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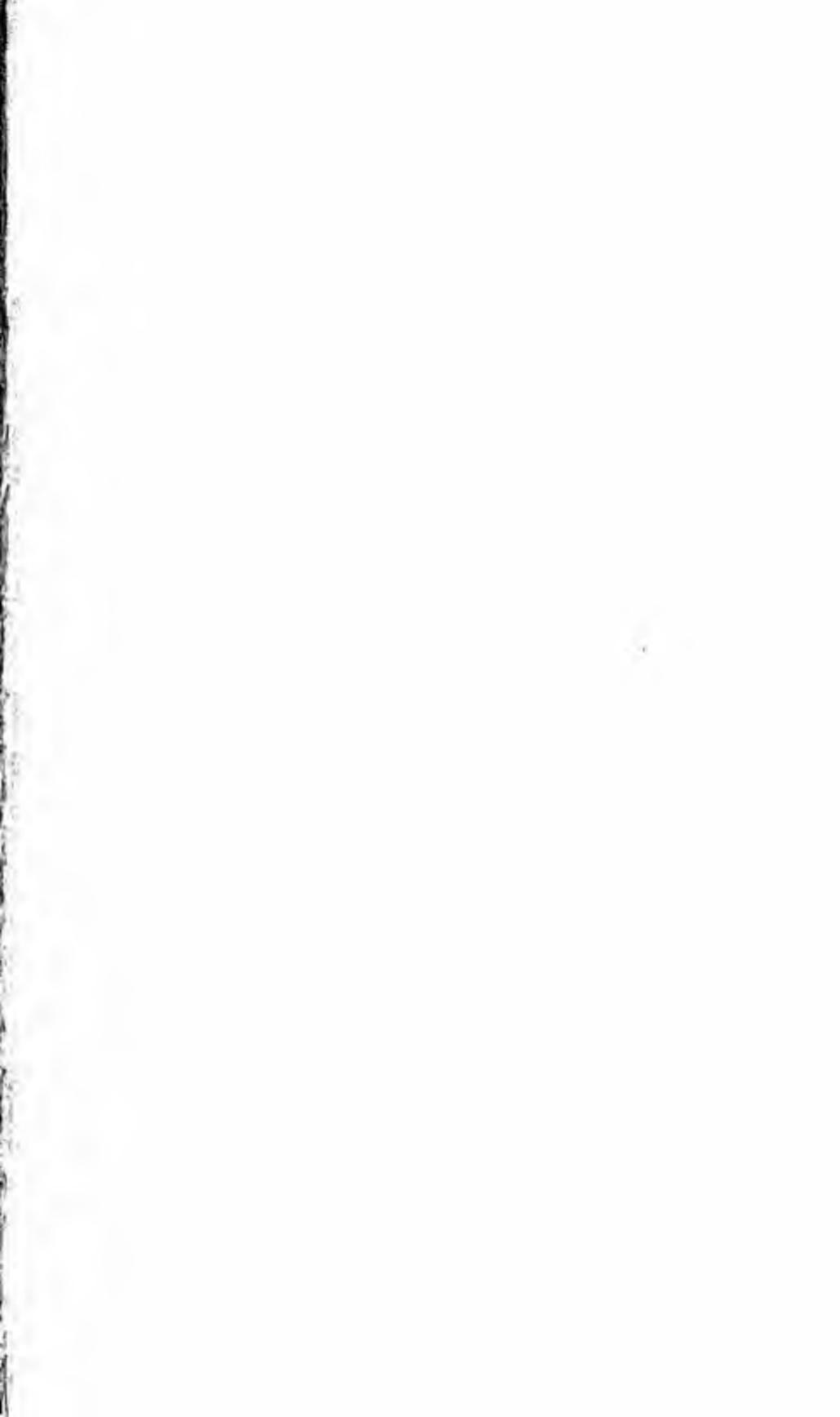




## Said and Done

ALSO BY O. G. S. CRAWFORD

*Man and his Past*  
*Wessex from the Air*  
*Archaeology in the Field*  
*Fung Kingdom of Sennar*





The author and 'Grannie' at Hope Villa, 1938

# Said and Done

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
AN ARCHAEOLOGIST

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O. G. S. Crawford  
EDITOR OF *ANTIQUITY*

WEIDENFELD AND NICOLSON

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## Foreword

THIS book, unlike my others, originated in suggestions made by friends. It has proved easier to write than I expected. My subject hitherto has been the remote past, and the facts had to be laboriously assembled and sorted out, and authorities checked and cited in foot-notes; in this one the author is his own subject and most of the facts are in his head. I was at first bewildered by the memories that crowded round, demanding admission; on what principles should they be selected? Two eventually emerged—relevance to the main theme of my life, which has been concerned with archaeology, and readability. The lucky survival of old engagement-books, supplemented (for the Thirties) by a detailed negative register, made a coherent narrative possible.



I  
London  
in the Nineties  
1886 - 1895

My birth in India : journey to England : my aunts Dora, Gertrude and Edith : No. 10 Devonshire Street, Portland Place : childish fears and fancies : hansom cabs and omnibuses : my earliest recollections.

I WAS born on October 28th, 1886, at Breech Candy, a residential suburb of Bombay, where my parents were then living. My father was an Indian civil servant and a judge at the High Court of Thana; and my mother, who was much younger, was the daughter of an army doctor called Mackenzie whose home was in Aberdeen. My father's ancestors on the male side came from Fifeshire in the eighteenth century. Though I have never lived in Scotland I have always felt at home there, and know it well. To my Scottish ancestors I attribute a good physical constitution and a certain toughness of fibre. I never knew my mother, who died a few days after my birth, and my memory of my father, who died in 1894, is rather dim. In temperament I should guess that the one was mercurial and the other solid, but eminently worthy. My father died of some tropical complaint, but his sisters lived to a great age, the two youngest being well over ninety when they died. My mother's mother, whom I remember very well, also lived to be more than ninety. Longevity is to some extent hereditary, and those destined to it develop more slowly than others; my aunts in their sixties were more like other people in their late forties or fifties. It would seem that longevity is more than just living for a long time, and an inborn quality of the organism manifesting itself at every stage of development. It may therefore be a handicap in extreme youth, when one has to compete with others who develop more quickly; but it has compensations later on, for the curve is at the peak when that of others has begun to fall. Fir trees shoot up quicker than oaks but die sooner.

In those days it was customary for children born in India to be sent home to be brought up in England; in my case this was the more necessary because of my mother's death. One of my father's sisters, Eleanor, was Sister Superior of a Home at Poonah controlled by the Community of St Mary the Virgin at Wantage, an Anglican sisterhood usually called the Wantage sisters. She undertook to bring me back, accompanied by an Indian nurse (*ayah*). When I was three months old we sailed from Bombay on the P and O liner *Bokhara*.

My father decided, most fortunately, to entrust me to his two sisters who lived in London, at No. 10 Devonshire Street, just off Portland Place; Dora, the elder, was about fifty, and Gertrude (Plate 2) was a few years younger. The two were as different in character and temperament as two people could be. Dora, whom I called Auntie Do, was solid, worthy and Low Church; Gertrude was quiet, pietist, introspective and High Church. Both were very kind-hearted and devoted to me. Though I loved them both, at first I was more devoted to my younger aunt, Gertrude, whom I called Auntie Gogga, later amended to plain Pogga. (The omission of the prefix was rather discouraged, but I persisted, regarding it as an unnecessary formality, like Mr or Mrs.) Auntie Do belonged very much to the world in which she lived, an almost exclusively female world whose marginal regions were inhabited by males hovering between respectability and a mild disapproval. She had a complete knowledge of family relationships, though in the exact dates of births, marriages and deaths, her sister ran her close. The centre of her world was All Saints, Margaret Street, whereas that of Gertrude was St Andrew's, Wells Street. Gertrude was devoted to her sister Edith, and both fell under the influence of Mr Webb, who had been until just before then the Vicar of St Andrew's.

My aunt Edith Anderson Crawford was in every way an outstanding personality. I remember her only as a Sister of Mercy, for soon after I came to London she joined the Wantage community, first as a novice in a white veil, and then as a nun. She was the only member of the family, apart from my father, who had intellectual interests. She learnt Greek and Hebrew and could write both languages to the day of her

death. I was devoted to her. She used to tell me stories based on nursery rhymes embellished with purely imaginary episodes, such as the journey of Jack's brother O'Nory to Sirius.

I vividly remember London in the early nineties, the London of hansom cabs, horse buses and old ladies in bonnets and bead capes. It was a very pleasant world for the old ladies, even if the setting was rather grim in parts. My contacts with the world outside my nursery were controlled and directed by my aunts and my nurse, called Nanna, Miss Jane Crowhurst. By my aunts I was taken to visit other old ladies, of whom I stood in great awe. They in turn came and took tea with us, and I was groomed by Nanna for such occasions.

From the window of my top-floor eyrie there was an oblique view of Portland Place, and the town house (No. 69) of Mr Goschen, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the evenings coloured lights shone through panes of variegated glass, somehow suggesting that behind them lay a realm of mystery, tantalizingly unattainable. Close to it was the Chinese Embassy (No. 49) and Chinamen in pigtailed and oriental garb were often to be seen in Portland Place. Through a confusion of the two and of both with the land of Goschen, where it was light when darkness covered the land of Egypt, I saw this house of Goschen's through a pleasantly romantic haze.

From the back windows of the house could be seen clusters of innumerable cowl and chimney-pots, each with an individuality that seemed to be almost alive. To a child in the animate stage they were fascinating and friendly. Dominating the skyline were the orderly rows above the houses in Park Crescent. I endowed the waterjugs that were in all bedrooms there with similar personalities, one rather stout jug in Auntie Do's room being, to my mind, exactly like her. Auntie Do was short but cast in a generous mould; it was impressed upon me by her sisters that she was not 'fat' but 'stout'—a subtle but just distinction. I can still see these resemblances in objects called by adults inanimate, but they do not, as formerly, strike me at first glance, for 'the freshness and the glory' have departed. So, too, have all the sedate and comfortable houses in Devonshire Street, and nearly all those in the three other streets between Portland Place and Great Portland Street. In

one of those (No. 50) opposite ours lived an old lady called Miss Wylie who spent much time sitting at her window. I used to wave my hand to her and she would wave back and smile; that, I think, was the limit of our acquaintance.

Great Portland Street contained many fascinating things. Northwards it ended in a pleasant vista of plane trees peering over a mellow brick wall, foreshadowing the ampler greenward of the gardens beyond Regent's Park. To me the background of the friendly chimney-pots was equally pleasing. Most exciting was an animal shop (No. 195) kept by Augustus Zache, in whose window could be seen the strangest creatures straight out of picture-books. Further down was the Jewish synagogue, giving reality to a curious but familiar word, which had acquired a faintly sinister connotation from the Gospels. Nearly opposite (No. 28) was John Parsons' shop where I had my hair cut, either by the rotund and elegant Mr Parsons himself, or his rather subdued assistant, Warman. My hair was of an auburn colour which, to my embarrassment, was frequently admired. A little nearer Oxford Street (No. 12) was Creswick's stationer's shop where frequent visits were paid. In Mortimer Street was the shop of Stanley who came to attend to our numerous clocks. In the window was a mechanical dog which wagged its tail; though normally invisible on Sundays, it was sometimes put there for my special benefit, and the hope of seeing it was some compensation for the penance of attending divine service at St Andrew's. A little further on was the Middlesex Hospital where Pogga visited. She sometimes took me with her and I was left in charge of Miss Thorold, the Lady Superintendent, a stately dame who wore what seemed to me rather strange garments of lace and chiffon. My aunt knitted a counterpane for the hospital—a work of years, for the unit was a shell and each shell had then to be joined to the whole fabric. She knitted at least three such counterpanes between 1890 and about 1910 or 1920—it may have been more. Two I still have, and one is now on my own bed.

Pogga also did a little slumming in the region east of Great Portland Street, which had a bad reputation. It was not regarded as altogether safe, even in daytime; before she became

a nun Deeshie had been attacked by a pickpocket but she had repulsed him with 'one from the shoulder'. Her slumming expeditions enlarged the circle of our acquaintances, but not (as even then I suspected) to our sole advantage. Some of those visited were the wives of craftsmen like Chittleboro, a favourite of mine, who came to do odd carpentering jobs, and smelt of shavings. Others were obvious spongers, though only I could see it. Such was Mrs Nolan, a smiling, cringing moaner whom I openly detested. She wore a peculiarly repulsive black bonnet and was supposed to be very poor. My kind aunts were easy victims of all such importunate harpies; they could not believe they were being swindled, whether by parasites or by dishonest tradesmen. I had proof of this in later life, though fortunately there were fewer in the country than in London.

I was very fond of my nurse, Nanna, who took me out for daily walks. Our favourite resort was the gardens in Park Crescent, which are still substantially the same as in the nineties. How well I can remember that Londony smell that seemed to exude from plane trees, lilac bushes and flower beds!—and the caterpillars that swarmed at times on the seats and hung from the trees. The gardens were divided by Marylebone Road, under which ran a tunnel. Traversing this tunnel was for me a terrible ordeal, for it was dark and gloomy and overhead the roar of traffic seemed to recall those tigers in the zoo, which was not very far off. I had been told that there were tigers in India, where my father lived; and I imagined that one was immediately beset by them on stepping ashore at Bombay. This tiger complex disturbed my sleep and I had rather terrible nightmares which made me call out for help. My aunts would calm my fears, but for a long time I was terrified of the dark. The nightmares soon lost their first overwhelming terror, but in a modified form they persisted for a long time, and, of course, I still have occasional nightmares like everyone else. I dream every night and all night and have done so all my life; and I enjoy it. Some dreams recur, in slightly varied form. They are usually associated with some actual locality, transmuted; one is the Azores, whose town resembles Tunbridge Wells; another is New York and my arrival there in the dream is the fulfilment of a life-long desire (I have never been

to America or wanted to go there). I often dream of the Sudan, but the dream Sudan is a strange land lit by a lurid red sunlight and has no resemblance that I can see to the real Sudan except that it has a big river. (I had this dream recently when I was actually in the Sudan itself.) Even when the landscape is a real or normal one, in the dream it has a wholly incommunicable glory about it. Another constant dream is that I am travelling in a large steamer which suddenly turns landwards and pursues its course over the solid ground, leaving, as I surmise, a big furrow behind it; I go to look for this and then usually the dream ends. This may be a reminiscence of early adventuring over Hampshire mud-flats and the Solent in a Rob Roy canoe; but why should the memory of this particular pastime so obtrude itself for years?

My promenades with Nanna were directed north, south or west, but never east. Southwards the extreme limit was Oxford Circus and Peter Robinson's where my clothes were bought; but we more often turned back at the south end of Portland Place. In those days, when the stately frontage was yet unbroken, Portland Place was said to be the finest and widest street in London. The surface was macadam, and after rain it was full of small puddles and very muddy. At regular intervals were cobbled crossings for pedestrians, swept clean by crossing-sweepers who stood expectantly beside a cap on the pavement. Traffic consisted mostly of hansom cabs and four-wheelers, broughams and an occasional carriage-and-pair. More rarely one would see a man perched on a 'penny-farthing'—a strange and somewhat alarming sight. Set well back from the broad pavement were the massive shining portals of opulent houses with gleaming knockers, and in summer there were gaily coloured awnings on the balconies. Between the Chinese Embassy—still at No. 49, but now shabby and almost derelict—and Devonshire Street, lived in 1891 Lord Elphinstone (No. 61), Sir Hugh Edward Adair, Bart. (No. 63), and at the corner house (No. 71) Sir William Vavasour, Bart. On the opposite (east) side, between Devonshire Street and Park Crescent, lived Sir George Henry Lewis (No. 88). Portland Place was the embodiment of Victorian prosperity unmarred by the vulgar ostentation of its archi-

ecture. Those who dwelt there were our neighbours; we knew their names and who they were; and though we did not pay calls on each other, we were conscious of belonging to the same community. Life in London then was a community life; society, though stratified (as always), was integrated. Nanna had her friends whom we visited in the Nash terraces south of Regent's Park and elsewhere, and these visits were a joy to me. We went down the area steps and entered a fascinating region of pots and pans and cheery uninhibited company, so infinitely more entertaining than the austere formalities of the old ladies' drawing-rooms. I enjoyed the background chatter and gossip none the less for taking no part in it. I preferred basements and upper floors to the middle regions, and have never understood the objections to them.

Northwards we perambulated in Regent's Park and the Broad Walk, occasionally reaching Primrose Hill, whose trees were then freshly planted. (Nearby, at 122 Regent's Park Road, Frederick Engels was still living.) I enjoyed rolling over and over down the grassy slopes of the hill. I can dimly recall making a scene in the Broad Walk, yelling and screaming in a fit of passion, but I forget the cause of my rage. Looking back I can remember being often severely reprimanded by my aunts for these outbursts which caused them much anxiety.

My aunts began to teach me to read and write, but I also learnt at a dame's school in Portman Square. My aunts taught me to write a double 's' in the eighteenth century fashion, making the first 's' like an 'f' without the cross-bar. They themselves in many other respects belonged rather to the pre-Victorian culture which they had acquired from their mother. Many of their material possessions were made during the first decades of the nineteenth century. Having been brought up in the then secluded rectory of Woodmansterne, they had little contact with the blatant vulgarities of the mid-century; and when they went to live in London they moved in a circle and in an environment that was still to a large extent pre-Victorian. They had a wholesome dislike of vulgarity in language, deportment or buildings, and I owe much to that antipathy. Even their speech retained vestiges of the past; they said 'fippence' for 'fivepence', and my aunt Dora maintained that

the proper way to pronounce Southampton was 'Suthampton', with the accent strongly on the second syllable, the first being slurred and the 'u' almost suppressed. This accords well with the earlier spellings. She was born in the reign of William IV and had been there as a girl.

My aunts' income was derived from their father's life insurance, and was a very slender one. We were dependent on public means of transport, which then consisted of horse-cabs, horse-buses, trams and trains. The underground trains were drawn by steam-engines and the atmosphere below ground was sulphurous, but I liked the smell and still do (on the rare occasions when I recognize it). Hansom cabs were regarded as luxuries to be used sparingly. I loved a ride in a hansom cab for its own sake, and once, when riding in one with Deeshie, and asked if I could see out, I replied that I could see the mud splendidly. The roads were swept of mud by carts with obliquely set rotary brooms which pushed it into the gutter; and I liked watching the wheels of the cab splashing through this sea of mud. Most cabs had iron tyres, but rubber tyres had just been introduced, and in selecting a cab we always tried to find one with rubber tyres.

Buses ran along the main thoroughfares; at Oxford Circus there was an unending procession of them, slowly moving, for the effort of restarting tired the horses. There was there a pervading odour of sweat and horse-dung, and on a dry windy day the air was full of the dust. My nostalgia for the earlier London is not just the normal nostalgia of age, for I have watched the progressive deterioration through all its stages with alarm and despondency, and it began when I was still quite young.

So far as I can remember I had few contacts with other children. I dimly remember an encounter with some little girls in the gardens of Park Crescent, and I think I had little boys to play with me in the nursery, but I rather suspect that we did not get on very well together. Perhaps their visits were too infrequent to establish any real friendships; or my fits of temper may have made this impossible. My memory of any such contacts is defective. I only know that throughout my early days—and even afterwards—I was quite happy when

alone. Later on, when I began to travel, well-meaning people would ask me, somewhat reproachfully, whether I would not prefer to have a travelling-companion. My reply was an emphatic negative; but it must not be supposed that I was at all morose, moody or abnormally introspective; it was simply that I did not feel the need of companionship. I did not mix well until I got to Oxford, and even there and during vacations I was perfectly happy when alone. Fear of solitude in adults is the mark of ignorance or stupidity. It is a marvellous experience to be completely alone in a desert.

My father—'Charlie' to his sisters—came home on leave twice between my birth in 1886 and his death in India in 1894. I have a vivid remembrance of climbing about on the mud-rocks beside the bay at Birchington in Kent, helped by my father; long afterwards, I think about 1903 or 1904 when we were staying at Broadstairs, I tested the accuracy of this memory by revisiting the bay with Pogga, who confirmed it. I found the place unaided from my memory of it; and Pogga showed me the lodging-house close by where we were staying. This is one of the first things in my life that I can remember; it happened when I was about two years old. Another event which happened at about the same time was a visit to my great aunt Sarah at some seaside resort—I think Eastbourne or Bognor. There I was introduced, with all the pomp and ceremony proper to the occasion, to an old French retainer of the family called Virginie. I can still remember her wrinkled old face and her frilly white cap with its band. She was a hundred years old, and had escaped from France at the time of the Revolution with some of Aunt Sarah's forebears. Virginie was then a girl of about seven and had been born about 1788; thus there is a living link that spans a hundred and sixty-five years.

The atmosphere of my home was one of moral fervour and what is called 'other-worldliness'. So impressed was I by it that I once went so far as to say, in a moment of enthusiasm, that I should like to be a clergyman. I did not really mean this, but merely said it, I think, to please my aunts, which it did. I was not, however, allowed to forget my rash undertaking, and it was only when I realized that I had gone too far that I

decided to retract—and I did, very resolutely and firmly. They were, of course, disappointed but I felt a vast relief. What I did carry over into after-life was a conviction that 'following a gleam' was much more important than any sort of careerism or money-grabbing. When grown-up or nearly so I modified this conviction, and decided that I would earn my living by doing something I really enjoyed doing and not by sitting on an office stool or trying to govern 'natives'. I proceeded in due course to carry out this decision, and have never for a single moment regretted it.

## School Days

1895-1905

My father's death ; we move to Hampshire : the Grove, East Woodhay : school in Reading : Marlborough—a change for the worse : tyranny of games and dullness of curriculum : F. B. Malim's good influence : first interest in prehistoric archaeology : a trip to Rome : my aunts choose Oxford.

**M**Y father's death in 1894 was a terrible shock for my aunts. It left them alone in the world with no one to look after their interests, or advise them on countless matters of greater or lesser importance. Worst of all they now had sole responsibility for the care and education of his only child, then seven years old. He had married again, and I think there was some discussion about my future. I was consulted on the subject, and I said that I wished to remain with my aunts and not go to live with Florence, my step-mother. My aunts had been surprised at my father's second marriage; Charlie could do no wrong in their eyes, however; and if he took this course it must be right. But my step-mother was welcomed with reserve, and though relations were not unfriendly they were not cordial. Florence was much younger than my father and his sisters, and she belonged to an Anglo-Indian world with which they had nothing in common. I accepted her without either enthusiasm or hostility, and we were always on friendly terms. She soon married again—a Mr Shackle, who was a stockbroker—and I went to stay with them once at Hayes in Middlesex, and remember that I much enjoyed my visit. Fond as I was of my aunts and my home, I think I liked the change; it was pleasant to get away for a time from a rather austere, though kindly, régime. Mr Shackle died not long afterwards, and Florence, as I was given to believe, fell on hard times, and succumbed.

It was then decided that we should leave London and go to live in the country. Pogga made several journeys to inspect houses, and eventually it was decided to rent a house at North

End, East Woodhay, five miles south-west of Newbury. It was in the extreme north-west corner of Hampshire, near the foot of the North Hampshire downs, which later had much to do with my early archaeological efforts. We moved in on May 11th, 1895, taking with us all the family goods, which included the cat, Sandy, and my father's fox-terrier bitch, Belinda, who had returned alone from India. As Charlie's friend she was regarded with great affection, and in consequence rapidly increased in girth. She lived happily to a ripe old age.

The house was called 'The Old Grove', but my aunts changed it to 'The Grove'. It had belonged to a former rector, Mr Hodgson, from whom it passed to the Miss Hodgsons from whom we rented it. The house is still very much the same, and is safe in the hands of the Miss Hodgsons who still live there. It stands in its own grounds, with a garden and three acres of meadow. I became devoted to it; for twenty years it was my home and the real background of my life. I loved, and still love, the countryside in which it stands—a land of small grass fields and dairy farms, interspersed with the residences of people with independent means. My aunts soon got to know their neighbours, but of all those who then lived there—the Quinns, Miss Lindsay, the Williamses, the Forsters, Lady Louisa Howard and the Cardens—only the Cardens still survive there. Communications were difficult, especially in winter; the gravel lanes were rough going. Most of our neighbours had broughams or a carriage-and-pair, but my aunts could only afford a pony carriage, which Pogga drove.

