

Featuring: Seddon Saga

James Hector Memorial

Introductions



This beautiful Beatrice Seddon painting of an early Yeates liliium auratum hybrid can be yours - see the silent auction bidding form at back of newsletter

WINTER SERIES SEMINARS

\$15 each. Lunch \$10

Wellington Botanic Gardens Tree House

Bookings essential - book at Treehouse reception phone 499 1400

Sunday June 13 10am - 3.30pm

ORGANICS

Sunday 18 July 10am - 3.30pm

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Morning session for adults, Afternoon session 2.15-3.30 for adults and children 10+ years and accompanied by an adult (\$2)

Post cheque to Friends of Wellington's Botanic Garden, PO Box 28-065, Kelburn, Wellington

PRESIDENTIAL POSTCARD

I'm not sure whether we should be acknowledging a late burst of summer or a mild start to autumn. Either way, the last few weeks have been a delightful change to our rather patchy official summer. What hasn't been lacking is activity within the Friends. President's Drinks, mulled wine and strudel and a great line up of speakers have combined with our regular guided walks to keep our profile growing.

The official fundraising and letting of the contract for the James Hector Memorial is also underway. If you wish to make a donation, please send your cheques to our PO Box. A brochure showing the design is also available from members of the committee [*part-reproduced on page 12 - Ed*]. We have been lucky enough to receive a grant from the Council towards this project

and our applications to have the Botanic Garden registered as an historic place and also as a garden of national significance are both making progress.

I have also had the first meeting with representatives of Karori Sanctuary and Otari-Wilton Bush, regarding the potential for joint marketing of 'eco-destination Wellington' tours. These are initially targeted at the cruise ship season, but have the ability to apply to any visiting group. More to follow on that later.

I hope that as many of you as possible can make the Governor General's planting visit later in May.

Best wishes
Simon Ewing-Jarvie

TREEHOUSE LIBRARY

Plans to open the Treehouse library on an experimental basis for two hours, noon till 2pm, on the second and fourth Thursday and Saturday of February and March were announced in the February Newsletter. Unfortunately nobody turned up to use the

library, so the scheme has been discontinued. Thank you to the volunteers.

The library is, however, available by arrangement – ring Gwenda Sutton 473 0847 or Rosalind Iles 232 7699



In the last issue we asked what your favourite scented roses were. Only one person took up the challenge, but your editor is always happy to add her two (s)cent's worth as well.

Beryl Brown finds the best scent emanates from Hugh Dickson (1905 climber), Eden Rose, Fragrant Cloud and Lady Seton (1975).

Favourite Scented Roses

In my garden the best smells come from modern roses Big Purple, Blackberry Nip, Mammy Blue (spot the common factor?), Deep Secret and Birthday Present, David Austin's Chianti – non-remontant but well worth having, and old-fashioneds Roserie de L'Hay, Souvenir de la Malmaison and damasks, such as Quatre Saisons.

INTRODUCING ROSALIND ILES – FRIENDS' SECRETARY

Rosalind started her secretaryship of the Friends in traditional fashion, doing what previous secretary Winsome Shepherd did at the beginning of her tenure - she broke her arm. We find out a little bit about our new secretary...

Rosalind Iles began her career in science, first in study, then work, in laboratory development in an industrial ceramics factory.

A job she remains very proud of came up next – with the very active Society for Research on Women. Sounds strange now, but back in the late 1960s-early '70s even the basic research this organisation did simply wasn't available. Rosalind also ran a children's gymnastic club for a decade, and, in a later career, qualified and worked as a librarian.



Rosalind with granddaughter Sarah

Rosalind joined the Friends only recently, partly because she is a plants person and partly because she has used the Botanic

Gardens all her life and wanted to give something back. She used to walk through them with her children when they were young and has had many a picnic there, with them and with the next generation. "Our Botanic Garden is among the best in the world and I've seen quite a few," she says. Rosalind is very keen on native plants, and says it's nice, too, to have a hand in seeing that the bush remnants get protected.

Her own garden is quite small and "as close to nature as it can be, with as little work as possible," she says, adding that that still leaves a lot to do. It features a stream, tree ferns and a mountain beech.

When she is not helping the Friends, Rosalind is busy with her grandchildren, attends U3A talks and sews and weaves when there's time.

