accompaniment of a fusillade of whip cracks like rifle shots, with which these gentlemen punctuate their attentions to their beasts, which are, truth to tell, certainly aggravating to a degree. I take it, the Recording Angel allows a special rebate and discount to bullock-punchers. They assuredly deserve it—and need it also. Ninety-nine per cent "off" would be a fair thing, one supposes.

Another excursion, arranged for us by Mr. Gotthard, was to the wreck of the Boyd, now altogether under water, from which he (Mr. Gotthard) has extracted many mementoes, all of which

he has given away, save only the copper gudgeon which stands in the hall of the hotel, and which weighs, heaven knows how much, and is worth upwards of £150 as pure copper. Two of our party went overboard, and after some swimming about found the wreck and stood thereon, and tried diving for specimens, but the tide was too high and the sea too rough for any success, the smoothest of seas and lowest of spring tides being essential for this expedition. It was, however, immensely interesting.

The evenings were almost invariably enlivened by music, one of the party being an expert on the banjo, and with a good voice wital, the Rev. Mr. McWilliam, who was in the district at the time, singing an excellent song, and "Miss Nettie," of the household, playing admirably on the piano when she could be persuaded to oblige. Several sunsets over majestic Mount Tararua haunt the memory, and would have delighted Turner himself.

Space forbids to recount excursions here and excursions there, to tell of a merry climb up St. Paul's to see the view when our guides were a couple of pretty girls; or recall a memorable afternoon at the pretty "water holes" in one of the lovely bays when, as one of the gay party present said, there was the "fun of Cork," and the stalwart banjoist carried the girls ashore with a gallantry and "a way w'id him" all his own, which won all hearts.

But of the "kapu Maori" and the picnic to Okalmoko Bay, to which Fleet Gotthard invited half the neighbourhood, a word or so must in commonest gratitude be said. It was, perhaps, as perfect a day as a New Zealand summer can produce. The epicurean preparations made for the event were gargantuan in their proportions—pies, pasties, ducks, fowls, hams, and other provisions galore were packed in huge hamper, while on equally hospitable thoughts intent Mr. Gotthard had packed a huge case of beer, "soft drinks," and some liqueur whisky, the mellowness and age of which are seldom found in New Zealand. Parties of guest having arrived from Totara North, Saies, Kaeo, etc., etc., the crowded launches were at length piled high with the endless provisions, and the course laid for for Okalmoko. A stop having been made at one of the other bays for a huge sack of pipis, or rather cockles, for the "kapu Maori," the landing place was reached at noon, and the girls, with an escort or so, dispersed to wash and peel the potatoes and the squash, a proceeding (judging from the merry laughter which floated down from the water pools where the operation was performed) which turned out more lively than is usual with a somewhat prosaic occupation. Meanwhile, the "kapu Maori" itself was in preparation for the first stage. A hole had already been dug, and partly filled with dry fire wood. The carefully selected stones were scientifically placed thereon, and more wood on top of this. By the time the roaring and fierce fire had burned itself down, the potatoes, cockles, fish, and "squash" were ready, and, likewise, two or three clean white cloths rung out with sea water, and perhaps four or five wet sacks. A little water was sprinkled over the almost red hot stones to free them from ashes, then, quicker than it can be written, the cockles were tipped thereon, the potatoes were placed on the cockles, the fish and the squash on the top of the potatoes, and then, with great care, the white cloths and the sacks, which in turn were buried under a mound of earth and sand till not one atom of steam could be seen escaping. For the next half an hour the party resolved itself into the usual factors at a picnic. Some attempted Sawdow tricks, some chatted, some fluted, and one couple (married since, and good luck attend them) counted with that desperate seriousness of those whose time is drawing to its glorious close. At last (in 35 minutes) time is called by Mr. Gotthard, and the earth is removed, then the sacks, then carefully (see the picture on page 6) our host removes the white covers, and our meal is before us.

No one who has not tasted food cooked in this manner can judge of its excellence. Potatoes possess a flavour and flouiness unequalled, and the fish is indubitably delicate. But one must not linger on the gastronomic memories even of the cockles, for space and the patience of readers are both quite worn out. Those who care to go to Whangaroa in summer can sample all for themselves, for Mr. Gotthard organises sev-

eral of these picnics during the season. And now, since one must close within a few lines, what can we say to do justice to Whangaroa, and to send thither holiday makers whose thoughts usually turn no further than Rotorua or Waiwera? Simply this, then: "It is impossible to sufficiently praise the harbour and its varied delights; the comfort and homeliness of the hotel are far above anything the writer has met with in New Zealand; and last, but perhaps not least, the expense is extraordinarily small. The writer, therefore, says to all who like lovely scenes, sea-fishing, and boating—try Whangaroa."

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION.

AUCKLAND RESULTS.

WELLINGTON, Sunday.

A special meeting of the Senate of the New Zealand University was held yesterday. The main business was the consideration of the English examiners' reports on the degree, honours and scholarship examinations of last November. The Auckland results are as follows:—

Honours in Arts: Mona Martha Brown, third-class honours in mental science, also third-class honours in political science; Fergus Dale Dunlop, first-class honours in languages and literature (English and French); Elsie Mary Griffin, first-class honours in botany. The honours class of Rollo Richard St. John Howell was removed for further inquiry.