I was taught Latin by the curate, Mr Knight, before I went to a preparatory school. It had already been long ago decided that I was to go to a school at Reading kept by an old school-friend of my father, Mr Arthur C. Bartholomew. It was called Park House, and still stands—a huge ornate Victorian mansion—at the corner of Tilehurst Road and Park Road, now some sort of public office. It had a lovely garden which it was the delight of 'Mr B' or 'Bartie' as he was called by us, to take us round on Sundays. I was quite happy there.

The Reading of those days was a quiet place; one could walk and talk in its streets, and cross them without fear of

death; the suburbs were close to green fields and hedges, and the smell was of the country, not of the exhaust pipe. Our playing-field was across the road; immediately on the right of the gate were two long strips of cement with a slightly raised border which were flooded in cold weather to make slides for us. I never took to games, and found the field itself and its hedges more interesting. One day, wandering in the field I looked up and saw a carriage going along without a horse; this was a memorable event. I did not realize how much misery the internal combustion engine was destined to inflict on mankind.

The classes of the younger boys were held in a large room in which was a bookshelf containing bound volumes of *Punch* and of the *Illustrated London News*. We had, apparently, a good deal of spare time, and I used to browse on these back numbers of *Punch* from which I learnt a lot about Victorian history. The cartoons of Sir John Tenniel were a special delight, and I knew the faces of all the prominent politicians. I got to know the style of the chief artists, Charles Keene, G. D. Armour, du Maurier, Cruickshank; their London was the one I had known and it still existed then. We were supplied also with the *Daily Graphic*, then full of drawings of 'scenes at the front' in Africa.

Bartie was deeply devout and put great enthusiasm into his teaching of the Bible. I had already been thoroughly grounded in this subject at home and profited from it now by getting high marks. I knew Old Testament history thoroughly; but when it came to the edifying lessons that history was supposed to inculcate I broke down completely. I tried memorizing them, but they seemed, to my even then rationalizing mind, to be complete *non-sequiturs*. Bartie was not, however, a narrow-minded bigot; he took some of us to University Extension Lectures on winter evenings; these were delivered by W. J. Sollas, Professor of Geology at Oxford, and dealt with volcanoes and coral islands. I was thrilled, for these were just the sort of things that interested me—far more so than the attempted murder of Isaac by his father, and the lesson it taught us. Sollas was a first-rate lecturer, and later at Oxford I heard him again and got to know him. He was a man of great

charm, and a born teacher, as well as a geologist and (later) archaeologist of distinction. On our walks to and from the lectures we saw the stars, and I remember talking about them to Bartie who was kindly helpful, though not, I think, much interested himself.

I was at Park House School from 1896 to 1900; and when the time came for me to leave, the question arose whether I was to learn Greek. It had been long ago decided that I should follow in my father's footsteps and go to Marlborough, and I suppose the question arose now because it would have to be decided whether I should enter there on the Classical or Modern side. I fought vigorously for the Modern side, and for German instead of Greek, but without success. How I came to advocate learning German I do not know, but it was a sound course. Ignorance of German has been a severe handicap to me throughout my life, both in practical affairs and in the realm of archaeology. I am one of those who have no flair for languages; thanks to the excellent teaching of Herbert Leaf at Marlborough (who taught us from a grammar he wrote himself) and to the fact that I learnt it when quite young and had early opportunities of speaking it, I have become fairly fluent in French. Had I had a similar grounding in German how useful it would have been! Instead of that, I was kept at Greek for four years, at the end of which I could with difficulty compose and translate it. *Four years!* I suppose I must have wasted in all something between one thousand and two thousand hours of my best learning years in this futile labour.

It may be that the old classical curriculum provided a good basic education and that I have profited by it. Certainly a knowledge of Latin is very useful, and the learning of it an excellent discipline. But is it really impossible to combine this with the teaching of a modern language or two? Are the bilingual and multilingual Dutch and Scandinavians the worse off for it?

I must now say something about my four years at Marlborough, and that is the part of this book which I have most dreaded writing. I shall be brief, and shall try to be fair. It may have been partly my own fault that they were years of

misery. On the other hand, I am certain that it was not entirely my fault, and I have met others, my contemporaries, who also looked back on their time there with similar feelings—and they too were perfectly normal healthy people.

The things that caused my chief unhappiness were, I think, bullying, compulsory games, and the vast size of the institution and its classes. Bullying was rampant and savage, and it came to me as a new and horrible experience. There had been none to speak of in our happy little community at Park House, perhaps just because we were a little community, not a horde of six hundred savages. I suppose the correct antidote for bullying is aggression—but the bully always wins, being always bigger and stronger, and the last state is far worse than the first. The bullying at Marlborough was entirely pointless and almost impersonal, and it went entirely unchecked by the masters. After the first term or two I decided that I had had enough and decided to run away. My idea was to go to sea, but I had the vaguest ideas of how to do it. On the return after the holidays, instead of getting out at Savernake (for the branch train to Marlborough) I remained in the train and ended up at Weymouth. I found a room for the night in a lodging-house—I think the street was called Lemon Street—and next day went down to the harbour to look for a ship. But there were no ships there! Weymouth was not the right place for one trying to 'run away to sea' in the story-book fashion. I felt pretty miserable, and must have run short of money. Anyway, I had to admit failure, and return home. My poor aunts had been distracted at my disappearance, for, of course, I could not tell them of my intention, and they were overjoyed to see me back. There was a tearful interview at which Deeshie, who had been summoned to The Grove, took part. To my consternation I found that I was to be sent back to Marlborough; that was a decision that was not even open to discussion. Back I went, to interview the Master, G. C. Bell. At this interview Mr F. B. Malim was present. I must now explain that the chief motive of my running away was a dread of returning to A House, which was a perfect little hell inhabited almost entirely by very junior boys, but with just enough older boys to provide the required maximum of bully-

ing. At the interview I was questioned about my reasons for running away and I gave them, as I have stated. This, I think, produced some effect. I remember little else of the interview except that once my hopes rose when the Master said: 'But remember, we have not yet decided to take you back.' Eventually they did so decide, but I was to go into Malim's, not A House. I had therefore won a battle, but I had lost the war.

Before I go any further, I must say something about Malim, embarrassing though it be, for he may read it himself. He was my housemaster and later my form-master, and he was also the president or chairman (I forget the correct style) of the Archaeological Section of the school Natural History Society. To him I owe a very deep debt of gratitude for his teaching, his example and, by no means least, for starting my interest in archaeology, to which I have devoted my life. This is no small debt; and it was a great moment for me when I was able recently to tell him so, and to thank him for what he had done nearly half a century ago.

The inhumanity that seems inseparable from big institutions was a new and horrible revelation to me. At home, in the village, and at Park House, I had been used to friendly associations on a human scale; at Marlborough one felt in the grip of some soulless machine. It was the sort of difference that exists between a small family business and a huge government department or a prison—or concentration camp. But I was far less unhappy in the prison-camp at Holzminden than I was at Marlborough.

To these three things might be added a fourth—the dullness of the subjects taught, and the ineptitude of some, but not all, of the teachers. My first form-master, Herbert Leaf, who had Lower Fifth 2b, was a dear whom we all loved, and a born teacher, but the class was a little too high for me when I entered it, and I remained bottom of the form for some time. It was a mistake putting me in that form when I first arrived, and originated in some muddle and the absence of a vacancy in the next form below; and there were thirty boys in the form—far too many. Leaf taught us French very well, and one term, when half the form got scarlet fever and only fifteen

were left, I managed to secure the French prize, a bound volume of Milton—the only scholastic prize I ever won.

For these and other reasons I hated the place and everything about it, but I did not succumb. Though I could not have so expressed it then, what I did was to hold firmly to the 'values' I had already learnt to respect at home and at Park House—the 'sweetness and light' of human relationships, of the pleasant country things at East Woodhay, of Bartie's kindness and enthusiasms, and my aunts' gentleness and goodness. The dark and bitter atmosphere of the public school contradicted all these, and I grimly set my teeth to endure it; I had made my attempt to break out but it had failed. For those four years I lived only for the holidays.

Eventually, by slow and painful stages, I arrived in the Lower Sixth, Malim's form, when things improved a little. I had somehow managed to get overlooked or forgotten when the games captain made out the lists for the teams, and instead of athletic drudgery I used to enjoy runs in the country. I had joined the Natural History Society and its Archaeological Section, and I remember once finding what I thought might be a flint arrowhead—it was not—and showing it to Meyrick, the President of the Natural History Society. I used to go and see the neighbouring churches, for Deeshie had imparted to me some of her enthusiasm for Gothic architecture. On one such occasion I ran over to Ramsbury and was astonished and delighted to find it full of the most intriguing carved stones. (They are still there and deserve fuller publication and illustration than they have yet received.)

The activities of our Archaeological Section were directed by Malim and were influenced by a rather crazy and disreputable local collector called Joshua Brooke, a road surveyor. We were taken to see his collection and he came and read a paper to us. I do not remember what it was about, but merely that it consisted of an unintelligible jumble of fantasies, and that it was listened to in puzzled silence. I do not think we had much to do with him after this; Malim must have taken his measure. But he did at any rate give us a glimpse, however distorted, of a fascinating new world outside the ken of the curriculum we were enduring. Brooke's collection eventually

passed to the Wiltshire Archaeological Society, and is now in the Devizes Museum. Unfortunately he did not appreciate the importance of recording the exact sites of his finds; many of them were obtained from road workmen and others, and the sites of many are suspect.

Two other events that occurred about this time had an important influence upon my development. One was due to the publication by the Hubbards of a little book called *Neolithic Dew-ponds and Cattleways*. Malim read this, and it opened his eyes to the fact that all around us on the downs and on Salisbury Plain were the vestiges of prehistoric man. I well remember him saying to us at one of our meetings that this was so and that it was up to us to go out and explore them. That was the right spirit, and it was the expeditions we made to Avebury, Stonehenge and other sites that first aroused my interest in field-archaeology. Hubbard's book contained many absurdities, but at least he did go out into the country and look at things for himself instead of reading about them in books.

The other important event was a visit to Rome. My father had left £500 to be spent upon my education, and yielding to my urgent entreaties my aunts wisely agreed that a visit to Rome could come under this heading. Their opinion was entirely justified; I learnt more from this one visit than in all the hours in all the classrooms. It was stipulated that, though unaccompanied, I should go with a party, and I joined a small band under the aegis of Dr Lunn. It was rather a shock when we set off to find that two Marlborough masters—'Annie' Abbott and J. R. Taylor—were also members of the party; the last thing I wanted was any reminder of that place. But it was recognized that we were 'out of school' and our mutual relationships were quite satisfactory, and even cordial, though I suspect that they regarded me as eccentric, or worse. As each party was equally anxious to avoid the other, all was well.

It was not my first journey abroad, but previous ones (with my aunts) had been in those parts of France which were not very different in appearance from England, and in Scotland. Now, when we entered Switzerland, I felt that I was seeing something really new and strange; and as we climbed slowly up to Göschenen beneath towering snowy mountains swathed in

light clouds, I was carried away by their beauty and almost decided to get out and stay there for a few days. The next thrill was Val d'Arno, whose beauty was of another order but equally devastating. Finally we entered Rome. I cannot now recapture the enchantment of those first days in Rome; all that remains is the dry but vivid memory of an almost mystic experience. This, I felt, was the real thing, the heart and centre of the world, the home of our culture, history set in beauty. For years I had had the classics dinned into me, and I was not unresponsive to the beauty of language or the romance of history. Malim had a fine delivery, and he had opened our eyes to the fact, hitherto concealed, that there was more than mere grammar in Homer and Virgil. Now I was actually living in that 'very Rome, crowned by all Time, all Art, all Might, the equal work of Gods and Man'.

I went to Rome again twice, not long after my first visit, and I cannot now disentangle the memories. It was on the first that I started out along the Appian Way to walk to the Alban Mountains. I did not get there, but I did get quite a long way into the desolate romantic Campagna. It was a lonely and a lovely walk beside deserted tombs along a narrow but authentic paved Roman road. Another time I set out southwards from our hotel in the Piazza del Popolo and walked right round Rome beneath its walls. I wandered across the great grass-grown tracts that then separated the Caelian and Aventine Hills from the modern city, and visited San Stephano Rotondo. Of course, I visited St Peter's, and I also ferreted out and photographed Michael Angelo's 'Moses' in an obscure church. Boni was then excavating in the Forum and had not long brought to light the Lapis Niger and the prehistoric urns. I went out to Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli and to the sacred lake of Nemi. On our first visit we were conducted round the sites by a guide called, if I remember rightly, Professor Reynaud. I took part in most of these leisurely tours, but found time for more energetic solitary exploration as well. The Lateran cloisters and those of San Paolo Fuore Muri were a great joy, and I had one of my photographs enlarged and framed. I had a poor sort of camera, but did my own mixing, developing and printing.

The first visit was, I think, in the winter of 1904-5; another (which took me on to Naples, Messina and Syracuse) was in March, 1909; and I think there was another between these two, but I can find no record of it.

Having actually been to Rome gave me (at any rate in my own opinion) a certain status in the Archaeological Section, and it was natural that Malim should suggest that I might give them some account of it. Accordingly I composed and duly read a paper. It still survives: I gave it, with other papers and letters, to the Bodleian Library at Oxford in 1952, but it contains nothing of any value. It was chiefly concerned with architecture, for that had been my first love. We were just becoming more interested in prehistoric remains, and though I, too, was beginning to be attracted, I had not advanced far, and my architectural enthusiasm lasted on well into the early days at Oxford. By way of following Malim's lead I bought one of the cheap one-inch Ordnance Maps of the Marlborough district sold by the Natural History Society. This fortunately extended as far eastward as my home country. Antiquities were marked in Gothic or Old English characters and I decided to visit them. I went to see the ruined chapel in Chisbury hill-fort at Bedwyn, and during the holidays went to Walbury hill-fort and the 'tumuli' a little further on above Inkpen. Two years later I began to dig into them and that led to the meeting with Harold Peake and his wife and the opening up of new vistas.

The later part of my internment at Marlborough was rather less dreary than the earlier. In the Upper Fifth, under Wood, I made the acquaintance of Homer, and formed a friendship with another boy of my own age, Lionel W. Crouch. He was much brighter than I was, and found no difficulty in doing his work, which consisted almost entirely of translating from Greek and Latin into English and vice versa. Consequently he was usually near or at the top of the form, while I was generally somewhere near the bottom.

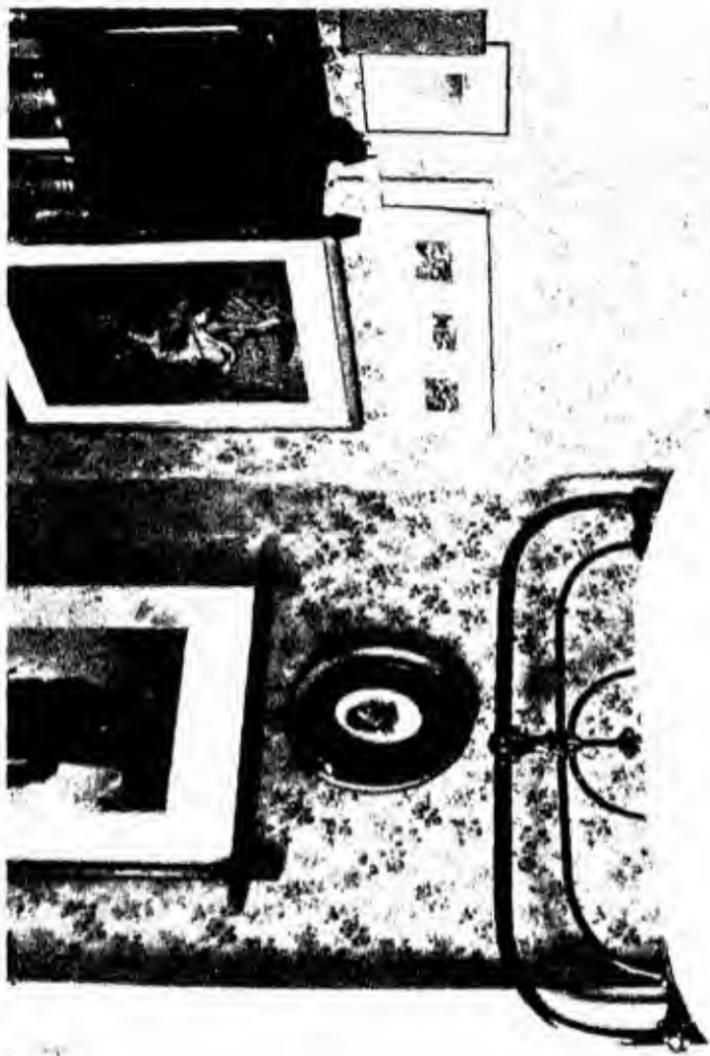
It was lethargy rather than laziness. My earlier experiences and Gould's injustices had soured me. My rebellion against compulsory recreation made me something of an outcast in school society, and that in turn reacted on my work. I devel-

oped slowly and was backward for my age—probably a good thing in itself, but a handicap in a severely competitive environment. Nor did I take easily to literary work, if one can call it that. I am not now and never have been any good at learning foreign languages. True, I have still a strong strain of laziness in my disposition, but that again is a good thing to have, for it enables one to relax—*reculer pour mieux sauter*—and avoid nervous breakdowns. I have never been good at working to order or to a time-table unless the orders were self-imposed and the time-table one of my own. For one thus disposed discipline of some kind is necessary; like everyone else I disliked discipline, but I had the sense to accept it, at first rather rebelliously; later I realized that it was doing me good, and co-operated. Army discipline in the first war did me a lot of good; without it and the restraints necessary in the Civil Service, I might never have been able to concentrate on one job at a time. The goal is self-imposed discipline, and it is best learnt by having no money and being obliged to work for one's living. The cunning ones arrange that they shall be paid for doing work they like and would probably do without payment if they had independent means. (But would they do it so well?)

I had great difficulty in getting out of the Upper Fifth, but as I wanted to get in the Sixth (for various good reasons) I did another spell of hard work and escaped into it. I never got beyond the Lower Sixth, Malim's form, where I was reasonably contented. Malim had opened our eyes to the beauties of literature and to the style and contents of what had hitherto been for us merely easy or difficult texts. I acquired a certain facility in imitating the style of classical writers which eventually got me an Exhibition (£20 per annum) at Keble College, Oxford. This modest achievement was very satisfactory to all concerned, not least to Malim himself, for, as he told me afterwards, it was the decisive factor in obtaining for him his first headmastership. (To get such an award from the *Lower*, not Upper, Sixth was what impressed the Governors.) It was certainly due to Malim's teaching, and good influence. 'You must THINK,' he would say to us, and it was a most necessary injunction, for previously we had not thought of

thinking. Young people have to be *told* to think by someone whose authority and advice they respect; thinking requires an effort of will, and one may never make the effort unless told to do so again and again. I know that the injunction was what made me begin to think for myself, and that I owe much to those oft repeated words.

Malim had wanted me to go to Cambridge, but my aunts held out firmly for Oxford and Keble, because Keble was what it was. I supported Malim, chiefly, I think, because years of compulsory chapels at school and of church-going at home had satiated me with religion, and moreover my aunts' reason for selecting Keble seemed to me—I think rightly—to be irrelevant. But they had the last word, and Keble it was.



1. My bedroom at the  
Grove, c. 1904



2. My Aunt Gertrude in Iona

## Oxford and Boxford

1905-1908

A happy change and new freedom : I take up rowing : freshmen and tutors at Keble : Honour Mods. : a vacation trip to Jamaica : barrow-digging : I meet the Peakes : Greats abandoned.

I LEFT Marlborough without a pang at the end of the summer term of 1904, and went up to Oxford in October. After years of an austere and rigid discipline it was fine to feel free, to be able to act, like the king, 'of one's own mere motion,' and to be treated as an individual with rights of his own. I had a sitting-room and bedroom attached, and people actually knocked on the door before they came in. I had a 'scout' (his name was Wheeler) to look after me and my room. To me all this was a luxury hitherto undreamed of, for life at home, pleasant though it was, had also been somewhat ascetic.

During the first few evenings there were visits from chaps recruiting for athletic clubs—football, cricket and hockey; would I like to join? Would I hell!—after four years of it, three days a week. It was nice to be asked, but nicer still to be able to refuse. Then someone came in and most surprisingly asked me to join the Boat Club. That was quite a new idea; rowing was different, and I was rather attracted by the idea, but said I had never rowed before. 'That doesn't matter,' he said, 'no one has.' Seeing me wavering he increased his pressure, and I yielded. Never for one moment did I regret the decision. Rowing is a sensible form of sport and I came to love it. For four years I rowed every afternoon of term-time and enjoyed it. My rowing career was a success and did me all the good in the world, both in mind and body.

I was fortunate in getting as my college tutor A. S. Owen, who had just come to Keble from Cheltenham, where he had been a master. Owen, affectionately called 'the Crab' from his gait and arm-posture (one arm had been broken and badly

set), was a man of great charm, with a real feeling for poetry and other literature, and for natural beauty. He had a most remarkable memory, and could give the exact dates of the most trivial occurrences years after they happened. He was *simpatico* to us and wholly immersed in college life; in some ways his learning verged on pedantry, but it was saved therefrom by the 'sweetness and light' of his cultural background.

My first friendships were naturally amongst the other freshmen of the same year. External circumstances caused most of them to be short-lived, and they did not survive the initial period. They were all rather casual, due to time and place. F. P. Sprent had a strong literary bent, was a great admirer of R. L. Stevenson whom I thought he slightly resembled in appearance. Later he came to have charge of the Department of Maps in the British Museum, where I met him in the early twenties. I had hoped that this was to be the beginning of a long professional association, for we were both closely concerned with old maps, but he died prematurely soon afterwards. He had both charm and competence, and his death was a severe loss to scholarship. J. R. H. Weaver was one of the most brilliant of our year, later getting a first in History. He, like Sprent, was a shining light of the Keble College Essay Club, and he also blossomed out as an excellent debater, both in the Union and in the college debates. I well remember the occasion of what was, I think, his 'arrival'. The college was debating some aspect of Socialism. Weaver made a brilliant attack on it, the particular passage which brought the house down being an imaginative forecast of the members of the Boilermakers' Union as Oxford undergraduates. Even then his photographs of Spanish architecture were almost legendary. Later he became editor of the DNB and eventually the President of Trinity. R. M. Hewitt was already brilliant in literary knowledge and could quote poetry, of which he was passionately fond, by the yard. He had the gift of languages which he learnt in order to be able to read poetry in the original. He became Professor of Literature at Nottingham University.

Having had up to then a classical education, it was natural that I should continue on those lines and take Honour Mods. My future career was still undecided, and Honour Mods. was

a safe investment, especially if I were to go in for a Civil Service examination, which was vaguely regarded as possible. Owen therefore took me in hand. He took endless trouble to try to teach me, and I remember working hard on the poems of Propertius and meeting Butler, a friend of Owen's, who had just edited them. He was the first man I had ever met who had written a book and I regarded him with much awe and respect. I remember doing a lot of Virgil and Homer but little else. Eventually I got a third, disappointing Owen very much. My own reaction was one of surprise that I had passed at all.

On the river I did better, getting in the First Torpid the same year (1907). We made five bumps, and all got our oars; mine, suitably inscribed, hangs on the wall—a trophy now slightly tinged with sadness. I rowed five at twelve stone.

