



NEW ZEALAND
ARCHAEOLOGICAL
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NEW ZEALAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER



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THIRTY YEARS OF NEW ZEALAND ARCHAEOLOGY

R.G.W. Jolly
Papakura

(For some time I have been urging Bob Jolly to put on paper some of his yarns concerning archaeology and archaeologists with whom he has been involved since the 1950s. Many of his stories he says might be libellous so are not repeated here! Nonetheless Bob does convey something in this account of the flavour and enthusiasm of those early years - especially in the Auckland region. As requested I have left his story more or less as he tells it. Editor).

Never would I have believed that giving a student a lift, and later putting him on a coal truck that took him on to Auckland, would have such a profound affect on my life, but such was the case. He told me that he had been examining Maori structures around Maramarua. I told him I was finding all sorts of odd things around beach middens and flaking floors near Whangamata. He stated that an English lecturer, Jack Golson no less, intended to start a university archaeological society which would have lay members, and he would let me know when the inaugural meeting would take place. I promptly forgot about this, but was intrigued to receive a letter some weeks later, so much so that I attended the meeting. My wife states that I could not even boil water before I became involved in the crazy doings, which I propose to recall, so perhaps I gained a little.

Jack Golson is a most remarkable individual with an uncanny ability to inspire all sorts of people with interest in archaeology and to enlist their support in a vast number of ways. The University of Auckland Archaeological Society was started by Jack. I have long been convinced that he felt that as he had to have diggers, he might as well have good ones, so he set to work to train them. One found that one was told to read all sorts of books; lectures on rocks and bones and stratigraphy were the order of the day, or rather night, as most of us were studying or working. This instruction was continued in the field, Taylor's Hill, Great Mercury Island, Sarah's Gully and Skipper's Ridge, Motutapu, Mt. Wellington and the Sunde Site. Excavation had to be spot on, we never stopped for rain. In places we soon learned why the Maori shifted camp, our firewood was no longer in easy distance. Golson was assisted academically by several very able people, Roger Green, Wilfred Shawcross, Wally Ambrose, Sue Hirsch, Janet Davidson and, in the South Island, Peter Gathercole. The museums had quite a hand in things, and Gilbert Archey, Dr. Duff, the Otago Museum and Wanganui people had tons of artefacts for study.

Lady Fox has quite a bit to say in the book The First Thousand Years about Buchanan and his activities in Hawkes Bay. However, his greatest claim to fame lies in the fact that in collaboration with Jack Golson he was responsible for the setting up of the Archaeological Association, and the beginnings of the site recording scheme, and the unification of the North and South Islands as far as research is concerned. I was present at the meeting held at Auckland University. At this time there was more amateur activity than academic, especially in the South Island where a vast amount of material, especially moa bones and moa bone artefacts had been unearthed by curio hunters. Many of the southerners were reluctant to believe that moas had ever existed in the north, and for years many of us were amused at the North Island - South Island archaeological war that at times was quite bitter.

At the university meeting I asked the man next to me what his particular interest was, and his reply was, "the nesting habits of the moa!" I did not know as much then as I do now and thought his interest way out to say the least; I subsequently found that he had a sheep farm in limestone country where moas had nested in sheltered places and where their nesting places remained. (This was the late Mr W. Hartree of Hawke's Bay - ed.).

I had three excursions into the field with Jack. The first to Waikaretu. The Women's Division of Federated Farmers wanted a speaker, I managed to get Jack. It was a very pleasant evening, all the settlers had brought pieces for Jack's scrutiny and were full of questions. We were hospitably housed for the night by a farmer, and many plans had been made for the next day. Towards 1.30 a.m. or so I hid the last unopened bottle behind a table leg. Several farmers were involved, taking Jack to many places, all sites of one sort or another. Jack was writing all day, sadly nothing has been published.