If all that isn't enough, Ros is also a keen traveller, not just to inspect the world's Botanic Gardens either. She says the highlight of her life was a week spent canoeing in the Arctic, on Baffin Island in northern Canada!

GUIDE TRAINING

Training of new Botanic Garden volunteer guides will begin again soon. This is a great opportunity for those who are interested in plants and people – it's a fulfilling role that takes as little or as much of your time as you want to give.

Training involves 8-10 2-hour sessions. If you know of anyone who would be interested in joining this group please ask them to phone the Treehouse on 499 1400.

BOTANIC BULLETIN

Manager David Sole updates us on what's happening in the Garden

Autumn is here and with it, while not as dramatic as the colder parts of the country, the seasonal changing of the guard, as the deciduous trees colour up and start to drop their leaves. Other indicators of seasonal change are the removal of the summer bedding and the arrival 25,000 tulip bulbs for planting in early May. What a contrast after the February storms.

We were very lucky to only lose a few trees - a macrocarpa in one of the designated forest areas and a number of small trees, including a kohekohe above Serpentine Way. Plenty of leaves were stripped from the trees and broken branches either fell or were left hanging. Those causing the greatest threat were removed immediately and the remaining ones have since been removed.

We've had two special groups of visitors through the Gardens and Otari in the last month. In March we hosted the meeting of the Council of Heads of Australian Botanic Gardens, with whom Mike Oates and other New Zealand managers and curators have been fostering a closer relationship. This is the first time the meeting has been held outside Australia.

It was a great meeting, with closer links evolving with education, staff training and working towards contributions to Global Conservation programmes, which, as individuals, we can only pay lip service to, but collectively as an organisation, can bring much more influence to bear.

The delegates were very impressed with the Botanic Gardens, which reflects well on the staff, the contributions the Friends make and the continuing recognition that the Botanic Gardens enduringly remains one of the City's gems.

Early in April the International Dendrology Society held their annual meeting in the Shell Classroom, with representatives

mainly from New Zealand, but also from the USA and Great Britain. An address was presented about the conifer framework in the garden and there was a short tour of the Gardens for those attending. They later went on to a guided tour of Otari.

The Native forest has now been tentatively plotted and we await feed back. In the meantime, plans are going ahead for comprehensive weed removal at the top of the Stable Gully and below the Met Office, and preparing the revegetation planting programme this year.

We are still working towards developing the new interpretive strategy and have commissioned a consultant to prepare a proposal.

The staff continue to settle into their new or reconfirmed positions following the staff review and I for one can see the difference in the garden. Judging by the number of positive comments Pauline receives at reception, I am not the only one. We are nearing the end of a comprehensive collection review, of which the staff will be keen to see the results, so that they can move on with their collections! We expect to appoint a new gardener soon to the position vacated by Rachel Solomon, who has moved up to Collection Curator-Roses. Jerry Lucero has joined us as Collection Curator-Shrubs and Jason Corlett has begun with the Cable Car Team as a gardener.

Work on the new walkway to the Lady Norwood Rose Garden is due to begin in late April and will take about two months. It will provide a long awaited pedestrian link from the Centennial Entrance through to the Lady Norwood Rose Gardens, the Begonia House, the shop and the Begonia House Café.

With the calm, sunny autumn days and the school holidays its great to see families out and about enjoying the Botanic Gardens!

Profile of a Gardener – Jeff Paris main floral border gardens manager

Jeff Paris has a long history in the Botanic Garden. In 1985 he started as a labourer under the then government temporary employment scheme, working under Neil Christensen. Jeff must have impressed, because before long he was taken on full time.

Four years later he left, briefly, for an interesting stint at the British High Commission residence “Homewood”, returning when offered a foreman’s job by the Parks Departments ‘Client Services Division’.

After a fair amount of lobbying, Jeff was allowed the first adult apprenticeship, on a trial basis. At the time, only school leavers were given apprenticeships and Jeff says Peter Tijssen was a great help in convincing management to broaden the criteria. The apprenticeship resulted in a Trade Certificate, “in the good old days when you had block courses,” says Jeff.

A decade ago Jeff started back at the main gardens as gardener in charge of the bedding borders, then began an eight year stint as team leader there. He said that was a bit of a struggle, because of having to juggle the demands of hands-on gardening, planning and supervising the day to day activities of staff.