For these early years (1905-8) I have few written records and must rely wholly on memory. Strange that one remembers so little of years that must have been crowded with interest and excitement! One incident that I do remember must have occurred during these years. An undergraduate of my year, whose way of life was regarded with disfavour by the authorities, had been sent down for a term. He had, however, returned to Oxford surreptitiously and was living in seclusion in that quarter of the town which was called Paradise, where possibly he may have found congenial company—I do not know. He was liked in Keble where, of course, his return was known, and one evening his friends joined him in celebrating it in his rooms. It was a merry occasion, and I remember that his whisky had stimulated me to discuss with him the deeper problems of religion and philosophy. We differed profoundly but in quite a friendly way (for whisky never made me aggressive, as it does some people), and when the party broke up it was long past midnight. The penalty for being out of college after midnight was apt to be serious, and might even have temporarily interrupted my rowing career (the schools were then of less importance, for reasons that will appear). I felt a little anxious but was in no state to worry or look far ahead; my main task was to cover the distance, a matter of less than a mile, to Keble, and I had to concentrate all my efforts on this. It was a terrible night and a gale of wind

was blowing. As I approached Keble along Parks Road I saw, with amazement and delight, that the high brick wall between the Warden's Lodging and the College had been blown down; there was a huge gap and a pile of bricks, over which I climbed quite easily. My room was close by and I went up to it unobserved. It was an almost miraculous escape. The wall still bears the mark of the breach, and I never pass it without remembering that intervention of Providence.

In those days attendance at early morning chapel (8 a.m.) was compulsory, and could not (in theory) be compounded for by a money payment, as at other colleges. At first I duly attended them, though never with any enthusiasm. We had to put on white surplices, and it was not an edifying sight to see late risers running to chapel, hurriedly putting on their surplices as they ran. My attendances became less and less frequent in proportion to the growth of my agnosticism until at last they ceased. Since then I have never attended divine service except on those formal occasions when one does so as a mark of respect for others or for their memory.

After Honour Mods. there was a desultory discussion and I drifted aimlessly into the Greats course. My future was still completely uncertain, though I think Owen had discussed it with me. Billy Reade was the college Greats tutor and I had to compose essays for him. We frankly disliked each other, though we were sufficiently urbane to pretend not to. I thought him cold-blooded and cynical and his opinions tendentious, and he probably thought me an insufferable prig. There may have been some slight justification for my opinion and there most certainly was for his. But my judgement was probably superficial and biased. However this may be, it is certain that we then had little in common.

This was in 1907. In the Long Vacation, with my next examinations two years ahead—the years seemed longer at twenty-one than they do now—I went to Jamaica. A Liverpool shipping nabob, Sir Somebody Jones, had had the brilliant idea of popularizing his West Indian shipping line by offering Oxford (and Cambridge?) undergraduates a return ticket to Jamaica, during the off-peak summer season, for £10. One of my friends, Black-Hawkins, and I decided to apply, and we

were sent tickets. The voyage lasted a fortnight and was most enjoyable. Crossing the Sargasso Sea was a wonderful experience. For days there was a dead calm, with no swell but merely a slight lollop; and the surface was covered with large gamboge-yellow patches of gulf-weed. At night the diatoms twinkled fantastically in the depths of the sea so that it looked like the starry firmament in three dimensions. The sun's disc touched the horizon when it set and disappeared piecemeal. We played quoits and I think I won something. In our party was C. B. Gull, the editor of the *'Varsity*, then the chief undergraduates' paper. He told a story of Mark Twain who (with Rudyard Kipling and others) had received an honorary degree at the previous Encaenia. After the ceremony, Gull, as an enterprising journalist, had buttonholed Mark Twain and asked to be granted an interview. Mark Twain consented but added, 'Young man, I want first to ask *you* a question; where is the nearest urinal?' I remember seeing the procession of famous men leaving the Sheldonian; Mark Twain looked fine with his tall figure and an abundant mop of white hair.

On the voyage I met the editor of the leading Jamaica paper, who was that rare specimen—a Carib, one of the aboriginal race which was supposed to have been completely exterminated. We discussed Jamaican archaeology and he told me a lot about the finding of mummies in caves. So far as I know—which in these matters of New World archaeology is not far—Jamaican archaeology is still very little known, probably for lack of properly controlled excavations.

As we approached the islands we began to smell the land—a salty aromatic smell; salty because of the salt-pans on the Caicos, and aromatic from the sun-baked mountains of Haiti. Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, had been badly damaged by an earthquake a few months before, and the palm trees on the sand-bar round the harbour were almost completely submerged by the land subsidence. We landed, and Black-Hawkins and I drove through avenues of scarlet blossoms and exciting new smells to Constant Springs Hotel, seven miles out, which, though damaged, was habitable. It was marvelously situated with a wide-sweeping view across the gently falling ground to the blue Caribbean. We used to sit out in the

garden in the evenings, with fireflies dancing round the trees, bull-frogs quacking in a crescendo of excitement and all the scented fragrance of the tropics steaming up from the plain. The sudden impact of this pullulating new world was thrilling and I was at an age to savour it fully. We went on to St Andrews in the Blue Mountains, saw a coffee plantation (and bought some) ending up at Montego Bay at the east end of the island. There was then no hotel proper there but only a sort of boarding-house where an English bank clerk and some other local people resided. One of them was an old half-wit who used to gabble that he was a 'Holy Roman', but he was quite harmless. We found that he had a brother at Oxford, but Black-Hawkins and I agreed to keep silent on our discovery, which could only have been embarrassing to his brother. Every morning we all walked down to the bathing-place and had a marvellous swim; the water was deep and infested with sharp coral and spine-set sea eggs, so that one had to be careful. The harbour bar was said to keep out sharks. The shores and some small islets were inhabited by turtles whom we visited one evening in a boat; mangroves looking like rhododendrons grew all over them right down into the sea. Every afternoon there was a thunderstorm in the mountains, but it did not reach Montego.

I was enchanted by the beauty of the island, but I can remember little more than I have set down here. On the return voyage we went north on a different route, skirting the Newfoundland Bank, where I saw a waterspout; it was sad to leave that lovely world so quickly, and the North Atlantic, even in summer, is one of the world's dreariest regions.

In 1907 I had had a setback in rowing. Pilling had selected me as one of those to come up a week early and go in training for the summer Eights. That did not mean that I should necessarily row in the College Eight, for a few more than eight were always told to come up, and the actual composition of the crew was not settled till much later. One spare man (or was it two?) had to train with the crew in case of sickness. Early in our training we did a long journey down to Nuneham Bridge; this was always a formidable affair because on the

return we had to paddle without an easy for three miles, from Nuneham railway bridge to Sandford Lock. During this paddle I collapsed ignominiously; my rowing muscles had not yet developed sufficiently and I may have been rather out of condition. It was my last appearance in the crew. My hopes, which had been high, were dashed, and I was bitterly disappointed. But I had failed in a test and had to accept the inevitable doom of being merely spare man. My love of rowing was already strong enough to stand the strain of waiting for a year. In 1908 I rowed in the College Eight, with Patterson as captain. (He was killed in the 1914-18 war.) Curiously enough, I do not remember whether we went up or down or rowed over.

On the archaeological front things had been very quiet since I had left Marlborough. During vacations I had ranged, with one or both my aunts, from Kirkwall and Iona to Beauvais, Bec and Lisieux. But this was all cathedrals, churches and old houses. Field archaeology had been confined to digging (in January 1907) a few holes in Walbury camp near my home, and to rambling over the adjacent hills. The Walbury dig had been stopped by the owner, Peto of Kirby Hall; there had been a mistake in asking permission from the wrong person. In 1908 I got leave to dig the Ham barrow and this led (through the Butlers of Inkpen) to my making the acquaintance of the Peakes of Boxford. It was for me a momentous day when I bicycled from The Grove to Westbrook House, arriving late for lunch. Peake took me in hand and set my feet in the path I was to follow for many years. He had an agile mind and a fertile—rather too fertile—imagination; and his head was full of ideas. Mrs Peake was a charmer. Though differing greatly in tastes and temperament, they were a happily-matched pair. Their house, with the large living room they had built on to it, was a most pleasant one, with a garden which Mrs Peake had designed, and which she gradually extended. They were what was described in those halcyon Edwardian days as 'comfortably off'—though only just—and able to keep open house. At weekends there one was sure to meet interesting people. Boxford came to be for me a second home. I spent a great deal of time there and owe them both a very deep debt of gratitude for all they did for me.

I was not the only one who found a second home in Peake's house at Boxford. Readers of Francis Toye's autobiography *For what we have received* (Heinemann, 1950), will find there a vivid account of Harold and Carlie, and of some of the visitors we used to meet there. (To me the Peakes were 'the Boss' and 'the Missus', but she was Carlie to the others.) In particular, they will read an excellent account of the Boxford Masques which Carlie wrote and organized and for which Geoffrey Toye wrote the music. Although I owed much to the stimulating ideas of the 'thin, very precise and wholly cerebral' Harold, I owed just as much to Carlie, 'a big woman in every sense, in stature, emotion, and sympathy,' and I was completely devoted to her. Perhaps Francis Toye rather overestimated Harold Peake's achievement as an archaeologist and his alleged exclusive interest in prehistory, for one of his most considerable achievements was his work for the medieval section of the Victoria County History of Berkshire; and his remark (quoted by Toye on p. 44) about the Bronze Age map was surely made (as so many of his were) with his tongue in his cheek. Nevertheless it is true that, with the exceptions stated here, his dominant passion was for the prehistoric periods. But he was very far from being the typical dry-as-dust antiquary, and he had a horror of the type. He had lived amongst the Indians of British Columbia for a short time during his honeymoon journey round the world; and it was there that he learnt to understand how primitive tracks were formed in roadless country. This experience he applied to 'Ancient British Trackways' and passed on to me. It was an example of the correct application of anthropological analogies to prehistory; it gave me a grounding in the method which I was able to build upon and expand in many other directions. Much of what I have written in *Archaeology in the Field* stems ultimately from talks with Harold Peake.

Peake's influence was just what an undergraduate in my rather puzzled and undecided, but receptive, state of mind needed. Both he and his wife were agnostics; as newcomers they were automatically looked upon with suspicion at first by the people who then inhabited South Berkshire. This suspicion soon melted away, but when I met them it still existed,

and had encouraged the rebel strain in them both. It was not quite respectable then to be interested in literature, art, or science—at any rate if one was also completely uninterested in sport, hunting, fishing and the other conventional pastimes of rural society. I had been a rebel at school—actively against games and passively against the classical curriculum. My antipathy to the curriculum, long latent, needed only the spark of encouragement to break into flame; Peake provided the spark. He encouraged my scepticism in all things. When I begged him to tell me the titles of books to read about prehistoric archaeology, he refused at first, saying they were all ill-conceived and misleading. (He might have excepted Pitt-Rivers, and later he did refer me to the *Excavations in Cranborne Chase*; perhaps he had not then heard of them.) He said I must learn something of geology, and made me buy the local geological map and learn it for myself—a most excellent and fruitful piece of advice, by which I profited greatly. He introduced me to the local Saxon charters (printed in Kemble and Birch), and copied out some for me, telling me to worry at them with a dictionary. It would, perhaps, have been better to make me learn a little Saxon grammar too, but I did manage to learn and be able to translate their limited and peculiar vocabulary, and again profited greatly. Above all he and his wife stood revealed to me as upright, respectable people who thought as I did, and as I wanted to think, on many things. That gave me what I needed so greatly—confidence in myself and in the opinions I held. It was inevitable that I should become over-confident and priggish; but Oxford society and rowing were good antidotes for this particular poison, and the 1914-18 war eliminated most of what was left.

My first meeting with the Peakes must have been in September, 1908. It was the direct outcome of my digging the Ham Barrow, which began that month. (The exact dates, here and elsewhere, can be checked one day from the letters of the Peakes in the Bodleian, when they are released in AD 2000.) On going back to Oxford I should in the normal course of events have entered the last lap of the Greats course, and I think I did so at first. But my mind was seething with new ideas; the new and almost virgin field of British prehistoric

archaeology had swum into my ken, and I was determined somehow to explore it and make it my own. The immediate problem, however, was how this ambition could be reconciled with Greats; after reflection I decided that it could not, and that I must change to some other subject. At first I turned my thoughts to Modern History, and even got so far as knocking at the door of Baskerville, the History tutor; but as luck would have it he was out, and I never could screw up my courage to make a second approach. One of the Keble men whom I knew slightly, R. L. Thompson, had taken History and was doing the Geography Diploma course. I had always been keen on geography, and Peake had emphasized its importance in pre-historic studies. Thompson must have talked to me about the Diploma course; my memory of exactly what happened is vague. It was possible to get one-third of a degree by getting the Geography Diploma, supplementing it by pass subjects. The result would, of course, be a pass, not an honours degree, which meant (as I found out only too well later) academic suicide. But I was mentally committed to out-and-out rebellion, and a complete and absolute break with the past, and my sanguine temperament has never favoured compromise or half measures. The future could look after itself (it did); 'nothing venture, nothing have' is a better slogan than 'safety first'. I went to Reade's room and told him I had decided to give up reading for Greats and take instead the Geography Diploma. It was like a son telling his father he had decided to marry a barmaid. There was nothing he could do about it, and he knew it. But he got in a shrewd thrust before we parted. 'I think you *might* have got a third,' he said. If he had known what I did about my previous year's work, his opinion would have been different; I had done very little real work, for my heart was not in it. I profoundly mistrusted all the various conflicting philosophies we were supposed to learn; being mutually inconsistent they could not all be true and might therefore all be false. I preferred the natural philosophy of Huxley which did at least help me to understand the world. My pet abomination was moral philosophy which seemed to me to be complete drivel and verbose drivel at that. I should have liked the historical side of Greats if I had had a more inspiring teacher than poor

old Tracy. As it was I merely got bogged down, and was constantly in arrears with my work. Actually I wasn't then, and am not now, particularly brainy. Greats is for brainy people. Those whose mental development is fairly rapid can no doubt go the pace; I doubt whether I could have done so, even if I had put more heart into my work. Nor am I convinced that rapid development is the best sort of development, though it may lead to early success.

## A New Start

1909

From Greats to Geography : Herbertson : impossibility of studying archaeology at Oxford : the OUAS : Italy again : a course of survey in North Wales : a holiday in Cornwall : an important walk in Wessex : trying for a degree : a finishing course abroad.

**G**OING from Greats to Geography was like leaving the parlour for the basement; one lost caste but one did see life. Geography was then a new subject, struggling to gain recognition. It was inadequately housed in a couple of overcrowded rooms in the Old Ashmolean Building. The head of the School was A. J. Herbertson, Reader in Geography, subsequently promoted to become Professor. I immediately felt at home in the new environment of maps and things of this world, so refreshingly different from the musty speculations about unreal problems that had hitherto been my fare. I started my studies with boundless enthusiasm and made good progress.

I was now in my fourth academic year, and in accordance with custom was living not in college but in lodgings, at 27 Walton Crescent. I had been elected Captain of the Boat Club and had to organize the coaching of beginners. It was a position of some responsibility and I threw all my energies into it and enjoyed it. I was asked to row in the Trial Eights, but this was a courtesy invitation issued to the Captain of every club. Unless one was an exceptionally good oarsman one had little chance of survival; I was not, and did not.

Rowing kept me physically fit, but it did more than this. One acquires from it a power of muscular co-ordination, a lightness of touch and a sense of balance that improve the mind as well as the body; and the sense of common effort that one feels when rowing as one of a crew is a valuable experience. I had bought a racing skiff and became proficient, though I was beaten by the winner (Hope of Christchurch, a Blue) in

the University Sculls. In a skiff one's sense of balance needs to be even finer than in an eight; I developed this to a fine point and was in fact the favourite, but I lacked staying power, and of course my opponent was a stronger and better man. Sculling was an excellent way of keeping fit, and when my rowing days were over, I used to go out sculling frequently.

I said above that one 'saw life' at the School of Geography. One felt intuitively that it was a subject in process of formation. At first I eagerly lapped up the new teaching. Herbertson and Beckit, the Demonstrator, gave most of the lectures; Herbertson's chief distinction was to have formulated a series of Natural Regions of the Earth, later embodied on a series of excellent and attractively coloured wall-maps printed by the Clarendon Press. He was also one of the editors of the Atlas of Meteorology and had supervised the maps published in the Report of a Royal Commission on Canals. He was married (not too happily) and had a son and daughter, and he drove himself too hard. We all liked him, for he was kindly, patient and genuinely interested in his pupils, and as a tutor he was excellent. But as a lecturer he was uninspiring at best, and at times far worse; it was sometimes quite embarrassing to have to listen to his halting delivery, as of an utterly tired-out man, which he was. He died in 1915 and his wife soon followed him. He was the effective founder, after Mackinder, of the Oxford School of Geography.

I did not start attending the geography course until well after it had begun, and was due to take the examination in the summer term. One could get a Diploma with Distinction (the equivalent of a First in Honours), a Diploma (a Second), or a Certificate (a Third). I got the Certificate; but Herbertson made excuses for me and encouraged me to go on and take the course for another year, which I did. My heart was already given to prehistoric archaeology, and I was beginning to have quite a clear idea of what I hoped to do. That was to study prehistory against the background of geographical environment. We were being taught how modern communities were influenced by that environment, and I argued, quite correctly, that ancient ones must have been as much or more influenced.

These developments owed as much to discussions with Peake at Boxford as to the teaching at the School.

It might well be asked why, when I broke away from Classics, I chose geography rather than archaeology. The reason was that archaeology as then taught at Oxford was confined to the study of classical sculpture and Greek vases. Archaeology in the full sense that we now understand it was not officially recognized. But it was very much in the air, and its local habitation was the Ashmolean. Arthur Evans was the Keeper, and he filled the cases with entrancing things from the prehistoric civilization he had found and excavated at Cnossos in Crete. He was opening up vistas down which we peered, guided by the labels and tables of chronology displayed in the museum. There was no easy way to learn about it, for (except for a quite useful summary by Burrows) the reports made rather difficult reading for the layman, and there were not many even of them. It was not, however, till after 1909 that I became a regular visitor to the Ashmolean.

On January 28th, 1909, I attended a meeting, held in the Old Bursary at Exeter College, at which the Oxford University Anthropological Society was founded. This was probably my first encounter with Marett, the leading spirit and then Reader in Social Anthropology. Peake had told me about anthropology, whose existence as a branch of knowledge I had hitherto been unaware of, though Tylor, the founder of anthropology, was still lecturing in the Pitt-Rivers Museum, across the way from Keble. He was then in his dotage; I remember seeing him leading little groups of rather puzzled students round the cases. Julian Huxley was one of the original members of the OUAS, and our second meeting was held in his rooms at Balliol on February 18th.

In March I went to lectures by Sven Hedin, the explorer, and H. R. Hall, of the British Museum, on (I think) the discoveries in Crete. I was then keenly interested in Central Asia and later met Sir Aurel Stein at a dinner-party at the Herbertsons'; he lectured at Oxford on May 5th.

On March 15th I started off to Italy on a museum tour. My object was to try and piece together some coherent picture of Italian prehistoric archaeology. That was before Peate's book

was published, and there was then nothing in English to give what I wanted. It was, I now see, a forlorn hope, but it was a valuable experience and well worth doing. I filled seventy pages of a reporter's notebook with notes and drawings of specimens in the museums at Milan, Bologna, Rome (Kircheriano, Villa Giulia), Naples and Syracuse. On the way I made a diversion to Ravenna, to fulfil an ambition that dated from my Ruskin period. Bologna and Ravenna were then delightful sleepy towns little visited (at any rate in March) by tourists. My Baedeker was a mid-Victorian edition (picked up cheap) and though quite adequate for most purposes was a bit backward in hotel information. I chose one with a high-sounding name rather fearful of the possible charges. There were no other visitors, so far as I could discover; there was a sweet unpleasant musty smell in the wooden-panelled corridors; meals were served in a vast saloon, filled with expectant but always unoccupied tables beneath glittering chandeliers. There I dined in lonely pomp, looking out through the window at Dante's tomb. It was a sombre environment suitable to the dead capital of a vanished empire. The sight of complete buildings with roofs that had been built while the Roman Empire still existed was a thrilling one; the mosaics seemed to me to be dull and lifeless; the last kick of a dying culture.

I stayed a week in Rome and then went to Naples where I noted a bucchero vase from Pompeii with Etruscan writing on it, some fine Arretine ware, and many vessels of bronze that seemed to echo an earlier style.

Messina had just been destroyed by a terrible earthquake; it was much more devastated than Kingston which I had seen two years before. The quays had sunk so that the roadway was level with the water of the harbour, and ships tied up there towered over it. The smell was appalling, for there had been great loss of life, and the streets were impassable for rubble. The place was in a parlous state and one didn't feel very safe there. I took a cab to the station and remember that the driver was truculent and inclined to be threatening.

Syracuse was undamaged and delightful. I stayed in the hotel whose lovely garden is in an old Greek quarry, and

divided my time between wandering about on the site of the old town I had read about in Thucydides and making notes in the museum. Its curator was Paolo Orsi, a prehistorian of outstanding eminence, who had carried out many excavations and drawn up a chronological scheme of Sicilian prehistory. I had several talks with him and he was most kind. I got him to write down for me the skeleton of his scheme and give it here, as it now has a slight historical interest:

## ORSI

1° periodo	.....?	SEC. XIV
2°	„	XIV - IX
3°	„	IX - VII (vasi corintii)
4°	„	VII - V (vasi attici)

I returned by Naples, Rome, Basel and the Hook of Holland, reaching London on April 9th. The route was down the Rhine Valley, and it was my first sight of Germany.

The money upon which I was now living was a sum of £500 which my father had saved, and left to be used for my education. I had nothing else, for my pension (as the orphan of an Indian civil servant) had ceased in October 1907, when I reached the age of 21. I just managed to eke it out, and when I began to earn a salary I still had a little left over for emergencies. It was a tight squeeze, and for twenty years I was hard up; but I did not allow this to worry me, as I have always refused to regard money as an end in itself, and so long as I had the means to enjoy life in my own way I was content. That still seems to me to be a sound view.

The OUAS brought together people of like interests. One of the first contacts I made through it was with a Canadian student, Diamond Jenness, who subsequently had a distinguished career as an anthropologist in Canada. The Society also made excursions in the neighbourhood; I remember Marett taking us to see some local industry at Stonesfield and to see something—probably Grim's Dyke or Akeman Street or both—in Blenheim Park. My diary records a visit to Wayland Smith's Cave near Uffington on May 30th, but this may have been a private undertaking of my own; a note in the



3. In the garden at the Grove, c. 1905



4. Mary Neale and Harold  
Peuke in the camp at Botley  
Copse, August 1910

same diary also gives the times of the trains to Uffington, and they seem far too early and late for a party (depart Oxford 7.35 a.m., depart Uffington 8.31 p.m.).

Herbertson had advised me to take a course in surveying, as that would give me a useful second string when job-hunting. As a preparation for an archaeological career it was, of course, invaluable. It was conducted by Mackenzie, a retired Indian irrigation engineer, at Blaenau Festiniog in the middle of the North Wales slate quarries. We never discovered why this particular place had been selected unless it was that accommodation was cheaper and the counter-attractions fewer than elsewhere. 'Access to mountains,' necessary for our work, was easy. The course lasted from June 28th to July 31st; it consisted of the measurement of a base-line and building up of a small triangulation network round it by trigonometrical observations. I never quite mastered this, being weak in mathematics, but I profited greatly from the practical knowledge it gave me of survey methods.

Amongst the party were R. W. Winkworth (who was also taking the Diploma), Ronald Poulton, and R. C. Bourne. Poulton was the son of E. B. Poulton, professor of Entomology, and was a Rugby Blue and International and an outstanding character. He was connected on his mother's side with the Palmers of Reading and later added that name to his own. He was killed early in the 1914-18 war in a quiet sector of the front by a stray rifle shot, and by his death England lost a fine potential leader. In 1918, while I was waiting as a prisoner in Karlsruhe station a German officer came up and spoke to me, and finding I had been at Oxford inquired after Poulton and expressed regret at hearing of his death. They had been at Oxford together.

