

ascending many of its heights. He continued to do this until a short time before his death. Equally indefatigable at his desk he worked long hours. His large private collection of specimens in natural history were methodically classified and labelled. At his home, 26 Ventnor Street, Seatoun, a visitor was always welcome; here he was always ready to talk over his encounters among the plants and birds of the field, bush and shore. He was tenacious in his pursuits and stubborn in his purpose, yet withal a kindly man.

V. D. ZOTOV, Christchurch.

IN the first years of the Wellington Botanical Society, Dr. Oliver, who was its father, presided over its fortunes and worked with enthusiasm in all its activities. Saturday outings were happy picnics in the field with amateurs and professional scientists in the same garb, and here the newcomer or young student was often surprised to learn that the elderly silver-haired man with the slight, youthful figure, so quiet and retiring and yet so friendly to everybody, was in fact Dr. Oliver, Director of the Dominion Museum. Friendliness could have been Dr. Oliver's password. He was a man of tremendous systematic industry who rose to eminence in science the hard way, by working for years as an amateur in his spare time from the job he had to do for his living; and yet, although time must have been far more valuable to him than to most people, he was ever willing to lay aside his own work in order to talk at length with anyone at all who was interested in nature study. His conversation had no hint of condescension; rather the opposite. He would consult earnestly with any tyro and seek his opinion, not only because he never knew what personal presumption or conceit meant, but also because he had the completely open mind of the best of our old-time naturalists. He would seek and listen to anyone's observations and opinions, and so often succeeded in picking up a useful fact where no one else had bothered to look.

I was often surprised at what he accomplished physically. He was clearly not robust but the force of his interest in field studies was sufficient to drive the frail machine on innumerable strenuous expeditions. He made many journeys in small boats to outlying islands even though he was a wretched sailor. After being ill all the journey he would struggle out of his bunk, get quickly ashore and be off up the nearest mountain.

His boundless enthusiasm was entirely free from boisterousness; his immense capacity for taking endless pains in his research was entirely free from selfishness. These qualities made Dr. Oliver perennially young, boyish in spirit as well as in figure, friendly always to everyone.

GRETA CONE, Wellington.