

GUEST EDITORIAL

In November, 1952, my husband, Charles attended a public meeting called by Mrs P.C. Browne to consider the formation of a Canterbury Native Flora Society. The name of the Society was changed in 1966 to the Canterbury Botanical Society.

The development of the Society over the years has been, for me, an interesting one. It has had its ups and downs; but now with those activities recorded in the monthly Newsletter taking place, it must certainly be flourishing. My own connection with the Society started when Charles gave up driving at night, and I drove him, staying on for the meeting itself. I enjoyed the monthly outings which started in the early seventies, and were by charter bus, but my most vivid memory is of the first Summer Camp in 1970. This camp, using the Observatory, sited on the Black Birch Range, Marlborough, was at an altitude of about 1500 m. One stepped out the door into a sea of flowering *Celmisia spectabilis*, a good season for the flowering of *Celmisia* in the region.

For those unable to attend the activities of the Society the arrival of the Newsletter is a happy event, keeping one in touch with what is going on. Very often it brings back memories, as the one reporting last Easter's trip to Cass did. My first trip to Cass was under the guidance of Professor and Mrs Chilton. In those days the 'cottage' consisted of the kitchen with a small room leading off containing two bunks, occupied by the Professor and his wife. The student quarters were reached from the porch and contained six bunks. As there was only one bunkroom for students, ladies and men were there at different times. Later trips to Cass were with Charles and his students, when I took over the responsibilities of the cooking. The difficulties of finishing off the evening meal, preparatory to serving, were real difficulties; long-legged bodies sitting around the open fireplace, a line of dripping socks above, and the large, black pots balanced on two bars which rested on either hob. There have been big changes at Cass since my day.

It has indeed been a pleasure to see the Society prosper over the years and that the seed first planted by May Browne over thirty years ago flourished so well.

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