Recently another management level has been added, making things easier for Jeff – he has just two staff members to look after. “For me it’s worked really well,” he says, “being able to concentrate more on the gardening and collections.” He notes that the floral bedding area is very labour-intensive.



Jeff himself likes plants from hot climates, “not that you can grow many here,” and prefers flowering plants as opposed to conifers, etc. “I like something with colour and show,” he states.

He loves the temporary nature of annuals and the chances to experiment with combinations in the beds. “A lot of people hate annuals, but I enjoy them,” he says. “If it’s a failed crop you know you’ll be able to take them out in March or April. It keeps me challenged – twice a year I have to think up a bedding scheme for the public to ooh and aah over.” Sometimes that works too well – last year he was ‘accused’ by a member of the public of “really getting in touch with his feminine side”, because there were such great colours in the tulip beds.

About colour then, how does he choose? “I used to use a colour wheel,” he admits, “but now I just put things in and see what they do.” You don’t always get what you plan, either. Jeff pointed out a bed of yellow/cream marigolds that were supposed to be orange. He likes to take a few risks and it usually pays off. However, “Every season you have a few failures – things

people laugh at,” he says, but seems relaxed at the prospect.

Tulip planting is starting; the new bulbs have arrived. Jeff rotates tulip colours and trials varieties. Last year ‘Black Parrot’ looked fabulous, but didn’t do very well, for instance. The mixed bed, on the other hand, was stunning. How did he select for it? “I just asked the grower for 15-20 varieties in ‘bright vibrants’,” he says. This year’s mixed bed will be yellow and cream.

I asked Jeff for a sneak preview of what annuals we might see next summer, but he hasn’t decided yet, and in any case, has to choose from what the nurse in Berhampore decides to grow each season.

Jeff is a family man, with “two lovely primary school age children,” as he puts it. He enjoys mountain-biking and surfing when he gets the time, and has a large garden at his home, a “challenging Karori clay site”, which is, surprisingly, not well-endowed with annuals. “When I come home from the gardens I don’t really want to start weeding,” he understandably says. “I keep my home garden as low maintenance as possible.”

Like many Botanic Gardens staff members, Jeff’s enthusiasm for his ‘patch’ is obvious – he loves what he’s doing and is, by good luck or good management, working in the area he’s most passionate about.

Cuttings

- ❖ February’s President’s Drinks, with guest speaker David Sole, was most enjoyable, and held, for the first time, in the informal and larger area in the Treehouse, a more pleasant venue.
- ❖ April’s Autumn Celebration evening at the Treehouse was also a very successful occasion, not to mention tasty. The mulled wine and apple strudel went down a treat.
- ❖ **Governor General, Dame Silvia Cartwright, is to plant a tree in the James Hector Pinetum, at 10.30am on Tuesday May 25.** There’s a historical pattern here – the governor of the colony always used to chair the Botanic Gardens board. *All Friends are urged to attend.*
- ❖ We’ll be having our Plant Sale again on Tulip Sunday this year. Start potting up plants and cuttings for it *now*. Any queries, talk to Angela Hill or Winsome Shepherd.
- ❖ Rachel Solomon, profiled in our last issue, has been appointed Collection Curator – Roses. Congratulations, Rachel.
- ❖ Berhampore Nursery open day is Saturday 22 May (9am-2pm), a once-a-year chance to buy well-grown, reasonably-priced local plants. Guided tour at 11am.

Mary Seddon's Garden

At the Autumn Celebration the Friends held in April, Donal Duthie and Winsome Shepherd talked about this noted Wellington garden. For those who were not able to attend, Donal Duthie tells some of Mary's story here.

It is impossible to talk about Mary's garden without talking about Mary the person. She was a woman with a remarkable personality; in today's jargon she would be described as "full on".

Mary had inherited some of the characteristics of her dictatorial grandfather, Prime Minister Dick Seddon. She loved a good scrap.

Mary had a wonderful way with the English language. Intentionally or not, she nearly always dominated any conversation and it was a brave person who ever contradicted Mary. Her pronunciation was always immaculate; even swear words came with a particularly well-pronounced flair.

Mary became famous in Wellington for her coffee lounge. The *Mon Marie* was the first of its type in Wellington, where real coffee was served, along with continental café-style food, and live folk music played. If you were in the know, real alcohol was served, bootleg style.

