in which the entrance was directly underneath, so that the birds could enter the nest without exposing themselves. Edgar took the whole day with his camera trained on a spot close to the entrance trying to photograph them as they fed the young, well hidden, of course, inside the log. He blocked in turn each entrance they were using but they obstinately refused to use the only one he could photograph but found some other route out of sight. I got tired of waiting, so after an hour or two I went exploring. On my return he was still patiently waiting for an exposure. I again waited for some time but finally returned to camp, but after my departure he eventually got a successful exposure.

He had an uncanny ability for finding nests. On Cundy Island, where the fern birds nested deep in ferns or tussock (owing to danger of damage from mutton birds descending at night), they were very difficult to find. He found 26 where I found one. With other birds whose nests were hard to find, like robin's, saddle-back's or tomtit's, he generally found three to my one. He seemed to be able to put himself into the mind of a bird choosing a nesting site. On our latest trip to the Snares there was a hole in an olearia tree a few yards from our tent that he considered could be made a suitable site for a nest of the black tomtit of that island. It was too open, so he improved it by tacking a piece of tin on one side. Within a few hours a pair of tomtits had inspected it and commenced to build and before we left ten days later the hen had laid the cluth of two eggs. On other islands he did the same. By improving a hole in a tree on Solomon Island a pair of saddlebacks immediately occupied it as a nest. By enlarging an entrance of a hole in a tree on Jacques Lees Island a pair of yellow-head parrakeets nested in it. He had a deep knowledge of nests of all birds both indigenous and imported and knew at one glance what bird any nest belonged to. Any feather one picked up he could place with unerring accuracy.

His work in hybridising rhododendrons and growing seedling azaleas is well-known and his garden at "Ilam" is the mecca of rhododendron growers. He was proud of a fine yellow rhododendron he had produced after many years, and was feeling his way more surely in crossing species and hybrids. In hybridising, his long supple fingers were adept at the delicate operation of extracting the pollen from the male parent, cutting off all the anthers of the flower selected for pollination, placing the pollen on the stigma of the flower so selected, and attaching a label giving the parentage. When he was visiting rhododendron growers in England they greatly admired his skill and got him to make many crosses for them. I used to think when I saw him at work like this what a good surgeon he would have made.

I think he considered his rhododendron work as important as his bird histories. I conclude with a sentence of a letter from a friend: "He was a unique personality and we will all miss him."

BIRD LIFE ON HALKETT POND.—In the May holidays, 1948, a blue heron, or more correctly, a white-faced heron **(Notophoyx novae-hollandiae)** appeared on my uncle's pond at Halkett, 16 miles north-west of Christchurch. It stayed all winter. We can see its footmarks in the mud. It has four toes which are not webbed. The heron is a slatey grey colour with a white breast; its legs and beak are yellow. Its neck is as thick as my arm. If it is going a short distance, its neck is cut. When I visit it it goes to a post and puts its neck, head, and bill up. It roosts in the top of Uncle Charlie's pine trees. Now there are four pied stilts and two wild ducks at the pond, too. In the second week of September the heron went away and has not been seen since. —Heather McKay, Std. 3, Halkett School Group.