Bourne was the famous New College oarsman who stroked the Oxford boat three successive times to victory, and later became Speaker of the House of Commons. His father, the Professor of Anatomy, was also a distinguished oarsman and a familiar figure on horseback on the towing-path, coaching his College boats and the Trial Eights; he had a fine voice and I can still recall his ringing commands and exhortations. I re-

member one occasion when Bourne and I were sent to observe from a mountain-top strewn with huge boulders. The temptation was irresistible; planting ourselves firmly with our backs to the rock, we put our feet against a boulder and by shoving our feet against it gradually made it rock, finally dislodging it. (The muscles used were the same as in rowing.) It was a grand sight to watch it bounding in great leaps down the mountain-side; we hoped that there were no sheep or houses at the bottom.

In August, 1909, I went with A. T. Taylor, a rowing friend at Keble, by boat from London to Penzance and thence on foot to Porthgwarra, staying in rooms where Taylor had been before. We went to see the Logan Stone and Land's End, and some stone circles which I photographed. At the end of the month I went with R. L. Thompson to Houlgate near Trouville in Normandy. It was a pleasant little seaside resort and we idled away the time bathing and drinking absinthe. Thompson was unfortunately a confirmed drinker—a habit he could never overcome. He was a brilliant man, who but for this and a strain of indolence could have achieved anything. His chief subject was entomology and later he had a post as entomologist in Salisbury in Rhodesia. I took him to stay with the Peakes and he and Mrs Peake became firm friends. His letters to me, though often unprintable, were a joy to read; they are now in the Bodleian. We went to Rouen by train. We had taken bicycles but in fact we never rode them! We returned to Southampton on September 7th.

After a week at home I set out on foot for Andover, where I stayed for twelve days, walking thence to Salisbury, Wood-yates Inn and Blandford; returning along the Ridgeway to Salisbury and West Dean; thence by Stockbridge to Sutton Scotney station and so home. The avowed purpose of this field-exploration was to get to know the Andover district, on which I had to write a thesis for the Geography Diploma. But in fact it was far more, for it was my first systematic piece of archaeological field-work. I made few new discoveries, but I did begin to learn how to look at a piece of country and to read from it, as from a faint and blurred palimpsest, the record of

its prehistory. It was also a sort of trial of strength to test my powers and to try out a new, cheap and pleasant method of travel. I had, of course, long possessed and used a bicycle; my first, with solid rubber tyres—even then a scorned anomaly at School—had done good service in taking me home on Saturday afternoons in summer (sixteen miles each way on gravel roads). But now I wanted to get right off the roads, and for a journey which led mostly across the fields and along old tracks it was obviously better to discard it altogether. In the present context this first bit of field-work deserves, for that reason, some description. Fortunately I kept a full daily record in a notebook.

On the first day I noted 'lynchets' on Pilot Hill, south of East Woodhay, and others in Doiley Wood. These were genuine 'Celtic' lynchets, but I had not then learned to distinguish them from medieval strip-lynchets, which were very rare in my home region. At Andover I did a lot of exploring and questioning of the local farmers and farm-workers about ancient remains. In those days in that secluded country one could still pick up quite a lot of traditional lore. An old man remembered 'footing it along the procession way', i.e., beating the bounds of St Mary Bourne; and the landlord of the George at Hurstbourne Tarrant told me, after tea there, that 'the current of the wind causes the rise and fall of springs' and that 'you cannot count the stones of Stonehenge'.

I poked about in chalk-pits and gravel-pits, recording sections exposed in their faces. I had my first view of a Roman road, recording a raised causeway (of the Portway) forty feet wide in Bradley Wood. My diary records the finding of many flint flakes and an occasional fragment of a polished flint axe; I was a keen flinter in those days, and had a good eye for them.

I ended up on the recommendation of 'a Scotchman', at the Nelson Hotel, Salisbury. There I visited the Blackmore Museum and had several long talks with old Dr Blackmore, nephew of the founder. He was a devout believer in 'coliths' and converted me for a time. Peake, my mentor, refused to be convinced and I am grateful to him for his scepticism which saved me from committing myself too deeply until I was able,

in the light of wider experience and through discussions with others, to form a sounder judgement. (For this I have to thank Mr Hazzledine Warren and Mr F. N. Haward.) I do not regret my temporary aberration; for it led me into bypaths of drift geology which were in themselves worth following. Dr Blackmore died in 1929, aged 94; he carried on his medical practice to an advanced age. He was almost stone deaf, but would never admit anything but a slight hardness of hearing. He would visit his old patients, who preferred to retain his services, in a brougham; it was said that some of them were as deaf as himself, so that consultations would seem to have been difficult, but apparently both parties were satisfied. After his death the museum was reorganized by his nephew Frank Stevens and it is now, under Mr Shortt, a model local museum.

I left Salisbury at 12.30 on September 30th, first visiting the gravel pit at Alderbury where Dr Blackmore was then getting most of his eoliths. It was already late when I emerged on the west side and had tea at Charlton. Darkness came on while I was crossing an eerie but lovely downland called Great Yews, and I made a bee-line across open country. There was no accommodation at Drove End, but I found it further on at Woodyates Inn where I arrived 'with shoulders weary of carrying a bag of eoliths'. Woodyates Inn is now a private house; then it was a forlorn and derelict hostelry, rarely patronized. Its loneliness in those days was such that it might well have been the place where Shepherd Fennell and his buxom wife entertained the Three Strangers that grim, rainy night at Higher Crowstairs.

I left Woodyates Inn at 9.40 next morning. On Gussage Down I recorded 'circular compounds with lynchet-fields as on Litchfield Down'. I lunched at the Museum Hotel, Farnham ('excellent cider') sent my bag of eoliths home and went on to see the General's museum, but made no notes except the rather commonplace remark that 'models were the chief feature'. I left in the afternoon for Blandford, resting on the way on Pimperne Long Barrow to take off my boots and re-adjust my knapsack.

At Blandford (5.30) I made for 'The Crown' then kept by

Mr Griffiths of New College with whom I 'exchanged many opinions and more whiskeys and sodas that evening'. Possibly that explains why my notes were not written up till next day on Hambledon Hill (3 p.m.). I was taking it easy—merely ten miles—as I planned a long walk for the day following. So overcome was I by the beauty of the view from Hambledon, extending from the Mendips to Portsdown Hill, that I did not even mention the great hill-fort in which I sat! My mind was full of geographical parallels I had spotted between the Stour here and the Thames where it breaches the chalk between the Chilterns and the Berkshire Downs. But it must be remembered that I was primarily studying geography for an examination for which archaeology was not required.

I took a rest on Sunday, October 3rd, and set off at 11.30 next morning for Salisbury along the ridgeway, going first north and then east-north-east. The inn at Harnham was alleged to be 'full up' (patently untrue), so I had to stay at the expensive White Hart, where I had a lovely hot bath and went straight to bed. But not to sleep; it had been a long tramp of twenty-eight miles,<sup>1</sup> the last eight in darkness, and I lay in bed reading *The Riddle of the Sands* till 3 a.m. in a vain attempt to induce sleep.

But I was off next morning at 11.45, calling first at the Museum. Once more I visited the Alderbury gravel-pits and got a bagful of eoliths, proceeding thence along the top of Dean Hill to the New Inn at West Dean where I put up. Setting off again at midday next day (October 6th) I went by West Titherly and Broughton to Stockbridge and Woolbury Ring. Here I noted the bivallate on the down to the south-east of the hill-fort, but not the lynchets which it bounds.<sup>2</sup> After adding a few more eoliths to my bag I left at 4.35 and reached Sutton Scotney railway station at 5.55; the distance is exactly six miles, and I had a bag of stones as well as my knapsack. The rate was four and a half miles an hour, or a mile in thirteen minutes. I caught the train home. The distance covered on the march was about one hundred and twenty miles; with the

<sup>1</sup> Total distance 31, but the last 3 were in a baker's van.

<sup>2</sup> See *Wessex from the Air*, Plate 25.

inclusion of excursions made from Andover, Salisbury and Blandford it would, of course, be a good deal more.

I had made much rapid progress in the realm of useful knowledge since my new start, but none of it except the Geography Certificate counted for a degree—and that only one third. To get the other two thirds I read for Pol. Econ. and A I, and in order to concentrate on this most distasteful business it was necessary to remove myself from the temptation of other subjects. Accordingly, on October 9th I went into retreat to Great Rollright rectory, where the Reverend S. W. Holbrooke coached pupils for these examinations. It was better for my purpose than living at Oxford where I should merely have read other books in the Bodleian, or at home in the midst of the country I was learning to understand; but for me it was a new and fascinating land to explore, in which the works of Adam Smith and Aristotle were unwelcome intruders. I took the examinations in the first week of December and certainly failed to pass one of them, possibly both—I forget. In 1910 (August 2nd) I did eventually get my BA but I cannot remember exactly of what parts it was composed, nor does it now matter. I owe a lot to Oxford—more than to any other place—and I love it dearly, but my debt is to the people there, to the Bodleian (where I was admitted as a reader on October 19th, 1906) and to the river. So much for that BA which dogged me for some forty years; and when at last I got promoted to a doctorate—by Cambridge—I was rallied by an older colleague there at ceasing to be any longer 'the immovable BA'. There was no object in taking an MA for one not in academic surroundings and usually hard up.

Herbertson had advised me to take a 'finishing course' in geography at some continental university, either in France or Germany. He had studied at Heidelberg (I think) and though inclined to favour Germany he unfortunately left the choice to me. As I could speak a little French but no German at all, I chose France—a mistake I have ever since regretted. But if I hadn't been lazy and had learnt German it would have been invaluable in after life; and I should have learnt quite enough

French (and did) during the war. So it was to be the Sorbonne, and he gave me introductions to professors there.

I had been invited to join a party for winter sports at Klosters and did do a bit of skiing there, but I found the company uncongenial and left after a few days for Paris, arriving on December 28th, 1909.

## Well Away

1910

The eventful year 1910 : Sorbonne student : back to England and field-work : Beaulieu and the Isle of Wight : the Icknield Way : excavation-camp near Bedwyn : the Herbertsons and Williams-Freeman : back to Oxford : the removal of the School of Geography to Acland House : a rebuke.

THE year 1910 was full of interesting activities of all sorts, and I have always looked back to it (and 1911) as outstanding in this formative period. It began a little inauspiciously, for my Paris venture ended prematurely. I found a room in the rue des Bernardins No. 50, a cul-de-sac off the rue des Écoles where I lived very frugally. My diary contains enigmatic entries about 'fire, lamp and meals'—some days there were none, on others there were all three, and coffee and Vichy-Célestin also appear. I was a bit lost, and the professors did little to help me. I attended their lectures, those of Émile Haug the geologist being particularly good, though sparsely attended. From him and from his great book I got a really sound basis of structural geology; I can still recall his enunciation of the word 'géosynclinal'. Of the other lecturers—Gallois, Dubois, Velain—I remember nothing. Needless to say I found counter-attractions of various kinds. Amongst them were archaeological lectures at the École d'Anthropologie by Adrien de Mortillet, Capitan, Mahoudeau, Schrader, Manouvrier and Zaborowski. They dealt with anthropogeography, palaeolithic industries, fossil apes and men, skulls and tendencies, and the origin of the Slavs; and though like all French lectures they were well delivered, they were rather arid. As teachers none was inspiring except Haug, and my attendances soon lapsed.

I used to feed at a little restaurant by the Seine, in the quarter so admirably described in *The Narrow Street*. Just as I was becoming an habitué there the Seine rose and flooded it out. The floods of 1910 are still remembered in Paris; the

river rose till it was halfway up the wall above the pavement opposite the Louvre; standing on the pavement one's feet were a foot or two below the surface of the river on the other side. Poilus feverishly began to build a wall on the top of it, but fortunately it was not needed, and even more fortunately the existing wall held. The rich food and lack of exercise upset me, and I consulted a doctor. There seemed to be no way of taking exercise; I failed to find any place where I could hire a racing skiff, so I made an excursion to Beauvais, where I had been one school holiday with my aunts. The splendid fragment of a cathedral was an old friend, and I did a bit of walking in the country round to Hermes, Brisles and Fouguerolles. Back in Paris I soon got fed up and decided to return to England, first visiting the St Germain museum and arriving home on February 15th. It was a lost opportunity—lost through lack of initiative on my part. But it was by no means waste of time, and I always think of those weeks with pleasure; they gave me a love of Paris which has endured and grown with my own powers of appreciating her beauty.

I was at this period a chrysalis living in limbo. I had not yet 'gone down' from Oxford, but neither was I keeping terms there. The Diploma examination was less than six months ahead. Though I felt pretty sure of passing—and quite sure my Andover thesis would be approved—I decided that a little more intensive study would be desirable; but first I took time off for another long walk, this time from Devizes to Aust on Severn. I wanted to see the Devizes Museum and also to make the acquaintance of the Cunningtons, of whom I had heard much from Peake. I took my aunt Pogga with me, as I thought the change of scene would be good for her, and we stayed in rooms at Barford House, Devizes, from March 8th to 11th. My meeting with the Cunningtons marked the beginning of a long association with Wiltshire archaeology. They were the first real archaeologists I had met, if Peake be excepted—and at that time he could hardly be so described, having neither dug nor published anything.

Cunnington was the great-grandson of that William Cunnington whose barrow-diggings had fired the imagination

of a much greater man, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, early in the 19th century. Every year Cunnington and his wife used to excavate somewhere, publishing their reports in the *Wiltshire Archaeological Magazine*. It was pioneer work, for they did not just 'open' barrows to get the loot, but dug for knowledge—and got it. Their excavations at the late Iron Age defended settlement of Casterley were a landmark; from them may be said to have begun the intensive study of Iron Age pottery (more chiefly 'bead-rims') that Bushe-Fox, Hawkes, Wheeler and others later developed much further. Later at Knap Hill they found, and recognized, the first neolithic causeway-camp, leading directly to the recognition of Windmill Hill, the type-site. And their excavation of All Cannings Cross became classic. They did innumerable minor bits of local archaeology, and 'fathered' the *Wiltshire Archaeological Society*, one of the best in the country, for many years, in friendly collaboration throughout with Canon Goddard. Their methods of excavation fell short by modern standards, but they achieved valuable results and are part of the history of British archaeology, which would have been the poorer without them. Cunnington's excavations, if conducted by himself alone, would probably have been rather like those of his great-grandfather without Colt Hoare.

While at Devizes I took two long walks, to Ell Barrow on the Plain, and to Tan Hill, where I walked a length of Wansdyke. I must have visited the Museum, but have no notes about it. Probably I decided that it was too formidable to tackle then (as indeed it was) and needed a special concentrated effort; this I undertook later in the year, filling many pages of a new notebook.

On March 11th I went to the station with Cunnington, and we saw my aunt off home, and I sent my main luggage on to Bristol, and started off on foot north-westwards. The walk to Aust was inspired by a typically fantastic theory of Peake's that a road near Devizes called the Lydeway was part of a prehistoric track leading to the old Severn passage at Aust. I fell mildly for this idea at first; but in fact there is no evidence whatever that such a road ever existed, though it may have. The route is still in use throughout, and it follows the

obvious course dictated by geography for a traveller going from Salisbury Plain to the iron mines of the Forest of Dean. The rest is pure speculation. There is no point in giving a detailed account of my walk which lasted three days only, and was along modern roads. I stopped the first night at the Bear at Chippenham and the second at the Portcullis Hotel, Chipping Sodbury, which provided two small items of interest. One was an entry in the Visitors' Book signed 'Annie Anstey and F. A. Anstey, London' and dated September 1st, 1909. The other came from the only literature available in the hotel, a hymn-book, and was a hymn that began :

'I should like to die,' said Willie,  
'If my papa could die too,  
But he says he isn't ready  
'Cause he has so much to do.'

I duly reached Aust Cliff, walked thence to New Passage, ending up (probably by train) at Bristol. Distance done from Devizes—about forty miles.

About April I retired to Buckler's Hard on the Beaulieu River to work for the Diploma, lodging with Lord Montagu's boatman in a fine eighteenth-century house (now suffering from senile decay as a *Tudor* tea-shop). For exercise I hired (from Christchurch) a Rob-roy canoe and explored the adjacent creeks and mud-flats. This exploration was far more fun than reading books about sub-aerial erosion and river-capture; and I learnt quite a lot about the tidal drainage of the mud-flats and the formation of shingle-spits and lagoons. I found that it was possible to cross a small watershed a few feet across by raising the canoe with a combined action of arms and legs, without disembarking. My favourite bathing lagoon has now dried up, having been cut off by the advance eastwards of the shingle-spit.

I then decided to visit the Isle of Wight and selecting a calm day I set out through Bull's Run and paddled across the Solent to Gurnard Cliff, where I landed, carried the canoe a little way up the cliff and hid it under some bushes. While doing so I picked up a fine axe-head of chipped flint and some selenite

crystals striated by a perfect little mud-glacier that was creeping down the cliff. Then I set out across country for Carisbrooke Castle, made some notes at the Museum, and went on to Newport. The Museum was then housed there in the building (a Nash one) of the Isle of Wight Institution in the main square of the town. It was a derelict affair, and on inquiry I was informed that it was going to be dispersed by sale. This aroused all my combative instincts; I found out that the local people most interested were Mr Frank Morey (head of a firm of timber merchants) and his sister Catherine Morey, who lived together in a house called Wolverton in the Mall, Carisbrooke Road. I went to see them and we made a plan to save it, and eventually succeeded in doing so. A local committee was formed and funds raised. Princess Henry of Battenberg, who then held the sinecure office of Governor of the island and resided in the castle, consented to the amalgamation of the two museums. The following year I got a grant of forty pounds—an unusually large one—from the British Association at Portsmouth. I supplemented this by a house-to-house collection and by writing begging letters, so that we eventually got enough to have special cases made and installed, with some difficulty because of the shape and the narrowness of the stairway, in a round room in the Gatehouse Tower. (The cases were made by a Newbury firm recommended by Peake.) The Moreys became Honorary Curators, and we got the exhibits cleaned, mended and set out with proper labels in the new cases. The repair work was done by Young of the Ashmolean, the leading museum craftsman of his day. The prehistoric objects were of special interest and mostly unpublished, and I published some of them later in *Man* and in the *Proceedings* of the Society of Antiquaries of London. A few years ago the County Council appointed a full-time Curator and transferred the museum to the residential quarters which became vacant after the Princess's death. The museum was beautifully arranged by John Bartlett and is now a model of its kind. That is a very satisfactory conclusion to an undertaking that sprang directly from a canoe voyage across the Solent on May 17th, 1910.

It was not the only crossing; I went over again, this time

arriving off West Cowes, to the surprise of the people on the beach, and proceeded up the Medina estuary right to Newport itself. The third crossing was unlucky; I was caught at Newport by a strong wind and could not get back, and the canoe and I had to return on the Isle of Wight boat.

The examination for the Geography Diploma must have taken place in June; I passed 'with Distinction', thanks to my Andover thesis. The external examiners were Lyde and Chisholm. It was probably when the result had been announced that Herbertson offered me a post (which did not then exist) as Junior Demonstrator at the School of Geography. The salary was ninety pounds a year, but I accepted. There was still a little left of my father's legacy, and the job would keep me going while I was trying for another, a policy of which Herbertson was informed and to which he raised no objection. The work was to begin, I think, in October.

Then I went to stay with R. L. Thompson who was ushering at King's Lynn. One of his friends there was an amateur astrologer and cast my horoscope. Thompson took me with him to a wood at Gaywood where he caught moths. Walking along a ride we set off a spring-gun which exploded right under our feet with a deafening report. The keeper arrived almost at once; we protested mildly, but apparently it was then quite legal to protect the semi-tame pheasants in this way. Such practices did not arouse one's affection for the huntin' and shootin' classes, but their successors also have unlovely ways of scaring off trespassers without many of their predecessors' good qualities.

I walked back from King's Lynn along the Icknield Way, intending to end up at Oxford; but at Dunstable I got a telegram from Becket, the Senior Demonstrator, summoning me back, and I had to break off. I have always regretted this; the summons was premature, and when I got to Oxford I found there was little for me to do, and I have never since had the chance to walk the bit between Dunstable and the Thames. On the way I stopped off at Cambridge where I visited the museum, meeting the Curator, Baron von Hügel; the contents were most interesting, but the arrangement very bad. The lime-trees were in flower at Cambridge, and it was altogether

lovely there. My route to Cambridge was by Stoke Ferry, Brandon and Kentford, and Pampisford; and then from Great Chesterford by Royston and Hitchin to Dunstable. The distance walked was a little over one hundred miles.

The cause of my recall was a Vacation Course in Geography, an annual affair. It was directed by Herbertson and held for geography teachers, who came to it from all parts of the country and were a motley crew. Lectures were given by people from outside the University, and on this occasion they included Patrick Geddes and Lawrence Gomme. I had already read Gomme's *Village Community* and his book on Folk-lore, and it was great to meet the man himself, though I remember nothing but the fact of the meeting. Geddes was different; he was a prophet with a mission. Strangely enough R. L. Thompson, least mystic of men, had fallen under his spell and I perforce had to follow. He talked to us a lot about 'place, work, folk', and my notebook has a now quite unintelligible diagram of their mystic relationship. I remember much talk about different types of settlement and how one succeeded another. The idea that human settlements could be classified on the basis of function and topographical position was sound in some ways; but the approach was unhistorical and the treatment woolly. One never could find out what it was all about or what it led to. I remember years later asking H. G. Wells about Geddes; he seemed never to have met him and remembered him only as a sort of crank who had strange ideas about rooms in a tower. It was evident that Geddes was not Wells's cup of tea at all. He was not quite mine either, but I revelled in his talk at the time and it did me some good. Geddes's ideas taken neat were incapacitating; with water added—and plenty of it—they were a good tonic. Unfortunately they were too often taken neat with unfortunate and sometimes fatal results.

After the Course was over Herbertson did some quick work with figures and on the result depended our pickings. They were not substantial, but we all got something. The outside lecturers' fees being fixed, ours depended upon what was left over afterwards. The staff then consisted of Herbertson and his wife, Becket, Miss MacMunn and myself, so far as I can

now remember; but there may have been others temporarily attached to the school for the Course in addition to the lecturers.

At about this time I formed the idea of a map of Britain during the Roman period, and my notebook has a rough scheme for it. The map was to consist of a physical background showing elevation and vegetation, and the Roman villas, named places, potteries, mines and cemeteries, with roads and miscellaneous sites.

In August we had planned to camp out and excavate on the downs near Oxenwood, a remote hamlet south of Great Bedwyn in Wilts. The Peakes were to provide tents and run the camp. I arrived from Oxford, where I had taken my BA degree on August 2nd, and found the tents pitched in a lovely spot under the lee of Botley Copse. The Peakes had brought with them their two devoted servants, Mary and Annie, who carried out the strenuous business of looking after us all and feeding us with the same efficiency and cheerfulness as at Boxford: but it was for them no holiday at all. Peake was employing local labour to excavate a disc barrow.<sup>1</sup> He dug a trench right through it and the surrounding ditch; he had, however, failed to observe certain obvious indications of a second ditch surrounding the small central mound. He was not convinced until, at my urgent plea, it was cleaned out. I mention this because it has never been properly published, and it proves that many, perhaps all, of the barrow-circles, revealed by air-photos as crop-sites, which have two wide-spaced surrounding ditches, were originally disc barrows. In the mound was a cremation (if I remember rightly) with a bronze awl, and a second interment consisting of a Saxon skeleton with a well-preserved iron spearhead. Rumours of the discovery reached the village and lost nothing on the way there; and when the villagers of Oxenwood came out to see us on Sunday, they asked to see the skeleton in full armour which they heard we had found.

R. L. Thompson was with us most or all of the time and so was Mary Neale, a pioneer of the folk-music revival which was

<sup>1</sup> Called in such records as there are the Grafton Barrow, from the name of the parish.

then in full swing (Plate 4). The Neilson-Joneses were there too, and Mrs. Neilson-Jones (Mabel Rayner) made some interesting botanical studies there. So far as I can remember the most interesting thing concerned heather (*Erica*) which grew exclusively on the raised lynchet-banks of the Celtic fields that covered the downland on which we were camping. These lynchets, which I had long been familiar with, began to interest me very much, and I persuaded Peake to have a trench cut through one, so that we might study its composition and draw a section of it.