Mary loved getting into controversy. She was constantly at war with the City Council and her immediate neighbours. Her battles with Council were always epic affairs. When it came to a Council decision, Mary never accepted "no" for an answer. "No" was an instant stimulant for a fresh attack. She had a mountain of correspondence, covering letters to the Mayor, the Director of Parks, Members of Parliament, the newspapers and many local body officials.

The stimulant for writing 'The Case For My Father's Garden' arose when she

saw the old Truby King garden in Melrose come into prominence. It had recently been purchased by the City Council and plans were being made for the garden to be revived back to some of its former glory. Mary's mind raced and she thought, "If it can happen to that garden, perhaps there might be money for the Seddon garden," so she sent copies of her writing to the RNZIH and anyone else who she thought might help her cause.

Her father, Tom Seddon MP, originally started the garden. Tom was a dignified character with a warm personality, not at all like his rambunctious father. Tom started gardening with rhododendrons in Greymouth then, when he became an MP, he had to bring his wife and family to Wellington. He also brought his large rhododendrons, in wicker baskets, up on the deck of a collier. Tom planted them out on his steep hillside section at 1 Wadestown Road, adjacent to the Wellington Town Belt. Tom was also keen on camellias and had a collection of Kunming reticulatas, which were among the first to come to New Zealand.

Tom was well-known in horticultural circles; he was a foundation member of the Wadestown Horticultural Society (the oldest hort. soc. in Wellington) and was a friend of Truby King and of Edgar Stead in Christchurch.

Tom had mixed success in his garden – some rhodos did well but others did not. As Tom entered retirement, he spent less time in his garden and Mary became more interested.

Mary's activities in the garden did not always meet with Tom's approval but she soon expanded the rhodo collection and the garden as a whole. She was always reading up on rhodos and quickly cultivated people whom she thought might assist in her gardening ventures. The garden crept over the boundary and up the hillside into what was clearly Town Belt. Mary always claimed that this invasion was done with permission from the Director of Parks, who was a good friend of her father. In general, her attitude was that it was improving the Town Belt and it was good to get rid of those tatty old natives anyway. Mary never felt that she was excluding citizens from their Town Belt and was highly critical of any person who dared to suggest that she was taking over the public's reserve.

The garden was on a very difficult site. It was very steep, facing the southeast and very exposed to the famous Wellington southerly winds. Topsoil was non-existent, the planting medium being rotten rock and heavy clay. The only access was by steep steps, which were dangerous when wet. Mary spent years fighting the Council to gain road access to the garden and the house, up through the Town Belt. A track was eventually made, but to Mary's chagrin, it was barred by a locked steel barrier, with access only for emergency vehicles.

Mary always felt she was pioneering with her planting methods. On the steep slopes large holes were dug in the rock and clay, the bottom was layered with drainage rocks and then a soil mix of leaf mould, compost and grit, all carefully mixed, was filled in. Staking was important, to stop the plant being

ripped out by fierce winds. Often Mary built up retaining walls with large blue gum logs that she had chopped down from trees on the Town Belt. Mary usually had a student or two to help and she would stand and direct them with loud shrieks and yells. Over the years, there must have been hundreds of students, who each spent a few weeks working for Mary.

Mary was not a tidy gardener. There were always dozens of plants in pots, waiting to be planted out and in some cases, they had grown out through the bottom of the pot, through the eroding tarseal and had become significant trees. She had two enormous compost bins and in the 30-odd years that I knew Mary, they were never emptied. Watering was not one of her fine points, either.

It was a wonderful garden in spring – of the larger flowering trees, there were three enormous *Magnolia campbellii* planted by her father, another *M. campbellii* 'Iolanthe' and a *Michelia doltsopa*, planted by Mary, and about ten huge *Rhododendron loderi* varieties. In particular, 'King George' and 'Pink Diamond' were outstanding. The smaller rhodos gave a stunning woodland effect. Although Mary had chopped out a lot of Tom's camellias, she retained some of the better ones and developed a way of pruning them into pillars, which was most striking.

Today, the large flowering trees remain and are a magnificent feature of the valley, but of the understory of smaller shrubs, little remains. Weeds and regenerating natives have taken over.

The Case For My Father's Garden

The late Mary Seddon's evocative and lovely story of her father Tom's garden, mentioned in Donal's talk, was first published in 1992.

Once a year in one of October's soft grey days, I would find my father standing in the same spot of his garden looking at his bank of *Rhododendron loderi*. The giant, soft pink trusses glowed in the misty grey, the creek could be heard quietly working away and the air was not precisely fragrant; it was more immensely fresh – a woodland smell of growing and flowering.

