

Librocedrus bidwillii, Elaeocarpus hookerianus, Meliccytus lanceolatus and Viola cunninghamii. Enargia parviflora was flowering and the small Iris, Libertia pulchella was found in seed.

Among the ferns we found Apteropteris malingii, usually found on decaying trunks of cedar trees, Microsorium novae-zelandiae and Hymenophyllum pulcherrimum. On the swampy ground on the outskirts of the bush Gunnera dentata was a glorious sight with its delightful fruiting spikes of red berries. Many patches of these we found but we searched in vain for the small pink orchid Spiranthes australis which had previously been noted in this spot. Many other plants were found but it would be impossible to mention them all.

On Friday morning we were on the road at 8.30 and returned via Taupo lunching at the Huka Falls.

On the whole the camp was a great success, thanks to Dr. Rattenbury and our bus driver, Bill Shears, who was always willing to co-operate not only in driving the bus but in other more humble duties as well. Everyone felt very grateful for the fine weather which we had after the first two days with clear views of the mountain tops and a breeze to keep us cool on our long trips. We will look forward to more botanising on Ruapehu in the near future.

That the recollections of those attending the January trip are not wholly concerned with the deep things of Botany is revealed by the following illustrated poem by Ruth Coyle. Doubtless the picture will invoke nostalgic memories in the minds of some of the members. Others will appreciate the drawing for its balance, its rhythmic line and what the art critics are wont to call "plastic form". Not the least of the merits of Ruth Coyle's portrait is that she has avoided all possible complications such as libel actions etc., by tactfully refraining from bestowing a name upon her subject.

BOTANISTS ON RUAPEHU

On Ruapehu's rocky slopes,
You see strange sights these days,
For Botanists are crazy things,
And have the queerest ways!

They come by bus in thunderstorm,
And no one does complain.
Ten yards of sausages come out
Into the pouring rain!

You see them in the oddest garb
Roaming the mountain tracks,
With plastic bags clutched in their hands
And packs upon their backs.

They sit around amongst the scrub
In most unusual poses,
And eat their lunch and never heed
Rain dripping from their noses!

They look with lens at tiny plants
And argue as they peer.
They speak a language quite unknown,
Such words as this I hear.

Librocedrus bidwillii,
Gunnera dentata,
Dracophyllum uniflorum
Hebe spathulata.

When evening falls, out come the books
And wilted plants appear.
Heads bend intent o'er withered blooms
And more strange words I hear!

What make you of these botanists
Who always seem to be
Most happy when they gaze and peer
At herb or shrub or tree?

Ruth Coyle.