The Herbertsons also paid us a short visit. It was for them rather an adventure and they may have enjoyed it in an uncomfortable sort of way. The camp was most pleasant in fine weather, but the weather was not always fine; and when it was wet—!

Perhaps the most important outcome of the Oxenwood affair in this context was my meeting with Dr J. P. Williams-Freeman, who visited us there. It was the first time any of us had met him, and he must have impressed Peake, because I well remember Peake telling me to follow it up and get to know him, which fortunately I did, with the best possible results. His solid commonsense and scientific outlook was an excellent foil for Peake's theorizing and wild-cat schemes, and in the course of time I came to transfer my archaeological allegiance to him.

From Oxenwood I went straight to the British Association meeting at Sheffield early in September, and read a paper on the Andover District at Section E. Needless to say, I also visited the museum, which contains the Bateman Collection of urns from the Pennine barrows. Then I went back to Oxford to start work on my new job—or rather to resume it, for I had already begun work there in July. The School of Geography had hitherto been housed in the Old Ashmolean Building, in two rooms on the first floor, above the office of the Oxford English Dictionary. All its work had to be done there—lectures, seminars, tuition, administration, correspondence; and there, too, had to be kept the maps and books of the School. This parsimony was typical of the reluctance of the University to modernize its curriculum, and it was a private

benefactor, Sir Abe Bailey, and not the University, who enabled the School to acquire additional accommodation by renting Acland House in Broad Street, immediately opposite its existing quarters. My first job as Junior Demonstrator was to transfer the books, maps and furniture from the old Ashmolean to Acland House, and to get the place into some order before term began early in October. I found the decorators still in occupation of Acland House, distemperring the walls, and my attempts to speed up the work were, of course, completely futile; I did not then realize that *festina lente* was the Trade Union slogan.

When at last I could begin I threw my whole heart into the job. It was one I liked—creating order out of chaos—and good practice for some of the tasks I had to do later. (My books on the long barrows of the Cotswolds and on the topography of Roman Scotland did much the same sort of thing.) With the help of the office boy, Spiller, I carried the books and maps across the road and piled them up on the floors of Acland House. The maps had accumulated in a huge heap in a corner of the two rooms, and had to be sorted and classified, and put in drawers. Many of the books consisted of incomplete, unbound sets of geographical journals of all countries; these had to be completed by the purchase of back numbers, and then bound. I wrote for the missing numbers, and as these gradually trickled in I took the unbound sets to a bookbinder in Friars' Entry—a small alley off Cornmarket. It was nice to see the completed bound volumes gradually assembling on the shelves; the process was not completed till well on into 1911. While this work was being carried out I was the only member of the School staff in Oxford; it was done voluntarily, for my official duties did not strictly begin till October, when term began. But I did not worry about this; I liked the job. I was full of enthusiasm for the building up of a new and lively organization. The arrangement of the rooms in Acland House which I proposed was approved by Herbertson, though it was to be regarded as temporary. No one, however, had the leisure or energy to disturb it and it lasted for well over a decade.

Acland House had been the home of Sir Henry Acland (1815-1900) Regius Professor of Medicine (1858-94) and the

life-long friend of Ruskin. Sir Henry had also been associated with Sir Edward Tylor, the founder of anthropology, who was still alive, and the house contained several relics of Tylor which, being a sort of treasure-trove, I kept for myself. Had I not done so they would probably have been lost or thrown away, for no one realized their historic interest. I did, and in the fullness of time I presented them to the Horniman and Pitt-Rivers (Oxford) Museums.

For my own office I chose, with Herbertson's approval, an octagonal room at the back of the house, with a pleasant view into the garden. The roof was pointed and the panels between the rafters were ornamented with paintings in the pre-Raphaelite style. I am sorry I never photographed them and fear that they may have perished without record when Acland House was pulled down to make room for the New Bodleian. In my enthusiasm as housekeeper of Acland House I went a little too far, and bought at my own expense a carpet for the floor of my office. This extravagance grated upon the Scotch austerity of Herbertson, and one day I received a long letter from him upbraiding me for it and decreeing its abolition. It was couched in rather severe terms and upset me very much. I had thrown all my energy and enthusiasm into the furnishing of the School's new quarters and was rather proud of the result, not I think unjustifiably, for I had carried it out single-handed in my own time, and had saved the School much expense by transporting the books and other things with my own hands, to say nothing of the arrangement of the library, the completion of back numbers, the binding and many other such things.

Herbertson seems to have realized that his reproof was rather too severe, for just as I had finished reading his letter in my rooms (27 Walton Crescent) he called to see me and invited me to lunch. He could not have failed to observe my distress, which must have been evident, and he plainly wished to make some amends. I forget what followed; the carpet had to go and the incident was closed; but it was a long time before I forgot it. It was one of those trivial things that produce results quite out of proportion to their importance.

## A Change of Course

1911 - 1912

My first piece of research : in the Bodleian and the Ashmolean : Abercromby, Haverfield, Evans : Herbertson makes me choose my career : risks of choosing archaeology in 1911 : more field-work : Williams-Freeman starts me on Roman roads : I sign on for Easter Island and Marett's Diploma-course.

AT the beginning of the academic year 1910-11 I was launched on a geographical career which normally would have ended in a professorship at a university. Though my interest in geography was, and still is, genuine and profound, it was leading me to explore regions that lay off the orthodox track. My interest in prehistoric archaeology was becoming dominant, for I could see that it was in some respects an almost virgin field with great possibilities for research. My geographical training had taught me that the geographical environment—soil, climate, vegetation and position—exercised a strong influence upon human affairs both today and in historical times; and I argued quite correctly that it must have been even more influential in prehistoric times. To detect that influence it would be necessary to map the distribution of certain prehistoric objects; that would indicate the chief areas of settlement. One could then proceed to compare the resulting distribution-map with a geological and physical map and see whether there were any correspondences that appeared to be significant. I discussed this idea with Peake, who had helped me to formulate it; and he suggested that I should test it by compiling a distribution-map for Britain of what were called flat copper and bronze celts or axes, the earliest types of metal implement known (belonging to some time about the middle of the second millennium BC). I decided to do this, adding also to the programme the distribution of beakers which Abercromby had already mapped. The idea was not wholly original—what ideas are?—for something on those lines had already been done in Germany

by Schliz and Lissauer between 1904 and 1907. Schliz had shown a correlation between pots of a neolithic type and the loess formation, but Abercromby and Lissauer had made no such correlations for their distributions. Marett had asked me to read a paper to the Oxford University Anthropological Society, so I took as my subject the distribution of flat bronze axes and beakers in Britain, adding some remarks on the Irish gold trade.

I wrote the paper in Ireland where I had gone for a walking-tour in March, 1911. I went by boat from Bristol to Cork and thence by train and coach to Glengariff where Pogga and I had gone for one of our holiday jaunts some years before. It was during the week at Glengariff that I wrote the first draft of the paper, in between climbing the local mountains. I can still recall the intellectual ferment of that exciting week when the potentialities of this new line of research dawned on me; and I am sure that amongst the contributory causes were the fresh air and exercise and the absence of books, which compelled one to find some alternative intellectual outlet.

From Glengariff I walked to Castletown Berehaven and thence to a small place called Ardroom where I drank a lot of stout in the local pub and was regarded as a German spy by a completely sossled villager. The accusation, constantly repeated, was made quite without malice and accepted in the friendly spirit in which it was given. There was a naval station at Castletown, and what more natural explanation could there be for an Englishman walking thence alone to a place like Ardroom? If that was my business, well and good; he bore the Germans no malice and for all I know he may have preferred them to the British. Next day I got a boat to take me across Kenmare Bay, and was blackmailed in mid-voyage so that I had to pay an extortionate sum—ten shillings or a pound, I think—over and above that bargained for! The alternative being a return to Ardroom, I had to pay up. I walked to Waterville, getting a lift for part of the way in a springless country cart. Thence I walked via Glencar, a fisherman's resort, to Muckcross, near Killarney. By reason of the boatman's blackmail I had run short of money, but the good lady at the hotel willingly changed a cheque, though I was a com-

plete stranger. From there I went by train to Dublin and so home. The distance done was about one hundred miles. It was a delightful tour in lovely scenery at a time of year when Kerry is a blaze of gorse, and I have the pleasantest memories of both the land and the people. Walking in Wessex, however archaeologically profitable, was much tamer; one might escape blackmail, but one would never be able to change a cheque at a wayside pub. I must admit, however, that later the Bell at Brooke proved to be as entertaining as anything I encountered in Ireland.

The paper on Early Bronze Age distributions was read before the OUAS on May 4th, 1911, in one of the lecture-rooms of the University Museum. Amongst those present was Dr Farnell, Rector of Exeter College and then Vice-Chancellor, whom I observed *taking notes*. To an undergraduate—and I was then hardly more—the Vice-Chancellor is a remote Olympian being of almost superhuman grandeur, and to this magnificence there was added the lustre of scholarly fame, for Dr Farnell had written the classic account, in several volumes, of Greek religion. I, on the other hand, had just scraped through to a third in Honour Mods. and had recently failed in an examination for a pass degree. We were on opposite sides of a great gulf, and the idea that he could learn anything from what I was saying seemed fantastic. My vocation, geography, was a Cinderella, and my subject, British prehistory, had no prestige and was not even recognized by the University as a branch of learning. It was as if a schoolboy were lecturing to the headmaster on how to play marbles. After it was over Dr Farnell spoke very kindly to me and I heard afterwards that he had been much impressed. Marett was there and the lecture, which was read out from a typescript and illustrated by slides showing distribution-maps drawn by myself, was a great success. It began with a short historical account of British prehistoric archaeology, mentioning some of the great pioneers, and relating its development to the state of contemporary knowledge. This historical introduction was not published when the paper was printed in the *Geographical Journal* as the Editor cut it out. Perhaps it was irrelevant to the main subject; but the ideas it contained were thoroughly

sound and they foreshadowed the lines along which prehistoric archaeology did in fact develop during the succeeding decades. They contained the germs of the first four chapters of my *Archaeology in the Field*.

The lecture was published in 1912,<sup>1</sup> but it was not my first publication. I had written a short article on the evidence of prehistoric trade between England and France which I sent to the editor of *L'Homme Préhistorique*. This was not acknowledged, and as I could get no reply to my letters I made a fresh copy and sent it to the editor of *L'Anthropologie*, who sent me proofs and printed it in 1913. He cut out my list of finds, however, though it was essential as giving the evidence on which the article and distribution-maps were based. Long afterwards I discovered that my article had also been printed in *L'Homme Préhistorique* in 1911, together with the lists. Though it contained some useful facts there was also a lot of wild theorizing about dedications to St Catherine which I had taken over from Peake.<sup>2</sup>

There was in those days plenty of the leisure that is necessary for a civilized life, and I used mine in unconventional ways. In the afternoons I used often to go out sculling, to keep fit. I avoided tea-parties in North Oxford and my social contacts were mainly with undergraduates. There were then far fewer women students and they were most efficiently guarded. The majority of students at the School of Geography were women whom, as Junior Demonstrator, it was my business to teach. We were all of much the same age and we should have liked to foregather outside the walls of Acland House. I did make some attempts at less formal contacts and was enthusiastically helped by Hewitt, my Keble contemporary. But they came to nothing. I was a keen supporter of the suffragettes and had met one of the leaders, Mrs Pethick-Lawrence, at the Peakes'.

I spent many hours working in the Bodleian Library where

<sup>1</sup> *Geographical Journal*, Vol. xl, 1912, pp. 184-203, 304-317.

<sup>2</sup> This was not strictly my first appearance in print; I wrote some notes on the history of East Woodhay which the rector, the Reverend H. G. Chilton Tompkins, printed in the parish magazine. My copy was destroyed in the blitz in 1940, and I have no reference to it and remember little about it.

I learnt how to use books. It was an inspiration merely to work there at all; the atmosphere of 'Duke Humphrey' was redolent of scholarship, and any day one could see in it the great scholars whose books and articles one read there. I remember particularly the tall, gaunt figure of Vinogradoff. Haverfield was often there, and Salter was a daily visitor. The Librarian was then E. W. B. Nicholson (Old Nick) who looked like the White Knight; he had a marked squint and was so near-sighted that he had to put a book practically in contact with his face to read it. He was laughed at because he used to collect such ephemeral printed matter as paper bags (which then had the tradesmen's names and other matter printed on the outside) and tram-tickets. A later generation was wiser, and one of the lesser-known museums of Oxford contains a fascinating collection of ephemera formed by John Johnson, the former Printer to the University. Archaeology is closely concerned with ephemeral things, and as a budding archaeologist I should have appreciated their importance for future historians of social life. As Pitt-Rivers said, common things are important just because they *are* common—and it might be added because they are not kept.

One of my occupations at the Bodleian consisted in copying the Saxon bounds from the charters edited by Birch in his *Cartularium Saxonicum*, and from Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*. I could not afford to buy these books, so copied all those charters relating to Berks, Hants and Wilts, and some others. Peake had introduced me to this fascinating subject and I identified some of the bounds which fell within the scope of my thesis on the Andover District. Apart from their intrinsic interest they are a valuable mine of prehistoric materials. I also collected materials for a topographical study of the medieval forests of Wessex, and formed a collection of their perambulations, hoping one day to be able to write a monograph on them. The time for writing it has now come, as I had foreseen, for one cannot expect to do field-work all one's life; but the collection was destroyed in the blitz of 1940, and to re-form it away from a library like the Bodleian is impossible. Such a monograph, based upon field-work and documentary sources, is badly needed.

At this time I saw a good deal of Thurlow Leeds who was living in rooms close to my own in Walton Crescent. He had a post in the Ashmolean Museum and his special subject was, of course, Anglo-Saxon archaeology, of which he is now the doyen. He was preparing his great monograph on saucer brooches, and I used to look out for these during my visits to local museums. We had many long talks about archaeological matters, when he expounded his views, which differed from those of Reginald Smith. I remember once meeting Nils Aberg in his rooms, and at the Ashmolean he once introduced me to T. E. Lawrence, who frequented it much and was an archaeological disciple of Hogarth who succeeded Sir Arthur Evans as Keeper. Lawrence was then an undergraduate and a familiar figure of Oxford life, riding furiously and bare-headed about the streets on his bicycle. He was reading history and went to Syria during the Long Vacation to study the Crusader Castles. We only met this once.

I spent a good deal of time in the Ashmolean, studying the Cretan exhibits and their labels, and trying to get some idea of the newly-discovered civilization. Apart from a few lectures by Evans, Hogarth, Myres and Hall, there was no other method of learning about it, for it was too new to have any part in the regular University curriculum. Evans was unapproachable and discouraged undergraduate advances, but Hogarth was different. His influence on Lawrence is a matter of history and led to important results during the first war. Later I got to know him and profited greatly from his learning and urbanity. He was a man of wide culture and sympathies, and a humanist in the best sense, whose learning sat lightly on him. He was equally distinguished as a geographer, specializing in Arabia. He never lost sight of first principles; one of his publications, which I read with profit and still remember, questioned the equation of a decline in the potter's art with a deterioration in social conditions.

There were many lectures delivered at this time outside the normal curriculum. My diary contains notes of those given in 1911 by Haddon, Myres, Evans, Hogarth and Nansen, and one on Nubia almost certainly by Griffiths. They were all well attended, for they dealt with live subjects and were by people

who had done things, not merely talked about them. There were a few good lecturers then in Oxford who could make even Logic and Thucydides interesting; but not even the worst lecturer—and some were terrible—could make this new archaeology dull.

One of my happiest meetings was with Abercromby, who was then writing his great book on British Bronze Age pottery. He was in Oxford collecting material, and as we had corresponded and I had sent him a few photographs (I think of pots from the Isle of Wight) he kindly invited me to lunch with him at the Randolph. He was an old Scottish aristocrat of the best kind, a true scholar and full of youthful enthusiasm. He was well ahead of his times as an archaeologist and we had much in common. He had already produced distribution-maps which had had a great influence upon my own line of research, which followed on his. In spite of the great difference in our ages I think he was glad to meet someone who might be, but was hardly as yet, a fellow-worker.

Haverfield used to go occasionally to the School of Geography, but to my great and lasting regret I only met him once, though I knew him well by sight. I did once make an attempt to become a student of his, when he announced that he needed students to make plans of Roman forts in the Lake District. At Herbertson's suggestion I wrote offering my services, but he replied that Herbertson had misunderstood his intention and it came to nothing. Possibly he regarded geographers with suspicion, and if he did it may not have been without some justification. When I was installed at the Ordnance Survey after the war, I was tempted to reopen our acquaintance, but decided (in view of the rebuff) to postpone it until I had produced the map of Roman Britain which I was working up to. It was a foolish, though quite understandable, mistake, for he died before it appeared. I cannot claim the honour of having been one of his disciples, except in so far as everyone of my generation must be who is concerned, however remotely, with 'Roman Britain' which he created.

I said above that Sir Arthur Evans was unapproachable. Perhaps he was at Oxford, but I ought not to let this remark

stand without qualification, for he honoured me by attending my Bronze Age paper at the Royal Geographical Society and in opening the discussion which followed. It was a great encouragement that he should have found time to do so when at the height of his Cretan fame.

It must have been obvious to Herbertson and everyone else that my heart was in prehistoric archaeology, and that I had an aptitude for research work. My job was to teach geography to a small group of students, most of them women, who do not as a rule take readily to the geographical way of thinking. I do not think that I was a good teacher, not for lack of trying but rather from the nature of geography itself as a subject, about which I was developing heretical opinions in discussions with Peake. (Of this more anon.) One day—I forget when—Herbertson summoned me to his room in Acland House and put the matter plainly before me—was I going to be a geographer or an archaeologist? I do not think he was dissatisfied with my work as a Junior Demonstrator and he certainly said nothing to indicate it even if he was; probably he acted from a sincere desire to help me. However this may be, I was and am profoundly grateful to him for what he then did, for it brought about a change of course, altering the direction of my whole career. After a little thought I said I should like to be an archaeologist, if I could earn my living in that way. He said, a little sorrowfully, that he thought my decision was right, and most magnanimously offered to do what he could to find an opening for me—and he did.

It must be remembered that in 1911 archaeology in the modern sense of the word had not yet become a profession. There were no full-time paid jobs outside the British Museum and a few big provincial museums, and the Royal Commissions. The Ancient Monuments Branch of the then Board of Works had not yet come into being. The work of the investigators of the Royal Commissions demanded certain qualifications which I did not possess, and probably could not have acquired even had I known about these bodies, which I did not. General Pitt-Rivers was a rich amateur but whole-time archaeologist, able to employ others who, while so employed,

were professional archaeologists in the modern sense; but when he died, his work was not continued, and they were obliged to accept posts as museum curators. They discharged their duties admirably and were able also to continue excavating, with the best possible results; but excavation was a supererogatory task voluntarily undertaken in their spare time. It was either unpaid or paid for at a rate far below the bread-and-butter line. Excavation work abroad, mainly in the Orient, was difficult to obtain, and usually unpaid or paid for at so low a rate that no one could live by it. Moreover it was for the most part not only spasmodic but also directed by persons who paid more regard to philological knowledge than to the technical qualifications of an excavator. In the British territories overseas there were no openings except for one or two museum curatorships. The posts which an unsympathetic Treasury was later persuaded reluctantly to establish in Africa did not exist, and the Asiatic lands were still part of the Turkish Empire. My own university did little to support archaeology, as may be gathered from the disheartening story of Sir Arthur Evans's struggles over the Ashmolean Museum. The few research fellowships offered which could be given an archaeological twist by the holders were awarded for success in the examinations, which was no sort of guarantee of archaeological proficiency. I did apply for such as were offered, by Queen's College and New College, and my applications were supported by Hogarth, but they were unsuccessful. (I remember being interviewed by the famous Spooner, then Warden of New College.) I also applied for the post of Curator of the Bombay Museum, which carried what was then a princely salary, and which Hogarth had told me of, but again without success, in spite of a helpful testimonial from Hogarth.

Thus it will be seen that in deciding to adopt an archaeological career without any private means I was taking a very great risk. I did it with my eyes open because I preferred to take this risk rather than spend my life doing safer but uncongenial work. I have never since then regretted my decision, but when in later years people have told me I was lucky to be doing such interesting work and to be paid for it, I do not think they realized that my successful survival as a

professional archaeologist was not simply due to good luck. I did not just drop into already made positions; one, which I held for twenty-five years at the Ordnance Survey, was made for me; and the other, the editorship of *Antiquity*, I made for myself.

Herbertson agreed to keep me on as Junior Demonstrator while we were looking out for another, archaeological, opening. At the end of term I went off to Cranborne with Winkworth, meeting Williams-Freeman and Percy Farrer somewhere *en route* and going in Williams-Freeman's car to the Farnham Museum. My record is incomplete, but I at any rate visited Bokerley Dyke, Fordingbridge and Weymouth, ending up at Buckler's Hard. On June 22nd, the Coronation Day of King George V, I met Williams-Freeman again and we walked the Roman road from Dibden Purlieu to Stone on the Solent. It was the first time I had actually traced and discovered an unknown portion of a Roman road; for though I had inspected bits of Ackling Dyke, the Portway and Chute Causeway, all these were already well known and marked on the map. Peake had rather discouraged an interest in Roman remains, in which he was not interested, maintaining (of course quite wrongly) that there was little scope for original discovery in that period, and hitherto I had accepted his view. Williams-Freeman had a broader outlook and was also an incomparably better field archaeologist. Our discoveries on that memorable day were a revelation to me. The causeway of the Roman road was plainly visible throughout, even when it had been lowered by cultivation; it was a solid concrete thing, very different from the vague tracks, often (like the Lydeaway) the product of a fertile imagination divorced from field-work, which Peake claimed as trade-routes of the prehistoric period. I decided there and then to include the tracing of Roman roads amongst my field activities, and have since tramped hundreds of miles along them. That Coronation Day excursion was a landmark on the route which led ultimately to the Ordnance Survey Map of Roman Britain and to my *Topography of Roman Scotland*. But, like the last Coronation Day, it was a wet one; we arrived at the farm of Stone drenched to the skin. Williams-Freeman, as a country

doctor, had a way of getting into farmhouses and cottages; and we soon found ourselves inside, drying ourselves and having a cup of tea. When, later, Williams-Freeman's book (*Field Archaeology as illustrated by Hampshire, 1915*) appeared, he sent me a presentation copy, inscribing it on the fly-leaf as in special memory of Coronation Day, 1911. It was a day of good results, for we identified a medieval moated homestead at Holbury which was new to Williams-Freeman.

Next day I visited Hengistbury Head, which was excavated that year by Bushe-Fox, and St Catherine's Hill nearby; and I called on Druitt at Christchurch again and made notes about his collection. I was back at Oxford during July, and in August I joined the Peakes and some of their friends at Porth Dinnleyn in North Wales for a week's holiday. In September I attended the British Association meeting at Portsmouth, reading a paper there based on my Early Bronze Age researches. Then I set out on a tour of the museums of south-eastern England, filling a notebook with records of bronze implements. Starting on September 7th I visited the museums at Lewes, Brighton, Worthing, Hastings, Dover, Canterbury, Maidstone and Rochester in six days, ending up on the seventh at the British Museum and the Royal Geographical Society. On one day I visited no less than three museums in different towns, but my notes do not show any signs of haste! I travelled by train, for there were then, of course, no buses.

When I returned to Oxford at the beginning of October I found that Herbertson had succeeded in finding me a job, though it was not then a certainty, and it was only a temporary one, and unpaid. Mr and Mrs Scoresby Routledge were preparing an expedition to go to Easter Island and conduct excavations there to discover, if they could, something about the origins of the mysterious statues. On October 18th I had an interview with Marett and on the following day one with Mrs Routledge. As a result of these interviews it was arranged that I should accompany the expedition as archaeologist, on the condition that I took a course in anthropology under Marett and passed the Diploma Examination. It was a curious three-sided bargain by which Marett got a pupil for his course,

Mrs Routledge got an excavator for nothing, and I got experience at the price of contributing one hundred pounds to the cost of the expedition, and three years' free keep! Nowadays the idea of taking a course in Social Anthropology as a training for conducting excavations would hardly commend itself to the leaders of an expedition. But in those days there was no regular instruction in excavation given anywhere. The aims of the expedition were partly anthropological, for Mrs Routledge had come under the spell of Marett and was taking his course, or had taken it.