In the course of work I met Bill and Mavis Brambley and viewed part of their collection. When I saw magnificent archaic adzes and a harpoon point etc., I felt it was positively my duty to view the site. I unearthed some seven adzes and a huge piece of moa leg. All now in the Brambley collection in the Auckland Museum. I had to be dug out through trying to excavate stratigraphically. I had Jack and Wally there finally on Guy Fawkes Day, they brought fireworks and I had fireworks and Bill had fireworks. The Brambley children had never had it better. Jack especially enjoyed the occasion, unique in his experience I feel sure. The hospitality and kindness of the Brambleys has always been remarkable; seventeen of us all in the house when Ambrose's dig took place. Erosion has affected this site severely and I am sure that practically all the fishhook material had been washed away before I visited it.

(Mavis Brambley writes about this site in her book "Sea-Cockies of the Manukau", ed.).

Raglan North Head is remote and hard to visit in or after rain. However, again we (Jack, Yosi Sinoto and I) enjoyed good farm hospitality from Mr and Mrs Bird. The harbour foreshore is full of interest. There is a beautiful small pa. We spent an evening sorting artefacts from bags and boxes. I shall never forget Yosi's able slim fingers assembling a magnificent hook which had lain unknown among the bones and fragments. Mr Bird had to take us out under bulldozer tow. Some of my cars had to take a lot of punishment for archaeology.

Sarahs Gully

I could only spare a fortnight on the first occasion and helped to pack up finally. Food was very scarce, Skipper Chapman helped with a wonderful lot of snapper, a chaff sack full. I watched Wally Ambrose remove living creatures from a piece of bacon - we were later given a meat safe. The last of a case of cabbages had mummified to coconut size. However, the amount some could shift using a 'mountain mule' pack and a packing case in front was incredible. I could have done with a couple of horses and a sledge. Skipper used his little Oliver crawler on our behalf. Jack had stated that I should bring meat - 7 lbs steak. I had a bottle of wine, one of Beryl's large cakes, my pup tent, old clothes etc. I tramped in from Otama round the cliff edge somewhat wearily. At about 3 o'clock Jack said "would you mind picking up some people from Whitianga," so back to Otama, plus Ham Parker who had to buy further groceries, especially cigarettes.

Whitianga is fifteen miles away and 'the Black Jack' was indeed a one way road then. I drove to Skipper's this time, we trudged well laden over the saddle. I found on arrival that I had been designated cook's helper for next day. There were 25 of us there and each day a pair, cook and helper, did all cooking etc., for the day, but not washing up after the night meal. I have been reproached for swearing while trying to find the axe to prepare wood for the breakfast fire. As the cooks all seemed to vie with one another, the job of helper was no sinecure. However, my turn could not come again within the time I was to be there.

Motutapu

In many ways this was a memorable dig. We had notables there, Nick Brothers and Keith Sinclair among them. They all discussed and argued Andrew Sharp's theories one night until the firewood ran out. We had lots of firewood really, but it had to be

prepared from army huts that had fallen to bits. I recall chopping up 3 x 2 in solid oak, wartime had odd results. I missed the Mercury Island dig, although I had been there when yachting.

Mt. Wellington

Winter and quite wet. Luckily we had the use of the old School of the Deaf. Whether the size of Mt Wellington had anything to do with the size of some of the structures I know not, but I am certain that a mixture of scoria and pipi shells, with walls on excavations ten feet high was an archaeological nightmare. We had an unforgettable party including a mock court. Someone had obtained a wig from the university play. Jack as judge had on an old academic gown green with age, topped by the wig. Some of us took this fairly seriously and presented evidence in style. Jack appeared to take copious notes and finally gave a magnificent summing up. I thought that his abandoned sheet of notes would be a neat souvenir and retrieved it, all the paper contained was a couple of rough sketches of archaic adzes. Something upset Groube, so he spent one night sleeping on concrete as a penance - had Jack done so on the night of the party, I am sure he would not have felt anything. Also we had a singing match. "Lloyd George Knew my Father" and "Lollipop". The noise was unbelievable.