We would both stand there, a moment of wordless satisfaction, while the rain quietly continued to soak us and then my father would say, "I've got the best garden in Wadestown. No, I've not. I've got the best garden in Wellington."

I never knew how to take this. In the beginning I am sure it was just a quirky boast. But, as he and the garden got older and the *loderi* (planted much too close together) got bigger and their branches spread out and their flowers got beyond the hundred, I think he really began to believe it.

But how could this be? He had known most of the famous horticulturalists of his day. He was a favourite in all their gardens – more as an admirer than were their peers. He belonged to the era – very brief in NZ – of the great gardens. He had walked their rolling lawns, their avenues of flowering cherries, their sunken gardens with lily ponds. To put it bluntly, they had money and they had land and we had neither – not on that scale – a civil servant living in Wellington, walking to work and with a growing family is simply not in that bracket.

What did we have? We had a little, secret gully hidden and rising steeply from the old Wadestown Road. Only a narrow strip beside the creek until it turned an abrupt right angle and there was our ¼ acre 300ft from the road, a yellow clay hillside facing due south, in full shadow in winter, with

twitch growing through the excavated greywacke, like hair on an old man's head.

For me today, the garden is full of ghosts. I am not being fanciful. I cannot pass one turn in the path without still seeing a superb *loderi*, 'Truby King', growing alone in a six foot high perfect conformation, each branch beautifully balanced, like a vast candelabra. It grew in an open, sunlit glade, in shelter, by the creek – and up from it was an equally well-grown *R.* 'Beauty of Littleworth'. Well, they suddenly upped and died within a month of each other – probably of *Phytophthora*, because when the stumps came out they squelched. What I think now, is that the creek had changed its course. There was water flowing further up but a crack must have opened up, the water flowed down it and rejoined the creek just where the two rhododendrons were planted. Lesson: never plant a rhododendron right by a creek – not in Wellington, anyway – our rocks are cracked.

I remember, with not much pleasure, a coarse rhododendron, rather like a 'Robert Peel', that my father had planted in the rougher, southerly-swept area near the house. He thought nothing could kill it. But it did. He found a fan of very fine alluvial silt behind it, suffocating its roots. Lesson: in land as steep as ours, it is even more important to terrace behind than it is in front. Erosion build-up from higher up the slope can be deadly.

As I grow older, the more I admire my parents' guts. Faced with that blasted area of sliding mud, I think I would have walked out to sea, or at least settled for a flat in the most concreted part of Wellington. They came up with idea after idea. Some lingered for a while then faded out; others; like *montbretia*, bluebells, foxglove, honesty and belladonnas, took over and went rampant. My father found one old Camellia, *C. aspasia* 'Lady McArthur',

growing in a nearby shrubbery. In the 1930s he bought two each of the best varieties and planted them two feet apart. "Tom," everyone said, "no camellia will grow in pure clay facing due south." Well, they did, every one of them. We were left with a solid, thick band of dark green running right across the section. It may have looked odd from the hill opposite, but the laden baskets of flowers demonstrated, year after year, that camellias can be incredibly tough and that they even seem to like Wellington conditions. I wonder how much those heaping baskets influenced the camellia cult that started to gain momentum after the war? My parents, without realising it, were pioneering.

And so, in my turn, was I. There was nothing to teach us. It was all trial and error. In the sixties that thick band of dark green camellias was getting out of hand. I started what I call 'landscaping in reverse'. Half of the camellias were cut out and the rest were shaped to make tall columns, or flat, spreading cascades. I wanted variety of foliage, but I had no idea what trees or shrubs would do here. I planted a liquidamber, but in too much shade and I am still asking the neighbours if their golden elm is greedy-rooted.

That is the whole point. There was not much advice I could get on the better-known exotics, but when it came to the choice of natives, I was lost and on my own. It was no use reading books on landscaping with natives. A pohutukawa may look handsome in an Auckland garden. It is a bloody-minded killer here. You should have seen how long my *Pachystegia* lasted. A pohutukawa got through what looked like solid rock and wrapped their poor little root balls in a solid nest of pink, new roots. It had strangled them and cracked the rock to do it.

