



NEW ZEALAND  
ARCHAEOLOGICAL  
ASSOCIATION

## ARCHAEOLOGY IN NEW ZEALAND



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## THE DREAM TIME OF THE GHOST FROM LAYER 4

Molly Hougaard  
Grenaa, Denmark

In remembering the beginnings of my archaeological life, I prefer not to think about the mud and clay, the blisters, backache, heavy wheelbarrows, and the fruitless search for something more than alternatively, a nightmare of miscellaneous postholes, or nothing at all.

I prefer to remember a white virgin beach with warm Pacific breezes, waves saying “plop”, and the shade of an ageless pohutukawa in full dress, shading a thin layer of sand over artefacts and middens. I remember Rudi and Pat Sunde with guitar and song around a campfire, accompanied once in a while by Rudi’s dry red, to the detriment of THE WORK next day; Jack Golson singing a slow mournful song in a foreign language, with others humming in the background. (It should perhaps be remarked that the song is in fact cheerful and rousing, although politically incorrect, a drunken pub song about a man going out after beer, a wife at home, and a young man passing by). Then there was the dusk when a friendly smiling cocky with a chain-saw, offered us first choice of meat from a huge cow carcass under a macrocarpa.

There was the disgruntled senior participant, used to action and results, expecting “goodies” as in the good old days at Oruarangi, and impatient with squares, layers and profiles, going off and burrowing in an eroding sand face by the creek and pulling out “goodies” by the dozen.

I remember the start of the site-recording programme, where the standard was set by a member of the faculty sending in a report of a pā “seen from a car while passing.”

I remember hitching rides with the mail boat to the offshore islands, and on the Poor Knights, as two lonely females in a multi-science group of male-chauvinists with a total lack of olfactory sense, commenting on the female urge to drink “thin cold tea” in the late afternoons. (There wasn’t enough whisky to share—in retrospect, we apologise for our miserliness but we do not repent).

Then there were site-recording fieldtrips, with small tents, wet sleeping bags and hard winds, where three Association members recorded, described, and measured 100 sites on one trip in the far North, with accompanying diaries, excerpts of one of which follows below.....



## An illustrated history of a journey to the far north 1963 November

Anne Leahy

Janet Davidson

Molly Nicholls



On Monday we set off from Auckland and went **north** and that night we camped at Cooper's Beach and went for a gentle walk before bed.

And when we returned we found a **hedgehog**, and Janet and I removed it and we went to bed and later I removed the h—g and then I removed the H-G **successfully**.

And in the morning Anne woke and went for a **swim before breakfast** and after breakfast we set off and at Houhora we saw a political meeting.



And the Burnells gave us a cup of **tea** and told us to get in touch with a local farmer who knew lots of historical information but he was **not cooperative** (as he thought we were girls not **archaeologists**).

And then the roof rack fell off and the Keenes gave us tea and we saw their artefacts...

and ...

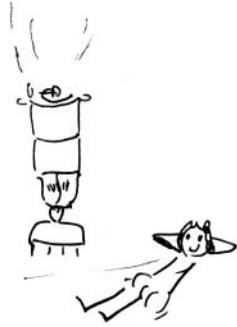
**artefacts**

(and it is assumed by deduction that at about this point I found a flea).

And that night we camped at Spirits Bay and Janet and I picked a campsite while Anne went to get **petrol**



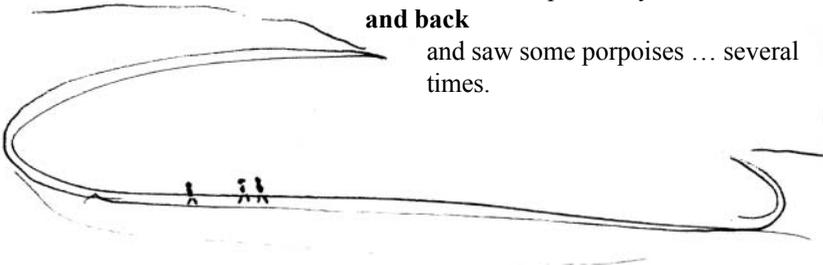
and later Anne and Janet ... eventually ... **got water** while I lit the primus and cooked tea.