The Fulbright Scholarship has been of considerable moment to New Zealand archaeology. I met up with Dr. Bell, John Terrell, Sue Hirsch and of course Roger Green and Stuart Scott. Pat Murdock and I and Dr. Johnson M.D. and a student helped Stuart at the Sunde Site. Dr. Johnson came from Rhodesia via the Edinburgh medical school. He was used to the outdoors, never travelled without a good pair of pliers, as he held that burns were very painful and dangerous. He used the pliers for lifting pots off the fire. He had by way of provisions 3 or 4 lbs of meat, pieces of which he warmed through on the end of a ti-tree stick and ate, saving him a lot of fiddling cookery.

Sarah's Gully 2 and Skipper's Ridge

These two sites were worked simultaneously, Sarah's Gully directed by the Birks and Skipper's Ridge by Ham Parker. I was kept awake long into one night by what was possibly a combined director's meeting, a gathering of alley cats could not have been more nerve racking. I caught seven snapper one morning from the rocks at the western end of the beach. Full of delight I approached the camp, the fish tails touching the sand.

When I announced that I was the bearer of a fresh breakfast, I was, to my disgust, told off for waking a husband so early. Under one hangi there were sizable moa bones. Sadly the circle was not quartered so that stratigraphy which existed could not be photographed. Some of the work at Skipper's Ridge was very difficult and complex, with wonderful rua, etc. Ron shared a tent with Ham. Ron had packets of bones in newspaper parcels filling most of his share of the tent. The grass had grown up inside the hot-house like interior almost a foot high.

Ron Scarlet is a tireless worker and a good mate, we enjoyed sneaking off occasionally. I had ground sheets and with one each worn skirt-like under our parkas rain did not bother us. We were able to explore towards the southern end of Opito Beach as we had done the year before at the 'cross creek midden' at Sarah's Gully.

Mt Roskill

Salvage ahead of a reservoir, Roger and the boys were there. Sadly these volcanic cones have an attraction for civic authorities who feel that they must use them in one way or another. I do not know if any carbon dates were obtained but the structures were more interesting than many.

Tahanga

My first exploration of Tahanga was in the company of Pat Murdock one awful day - wind and rain to beat anything. The scrub was tall at the time and on occasions when Pat disappeared for a while I was worried sick in case he had broken a leg and could not be found. However, we very carefully made a narrow trench across the best heap finding one hundred and fifty seven rough-outs of good shape in the process. These we cached towards the northern end of the trench and replaced the assorted stones that we had lifted, as far as I know the blanks are still where we placed them although no linger in situ.

By calculation we decided that there were probably three thousand good blanks in the total heap. Beryl and I had a good day on Tahanga with Elizabeth Shaw, who later wrote about it. Elizabeth found a finished adze.

Whangamata

As Beryl has a beach house at Whangamata it was necessary for me to be there or in the vicinity for most of most Januarys. As it is impossible for me to wander around with my eyes shut I

noticed many interesting things, especially as my knowledge of archaeology and artefacts grew. A lot of things were simply on the surface and a lot not far below ground level. As all of the three main areas, Whitipirorua, Whangamata Wharf (site and road) and Whiritoa have all been given the developer's best bulldozer treatment, I feel that I did little harm by picking a lot of these interesting articles up. One cache of adzes from Whiritoa has even been illustrated in The First Thousand Years. The family has always teased me about this discovery stating that I was really excited. Foolishly I took the adzes to one of Jack's society meetings, to find many odd holes all over the Whiritoa area when I next visited it. I had an assortment of helpers at Whitipirorua who most kindly gave of their time, helped shift many cubic yards of loose sand. There was no show of trowelling unless this stuff was shifted, and there was no show of recovering small artefacts if excavating with a shovel, so trowelling very carefully was in order. One day Janet, Eleanor Crosby and Molly Nicholls and a farmer who was a one time wild-life employee, had seven fossil dentalium rings and a one-piece hook to show from the surface. Later there was a unique shell lure, a very good roughout, a perfect moa bone hook. Beryl found an ivory hook on the surface, an ivory reel not very large. Lots of tabs, moa egg shell, many files. When this area was bulldozed I was not amused.