My pocket diaries, which have provided the dates round which the narrative has hitherto been written, end in 1911, and for the next decade there is no consecutive record. A detailed account could be compiled from the letters I wrote to my aunts and received from them and from the Peakes, R. L. Thompson and others, if anyone should think it worth while doing so—fifty years hence. Just before I began writing this book, before I had thought seriously of doing so, I collected all these and many older letters in my possession and handed them over to the Bodleian Library, to be retained there unopened until the year 2000 AD. They contain no sensational revelations whatever, and consist for the most part of trivialities; I have not reread them, but I feel that it would be better that they should not become public property until all those concerned and their surviving friends and relatives have passed away. I do not think that what follows would have gained in interest by my consulting them, and the book might well have become too long. My memory has probably retained most of what was of any real importance. Fortunately while I was a prisoner of war in Germany in 1918 I jotted down from memory a couple of pages of autobiographical facts, with some exact dates; this provides just enough to give precision to the narrative.

I think I must have resigned my position as Junior Demonstrator during Michaelmas term, and I had certainly done so by the end of 1911 because I have a note of spending the spring of 1912 'working at home for the Anthropology Diploma'. Probably I attended lectures, chiefly by Marett but also by Balfour and Macdougall, during the Michaelmas term,

because I have a vivid recollection of attending Marett's lectures, at which I took very full notes (now in the archives of the Anthropology Department at Oxford). On February 14th, 1912, I read my Bronze Age paper at the Royal Geographical Society. In the Easter term I took the Diploma Examination, duly passing but not, as I had hoped, gaining Distinction. I failed in my anatomy examination, conducted by the professor, A. Thomson (of 'Thomson's facets' fame). It was a difficult test to pass and I was quite certainly not proficient enough to pass it.

Not by any means the least valuable of the by-products of the Diploma course were the friendships one made. It was through it that I met Earnest A. Hooton, later Professor of Anthropology at Harvard University and then a Rhodes Scholar. We often met at week-ends at Boxford with the Peakes, discussing everything under the sun in that happy meeting-ground. Of the others I remember L. H. Dudley Buxton who became an anthropologist and edited Marett's *Festschrift*; Miss Czaplicka, from Poland, who later wrote about shamans but died prematurely—a great loss to anthropology; Diamond Jenness already mentioned; and H. J. Rose, now Professor of Greek at St Andrews University. There were others, whose names I do not remember, taking Anthropology as part of their preparation for entering the Sudan and Nigerian civil services. The only one I remember was Matthews, a rowing man, captain of the Jesus boat-club, who went to Nigeria.

Marett was a first-rate and inspiring teacher and a vivid personality, and he was also a most likeable person. When he wrote and thanked me for my contribution to his *Festschrift* he modestly suggested that, though I had been his pupil, I had not in fact derived much profit therefrom; that was not true and I wrote and told him so. He taught me what anthropology was, and though his special interests were not mine, they were interesting enough in themselves, for he had a wide range including even a little archaeology. One would have to be a dull dog not to catch some of his enthusiasm; the things he was interested in were fundamental to a modern outlook on the world. His influence on me was great and beneficial, and it is

to him and to Peake that I owe the habit of seeing the past in the present which is what vitalizes prehistory.

My other Oxford teacher was Myres. He had the excellent practice of being 'at home' to all and sundry in his room at New College at 5 p.m. on certain days, and I took full advantage of it, and also attended his lectures.

## A Sea Voyage

1912 - 1913

The Routledges and their Easter Island expedition : delays and defections : Atlantic storms : Madeira and Las Palmas : domestic troubles and strained relations : I leave the *Mana* and return by cargo-boat : Wellcome engages me for his Sudan excavations.

THE Easter Island Expedition was to consist of the Routledges, a navigator, a surveyor, an astronomer, and an archaeologist, who would also supplement the Routledges in anthropology. A schooner was being built at Whitstable to take the party to Easter Island via the Straits of Magellan, and the whole trip was planned to last about three years, starting in the autumn of 1912. The exact functions of the astronomer were never clear to me, nor were they ever called for, because Worthington, who was to perform them, had a row with the Routledges and left. None of us was being paid any salary, though the navigator lent by the Admiralty would be receiving his service pay. Worthington's father, a wealthy Liverpool shipowner, had put down one hundred pounds to the cost of the expedition.

There were endless delays in finishing the building of the schooner. Routledge, who had somehow contrived to obtain a master's certificate, was constantly at Whitstable, and I suspect that some of the delay may have been caused by his interference. The schooner was of wood, with steel bulkheads, and an auxiliary oil engine. She was called the *Mana*, an untranslatable Pacific word which Mrs R had picked up from Marett. When the boat was finished Routledge was dissatisfied and sued the builders, obtaining quite a large sum from them by a judgement of the court. We never discovered the grounds of his complaint, and suspected that they were technical or even frivolous; the *Mana* subsequently proved to be thoroughly seaworthy, sailing half way round the world and back again, through some of the stormiest seas in the world.

Eventually she sailed from Whitstable to Southampton and thence to the Hamble river; Routledge had a cottage near by at Bursledon. While the *Mana* was tied up to the quay at Northam (Southampton) the navigator, Lieut. R. Douglas Graham, RN, had a row with the Routledges and left the ship; I do not remember the cause. He was succeeded by Lieut. Ritchie, RN, who managed to stay the course, not without some effort, but had to return at the outbreak of war.

The long delay in starting was giving me considerable anxiety, for I was earning nothing and living on the little that was left of my five hundred pounds capital. While the *Mana* was in Southampton Water, I went and stayed in an hotel there, hoping for the start, and it was then that I first explored the New Forest and discovered the Cloven Way, and some of the Roman roads. At last in March 1913 we sailed, but only for Dartmouth and then Falmouth where again we got stuck, and I began to despair of ever sailing in the open ocean.

Routledge was a gadget-fiend. He always knew of a way of doing things that was better than the usual way; to do him justice I had to admit that it often was. He had boots made with high uppers by a Southampton cobbler who lived opposite the Ordnance Survey and made boots for me long afterwards. At Falmouth he bought a supply of bread for the voyage baked in specially large loaves shaped like huge buns. These he stored in the bath, so that we were unable to have a bath during the first lap of our voyage. Having got the bread on board we were obliged to start before it began to grow stale—but more of that anon.

Routledge, though technically qualified, fortunately did not act as sailing-master but obtained the services of a first-rate man, Captain Gillam of Southampton. (The name occurs there in old documents and may be ultimately derived from Guillaume; there was a large French Protestant colony there.) The crew were Brixham fishermen, all first-rate sailormen, and an engineer, Green, from Glasgow. There was also a cook and a cabin boy. It was part of the agreement that the members of the scientific staff should take their turn at watches like the rest of the crew. Apart from the navigator, I was now the only member of the staff, for Worthington, too, had left, and

Lowry-Corry, the surveyor, was to join the *Mana* in South America. For the first five days I was *hors de combat* in my berth, though never actually seasick; we ran into a storm soon after leaving Falmouth and had to heave to. The rolling of a seventy-ton schooner in an Atlantic gale is prodigious. I shall never forget the sight I saw when at last I emerged from my berth. One is accustomed to think of the sea as a sort of plain which, though it may be furrowed by waves, is flat. What I saw was not a plain at all but a series of hills and valleys. When at the bottom, in the trough, one saw only a huge wall of water towering above; up this we climbed, to look down into another. It was, to a landsman like myself, an awe-inspiring sight, but it had no terrors for the crew, though they were eventually rather worn out by the ordeal, for we encountered two more storms after the first.

Our first port of call was to be Madeira. Ritchie took a course that led far out into the ocean, having the sailor's dread of a lee shore. When about in the latitude of Gibraltar we entered calmer waters and warmer air, and when in sight of Madeira we were becalmed in a heavy swell. There is no motion more unpleasant than that of a sailing-ship in such a sea; she rolls helplessly, drifting without steerage-way. During one of her rolls the main sheet parted and the mainsail boom swung to and fro across the deck, a danger to all. At last the loose rope was grabbed and secured.

Green was meanwhile trying to start up the auxiliary engine, but it had suffered from the drenching it had received and refused to start. Without it we should have had difficulty in entering harbours and roadsteads; we were in fact in some slight danger at the time for Madeira was a lee shore and we might drift near enough to be wrecked on it. Eventually Green got the engine going, just as a slight breeze arose. But the engine was no seaman; it was intended for barges and not adapted for the rolling of an ocean-going boat. It kept time with the rolls, alternately racing and stopping almost dead. It had been one of Routledge's less successful efforts, for he had been to Glasgow and chosen it himself. We limped into the roadstead of Funchal nineteen days after sailing from Falmouth. It was decided to stay only a couple of days or so

there, and then to go on to Las Palmas in Gran Canaria, where the stores would have all to be examined and perhaps replaced after their drenching.

During the voyage we had lived on the bread buns bought at Falmouth. Bread does not keep well in the damp sea atmosphere, and after the first fortnight ours began to turn green with mould. Though there was plenty of good ship's biscuit, we were allowed none, but compelled to eat the green bread, both cabin occupants and crew. The effect on the crew was disastrous; they had signed a three years' contract and could not leave, and this was an ominous beginning. Eventually mutinous talk began and there was a deputation, led by Gillam, to the Routledges, at whose reception I was present. Gillam made his protest on behalf of the deputation, but it was brushed aside by Routledge, and Mrs Routledge pointed out that we were all of us eating it, themselves included. I was on the side of the crew, and the colour I saw was red rather than green, but I said nothing. The protest was ineffectual.

Ritchie and I went ashore at Funchal and made straight for Reid's Hotel, where we had a magnificent repast with quantities of Madeira wine. We also took the usual trip to the top of the mountain, tobogganning back through the changing vegetation from heather to bananas.

Madeira is in the westerlies and its climate mild, humid and equable, varying little throughout the year and oscillating between  $60^{\circ}$  and  $70^{\circ}$ . Almost immediately after leaving Madeira we ran into the north-easterly trade-winds; and it was a delightful change. I had already begun to do my watches, four hours on and four hours off night and day. Getting up in the early hours of the morning was always difficult, but it was a most healthy life. I thoroughly enjoyed it and have never felt so fit as I did then. I was learning something of the business of sailing, though I did not have enough time to become proficient. One of the crew was a chap called Light whom we all liked very much. He was a typical simple, efficient and stouthearted sailor, and he did his best to teach me. When sailing behind the trades there is little to be done except to guard against jibing (we did jibe occasionally, and once nearly lost the compass in an unexpected lurch). The

sails need little alteration, for the wind is constant and steady. When sailing thus in a relatively small ship, one is close to the sea all the time, and one can really see it in all its marvellous beauty. It is a deep indigo in colour splashed with an occasionally yellow spot representing a turtle, with flying fishes skimming from wave-crest to wave-crest, and Portuguese men-of-war sailing placidly on the surface. At night the diatoms sparkle like starry jewels down to a vanishing depth. The sky is blue and the weather 'set fair'. We should all have been completely happy if we could have left the Routledges behind at Madeira and sailed on round the world by ourselves. I rather suspect that we should have decided to forget about Easter Island. For me at any rate it was always a dim and distant objective; the voyage thither was the thing.

It was while we were at Las Palmas that the trouble began. The weather in April and May is perfect and it was decided to get the stores up on deck to dry. Operations were superintended by the Routledges, and I, too, was expected to be at hand all day to help. That was not at all my idea of how to spend the time, nor in fact was there anything useful that I could do. It was the Routledges' affair if the stores had been damaged through faulty packing and stowage; they had had more than half a year to do the job. I do not remember the sequence of events, but two incidents stand out clearly. I protested at not being allowed to go on shore and the ban was partially and very reluctantly removed. On returning to the ship one day I found trays of *tea* laid out on deck to dry! Tea that is sodden with salt water is unlikely to have a pleasant flavour, and the prospect of three years of it was discouraging. In those days the shortages we have grown accustomed to did not exist, and it could easily have been replaced. This tea-drying was all of a piece with the affair of the mouldy bread and had a similar effect on the morale of the crew.

The other incident concerned myself only and had more serious results, though in itself quite trivial. Mrs Routledge had assumed the office of purser, and in that capacity ordered me to go ashore and buy fresh vegetables and other provisions. (I seem to recall some complaints from the crew about the lack of fresh food, which was abundant, cheap and good

there.) This was assuredly not the business of the scientific staff, and if she herself as purser did not care to do it, she could have left it to the cook or even the cabin boy. I should not have minded doing it occasionally but I did object to having the work thrust upon me as a regular duty in every port of call, as was plainly intended. Nevertheless I did what I was told. After these trips ashore I was cross-examined by Mrs Routledge about the cost of each purchase, to make sure that I had bought at the cheapest rate; and after one there was a very careful counting of the change I handed back. It was not exactly suggested that I had given back the wrong change, but the counting of it obviously carried the implication of such a possibility. That was the last straw; I protested strongly, and refused to go on any more food-buying expeditions. This action had the full moral support of everyone else on board except Routledge, who took no open part in the affair.

After this incident my relations with the Routledges were strained and I avoided their company as much as possible. It was rather a difficult situation as I was left without any companionship. Ritchie the navigator and I were on excellent terms; though he adopted an attitude of neutrality, he confided to me that he disapproved of the Routledges' general behaviour and disliked them both, but was determined to stick it out if he could. His tastes and mine, however, were different; he enjoyed the social life of the place and spent his whole time ashore at the Santa Catalina Hotel or at the houses of English residents, playing tennis. My preference was for exploring the island and studying the objects in the museum, some of which I photographed. I did not see why, if Ritchie could be allowed to enjoy himself in his way, I should not do so in mine. I made friends with Green, the engineer, who was also a keen photographer, and we went on an expedition to some modern cave-dwellings at Atalaya. The first visit ended in a tavern in a neighbouring village whither we were escorted, and entertained, by some of the cave-dwellers. Under the potent influence of the local rum we learnt to sing the Canary national anthem, whose opening lines I still remember—'*Canaria é la patria mia carissima*'. Still under its influence

we eventually found our way back after dark to Las Palmas, and were hauled on board by the watch. We paid another visit later and I obtained an interesting set of pot-making appliances. I asked Routledge to be allowed to send these back to the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford, and he consented on the condition that, as they were bought during the expedition, they should be recorded as presented by him. They are still on exhibition there. Another expedition, by sea to the south end of the island, I have described briefly elsewhere.<sup>1</sup>

We stayed at Las Palmas for about three weeks. When the tea was dry and the stores all duly stowed away again we set sail for St Vincent in the Cape Verde Islands. It was an easy voyage with a following wind, and we did a steady six knots. The sails once set needed little attention and the duties of the watch were nominal only. I took an occasional turn at the wheel to vary the monotony. At night the watch consisted of two only, and if one was not steering there was nothing to do but admire the beauty of the tropical night. Routledge would occasionally get up during the night and come on deck, though this was quite unnecessary and he had not ever done so during the stormy period in the Bay of Biscay. One night he appeared suddenly on deck and found me forward in a half sitting, half standing position against a coil of rope. I was wide awake and there was no suggestion even of drowsiness, which would have made it impossible to keep my position. He was furious and accused me of the heinous unseamanlike crime of sitting down while on watch. I suppose that under certain circumstances it may be a crime, though I doubt whether it would have been such in that lonely sea, far from land and with perfect visibility. If I had been sitting there would be no reason for not admitting it at this distance of time, but I was definitely not doing so. He lost his temper and so did I, and we let ourselves go. I told him I had had enough of both of them and should leave the ship at St Vincent.

Next day we had a formal meeting at which Ritchie was present. Mrs Routledge read out a statement which was intended to appease but failed to do so. I remember nothing of

<sup>1</sup> *Archaeology in the Field*, p. 152.

its contents except a phrase about the 'clash of strong wills' or some such fustian. My mind was made up, and I refused to be appeased, recalling previous incidents like that of the counting of the change. The rest of the voyage was naturally rather uncomfortable; we did not speak to each other except when absolutely necessary. The crew were entirely sympathetic and not a little envious. They kept me informed of current gossip, and there seemed to be a possibility that the Routledges would refuse to let me leave the ship at St Vincent. One day Light came up to me when there was no one about and reassured me. If there was any trouble at the port with 'those two' I was to let him know; 'we'll get a boat off and slip you ashore.' I was much heartened by this friendly offer, which proved that they were on my side and fortified my resolution. But the need did not arise. I packed up and went ashore unhindered. Routledge said good-bye to me but his wife remained below. We had agreed that money matters should be settled by me on my return with their agents in London, for they had necessarily acted as bankers during the trip, changing cheques for me. But naturally I did not ask for or expect this facility now. I had only a few pounds cash, not enough to pay my passage back to England.<sup>1</sup>

I landed and threaded my way through the usual throng of touts to the British Consulate, and explained my predicament. The consul was unsympathetic and refused to change a cheque unless I could get someone in England to deposit a sum with a bank there. He told me curtly that he was accustomed to being importuned by marooned sailors whom it did not appear to be his duty to help. That appears to be the normal attitude of British consuls, for I encountered it again later in different circumstances. I wired to Peake who made the necessary transfer of some ten or twenty pounds and the consul then relented. I asked him to try to get me a passage on a cargo boat, for St Vincent was a coaling-station and many called there on the way back from South America. He told me to wait and be ready to go at short notice.

<sup>1</sup> A full account of the Expedition is given in *The Mystery of Easter Island* by Mrs Scoresby Routledge (Sifton Praed, 1919). The promised scientific report never appeared.

The Island of St Vincent is desert and rainless, water being taken to it from one of the neighbouring islands. Though a Portuguese possession it was virtually controlled by the Cable Company which ran a large station there with an English staff. I met some of them in the hotel or boarding-house where I put up. They were a cheerful crowd and we had quite a gay time in which Ritchie took part. One day I walked across the island to a bay on the north side where I found a remarkable assortment of drift on the beach, including some molucca beans that had come from the West Indies. There was also a kitchen-midden with potsherds in the sand-dunes; but if the island was uninhabited as stated when it was discovered in the fifteenth century it cannot have been very old. (I gave the sherds to Balfour for the Pitt-Rivers Museum.)

After a few days the consul told me he had got me a berth on a cargo boat returning to Liverpool and I embarked on it. In those days it was not difficult to obtain a passage in this way, and it was usual for the bargain to be made privately with the captain. This I did, paying him five pounds for the journey to Liverpool. He was a Scotsman called Macrae, and when not on duty on the bridge he employed his time in making a dolls' house for his children. He was good company and we walked up and down on the deck together, exchanging yarns. The only other passenger was a seedy-looking Englishman returning from South America where he had been buying or selling horses. Our first port of call was Tenerife; the splendid snow-capped peak of the volcano, nearly two thousand feet higher than Etna, was visible on the horizon in the afternoon of the day before we reached the island. While we were in port taking on a cargo of bananas I made a trip to Laguna, a lovely flowery university town on a plateau high above the port. There I bought a fine big pot of the same red-burnished ware as they made at Atalaya, and took it back to the port and ship on the top of the tram. When we reached Liverpool I carried it to the train and broke the journey home at Oxford and proudly handed it over to Balfour for the Pitt-Rivers Museum.

Thus ended the fiasco of my first archaeological adventure. My position was now serious; after settling my account with the Routledges' agents I should have been practically penniless

and out of a job. It had not been easy to get this one, though it was hardly to be called a job at all, being unpaid. But it was likely to be even more difficult now, for I was under a cloud. Everyone who resigns a position is under a cloud, because however well justified his resignation may have been, the facts are always in dispute. In my case the other party was on the high seas and inaccessible to inquiries, which only aggravated the case. I divided my time between my aunts' home and Boxford where I again met Hooton, and it was he who helped to set me on my feet again. He had happened to read an advertisement in the personal column of *The Times*, asking for an archaeologist, and he told me of it. (I should imagine that it was the only one ever to appear there.) I followed it up and interviewed a man in London (either C. J. S. Thompson or Collett Smith) who was acting for Mr H. S. Wellcome, head of the firm of Burroughs, Wellcome & Co., the proprietors of *Tabloids*. Mr (later Sir Henry) Wellcome was conducting annual excavations at Jebel Moya in the Sudan, and required an archaeologist to act as assistant to Dixon who was the director of the archaeological work.<sup>1</sup> I then had an interview with Mr Wellcome himself and explained the position to him quite frankly, telling him that I had left the Easter Island Expedition after a row with the Routledges. He naturally required testimonials, which were given by Peake, and also (I think) by Marett and perhaps other Oxford people. These satisfied him and I obtained the post.

<sup>1</sup> A full account of the history of Mr Wellcome's archaeological work in the Sudan is given in the *Wellcome Excavations Reports (Jebel Moya, 1949; Abu Geili, 1951)* published by the Oxford University Press.

## Excavations in the Sudan

1913 - 1914

A month at the Pyramids : instruction from Reisner : the journey to Jebel Moya : life and work in Wellcome's camp : the House of Boulders and Wellcome's character : given a site of my own near Sennar : starting work : visitors : the work cut short : back to England.

**M**R WELLCOME quite properly considered that my experience in conducting excavations was inadequate for his purposes, for I was self-taught and had never had any training. He therefore arranged for me to spend a month under Dr George Reisner who in these matters was his mentor. I left London early in October and was in Cairo on October 13th, 1913, according to a note recording expenses. Reisner lived in a caravanserai he had built on the edge of the desert close to the Pyramids. His work in Egypt had begun in 1897 and he had already been living for a decade at the Pyramids when I went there. He was an excavator of the first rank who developed a method of his own; it has been criticized for its over-elaboration of detailed and mechanical record, and he himself is open to legitimate criticism for not publishing reports of his work, the definitive publication of which is only now appearing and is still incomplete. But however just the criticism it will probably be agreed that he erred on the right side.

The man himself was a great character; in an obituary notice published in *Antiquity*,<sup>1</sup> Mr J. W. Crowfoot thus wrote of him:

'It is more than thirty years since I first met George Reisner. He was then in the prime of life, a short sturdily-built man with a mass of straight black hair, a closely-clipped

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xvii, 1943, pp. 122-8.

moustache and a determined chin. He was wearing spectacles with very powerful lenses and, as usual, had a pipe in his mouth. His fingers were short and stubby and it was rather terrifying to see him manipulating some delicate antiquity. There was nothing Germanic about him except his name—he was born in Indianapolis of a family which had migrated from Europe, I believe, in the Napoleonic era. Nor was there anything obviously academic; he looked and talked like a forceful 100 per cent American of the breed of Theodore Roosevelt, strong, open and friendly. He used to say, probably with truth, that he might have made a fortune in business if he had not chosen a different career.'

We got on famously together and I remember his making the last quoted remark to me, adding a story of a man who had some expensive hobby (I forget whether it was archaeology or something else) but decided first to go into business and make the money necessary to follow it. When he had done so he found that he had lost the aptitude for his hobby.

Reisner now had the quite impossible job of teaching me how to excavate and record the results by his method and to speak Arabic all within a month. To learn his method was not difficult; it was based on cards, for objects and tombs, and one also had to keep a full diary. I appreciated the importance of the diary when more than thirty years later I came to write, with Mr Frank Addison, the account of my own excavations in the Sudan. Without it I should have been quite lost; a diary records the sequence of events which may be important for reasons not apparent at the time, and without it the writing of a narrative of the season's work is made more difficult. Reisner used to say that, armed with the records he kept, anyone could write up and publish his results later (after his death, if necessary). That is what is in fact now being done, but the accounts thus written must lose value if written by someone who did not take part in the excavations described. That this was so was proved when Addison and I were writing the Abu Geili volume. The larger portion of this was by Addison, and I said half jokingly that it might have been a better book if he had written it all. Addison assured me that

this was not so, and that he could never have unravelled certain problems (of stratification, for instance) merely from the records.

