Few forest officers of his later years knew of all his early sporting activities, for he was a man of few words on other than everyday topics, and he especially disliked listening to people who were not well versed in their subjects. His detection of such was rapid, and amounted almost to intuition. On the other hand, his highest praise of a stranger would be “He knows what he is talking about”, and it was a rare comment. For his last three years and more he was bedridden; and his greatest pleasure was a visit from any of the older forest officers. He had become a little more talkative, and his constant and accurate stories of incidents of the bush and of days (and nights) “after the ducks” showed how genuine had been his interest in his lifelong profession and hobbies.

He had never married.

—C.M.S.

HERBERT ROCHE, 1892–1959

In the death of Herbert Roche, which occurred at his home in Nelson last February, the Institute lost a valued honorary member; forestry and foresters lost a friend whose influence extended and will live far beyond the small circle to which illness and suffering confined him in his latter years.

“Hub” Roche was born on the West Coast, at Nelson Creek, once noted for gold, silver pine, and scholars. In early life he worked for a Greymouth survey firm, and later for the Public Works Department on the Otira Tunnel and Mangahao Dam construction projects.

When the Forest Service was organised as a separate department in 1921 Roche joined the ranger staff, and for the next twenty-five years worked in the Westland, Wellington, Rotorua, Canterbury, and Nelson Conservancies. While stationed in Christchurch he was a student at the Canterbury School of Forestry, one of the first group who enrolled when the school opened in 1925. Roche was appointed Conservator at Nelson in 1940, but ill health brought an untimely end to his Forest Service career and he retired in 1946, being elected to honorary membership of the Institute during the same year.

Roche’s happiest days as a forester were undoubtedly the eleven years (1929–40) he spent in charge of Hanmer Forest in North Canterbury. This period saw the beginning of large-scale thinning operations in some of the older forests, Hanmer among them. In those days thinning was not firmly accepted as essential practice throughout New Zealand forestry circles. It involved a radical departure from the planting and protection that had hitherto constituted exotic forestry; it was costly, apparently wasteful of good material, and converted orderly stands to an impenetrable jungle of slash. But it was Roche, ever the philosopher, who would comfort those appalled at the sight of a newly thinned larch or pine stand by emphasising its tidiness and its promise for the future, in comparison with the logged-over rimu

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forests he knew so well as a young man. The areas thinned at Hanmer under Roche's direction twenty to thirty years ago are today a living monument to his confidence in sound forestry principles.

Hub Roche may not have ranked with the great in academic learning or technical brilliance; nor did he lay claim to these attributes. His outstanding characteristics were his humanism, his shrewd common sense, acquired the hard way, and his ability to lead people, especially the young, along sound lines without the led ever being aware of the process. He looked on the success of those in whose training he had a hand—and they were many—as a personal triumph; and many a figurative lame dog found the obstructing stile had somehow become an escalator as a result of Roche's kindly and practical assistance. Memories of Herbert Roche—forester, Samaritan, man—will always be recalled with respect and affection by his host of friends in all walks of life. May he rest in peace.

Throughout his career and to the last he had the untiring support and skilled devotion of his wife. To Mrs Roche, staunch friend to her husband's friends, we extend sincere sympathy in her bereavement.

—D.K.

C. O. SCRIVENS

Charles Owen Scrivens died in Reefton in the early hours of New Year's morning 1959. He had served with the Forest Service continuously from 1924 and was due to retire in 1959. He became an associate member of the Institute in 1945. It was particularly tragic that his death occurred just a few months before the Institute for the first time in its history was due to hold its annual meeting in his headquarters town, of which he was so proud and for which he had done so much to promote and to popularise the cause of forestry.

Scrivens was unique in the ranks of the Forest Rangers. He came to New Zealand in the 1920s after service with the Gloucestershire Regiment and the Tank Corps in its earliest days of 1916-17. He belonged to Forest of Dean country, where he had worked as a miner from early youth. On arrival in New Zealand he immediately found employment in the coal mines of Denniston. It was by the merest accident that during a visit to Nelson in 1924 he accepted a short temporary job with a tree-planting gang at Dumgree Forest, and from that day never left the Forest Service; nor did he ever miss a day from sickness until the onset of his fatal illness a few months before his death.

It is hard to describe his value as a forester and as a man in few words. To the writer, who knew him from his earliest forestry days, he always typified Merrie England. He was the carefree British soldier of the citizen army of 1915–18, with the single aberrancy that he had never developed (and could not have developed) the traditional soldier's "grouse". All work was pleasure to him; but his pleasure lay mostly in the complete physical and intellectual mastery of the task in