Sadly I was never able to get the Society to stage a good old style Easter dig at Whiritoa, I had everything laid on with the local sand operator for such an occasion. When the developers had a go they took the surface down ten feet, considerably to the disgust of some who had already purchased sections from the plan. I found a good hook, human bone, in a bulldozer track. We are forever indebted to Molly who drew a good map of Whitipirorua showing the beach sites.

Later Pat Murdock showed me pieces in the foreshore opposite the Cabana Lodge at Whangamata. I had found some near the western side of the wharf and of course had picked up pieces from the side of the wharf site - Allo's. I managed to interest Wilfred. He and the Sundes, using Beryl's house for accommodation set out some squares on the foreshore. Later a bit about obsidian was published. A small greenstone adze was found and lure hooks, etc. Much more should have been done as between an extraordinary tide and storm, and the later activities of the council, the foreshore has had it. I have written about my dig at East's, and records should exist of some squares at the wharf site excavated by a party and teacher from Otumoetai High School supervised by me.

Tairua

I spent a week with Roger Green exploring peninsula beaches. Luckily Roger is a good cook. Also he has very long legs, keeping him in sight over dunes stretched me quite a bit.

Thanks to his knowledge the Tairua site was discovered during this trip. I helped at the subsequent excavations as did Pat Murdock and Hugh Simpson, all of us with farm labouring experience, which we surely needed. Mrs Buist, who was there with her husband, noted for his editorial work and Taranaki discoveries, unearthed a pearl shell lure. There were a lot of moa bones, some four or five varieties.

Great Barrier

Roger obtained the assistance of the Navy. They took some 35 of us, including Norm Wardell and his bike and transparent tent to the Barrier. We landed behind Arid Island, established camp and set to work. Some worked on the hill, I helped Janet and Molly, we sieved for days from a beach site midden, a kuri skull and hundredweight of fish bones and scales and shells. Wandering in the area between the midden and camp I felt on familiar ground with good flakes, and soon found a good bone lure. Roger could not ignore this. Mr Sunde was put in charge of the several squares opened. I was allowed to help, but was in disgrace for not sticking more closely to the midden. A lot of archaic material turned up. The three sites examined made the dig really interesting, and it was with reluctance that we left. The farmer who had been really helpful, butchered a two year old heifer for us, and later took us in three loads to Tryphena, weather not permitting us to get off where we landed. Wynne Spring-Rice and Garry Law have now written most of this up. I feel that I am right in saying that this was one of the best digs ever. The farmer stated that we were amazingly well organised. I told him that this used to be Golson's Gang and was now Roger Green's Mob, and that there was simply no organisation. However, we were all workers except one odd lass that the girls described as a lazy --. All felt that as much as possible had to be done in the short time, especially to take advantage of the great kindness shown by the Navy and the farmer. I laughed to watch the ratings hide Norm's bike whilst we passed the Naval Dockyard. Norm mislaid it for a day or so while we were busy.

Katikati

This was a dig indeed, two separate parts: the pa and structures, and, after Wilfred and Norm cleared the blackberry

and raupo off the swamp and made a drain to lower water levels, the comb swamp. Later Roger explored an extensive undefended site with good rua, etc. Watching a good excavator dealing with an underground rua is always a delight to me, and once it is finally cleared with the ko marks still remaining it is an archaeological gem. The Maori people were very friendly. We were a bit shaken when some fifteen of them turned up for lunch, but we managed. Jack had covered exposed bones. The evening visit to their meeting house will never be forgotten by me. Their Master of Ceremonies had a staff: if it was handed to someone it could not be given back or given to someone else unless one did something to entertain. A hula by Jack, odd songs, etc. I have no parlour tricks and shivered in my shoes when it was passed to me, I made a short speech of thanks and approval and requested that the poi dancers present should perform a canoe poi. This was very well done and I later found that these six or so ladies had won poi competitions in many places. We had a streaker one night when one of the leader's tents blew away, he scorned pyjamas in his sleeping bag so had little option but to chase his tent in his birthday suit. It is stated that the Bay of Plenty was favoured by the agricultural Maoris, and this accounted for the extent of some of the sites. The combs were difficult things to deal with, some like very thick blotting paper and usually tucked under twigs. I uncovered eight. Poor Wilfred nearly lost the skin off his feet working everlastingly in wet for weeks.