Mahoe, good old whitey-wood, growing everywhere round Wellington. Surely it would provide the shelter I desperately need. A really good gardener I know, eight miles uphill from Waitomo, uses mahoe as a shelter – but that is with many more inches of rain a year and feet more of good soil. Here – the usual – greedy-rooted. You can have a hillside of mahoe

in Wellington if you like, but not much else, unless you are really keen on gorse and blackberry. They will combine with it, but it is not the kind of garden I was aiming for. About 20 years ago I pinned my hopes on seedling ngaio. They have grown splendidly and you can see the southerly hitting them, while below all is in a calm wind pocket, but I have noticed that the shrubs near them are looking seedy and the rich soil I planted them in has turned to a very dry-looking dust. I may have made another long and expensive mistake. Why is there no one or nothing to advise me?

My father, as he got to be a really old man, was deriving some amusement from all my mistakes, but he was not so happy at the loss of the whole gardening world that he had known. Great gardens, one after the other, were going under the tractor. Motorways, housing estates – the trouble was that they had been too wealthy – their land too flat and easy, too tempting. I tried to point out that his garden was the only one that had passed on, with no break, to the second generation and that there was a third coming on, ready to help. But this did not really help. He mourned their passing and all their treasures – the great trees, the rare magnolias, the rolling lawns – all gone or going and here we were an eccentric shape; no planning, messy, a garden haunted everywhere by the lovely shrubs that had died, struggling, with the mistakes persisting. Basically, we had survived because our land was so bad that no developer wanted it. But we were still here. If nothing else, we had survival value.

And so, after his death in 1972, I carried on, still gardening by rule of thumb and sheer guesswork. Then, a year or so ago, I was helped by a young gardener so keen and interested, that I found myself explaining all the ruses and tricks our family had spent 60 years developing. The dos and don'ts of gardening in an impossible area in Wellington. Less than a month ago, he asked me to come and see his garden. And as I stood there, I was nearly overcome by a surge of sheer, overwhelming gratitude.

Behind his house was another gully, almost exactly like ours, running steeply

down to a creek and on each side it was hemmed in by an unholy mess of mahoe, dead cats, old tins and the general neglect that showed what his neighbours thought of the potential of this land. To them it was useless – a burden that they had had to accept with the rest of the section. But in the middle was this perfect garden. Flourishing – better than ours – with none of our mistakes. He had started off from where we had reached after a whole generation of mistakes, of invention and of experiments.

Wellington is striped with gullies like this – steep, seeded with killers like pohutukawa and sycamores, eroded by a century of destruction, until all that is left is the deceitful greywacke, and with no textbooks, no clever articles in gardening journals to teach us how to use them.

My father had not got it quite right. His garden may not be the best in Wellington, but, my Heavens, it is by far the best for Wellington.

Botanic Gardens Volunteer Guides Conference

Last September a small New Zealand contingent travelled to Perth for the Australian conference, the theme of which was 'Interaction - People, Plants and Parks'. It was scheduled to coincide with the Western Australia's wildflower season and delegates were given free passes to the Wildflower Festival, an annual event.

The conference was attended by 122 delegates from 11 Australian Botanic Gardens – and ours, the only New Zealand BG represented.

The keynote address, 'Lifestyle of Plants', was delivered by Dr Kingsley Dixon, an eminent plant biologist, whose enthusiasm for plants and ability to carry others along

was very evident. It was a wide-ranging address, touching on the evolution of W.A.'s enormous number of species; their diversity, adaptations, methods of pollination, propagation difficulties and conservation programmes. The talk was summed up by one of the delegates as a conference highlight "of a complex subject presented in a simple and captivating way".

Other highlights were panel sessions, a tour of the Darling Range, further learned presentations, workshops and walks. Of course, the all important opportunities to network and compare notes, problems and successes with other delegates were much valued.