Reisner used to work seated at a trestle table with a pipe in his mouth and a spittoon at his side. He gave me pots to describe, draw and occasionally to mend; once he sent me down into a newly-cleared mastaba chamber to write a description of its contents. These often contained alabaster portrait-heads of exceptionally good quality; in one moment of enthusiasm he said the Greeks never produced anything so good. Occasionally the intact skull was found together with the portrait-head; in one case I made measurements of both, but found no correspondence. If that result should follow from a series of such measurements it would show that anthropological conclusions drawn from statuary are untrustworthy.

It was very stimulating to be working for a man for whom archaeology was a serious whole-time profession, and the dominant interest of his life, as it now was of mine. Many years later I got to know Flinders Petrie and used often to stay at his house in Hampstead. Reisner and Petrie differed in many ways, but Reisner had the greatest respect for Petrie 'who showed us how to do it'. Petrie had a far more extensive range of knowledge than Reisner, for he was familiar with the literature of Greece, Rome and Scandinavia as well as of the East. But what Reisner did know he knew intimately; I remember accompanying him when he was conducting some important American visitors round the tombs (not mastabas) he had cleared near the Great Pyramid. They contained statues of the deceased, and he told us their family history as he had reconstructed it in great detail. It was really a most remarkable performance, and I wished I could have taken his words down in shorthand. Living nearly all his life remote from the world and from the society of his colleagues, he was not known personally to many of them. For this reason, and perhaps also from prejudice against his method and irritation at his failure to publish, his reputation has suffered. The final verdict on him as an archaeologist must be delivered by workers in his own field, and await the complete publication

of his excavations. Whatever the verdict his place in the front rank is secure.

His excavations were carried out by *fellahin* from the village of Quft in Upper Egypt whom he trained from youth up. They lived at the back of his caravanserai and were devoted to him as to their sheikh. He spoke fluent and correct Arabic, being no doubt helped greatly by his knowledge of ancient oriental languages. His men used to bring him problems of their social life; I remember being present when one of them came to him and made a long speech. Reisner listened attentively, occasionally interpolating a question. Then he gave his judgement on the case, which was accepted as final.

The caravanserai was a rambling structure enclosing a courtyard where pots were put out in boxes of sand while being cleaned and mended. The living room and veranda were at the south-west corner. We usually had tea on the veranda and guests sometimes came. On one occasion (Sir) Ronald Storrs paid a visit and amused us by his conversation. He told us how he had climbed one of the Pyramids—no easy climb—and how the guide had shown him the place near the top from which his brother had fallen and been killed. It was the guide's idea of a funny story, and as told by Storrs it was extremely funny. Between me and Mrs Reisner was a cakestand, and I suddenly saw that a cat had crept in and was gnawing the cake. I called Mrs Reisner's attention to it, but she allowed it to go on. She was devoted to cats; there were a dozen or more about the place, and every now and then during the day the pariah dogs would organize a cat-hunt round the caravanserai. One would hear wild yelps and a scurry of feet on the rock. It has been said that Egyptian cats are too wild to become pets like those of other countries. That is not true; I once knew an Egyptian cat called Bunniwig who lived in Cyprus and was a charming creature. When called he would come running downstairs, meowing loudly all the time. The failure to make friends must lie elsewhere; there is nothing wrong with the cats of Egypt.

In his student days Reisner had been severely rebuffed by Budge at the British Museum, in consequence of which he had gone to Germany instead to study. He told me the story him-

self and it filled me with shame. Perhaps that accounted for a certain degree of anglophobia which he openly admitted. This was more abstract than concrete, and it certainly was not in the least apparent in my dealings with him, for he was kindness itself. Nor did it appear, so far as I am aware, in his dealings with his English colleagues. I think it died away later. When the war broke out he wrote and told me he was wholeheartedly on our side; his letter was actually handed to me in a front-line trench at Givenchy in 1914; it is mud-stained and still survives.

In due course I continued my journey to the Sudan, leaving Cairo on November 3rd, 1913. One went by a night-train from Cairo to Luxor where one changed into an incredibly dusty train for Shellal. There one embarked on a two days' journey by river boat to Wadi Halfa. That is the ideal way to travel—smooth, peaceful, leisurely and comfortable. I have travelled on river boats on the Nile, the Volga, the Seine, the Thames, the Rhine and the Danube, and prefer it to all other methods. Sailing on the ocean is pleasant in certain latitudes, but it is always rather strenuous, and apt to become monotonous. Here on the Nile, one had endless variety of gorgeously coloured scenery, red cliffs, green herbage and grey river. At Halfa we disembarked and got into a train that took us for an afternoon and night across a barren rocky wilderness. It was my first crossing of a desert and I was thrilled by its gaunt beauty and mirages. I spent a night at Khartoum, which was then a very different place from now. The streets were unpaved and of loose sand; there were no motors, and donkeys were the chief means of transport. Officials used them to go from their houses to their offices. Next day I went by train to Jebel Moya, arriving on the same day, November 8th.

The Sudan has been much in the news lately but to most people it is a distant land of which they know little—a kind of backyard of Egypt; the fundamental geographical difference between the two countries is seldom understood. Except in the north the Sudan is not a desert but is covered with bush and trees, and has an annual rainfall which in the south is heavy. It is therefore a country of two dimensions whereas Egypt has only one—the line of the Nile Valley. The distances

are immense; it is as far from Jebel Moya to the nearest point of the Egyptian frontier as from Paris to Aberdeen, or Marseilles to London; and Jebel Moya is as far from Cairo as London is from Salonica. The dominant factor is the heat; it is never cold, and generally very hot indeed, at Khartoum. Only during December and January is the temperature pleasant, and even then it is never too cool to sit out at night. From March or April to about November the climate is most unpleasant. But during the short period when it is cool, life there is not at all bad. Malaria is now far less common, and other tropical illnesses are more easily escaped or overcome.

Wellcome's camp was established in a natural amphitheatre of granite rocks high up in the fastnesses of Jebel Moya. The 1913-14 season was the fourth and, as it turned out, the last,<sup>1</sup> and it profited by the experience thus gained. Wellcome himself was an excellent organizer, but he delegated the management of the camp to H. H. King, who had taken part in the Caerwent excavations. My work was with Dixon, who was senior to me, though younger in age, and consisted in helping to keep the records. Dixon had worked in Egypt with Howard Carter and others; he was a pleasant, good-looking fellow of considerable ability, but he did not take at all easily to the Reisner system and was openly critical both of it and of Wellcome himself. I found this embarrassing and rather distasteful, for the system was in most respects sound and based upon scientific principles, even if it carried the record of trifles to an absurd extreme. Moreover, we had undertaken to work it and were being paid to do so by Mr Wellcome, who was entitled to call the tune. Dixon and I did not get on together too well, though we never actually fell out, so far as I remember. The blame for our disagreement should be divided between us, for I was something of a fanatic then, and apt to be difficult in consequence. Later in the season I, too, like nearly everyone else, had differences of opinion with Wellcome. At the end of the season, when I was back again at Jebel Moya, Dixon and I became quite friendly again, and I

<sup>1</sup> For a fuller account see the Wellcome Excavation volumes already mentioned.

am glad to remember that we parted on good terms, for we never met again. He was killed at Gallipoli.

Life in the camp was not at all unpleasant at the beginning of the season, before it became really hot. The daily maxima were seldom if ever above  $90^{\circ}$  and sometimes below it; the minimum, just before sunrise, was once as low as  $45^{\circ}$ . Wellcome had his meals alone in his tent, and we had ours in two messes—officers and sergeants as it were. The excavation work was done by Sudanese labour recruited from all over the Sudan—no applicant for work was ever turned away—directed by Reisner's trained Egyptian Quftis who acted as foremen. Besides the digging there was the construction of the House of Boulders which was directed by Greek stonemasons. This was a megalithic structure designed to be Wellcome's own residence, and it was built of colossal boulders that took days to be dragged from the hillside to the house. All day long we heard the chant of the team that was moving a boulder inches at a time. The roof was of concrete reinforced by steel girders and it was finished just before the end of the season. Wellcome lived in it for a few days only, for he never went back there again. But for several years it was the home of Uribe and his wife whom Wellcome kept there to guard the site (Plate 5).

There was also a somewhat ragged zoo in which were a gazelle or two and some other animals and birds, including some drabble-tailed peacocks whose presence there was the outcome of one of Wellcome's whims. He was first and foremost a philanthropist, and his work in the Sudan had philanthropy rather than archaeology as its main object. In its present manifestation his philanthropy dated from the years at the beginning of the century immediately after the reconquest when Wellcome had gone to the Sudan for business reasons. He had met Kitchener who persuaded him to spend some of his great wealth for the benefit of the Sudan, and archaeology was the form chosen. But its roots went, I suspect, deeper; Wellcome's father had been a missionary amongst the North American Indians, and Wellcome himself must have spent his early years in an atmosphere of uplift. One of his hobbies was teetotalism; alcohol was strictly forbidden in the

camp, and in the very onerous contract that every member of the expedition had to sign was a clause forbidding the consumption of alcohol while in his employment. (He was not, I think, a teetotaler himself when out of the Sudan and had no objection to its use in England; when I lunched with him there I drank wine.) The Sudanese drink *merissa*, a form of beer made of millet-seed, and often drink it to excess in the villages. To encourage moderation Wellcome instituted the Order of the Peacock's Feather; any one of his workmen who remained sober for six weeks was solemnly made a member of the Order, being invested at a ceremony and presented with the Feather. Now there are no peacocks in the Sudan, and there was some curiosity about the bird which provided the insignia of the Order. Wellcome therefore issued orders in London to have some peacocks bought and sent out to Jebel Moya, and there they were in the Zoo for all to see. It was a magnificent absurdity, but it was the kind of thing one would like to have been able to do oneself, if not for the same purpose. What is the use of being a nabob if one can't indulge a whim?

On Friday evenings the Quftis put on a fantasia and we sat round in the open watching. It consisted of the acting of scenes of village life in Egypt, all no doubt traditional and ancient. The acting was superb; there were no properties and no scenery, and I did not understand enough Arabic to follow the dialogue, yet to this day I can vividly remember the scenes. One was the embarkation on a Nile boat; one of the passengers delays the start by repeatedly going ashore to fetch something he has forgotten; the last thing was his wife, and when at last she is being carried up the 'gangway' like a sack of coal, and we think the boat will start at last, a man comes running up from the 'shore' and shouting that the wife is his! There was also a scene in which an *effendi*, most effectively guyed by the *fellahin* actors, sits at a restaurant table and orders a sumptuous repast. As he proceeds with the meal and becomes more and more intoxicated a gipsy woman, on the pretext of trying to sell him trinkets, slyly denudes him of his possessions, including lastly his wallet, but inserts some spoons and things from the table in their place. The scene

when he orders the bill and each party discovers his loss was most amusing. No love is lost between the *effendiya* and the *fellahin*.

There were fantasias of the Sudanese kind most evenings in the village at the foot of the jebel. Many of our party used to go and watch them, and I remember that Wood the artist and Oldham the doctor were regular in their attendance. Rather foolishly I never went, and I now regret it very much. My failure to do so was due, I think, partly to indolence (which has caused me to miss a lot of amusing things all my life) and partly to the knowledge that Wellcome disapproved. The latter motive was not, perhaps, a very exalted one, but it must be pleaded in excuse that this was my first real job in archaeology and that I was necessarily on my best behaviour. I remembered the Easter Island Expedition fiasco and did not want to suggest possible alternative explanations of my return.

Wellcome and I got on well and he commended me for my work. He also saw that my relations with Dixon were somewhat strained. He had a concession to dig anywhere in that part of the Sudan and was anxious to use it. So one day he told me that he was thinking of excavating a site on the Blue Nile opposite Sennar and was going to take me to see it and write a report on it. He had that season brought out a Ford car of the early Tin Lizzie kind—the first motor except the Governor-General's to be used in the Sudan. On December 17th we went in it to a derelict brickyard between Old and New Sennar where Pennington had been instructed to set up our tents. When we arrived we found that nothing had been done; Pennington, an ex-army NCO, had yielded to the counter-attractions of Sennar. Wellcome naturally was furious, but he controlled his anger and we started to put up the tents ourselves. Pennington eventually turned up, a bit the worse for wear, and was duly reproved. I admired Wellcome's practical attitude in the emergency. Next morning we visited the ruined remains of Old Sennar, the Fung capital, where we saw a bustard.

The Sennar of those days has vanished almost completely and a new and most unattractive town has replaced it, two

miles further up river, close to the Mekwar dam, which had not then been built. The Sennar of 1914 consisted mostly of round straw huts and rectangular racoubas (of straw) with an occasional mud house. The only shop with any European affiliations was a restaurant kept by a Greek, which later on I visited once or twice. (These were the only times I broke my contract and had a whiskey-and-soda, but I had no more than a couple at most.) The houses clustered round the railway station, where there are still a few. All round was mimosa scrub (now gone) which was then in flower, perfuming the air.

The ancient site was a mound on the right or east bank of the Blue Nile about a mile up stream, near the village of Abu Geili. We went to it in Wellcome's boat—a dinghy with an outboard motor. There is no need to describe it in any detail, for a full account is published in the Abu Geili volume of the Wellcome Excavations. For this reason I shall try not to repeat what is said there about the work itself. My report was favourable; it was obviously an ancient habitation-site, and Wellcome decided to have it excavated and to put me in charge of the work. I was naturally delighted, for I was not at all satisfied with the work I was given to do at Jebel Moya. The necessary preparations were made, and at the end of January, 1914 Uribe and I settled in there. We lived in racoubas within a thorn zareeba. Before we could begin digging the site had to be cleared of trees and bushes; while this was being done Robertson, the surveyor, and I were contouring the mound—a task whose importance I had impressed upon Wellcome who agreed to it, and the delay involved, only with great reluctance. Suddenly I saw a leopard bounding across towards me; I was rather alarmed, but so it seemed was the leopard who had been caught out on the limb of a tree that was being felled. As he ran past a group of our survey-party, one of the Sudanese gave him a clout with a stick and he jumped right over the zareeba (which was being made to keep him and his like out) and disappeared. He remained in the neighbourhood throughout the work, killing and eating one of the Arab women who were camping in the riverine jungle. One morning at the end of the season after I had left

Uribe met him emerging from his racouba and shot him. Uribe was the camp-manager and we worked extremely well together. Though both of us worked hard, his was by far the duller job, for he had to pay the men and arrange all the multifarious details of our life. My work was at least interesting and even, for an archaeologist, exciting; for it was virgin territory, no other excavations having then been conducted anywhere in the Sudan south of Meroe, two hundred and fifty miles away to the north. The site proved to be a Meroitic settlement dating from the beginning of the Christian era and perhaps a little before it; but the most exciting discovery was a much later cemetery which proved to be of the Fung period (beginning in the sixteenth century AD) and provided the first archaeological evidence of the Fungs. The grave-goods were fairly abundant, nearly every grave having one or more fine ornamented black-burnished bowls. My interest in the Fungs, thus begun, was revived after a long break and culminated thirty-seven years afterwards in a book (*The Fung Kingdom of Sennar*; Bellows, Gloucester, 1951).

The site was pegged out into 20-metre squares and excavation began at the end of January, 1914. The task set me was a formidable one, nor was I adequately prepared for it. To begin with I had to give instructions in Arabic, a very difficult language which I had only begun to learn three months earlier, in the intervals between other work. Reisner's tuition had been excellent as far as it went, but the time allowed for it was far too short. I had no European helpers and (after the preliminary survey) had to do all my own planning as well as keep the records up to date. The photography was dependent upon Barrett who was at Jebel Moya, twenty miles away across the Nile, and it took several days to secure his services, which often were not available. I could easily have done the photography myself if I had been allowed to use a camera (and had had the time), but that was forbidden to all of us by our contract. I particularly wanted a vertical photograph of the site and excavations taken from one of the box-kites which Wellcome was using at Jebel Moya, and I begged for Barrett to be allowed a few days at Abu Geili for this purpose, but in vain. Even a single vertical photograph would have been

invaluable in writing the report years afterwards. In passing I must pay a tribute to Wellcome's initiative in this matter of box-kite photography, which was his own invention. It was the first time that air-photography had been used in the service of archaeology, and it was one of the things that led me ultimately to develop this technique. It is not difficult, and was used again by Guy at Megiddo after the war. Archaeological expeditions might profitably employ it much more, especially on complicated sites with walls; it is a most valuable check on the plans, particularly when there has been reconstruction at different periods, and when horizontal excavation involves the complete destruction of overlying strata.

The work was rendered unnecessarily arduous by Wellcome's instructions that nothing found should be thrown away. On a site like this the debris of occupation is extremely abundant and the bulk of it is of no archaeological value. Every fragment of pottery, brick and stone had to be kept; we were obliged to make a special compound and pile in it classified and labelled heaps of this useless rubble. When I revisited the site in 1950 I had the curiosity to look for these heaps, whose position I remembered. There they were still, no longer heaps but merely a scatter of material, some of stones, others of bricks!

Wellcome had also invented cylindrical machines for sifting the earth, which was carried to them in baskets by an endless chain of ninety men as it was removed from the squares. The dust was dumped over the edge of the cliff; the rubble was then piled in heaps which were gone over by groups of little boys whose sharp eyes detected anything interesting. All this involved elaborate methods of record and increased the work of everyone concerned out of proportion to the value of the results. But it must nevertheless be admitted that the results were not by any means valueless, for it was from the siftings that some of the best small finds, including two coins, were found.

At the middle of the period I was obliged to find work for no fewer than seven hundred men, and in consequence I began to get behindhand with the records. Wellcome paid occasional visits, unannounced, and was always urging me to go faster

and open up fresh squares. It was a herculean task and it became an impossible one when I contracted malaria, complicated by dysentery. I had to go to Jebel Moya to recuperate, and my place was taken by Middleton, the geologist, who did his best to carry on the work. After a short period of rest I resumed control, though I did not get rid of the malaria till a year later.

My working tent was pitched under a *tebeldi* tree on whose trunk I made the bench-mark to which our levels were referred. It is still there and it was this tree that enabled me to locate the exact site in 1950, when the site had reverted to its original state, with large trees growing in the excavated squares.

We had several visitors, the most important of whom was Dr Reisner, who with his wife and daughter paid a state visit to Jebel Moya and Abu Geili. He approved of the work and made several valuable suggestions for its improvement. It was, of course, a great occasion, and he was entertained by Wellcome with much pomp and ceremony. We had other visitors but I was under strict orders not to allow them to visit the excavations. On one occasion I had to refuse permission to an officer of the Sudan Government, who ignored it and went to see them unaccompanied. I duly reported the incident to Wellcome, who was much annoyed but of course exonerated me from blame. One morning while I was dressing Neufeld came to see me; he was well known as having been for eleven years a prisoner of the Khalifa at Omdurman, and I had read about his adventures when I was at school. He was a curiously dressed person and wore khaki puttees. I asked him if it were true that he had been chained by the leg and he said it was and that he still bore the mark of the chain. I should rather like to have seen it but could hardly ask him to undo his puttees for this purpose. Another visitor (on March 5th) was Colonel Archibald Crawford, who had heard my name and came out of curiosity. We found that we were distant cousins.

It was during the excavations at Abu Geili that Kitchener, then Sirdar, came to inspect and finally approve of the site for the Mekwar Dam, which was about four miles higher up

stream. Wellcome lent him his dinghy, which I watched going past our site. I rather hoped that they would pay us a visit, but they did not stop. Wellcome told Kitchener about our hippopotamus which used to go snorting up the river every night to his pasture-grounds. Kitchener gave orders that he was not to be shot; they were, for me, quite unnecessary. Though I liked shooting and had a good eye, I also liked animals, and had not the blood-lust of the big game hunter. I had two guns but preferred the smaller one, a .22 rifle. There was plenty of game in the jungle and crocodiles abounded in the river. Every night the hyaenas howled and prowled around, and monstrous vultures hovered overhead looking for an occasional dead donkey or dog. There were hundreds of monkeys gibbering in the trees and I shot one, and one only, in order to supply Peake with a missing link in his exhibits at the Newbury Museum, where it may still be seen. (I buried it for a short time so that it might be cleaned by white ants.)

There were innumerable birds in the jungle, including green parrots and blackbirds with red breasts. Every morning and evening the sky was darkened by a flight of thousands of small birds going south to feed on the *dhurra* fields; the noise of their wings was like the rustle of dry leaves. There were lizards great and small, and at night one had to walk carefully with one's torch directed to the ground to avoid stepping on the huge centipedes and small black snakes that came out of their holes after dark. The ground was as full of white ants as a cheese of maggots; nothing could be placed directly on the earth for even a night; even the wooden boxes which we used as furniture had to stand on bricks. Once when I was ill in bed this precaution was omitted by my boy, and when I recovered I found they had eaten their way up into and through my underclothes, which had to be burnt. Guinea-fowl were common in the bush between Jebel Moya and Sennar, and parties that visited us used to shoot them on the ground from the Ford, providing us with a welcome change of diet from the monotony of mutton and tinned meat. Once a crocodile was shot, and Uribe served it up for lunch for a visiting party, not revealing the nature of the food till after we had eaten it—with much relish. It was white and rather like hali-

but; the fish from the Blue Nile was excellent and we thought we were eating it.

The work of excavation stopped on April 21st and we started packing up the finds for transport to England. My work was not quite finished, because I wished to take the levels of all the floors in the houses excavated. This was done with a level and staff and was a strenuous business, for there were one hundred and twenty-one rooms and many of them had five floors. Middleton made the observations while I was at the other end directing the Sudanese labourer where to place the staff. It took us three days (April 25th-28th), working all through the middle of the day on the 27th when the temperature recorded at Jebel Moya was  $117^{\circ}$ . This levelling was carried out by me without instructions from Wellcome, in conformity with the established rule that one should end up a season's work on the assumption that one would not resume work there again; no loose ends should be left for the next season. One's work should be completed in the season, so that it would be possible, if necessary, to write up the account from the records already made, with no gaps left in them. It was an obvious precaution, though I do not know how I came to learn it, and it was fully justified by events. At the time we all confidently expected to resume work again at the end of the year, and nothing was further from our thoughts than a European war. In fact, of course, it happened, and work was never resumed. I feel entitled to take full credit for this observance of a principle which should be enforced on every excavation. Had I not done so it would have been almost impossible to write the published account of the excavations, and quite impossible to reach some of the more important conclusions. It was then too often forgotten that survey alone makes adequate record possible and that without it excavation is mere looting and destruction. We had not far to look for warning examples.

I left Abu Geili for Jebel Moya on April 30th. I was not at all well and it may have been partly on this account that I had a difference of opinion with Wellcome about some probably trivial matter which I have forgotten. A few days later I was laid up again with malaria and a high temperature. I left Jebel

Moya on May 16th travelling by train to Khartoum where I slept for two nights, visiting the museum. I returned by the same route, just missing a meeting with Slatin Pasha who was on the next boat after mine. I spent another fortnight with Reisner at the Pyramids, enjoying the fall in temperature as much as they were lamenting its rise, to over 100°. It had been amusing to meet travellers at Luxor who were complaining of the great heat just as I was beginning to welcome the opposite. I left Cairo for England on June 8th, returning by P & O to Marseilles.

## Trenches and Maps

1914 - 1916

East Woodhay and Boxford : barrow-digging on the downs : neolithic pottery : outbreak of war : with the first draft to the front : a terrible night-march : the front-line and Givenchy : being shelled : back to England : a commission and a staff job : '3rd Army Maps' and Winterbotham : my duties as map-distributor, map-printer and photographer : the Battle of the Somme.