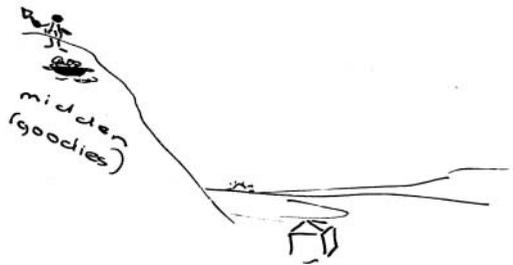
And next morning Anne woke up and Janet woke and before breakfast went to look for material for her **thesis** and then we walked to the end of Spirits Bay...

**and back**

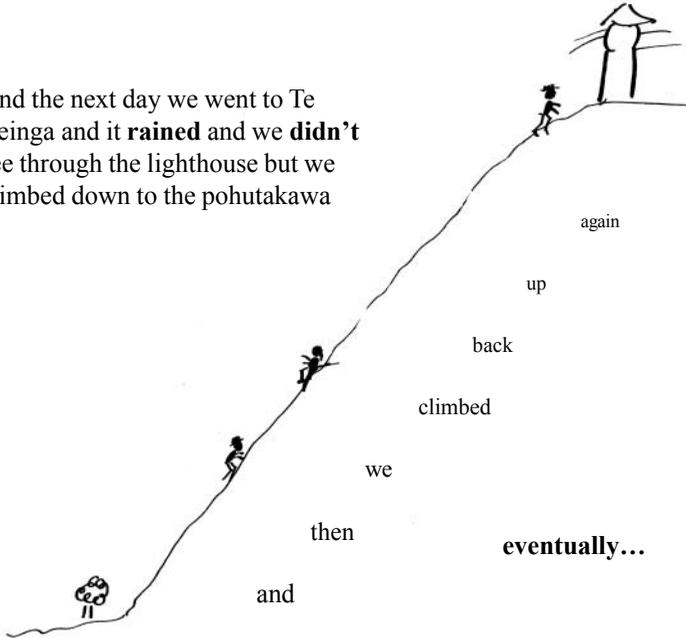
and saw some porpoises ... several times.



And next day Janet woke and Anne woke and we went to Tom Bowling Bay and we saw some large trucks, and met a geology student and we looked for more material for Janet's thesis.



And the next day we went to Te Reinga and it **rained** and we **didn't** see through the lighthouse but we climbed down to the pohutakawa



and Janet and I went for a **long walk** and it **rained**

and Anne waited at the car.

And on the way back Janet and I tried to clear sheep off the road and then we

s  
l  
i  
d

back to Spirits Bay.



And that night

it **rained**

but Janet amused us by trying to get a prickle out of her foot and I played the guitar.

And next morning the  
**rain stopped**  
and Anne woke and  
Janet woke and read us  
**some poetry** before  
breakfast  
and we took down the  
tent and cut down some  
tea-tree and put it on  
the car  
as the road was  
**slippery ...**  
but it **wasn't**.



And at the Burnells' we had an election day party and then we had lunch and then we went south and ... eventually ... found a pub at Kaikohe and had some dinner and then went on to the Booth's at Kerikeri recording pa by lightning on the way.

And the next morning Janet and Anne woke and then I woke and we went with the Booths to a beach that they had had a look at and we laid out the site preparatory to excavating although we didn't have much equipment.

And that night we camped at Wainui Beach and had crayfish for dinner and that night a cat woke me up but as usual Janet and Anne did not wake up.

And next day Janet woke up and Anne woke up and we had fish for breakfast and we went in to Whangaroa and then to Tauranga Beach and **didn't** climb up to a pa.

And next day I was **very gentle** although Anne and Janet climbed hills again.

And next day we **packed up** and returned to Auckland  
eventually  
and Anne went home to dinner and



Janet and I looked for



a fish and chip shop



and eventually found it.

And that's all.

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But for myself, the best and clearest memory is sitting in the sun on a pohutakawa-clad headland pā, looking down on a clean white and lonely beach, watching a group of dolphins playing and surfing in the breakers.