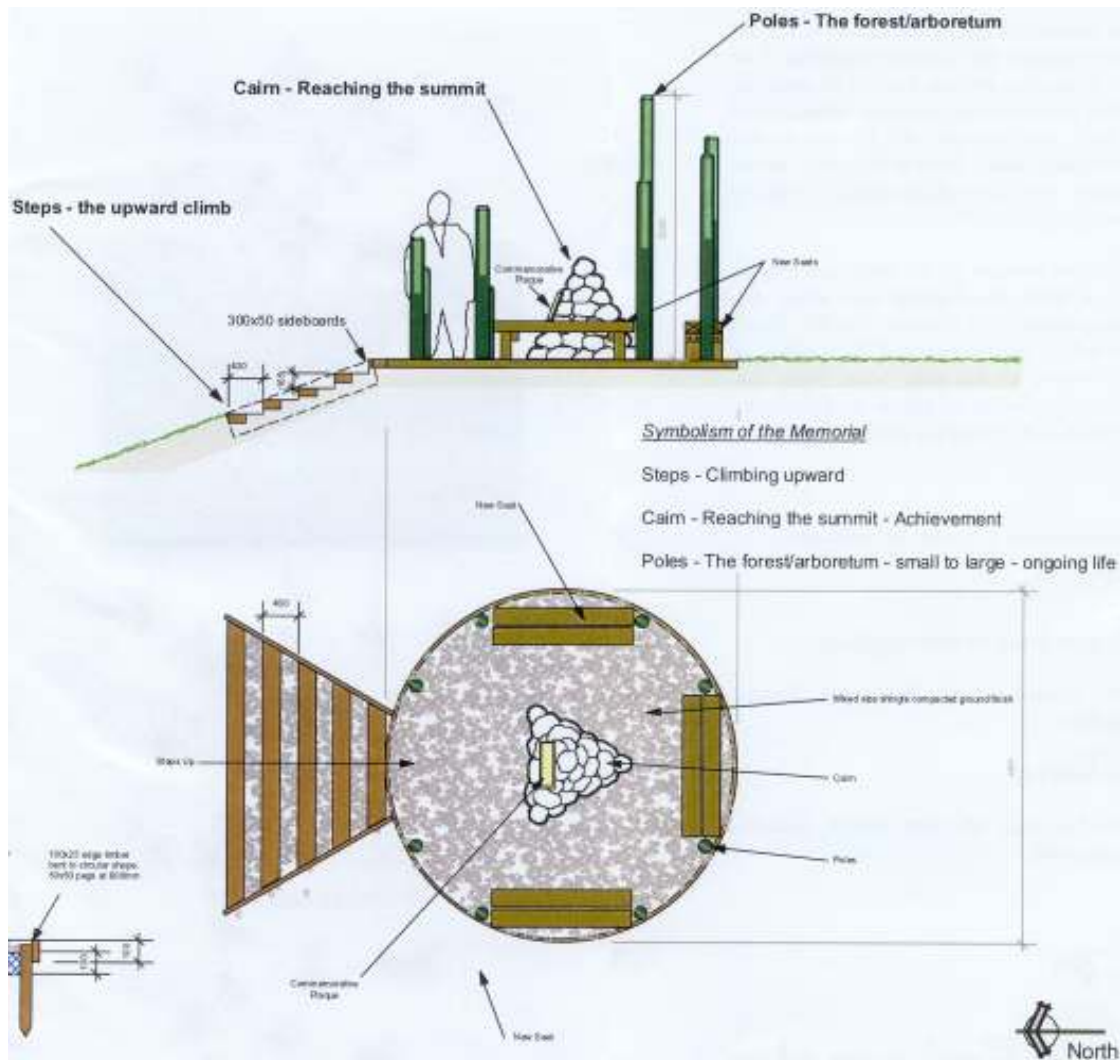
Bob Hickman, Phil Tomlinson and Jenny Hickman take time out at Western Power Parkland, King's Park, Perth



This is the site of the planned **James Hector Memorial**, which work will begin on very soon. Meanwhile, funds are needed for this enduring tribute to our Garden's first Manager.

Anyone wishing to make a contribution – any amount from \$5 to \$5,000 (or greater!) is welcome – contact Winsome Shepherd 476 6589 or post to PO Box 28-065, Kelburn, Wellington.

Proceeds from the 'Lily' painting auction will go towards the Memorial.



Part of the plans for the Memorial, by WCC City Development Landscape Architects

CHRISTMAS COMES TO THE TREEHOUSE



On a fine Sunday afternoon, 30 November 2003, Mayor Kerry Prendergast launched an exhibition and sale of a splendid array of Christmas arrangements. Members of the **Wellington Floral Art Club** had created and gifted the arrangements - designed as table, wall or front door decorations - to the Friends. A pleasing number from both organisations accepted the invitation to attend the launch.