Masters of Arts: Mona Martha Brown, Fergus Dale Dunlop, Elsie Mary Griffin, Rollo Richard St. John Howell. Honours in Law: Robert Norman Moody, second-class honours in contracts and torts, jurisprudence, and trusts.

Master of Laws: Robert Norman Moody.

Passed first section of first examination in civil engineering, Arthur David Mead; passed first section of first examination in mining engineering, Gerhard Adolphus Chapman Ulrich; passed third examination in metallurgical engineering, Walter Alexander Given; passed first examination Mus. B., Seymour Kenneth Phillips; passed final examination Mus. B. (original composition still required), Edith Marion Webb.

Bachelor of Music: Florence Bertha Williams.

Senior Scholarships: Edward Caradus (in chemistry) and Anne Forsyth Ironside (in botany), equal.

Passed first section Bachelor of Arts: Robert Rowan Bell (also first LL.B.), John George Thomas Castle, Martin Heywood Hampson (also first LL.B.), Mona Collins Hay, Athol Feilding Howarth (also first LL.B.), Florence Minnie Lewis, Muriel Mary Charlotte, Anne Peacocke.

Bachelors of Arts: Hector Kenneth Butts, Ernest Chitty, Anne Forsyth Ironside, Lionel John Mytton Mackay, Charles Frederick Chipman Miller, May Blossome Robertson, Thomas Francis Warren.

Passed First Section Bachelor of Science: David Ernest Hansen, Solomon Nathan Ziman.

Bachelors of Science: James Henry Adams, Edward Caradus, Frederick Palmer Worley.

Passed Second Examination LL.B. Degree: William Harold Woodward, Ralph Lionel Ziman.

Passed First Examination Bachelor of Commerce: Wallace Stewart Gibson, Maxwell Walker (whole).

Certificates of Proficiency (B.A. standard): Alfred William Green, in biology and botany; Edward William Shanahan, in geology.



AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Rees, of Gisborne, have gone to Napier for a short trip.

Mr. A. M. Myers left on a short visit to Sydney by the Mokoia on Monday.

Mr. T. T. Masfield return from Gisborne by the Mokoia on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Brett returned from the South by the Mokoia on Sunday.

Mr. J. Murgatroyd was a passenger for Auckland by the Takapuna on Sunday.

Miss Frances Doylan, who has been staying with Mrs. Pavitt, Kaiti, Gisborne, has returned to Auckland.

Miss Cousins, of Auckland, is at present staying with Mrs. Brooks at "Jesmond," Cambridge.

Mrs. Hope Gibbons, of Wanganni, was in Cambridge last week as the guest of Mrs. James Hally, of "Valmai."

Miss Dagmar Gillilan has returned to Auckland after a three weeks' visit to Mrs. Wells, of "Oakleigh," Cambridge.

Mr. C. H. Smith, chief clerk in the Customs Department in Wellington, is on a brief visit to Auckland.

Mr. H. King, of the Union Bank, Gisborne, has left on a six months' trip to England.

Mr. and Mrs. Masfen, of Lake Takapuna, Auckland, leave Wellington at the end of the month for England.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Lyle, of Horne Bay, Auckland, left for Rotorua on Wednesday on a fortnight's visit.

Mrs. Coney, of Parnell, left on Wednesday for Rotorua, where she is going to spend a month's holiday.

Mrs. Woolcombe and her little daughter left Auckland for Sydney by the Mokoia last Monday.

Mrs. Armand (nee Miss Whitney) was a passenger to Sydney by the Mokoia on Monday last.

Dr. and Mrs. Brouha returned to Auckland by the Manuka last Sunday from their visit to the Old Country.

Mr. G. W. Murray has been elected in place of Mr. R. D. Stewart, resigned, to the executive of the N.Z. Educational Institute.

Mr. Chas. Rhodes, attorney of the Waihi Gold Mining Company, was last week on a visit of inspection of the company's works.

Mr. W. B. Buller, manager of the Bank of New Zealand at Auckland, with Mrs. and the Misses Buller, left Wellington for London by the Ayrshire.

Messrs F. Roberts and W. J. Wallace, members of the "All Black" team, left by the Rototiti last week for the South.

Mrs. and Miss Quelliam (New Plymouth), who have been staying with Mrs. Horrocks, Parnell, left on a visit to Rotorua last Saturday.

Mrs. John Watt, of Wanganni, is at present on a visit to Auckland, and is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Barry Marsack, Parnell.

Mrs. Seymour Thorne George came down from Rotorua last Wednesday for the Citizens' Ball, and returned to Rotorua on Thursday.

Mr. W. B. Wilson has been appointed to the directorate of the South British Insurance Company, Auckland, in place of Mr. C. C. McMillan, who resigned some time ago.

Mr. R. B. Herriott, headmaster of the Remuera Public School, is retiring from the service of the Board on May 1st under the teachers' superannuation scheme.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Everyone who suffers from the heat should add a few drops of **Condy's Fluid** to the Daily Bath or Foot Bath. A **Condy's Fluid** Bath cools, freshens and invigorates the body, and braces the nerves. The strengthening effect is Simply Magical. Tired or Tender Feet are instantly relieved and all unpleasant perspiration instantly disappears.

Condy's Fluid is sold by all Chemists. Beware of Local imitations. All substitutes are inferior. Insist on having "Condy's Fluid."