Maioro

In the course of work I met up with a Maioro farmer, Mr Thompson, who gave me a chert bowl, not a container. I took this to Jack but I have never seen it since. I managed to get Janet and company to visit the place which contains three pa, one in well consolidated sand, semi-sandstone. However another site was chosen. Roger and party dealt with it. It was especially notable for two things. One, the camp was pitched alongside a box-thorn hedge. When I visited I learnt that box-thorn spikes could go right through jandal soles quite easily. Two, I was present when Bob Cater unearthed one of the best adzes I have ever seen. As I am very interested in artefacts this really thrilled me. Mr Thompson and his wife are good sports. On a later occasion Mr Thompson took me and a visiting American archaeologist all over the farm and down to the beach by tractor.

Te Kauwhata

The pa investigated is one of those built as a gesture. It was practically unused. A Hamilton orchardist brought us some marvellous apples. There were many pumpkins on the surrounding farm. Janet made a good map.

Hot Water Beach

Mr Pye hospitably put me up for one night quite a few years ago. Later the Lands Department, Hamilton, asked me to locate a pa or camp site they had on a plan. In company with Cyril Hindmarsh, Mr Pye and an elderly local farmer we had a go at finding the place with no result. The old local did not know everything after all. Later I met up with a farmer-contractor who took me to the site, an undefended one which was actually on his property, and in no danger. My son took me to visit the Leahy-Law dig, I was just as pleased as they were to view the big soapstone reel they had unearthed.

Conferences

Pat Murdoch was a very regular conference attender, and I went as often as possible. The first one that comes to mind was the one at Wanganui hosted by Mr Smart senior. They had a fine new lecture room, which was a great help. Moa bones were in the museum basement like packets of battens. We were taken to see some petroglyphs along the river, and had all sorts of lectures to listen to, some by professors from the medical school who dealt exhaustively with bones. The most enjoyable conference were perhaps the ones when visitors were housed in university halls of residence, and where most who were deeply interested managed to attend: once at Wellington, twice at Canterbury, and once to the mighty Anzaas occasion where Pat and Ada Murdock and Beryl and I shared motel accommodation.

Rotorua

Roger Green gave his first formal public address here, he does better nowadays. We were entertained formally at an Arawa marae, Dr Duff and Palmer speaking in Maori. The main Maori speaker stated that in the words of a Maori proverb "When the old net is worn out or out-moded it should be replaced by new". I hopefully thought that this would mean that the Maori people would see fit to use modern archaeological means to reveal facts of their history. We staged a dig to illustrate correct excavation, which was of course never, as far as I know, written up. The replacement of earth and later turf was an example of what can be done. Rain coats were freely used to carry earth, everyone helped, no arguments, just work.

Christchurch

At one particular conference Dr Duff made all hands free of his laboratory and store rooms. In minutes I at last knew what

I was really looking at in respect to archaic material in moa bone. The affect on academics must have been equally dramatic. The students that were the occupants of the hostel room which David Trower and I used left a box of apples, very nice ones, and a label "help yourselves". A bus was used to convey us to Cave, where we dined. I have a little sketch Sheila Natusch made of me with my elbow on the Cave pub mantelpiece. The bus driver parked his bus with the radiator up against the wall of the country hall we used for the night. Next morning I knew why as there was ice on a nearby water trough almost half-an-inch thick. We journeyed to various shelters to see the cave paintings, many had been outlined in crayon by a no doubt well meaning person, a pity in my opinion.