Those present enjoyed coffee or tea, with a delicious mini mince pie ordered especially for the occasion from the Blue Carrot Catering Company. The arrangements remained on display and a satisfying number were sold during December. Sales less costs benefitted the Friends' project funds by \$539.

On the Monday of Christmas week our enterprising President, Dr Simon Ewing-Jarvie, collected the balance of

arrangements to try and sell them through his company, Awesome Kiwi Ltd.

We are very grateful to the Floral Art Club for their generosity in donating the arrangements to the Friends, and organising the attractive table and wall displays.

The money raised has been assigned to the Hector Memorial Fund.



Floral Art Club President Sharron Thorpe, Friends President Simon Ewing-Jarvie and Mayor Kerry Prendergast

*Story and photos
Elizabeth King*

My apologies for leaving this page out of the last newsletter. Must have been having a senior moment, not that I'm old enough! - Ed

Coming Events

May 16

GW

"Fire as a Fact of Life"

Meet at the Duck Pond. Fire in this country is regarded as a disaster in forests, but for many trees in many parts of the world it is not just a fact of life, but essential for the survival of the species. Learn how plants have adapted to survive fire in many unique and unusual ways. Visit the tree that is not just 'fireproof', but even survived the ultimate fire, the atomic bomb blast. Little walking involved

May 22 (Saturday)

9am-2pm

Berhampore Nursery Open Day and Plant Sale.

May 25 (Tuesday)

10.30am

Tree planting by Governor General in James Hector Pinetum; members please attend

June 13 (Sunday)

10am-3.30pm

Winter Seminar – Organics (see p1)

June 20

GW

"The Main Garden and its History"

Meet at the Duck Pond. The Wellington Botanic Garden played a very important role in the history, not only of the city, but also of New Zealand as a whole. Learn the part played by the garden in early colonial development, and in the establishment of one of the major industries now of major importance to our economy. We'll introduce other historic features and plants of the area that makes it a significant heritage area. Little walking involved

July 18

10am-3.30pm

Winter Seminar – Digital Photography

July 18

GW

"Plants, Sculptures and Birds"

Meet at the Rose Garden fountain. A walk through many parts of the garden, looking

at the major art works, which are a special feature. At the same time we will discuss some special plants, and introduce some of our feathered friends that also make their home here. Moderate walking involved, some uphill

August 15

GW

"Sensational Succulents"

Meet on the Treehouse veranda. The Garden features a specialist collection of succulents, and this walk is led by an expert in these plants. See the many shapes and sizes, and learn how they have adapted to what is often described as a stressed habitat in their natural environment. Here is an opportunity to ask questions on their culture etc., if you are experiencing difficulty growing them yourself. Little walking involved.

September 5 (Sunday) Friends' Spring Breakfast

September 19

GW

"Spring Festival Walk (Tulips, Bulbs and Blossom)"

Meet at Founder's Gate, Main Entrance. A long term feature of the Garden has been the tulip display. Come and see this year's effort. The massed, spectacular display of some 25,000 bulbs and their many colours is a sight to remember. In addition to the tulips, there are many other bulbs and, of course, the blossom of many trees adds to the overall effect, heralding the start of spring. Remember to bring your camera. Moderate walking involved.

GW = Guided walks, held on the third Sunday of the month at 11am. Unless stated otherwise, the walks begin at the Founders' Entrance, Glenmore Street. If it is wet there will be a talk at the Treehouse Visitor Centre instead



SILENT AUCTION

The Friends of Wellington Botanic Garden have been offered this painting to assist with raising funds for the James Hector Memorial. By Beatrice Seddon, daughter-in-law of Richard Seddon and mother of Mary Seddon, its subject is *Lilium auratum*, from well-known lily hybridist Dr Yeates.

We are offering this unique opportunity - not only to invest in this rare art work, but also to invest in the future of Wellington's Botanic Garden. Recently valued by Ferner Gallery, offers over valuation will be considered. Here is your chance to make your best offer.

Name:
Address:
Phone number:

I am prepared to offer _____ for this painting.

Return to Friends Wellington Botanic Garden, P O Box 28-065, Kelburn, Wellington by 30 May 2004

JAMES HECTOR MEMORIAL

I wish to donate toward the construction of the James Hector Memorial.

Please find enclosed my cheque for \$

Name:
Address:
Phone number:

**Send to:
The Treasurer
Friends of the Wellington Botanic Garden
PO Box 28 065
Kelburn
Wellington**