

to Dr. Holloway's careful coaching.

Field botany was a special feature of study under Dr. Holloway. A series of excursions formed part of the course work for each stage. Great fun we had on these trips too. Mrs. Holloway, whose sense of humour was just as keen as the doctor's, often came with us. When we boiled the billy by the creek or on top of some mountain, Dr. Holloway would amuse us with some of his yarns, or Mrs. Holloway would poke fun at him with her side of some of the stories. The doctor's eyes would twinkle as he looked over the top of his glasses. He was a good friend to his students, as well as their good teacher. His wide knowledge and keen interest in the New Zealand flora led to informal, but most successful, teaching on these occasions. Many of us learned from him in this way what interest and pleasure there was to be found in the continued study of botany in the field. His old students especially, will mourn the death of this great man.

Greta B. Cone.

NGAIO GORGE.

On Saturday, October 6, we went out on an excursion to the Ngaio Gorge. Dr. Cone led us and we divided up into groups of three with one member of the Botanical Society instructing two girls from the schools. There were several girls invited from Wellington East and Marsden. We saw Clematis in bloom on the tops of the trees and also the rangiora in flower. Other plants that were shown to us were the hinau which had finished flowering, ramarama (Myrtus bullata), the white maire (Olea), the seven finger (Schefflera digitata), Shawia paniculata, the latter planted alongside the track, and juvenile Melicope simplex. We also saw titoki (Alectryon excelsum) and the New Zealand passion vine (Tetrapathaea tetrandra). All along the track were numerous ferns including Asplenium bulbiferum, Cyathea dealbata, Pellaea rotundifolia, Leptopteris hymenophylloides and Cyclophorus serpens growing down from the larger trees. We could not get right down to the stream through the gorge as there was a slip across the track, but we were lucky that we turned back so soon as it began to rain just before we caught the electric train back to Wellington.

Oenone Wood and Patience McLean.

WILLIS STREET CALLED A GORGE.

(Copied from "Evening Post" of August 8, 1945.)

A great Nature-lover died recently in Auckland - Mr. J. E. Attwood, known to botanists and museums as a careful botanic collector, and known to the Native Plant Preservation Society as one of its most humorous and thoughtful correspondents. His usual beat was the central group of mountains (Ruapehu, Tongariro, Ngauruhoe), and the plateau at their feet, also the river valleys that drain down from the plateau to the Wanganui River. As a builder, he found employment at the hands of the bushline farmers. He saw 30-odd soldier-settlers go into the Mangapurua Valley after World War I, and saw circumstances make a clean sweep of them, so that the whole valley became abandoned - farms, roads, bridges - to "second growth", which is the counter-attack of native vegetation mixed with introduced weeds. The "frontier of civilisation" surged forward, then receded, and left derelict houses that he had helped to build, or their razed sites. Mr. Attwood was interested in geology as well as in botany, and would point to glacier-borne boulders remote from the mountains, indicating old-time glaciation conditions of which Ruapehu preserved a trace. His studies in montane and alpine botany, in the days preceding Ruapehu's present volcanic activity, occupied many pleasant hours. As a lover of the back o' beyond - its hills, valleys, ravines - he did not greatly love cities, but in Wellington he found one point of affinity with the deeps and steeps of Nature. "Willis Street", he said, "is just a gorge!" But he found the stream of traffic in Willis Street more dangerous than the rushing torrents of the gorges he knew. To make cities safe for citizens would become, he said, a job far exceeding the resources of transport authorities. And so he went back to the comparative safety of the back o' beyond, which, in spite of rain, flood, and landslip - in spite even of lava flows - remains the Mecca of every foot-free individualist who prefers to the narrowness of urban life the freedom of the open spaces.