

Nelson and Buller and we saw biggish plants (to 10 cm tall) under scrub and small ones in the open, only one with fruit. We failed to find the still smaller A. subulata. Since Mason and Moar's first South Island collection in 1953 it has been found on the Paparoa Range and on the slopes of Mt. Perry near the Heaphy Track, but it is still a very rare plant except in the southern islands.

NON-FLOWERING PLANTS

We recognised three species of Dacrydium, D. laxifolium on the open plateaux, D. biforme in short forest and D. intermedium in both sites. Noteworthy ferns were Hymenophyllum lyallii clothing a bank by a shaded stream, Schizaea fistulosa fertile when only 2-3 cm tall, and Gleichenia flabellata, a good find of Dr. Ballin's. Tmesipteris tannensis, growing near the H. lyallii, on the ground reached a length of nearly 40 cm. There also were long thin stems of Lycopodium laterale, while on open wet peat up higher the ground-hugging L. ramulosum looked like a contracted version of the same thing. The more commonly seen L. scariosum and L. volubile both flourished on dry banks near Burnett's Face.

STOCKTON HOME REVISITED

by J. McArthur

While at our Summer Camp at Westport we made a trip up to Stockton on the top of the hill 1,100 ft above Granity. It was a bright sunny day with hardly a cloud in the sky and it was difficult to visualise the constant mists and rain which I remember from my childhood days. Perhaps it is these mists which have assisted in the amazing re-growth which has obliterated all signs of the rows of houses in this former coal mining village.

Before we left the hill I insisted that the party make a sentimental journey to the spot where our house once stood. "Here it is", I said, pointing to a patch of bush. They all stood around on the track (once a road) and looked rather blankly at me so I pushed aside some gorse and blackberry and there were some fence posts and further in bricks and concrete from the chimney. Interest revived and we all scrambled about finding further evidence of our little home.

I mentioned my childhood memories of a climbing rose over the out-buildings and there it was doing its best to climb up to the daylight, amid tree ferns, Dicksonia squarrosa, Blechnum capense, Paesia scaberula, Phymatodes diversifolium and Pteridium esculentum. We took a cutting of the rose and I'm hopeful of it blooming for me.

The little four roomed cottage in which I was born was sold for £100 some 35 years ago and, like other houses in this ghost town, it was moved down to the beach and the section allowed to return to nature. There is little evidence now of our lawns and gardens. Tall pussy willow and poplars outline the boundaries of the garden, Coprosma australis and Hebe salicifolia jostle with one another for room to breathe and tiny Nertera depressa, white watsonia and monbretia show themselves in small patches of grass where I remember rolling gaily painted hard-boiled eggs down the gentle slope on Easter Day. The coal no longer trundles past our doorway and down the incline. Instead it sails overhead on an aerial ropeway and the incline, like our garden, has been returned to the bush.