Some of the ladies from Kaiapoi and other country places had hampers in their cars with wonderful provisions. The hospitality of New Zealand farm people is amazing. These ladies are usually in historic societies and womens insitutes etc., and could have helped research vastly if they had been given the encouragement they deserved.

Turangi

This conference was quite remarkable in many ways. Accommodation was good - in workman's huts - if you were lucky. Pat and I had a hut with a busted heater, and we almost froze. My companion at lectures most days was the Ombudsman, who had a good knowledge of Polynesians, especially from Samoa.

New Plymouth (1967)

Pat and I were lucky. Rigby Allen and Pat were old friends and Rigby put us up. Later Dr Duff had to be fitted in as well. The Taranaki Museum is a credit to all concerned and the freedom to spend quite a time in it including the storerooms was a real privilege. The excursions into the surrounding country were very good.

Whakatane (1976)

Garry Law and I were given accommodation by one of the ladies from the museum. A friend of mine lends me the newsletter published by the Whakatane Society. It is a really good publication. The museum is by way of becoming a very good one. Their patron is the Governor General, and all concerned are really workers. I showed some film one evening at the conference, including one of eels taken one time for the acclimatisation society. I hoped this would provoke worthwhile discussion. Eels were an important part of Maori diet though few bones remain in middens, and

I have never heard of their being potted like pigeons or mutton birds. However, the sight of these large squirming creatures drove archaeological thoughts away, and none raised questions I had hoped for.

Auckland 1979

The highlight of course was that Jack was back for a visit. The dinner in the old Government House was quite an occasion. An American had some film of Red Indian activities, and Jack had some good illustrations of his work in New Guinea. I could not help thinking of the old days in No.13 Symond St., and the adjacent brothels.

Miscellany

One well remembered occasion took us all to a wool shed in Wairarapa - Jack is a man of many parts, his carving of the huge joint provided by the farmer was masterly. Several of the ladies had made no preparation for spending the night in a fairly rugged wool shed, and shearers quarters, and must have been uncomfortable. Pat and I found an old wire mattress which we tucked into a corner.

Another occasion took us to Waitara. The pa we inspected was very good, with many sleeping places dug into one slope. Trevor Hosking had a Land Rover, he took me to see the dreikanter stones at the coast. They are wonderful examples of nature's work.

I took Mr Phillipps of the Dominion Museum to Pat Murdock's place, from where we visited Toss Hammond at Thames. I have a photo of the three of them. I tried to get this photo into the Newsletter when Pat died, but my request was not granted.

At one time Pat and I had a look at a place noted for shell hooks. We camped out under a tarpaulin in Kennedy Bay reserve. The tie rope gave way and poor Pat was washed out of his bag, luckily I had a spare one. When we finally reached our objective we were both aghast, never have I seen such wicked ransacking of a place. I complained bitterly to Roger about it and showed him the photographs I took. Using a sieve I found a very good part hook now under Nigel's care.

On another occasion a Waiuku friend and I sieved in tractor tracks near a living level recovering several of the most delicate shell hooks I have ever seen. Why they had not been crushed to destruction by tractor wheels I know not.

Sonny Hovell. No one knows more about artefacts than he. He took us, my family and me, to his residence at Waihi Beach to

see his collection, and at a later date Pat and I visited him at Christchurch and viewed as much of his collection as he had taken with him.

I took Wilfred Shawcross and John Terrell to Pat's place, and we visited the Paterangi and Oruarangi sites, and were able to show them a bit of the area unexcavated. We stayed the night and Wilfred and John had a good look at Pat's collection.

An old school friend let me have his yacht and two sons, which enabled me to take Wilfred and Terrell and Karel Peters to the terraced island at Manaia Harbour, on the Coromandel. Wilfred, Terrell and Karel landed on it with one of the boys, from the dinghy. I stayed with the other boy as the yacht could not be left unmanned. The map they made was almost immediately lost. On the way home we called at Ponui, which enabled Wilfred to meet Mr Chamberlain and make arrangements for the dig which later took place.

Roger, Janet and I spent three days working on a very small heap at Tahanga. The new sugar bags I bought for archaeological bags happily repose in the Auckland Museum. I had a crook leg on this occasion, so could not help Roger as much as I should have done, 7 or so cwt. had to be got to where Skipper could get to them.

We had a happy time mapping Opito, using my hut. I essayed a climb to the top of Tahanga on this occasion, and later got cramp. The girls helped me but I suffered.

There are two excursions to Tahanga, Opito, that should be mentioned. Lady Fox and Agnes Sullivan stayed overnight, and Mr Calder took us up part way to the top by tractor. Aileen is very active, her legs are not as long as Roger's, but one has to run to keep up. On the other occasion, Pat McCoy, an American archaeologist, and Louise Furey were my next guests. He lost his wallet and papers. I pranged my car door \$80 worth. Skipper took us most of the way on his tractor, up the hill.

One of the benefactors of the Auckland Museum that deserves thanks from all N.Z. archaeologists is certainly Earle Vaile. This bequest enables the museum to employ a fully qualified archaeologist full time. Janet Davidson held the first appointment and made a splendid job of establishing an excellent research department. She came to Papakura with the van one day, and took almost everything I had not already parted with.

Talking of vans. Leila Usher and Janet, and Wilfred and I spent a night adjacent to a moa hunter site, using the van. Next day we had to put on a specimen excavation for the Hamilton diggers, including 'Grumpy' Hunt. The farmer stated that a drain was indubitably Maori. An earthenware drain tile with an Auckland maker's name on it convinced him that he was wrong.

I took Ron Scarlett from a dig to visit Beryl at Whangamata, and show him Tairua and other places. The farmer at Hot Water beach is a good sport. After lunch we proceeded along the beach. Ron and the farmer had a look at a typical wind swept area. I noticed a bone sticking out of the edge, I eased it out and threw it to Ron. Had I given him the benefit of 10,000 volts I could not have roused him more. "eyelsii! eyelsii!" This I found was the extinct hawk never before found in the North Island. Luckily there was more of eyelsii in the sand. Quite a long time later Ron was able to show me his box of comparative material in Christchurch. I picked up the bone I had thrown to him and there in his box was one identical. We all owe Ron a great deal and there is no doubt about his uncanny ability.

In many ways I have been lucky archaeologically. The luck still seems to hold because in the last month I have had four trips into the field. The first to view two ko that were still more or less in situ, the second I was taken to all the redoubts from Tuakau to Rangiriri. The third to the recovery of the ko, and in company with a remarkable lady to view a petroglyph on a rock some miles from Naieke. Our lady guide goes wild water rafting for recreation, and drove the Naieke school bus for ten years. She has a really good knowledge of the area, and should be encouraged to lead us again as there is much to be put on record. Nigel took me to Ellett's Mountain where Jim McKinlay had commenced a salvage dig (late 1982). It must have been a wonderful place before European quarry people had a go at it.

Social occasions

An exceptional party at Northcote. Pat and I got lost in Mt Albert. Pat was staying with the postmaster, I found myself well on the way to Whenuapai before I became oriented. Good job I found an all night garage on my way back to Papakura. Several parties of a similar kind, one at Roger's, a house warming at Garry's, one party to hand over the record of the camp fire songs. We had capable poets and musicians. Sue had a guitar. The Sundes were very good. Janet, Pat, Beryl and I attended the function at the museum for Princess Alexandra, a most notable occasion. It was good to see some of the cloaks and greenstone proudly worn for once. The restaurant function at Northcote to say goodbye to

Janet on her way to England. Many were glad when she returned. Beryl and I were present at Roger's inaugural speech as a professor, a great occasion.

I am not familiar with the laws of libel, so perhaps I have been over careful in the foregoing remarks, but am pretty sure that the old hands still living and few of the new people will revive their own memories with pleasure.