ON returning to England I went home and lived at the Grove, East Woodhay, with my aunts, paying frequent visits to the Peakes at Boxford. My financial position was a little better, though still precarious. Before being engaged by Wellcome I had had to state my terms, which I put at the modest figure of £15 a month and all found. After Reisner's visit Wellcome had of his own motion increased this to £25. But I still had to discharge my debt to the Routledges (which I did before the year was out) and the utmost economy was necessary. I think it was at this time that I began a plane-table survey of the Celtic Fields on Great Litchfield Down, which was within a bicycle ride of my home. Later on Hooton and I did a dig on Wexcombe Down, not far from Oxenwood, where the Peakes had camped in 1910. Hooton was anxious to obtain some specimens of British prehistoric pottery for the Peabody Museum, a procedure that incurred the animosity of the Cunningtons, who regarded all Wiltshire objects as inalienable. That was a proper attitude if not carried to excess. We started to dig a Long Barrow called Tow Barrow on Andrews and Duruy's eighteenth century map of Wiltshire. Unfortunately the war prevented publication and the plan and records, which would have still enabled me to write it up, were destroyed in the blitz. I secured the services of our old foreman Wheeler, and we dug a long wide trench right through the barrow from end to end. It was made of chalk, which for the most part had hardened to form a solid mass of breccia that was most difficult to break up. Wheeler, who was a fine judge

of soils, stoutly maintained that it was natural and undisturbed; but I knew that it could not be, and sure enough we eventually reached the thin black line of undisturbed soil below, as I had foretold. On the old surface were scattered fragments of skull and other human bones, whose fracture showed that they had been broken when still fresh. They were the remains of a strongly-made and rugged cranium. On the old surface at the south end we found more than thirty fragments of pottery of the kind later to be called Windmill Hill or Neolithic A. Rim fragments had the characteristic flattening by pressure, and the fabric was mixed with large bits of coarse flint grit. It was certain from their position that they were contemporary with or older than the Long Barrow and therefore neolithic; I showed them to the Cunningtons (who had a few specimens for the Devezes Museum) but for long they refused to accept them as neolithic, because, in spite of their own Knap Hill finds, the only pottery then recognized as neolithic was that of the kind found in the West Kennett Long Barrow and at Mortlake and now known as 'Peterborough' or Neolithic B. This was in fact the first occasion on which Neolithic A pottery was found under sealed conditions; but naturally it was overlooked, not having been published.

Hooton also dug some adjacent round barrows, finding a fine inverted cinerary urn of the bucket kind (now at Harvard), part of an Iron Age bronze brooch and some other objects.

I was staying at the inn at Scots' Poor, and Hooton at the Nag's Head near Wilton. He had failed to obtain accommodation at Great Bedwyn, whose inhabitants seemed to be unfriendly and surly, and an inhospitable crowd.

While we were thus engaged on the pleasant and peaceful uplands of Wessex the war broke out. We heard the sound of naval guns in the distance and wondered whether a battle was going on. Hooton was, of course, an American citizen and he had to go to London and make various arrangements about a possible return to America. There seemed to be nothing for me to do but to remain and wind up the work, which I did. It is strange to recall the mixture of emotions one felt. Before that time there had, of course, been talk of the possibilities of a 'European war'—an expression that even then meant some-

thing almost too terrible to think of. Hardly anyone I knew regarded it as a certainty; to say that something 'would lead to a European war' meant that one thought it would not be done. For myself I had regarded as ultimately inevitable a struggle for power between the British Empire and Germany, but only in a remote and detached way. If it happened I expected it to be fought between professional armies and navies, and the last thing I thought of was that I should take part in it myself. I was young and liked adventure, but I liked the adventure to be interesting and about interesting things. The life of a soldier repelled me. I had discounted the patriotic uplift of my public school together with the religious exhortations, and I had entirely escaped inoculation with the virus at home. It would not be correct to say that I was unpatriotic; I had a very deep love of England and of the English countryside. It was rather that patriotism of the flag-wagging kind never appealed to me. I had travelled abroad and found no reason to regard the people I met there as objectionable or as meet for slaughter. I still think that much that passes for patriotism is really another emotion in disguise. Consequently when Mrs Peake hinted to me about enlistment I was taken completely by surprise. Such a thing had never even entered my head! I still think that my state of mind was a proper one for a civilized person and do not see any need to defend it. But Mrs Peake's words shook me up; I valued her opinion and that of our friends, and if it seemed right to them that I should enlist, well, then I should have to do so, however distasteful it seemed. Some days later I discussed the matter openly, and Peake, who was no fool in worldly affairs, advised me to get going early, before the rush. He recommended a good territorial regiment. Eventually the London Scottish was chosen, and on September 1st, I went to London and enlisted in it. I was able to produce the necessary evidence of Scottish ancestry, for which my bare statement was taken. Francis Toye and Nina most kindly lent me their delightful house in Buckingham Street to live in, close to the regimental headquarters.

We spent our time drilling and doing recruiting-marches through London; at first in civvies and then in kilts. I re-

member once our passing (Sir) Winston Churchill standing with General Sir Ian Hamilton at Hyde Park Corner watching us. We usually went into Chelsea and Hammersmith, and there was an old lady in one house we passed who invariably stood on her balcony displaying to us a huge black cat cut out of cardboard. As each platoon of the battalion passed they gave her a cheer, which was graciously acknowledged. I wonder whether she ever heard the *words* of some of the songs we sang, often to hymn-tunes.

In November we lined the streets for the Lord Mayor's Show, and on November 23rd I succeeded in getting into the first draft to reinforce the 1st Battalion, which was already in France. Just before this it had acquired a certain rather meretricious fame for an alleged great charge it had made. It was not the fault of the regiment that it had been specially mentioned by name in one of the Commander-in-Chief's despatches which had been much publicized for recruiting purposes. The regimental sergeant-major, who (before he left for France) had dazzled us by his fine airs and gay plumage, had returned slightly wounded and gave rather a different version. After seeing war at close quarters he was an altered man. These things did not discourage me unduly; having joined up I wanted to take a full part in the beastly business, not be kept marching about London. There was also a certain glamour that could not fail to attract the young who had never seen war; it was akin to the glamour of the footlights, I think.

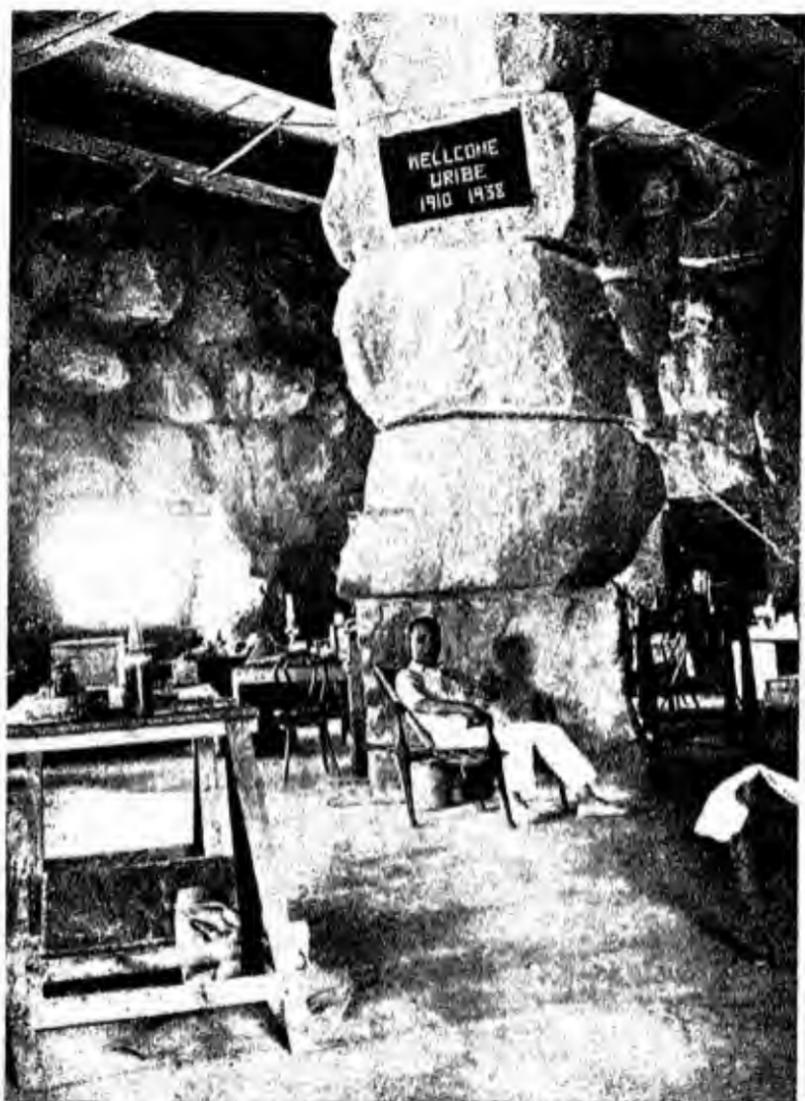
On November 23rd we started for France, by way of Southampton and Havre. As always our progress was slow and muddled. We went up the Seine in a boat to Rouen, short of food, and arrived at a rest-camp ravenous. No sooner were we settling down there than we had to turn out again and march back over the same weary four miles to the station, where we embarked on a very slow train. It seemed that we should never have gone to Rouen, or the rest-camp, at all! We were rather exasperated for we had been nearly starved during the journey and the march up hill to the rest-camp had been a trying ordeal. The train eventually landed us at Hazebrouk in Belgium, where we were billeted in farms. It was cold and

uncomfortable; I and my messmates slept on straw in a barn or shed and shaved outside in a pail of cold water drawn from a well. We did little marching and got out of condition. Then suddenly the order to march came, and at five o'clock on December 19th, 1914, we set out southwards. We had no idea of our destination, but there were rumours of a strong attack that had been made in front of La Bassée and it was thought (correctly) that we were going to relieve the troops in the line there. It was a terrible night march; we had just got our Christmas cakes and puddings from England and the weight of our kit was greatly increased. We marched all night, but we were badly trained and only half fit, and many dropped out. I nearly did so myself, but my early walking tours had inured me to marching and I managed somehow to hang on to the end. It was only seventeen miles, but it was by far the worst march I have ever experienced. We arrived at Béthune at dawn and my platoon was billeted in the theatre. Our platoon commander was, I think, nearly all in himself, but he lived up to the traditions of the army and did not leave us until we were adequately installed and fed. Then we lay down and slept; I remember tearing off some of the drapery of the seats to make a coverlet or pillow. At eleven o'clock next day we started off for the trenches, marching in close order. It was a thrilling moment, and personally I was glad it had come so soon. We were all billeted in half-ruined houses behind Givenchy, just in front (east) of which ran the front-line trench. Though not under observation we were near enough to the enemy for stray rifle-bullets to come over occasionally. We were told to be in readiness to move off at a moment's notice night or day, and were not allowed to take our boots off. Many of us, of course, took the risk and did, myself included; I remember having a terrible struggle to get them on again and having to run to catch my party up. It was the middle of the night and we were to relieve the Coldstream Guards in the firing line. As we crept up through the village street of Givenchy the sky was lit by the flare from a barn burning in the outskirts. We kept halting and moving on again. At last we came to a point immediately behind the front line trench. There were then no communication trenches or dug-outs, and

we had to run a distance of some yards in the open to the trench, avoiding a few corpses on the way. The trench itself was very narrow. Soon after we were settled in it began to get light and I saw figures moving about against the skyline, and started to fire my rifle at them. I had heard much about the 'invisible enemy' in this then new trench warfare; well, here I was with a visible enemy to shoot at within a few minutes of my arrival! Almost at once an order was passed down the line to me by the sergeant to stop firing as they were 'our men'. It was ridiculous and untrue as everyone else could see, but of course I had to obey. It was several years before I had another opportunity.

During the morning we were shelled. There is, in all my experience, nothing so exquisitely uncomfortable as sitting in a trench and hearing the shells bursting nearer and nearer as the enfilading range is raised. One cannot even run away as one sometimes can from bombs, and there is the knowledge that they know what they want to hit and you are in it. In the evening, and several times during this spell at dawn or dark or both, there was a violent fusillade of rifle-fire. The noise of bullets hitting the parapet was quite deafening; there were casualties but not near where I was. Sometimes there would be a bombardment with rifle-grenades which turn over and over in the air and are difficult to hear coming. One such bombardment occurred just as we had moved into the line—we had dug a short communication-trench and could now do this in daylight. I had got corner seat next to the projecting wall of a traverse, but for some reason changed over to the corner on the other side. My place was taken, when he found that I did not want it, by one Innis. A few moments later there was a terrific explosion; I saw someone in kilts sailing through the air (he was unwounded but badly shocked). I jumped up and went round the traverse; Innis had been hit in the head and was dead, and the trench needed a lot of repair. I felt almost ashamed of my escape, which was due to pure chance and a sudden change of mind.

We had our food, and even our letters, regularly delivered to us at intervals. The food was invariably good; the cook was first-rate and a splendid stout-hearted fellow to boot. I re-



5. Uribe in the House of Boulders, Jebel Moya, 1914



6. The author's camera after it had been hit by a sniper at Fricourt, 1915

member two letters; one was that which I have mentioned from Reisner; the other was from Miss Newbiggin asking me for something to print in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* which because of the war was short of copy. I answered it as soon as I could and received a delightful letter in return. We spent three or four days and nights sitting in this trench; then we had a spell a few hundred yards back in Givenchy, and then back again. Givenchy was shelled off and on pretty often; I remember being sent to fill two pails of water at some tap in the village during one such bombardment; it felt rather like one of those dreams when one tries to run and cannot. I was there on that first Christmas Day of the war when there was reported to be so much fraternization, but I heard of none in our part of the line.

After more than a month of this in-and-out existence at Givenchy my malaria returned—it had held off for a remarkably long time. I had great difficulty in convincing the doctor at Béthune that I was not malingering! With malaria, as every doctor should know, the patient's temperature varies rapidly; it may be  $101^{\circ}$  at night and  $99^{\circ}$  next morning (these are actual figures from my Sudan notebook). I also suffered from rheumatism (the malingerer's favourite ailment), and felt extremely ill. I was eventually invalided home on February 6th, 1915. Never shall I forget the luxury of lying in a real bed in a Birmingham hospital. The malaria soon faded away again, as its habit is; but I decided to get it out of my system, and consulted Wellcome, who recommended me to go and see Dr Alexander Low who specialized in what was then a new treatment. By arrangement with the regimental authorities I was able to go home while being cured; it was a simple business of taking a pill three times a day for a month or two. At the end of that time I had another blood-test, and the malaria parasites, which had been numerous at the first test, were completely absent. From that day to this I have never had a recurrence.

While I was at home I had a trench dug through a Roman road I had discovered at Shalford in the Enborne Valley; it consisted of gravel lying upon peat, so was quite satisfactory. The section I drew was never published—it would not have

been easy then to find a journal to print it; and it perished in 1940.

I now began to think of applying for a commission and, as I had had enough of the trenches, I also applied to the War Office for a job in the map department, but of course without obtaining any reply. I remembered that my grandmother's niece was the wife of Sir William Robertson, French's Chief of Staff, so I then applied to my grandmother instead with much better results. While I was taking a course for cadets at Harrogate the Colonel sent for me and told me that he had received a telegram ordering me to report at the War Office, to Colonel Hedley, MI4. In due course I was conducted to his room. Colonel Hedley told me that I had been 'asked for' by no less a person than the Chief of Staff; he seemed to be mildly surprised, but he was not nearly so surprised as I was. There was a new army being formed, he said, and a post vacant for an officer who would be required to do trigonometrical calculations. My heart sank; that was one of the things I had flunked during the course at Blaenau Festiniog. One could either do them or not do them; one can't bluff mathematics. I decided at once that I must decline this offer and did so, with regretful apologies, adding that I could defeat almost anything else in the map line short of that, should I be given another chance. I never expected for a moment to be given one, however. Colonel Hedley must have appreciated my frankness: even after I had refused he almost pressed me to take it. 'You can have the job if you want it,' he said, 'you have been *asked for*.' I returned to Harrogate in a very different mood. But not long afterwards a second telegram came, and I reported again to Colonel Hedley. This time it was a map-distributing job, to which was added the command (under a major RE) of a small field-unit for printing maps. I took it eagerly. Goodbye to the PBI! I came up to London, and while awaiting my assignation went to Colonel Hedley's room daily to learn my duties. This consisted in familiarizing myself, by means of index-maps, with the maps I should have to distribute. I could easily have done this in a morning; but managed to spread it out over several days. It was an amusing business; I arrived fairly early in the morning and sat in the room studying the index-maps.

Later on Colonel Hedley and his colleague, Colonel Gordon, turned up, and occupied their respective window-seats. Colonel Hedley spent the first part of the morning reading *The Times*, which was then passed on to Colonel Gordon. At rare intervals a messenger entered and deferentially deposited a heap of files on Colonel Hedley's table, where they lay. At 12.30 p.m. Colonel Hedley adjourned for lunch, followed after a decent interval by Colonel Gordon and myself. It is perhaps ungrateful of me to laugh at them, for they treated me most kindly, and I owe them much. The system of being 'asked for' has a great deal to be said for it; in my case it certainly got a round peg into a round hole, for the benefit I think of others as well as myself. I think I was doing better work in the map department of the Third Army and later in the RFC than I should have done in the infantry, and after all I had already done my bit there.

After a few days I summoned up the courage to tell Colonel Hedley that I thought I had learnt all I could about the maps. 'Well, you'd better take a bit of leave,' he replied. So I took lessons in motor-driving and spent the afternoons sculling from the Thames Rowing Club's boathouse at Putney. It was rather a curious way of spending the war. I used to explore the shoals and island shores at low water, hoping to find stone or bronze implements, for many such had come from there, but I found none. Once I sculled down to Westminster Bridge and had a look at the Houses of Parliament and the MPs on the terrace.

On July 3rd, 1915, I was sent to France, to report to Major Winterbotham at 3rd Army Headquarters at Beauval near Doullens, and thus began our long and sometimes rather uneasy friendship. Winterbotham did a splendid job during the war, revolutionizing the map organization not only of his own army but of all the armies. He was a go-getter, dragging along behind him his rather breathless and bewildered chief, Colonel Jack, who was the officer in charge of maps at GHQ, St Omer, and of all the army map departments. It was on Winterbotham's initiative that sound-ranging and flash-spotting were introduced, and artillery-boards for ranging supplied to the, at first, highly sceptical regular gunners. He also

organized the distribution of intelligence and was enthusiastically supported in this by Colonel Sanders, GSO1, 3rd Army. My duties included the taking of panorama photographs from observation posts and from the front line, and I made quite a hobby of it, covering the front from Gommecourt to the Somme, and then later from Gommecourt to the north end of the Vimy Ridge. The distance was about forty miles and I took exactly one hundred photographs. I had to find my own viewpoints and got to know the country intimately. I had several narrow shaves. On one occasion I was taking a panorama from the front line south of Fricourt. It was a lengthy business, involving anything up to a dozen or more exposures of several seconds each, between which the plate had to be changed. The camera revolved on a graded tripod and to get the best view and the camera level one had to expose one's self. On this occasion, instead of exposing myself as usual, I was using a little periscope received only the day before as a gift from Wellcome. A sniper had seen me and he aimed a shot which hit the corner of the camera, just missing the periscope (Plate 6). It was another lucky escape, for if I had not been using the periscope I might well have been hit in my head, which was a bigger target.

To Winterbotham's annoyance my services as a photographer were sometimes requisitioned on ceremonial occasions such as the presentation of medals. He objected to this 'frivolity' in the middle of a war. When Kitchener came to France in 1915 I was summoned to General Munro's headquarters in the next village to photograph him with the other officers. I duly waited in an adjacent room with the ADCs, and after lunch the great man emerged and took up his position back to the fireplace. He was a tall big man with an imposing presence and a big scar in the neck, which was ruddy. General Munro called me forward and told Kitchener that I was there to take a photograph if he wished it. He clearly did not; after a slight pause he said to General Munro: 'Well, you know, I never *am* photographed.' The General turned to me and indicated by a gesture that that was that and I went, disappointed at losing what would have been a fine souvenir.

When I first joined Maps, 3rd Army, the only large-scale

maps available were made by enlarging the French 1:80,000 maps, themselves about a century old, eight times to a scale of 1:10,000. A stabilized trench-warfare had not been foreseen. Our job was to compile better ones, and the sources we used were cadastral plans, which we collected from the canal department and municipal archives, and air-photographs which were just beginning to be taken. It was most exciting to scan each batch as it came in and see how the German trenches really ran. Winterbotham worked in close contact with Colonel Sefton Brancker who was in command of the RFC there; and we had many direct dealings with RFC officers. I used these to get a joy-ride over the trenches; this was in the summer of 1915 and was my first flight. I had always wanted to join the RFC and had in fact had an interview at the War Office. The officer examining asked me whether I could ride a horse, saying that good horsemanship was regarded as a qualification. I do not think that this was so absurd as it sounds; in those days lightness of touch was a good asset for flying. I had it, of course, from sculling, which develops it far more than riding, but that did not count. What finally ruled me out was alleged to be my weight—about twelve stone. I had not then discovered the trick of being 'asked for'.

We were at first a very small unit, the only other subaltern being F. J. Salmon. Later we grew much greater, ending as a Field Survey Battalion. We had several other officers added to our strength: William Newbold, brother of Sir Douglas whom I got to know later; Goldsmith, and the officers in charge of sound-ranging and flash-spotting detachments, Hemming, van der Beil, Andrade, Fletcher-Moulton and Bragg. Winterbotham was justly proud of the organization he was creating; 'we are picked folk, old boy,' he would say, and the phrase was often burlesqued; but it was true.

In November preparations were begun for the great offensive that was to be launched the following summer. We had to prepare the maps for it, and we knew all about this and all other big attacks weeks and months ahead. One day Winterbotham took me with him to an observation post opposite Serre, where we met the Commander-in-Chief, Haig, and the

local brigadier. They discussed in front of us the tactics to be adopted to take Serre. The Brigadier was enthusiastic and optimistic; Haig was not, and he was right, for Serre was not taken and the Brigadier was killed during the attempt. This incident happened in 1915, more than six months before the Battle of the Somme.

I had no direct part in the drawing of the new 1:10,000 maps, but in the early days at Beauval, when there were only three officers, we all followed the work with keen interest. One day I was looking at a map of the Bapaume Ridge being drawn by Sergeant Powell; on it was a mound—obviously once a medieval castle-site—called the Butte de Warlencourt, which he had drawn, not as a mound but with reversed slopes as a pit. I knew from the name and from my archaeological experience in Wessex that this was an error, pointed it out, and it was corrected. It was quite an easy mistake to make, and it had an amusing sequel. I was telling some friends at the club about it years afterwards, as one instance of the odd way in which archaeological knowledge is sometimes of practical use. One of them was Mortimer Wheeler; he seemed highly amused and I asked him if he knew the Butte? He did; it was a nest of machine-guns hotly contested during the Somme battle, and he had had to retrieve a field-gun from in front of it. By all the rules he should have been shot through and through, but instead he got an MC. It was a lucky thing for archaeology, and a most curious coincidence that another archaeologist should have already put the Butte properly on the map.<sup>1</sup>

This was not the only instance where field-archaeology helped. Picardy was full of strip-lynchets which ran in parallel lines along the sides of the valleys. These terraces of soft earth were used for dug-outs and were of considerable military importance, and Winterbotham, who was sympathetic to my archaeological interests, frequently consulted me about them when they were revealed by air-photographs.

Our mess at Beauval was a very pleasant one. Nearly every evening Colonel Sanders would drop in after dinner for a chat, and he was excellent company. Sometimes we would adjourn

<sup>1</sup>For the full story see his *Still Digging*.

to the cinema whose films were run over for official approval before being distributed. There were many excellent Chaplin films and the small and select audience passed many audible criticisms, some rather Rabelaisian and all entertaining. Sanders backed Winterbotham and his constructive projects against the jealous opposition of Intelligence, GHQ, which was in the hands of a sapper who thought he knew better. (This was not Colonel Jack, of course, who was on our side.) I remember one instance of GHQ interference which was quite ludicrous. While Winterbotham was on leave I had had a map of the 3rd Army front, showing the German lines in generalized outline, drawn as a trade test and printed on the scale of 1:80,000. This was not the scale of any of our maps, which was 1:100,000 and 1:40,000. No handy map of the whole front existed, and I thought it would be useful to head-quarter units for reference and for following the progress of events; copies were distributed to Corps and Divisional Headquarters, and to GHQ. But it aroused the wrath of GHQ Intelligence, and an order came to withdraw it, as 'the production of maps on unauthorized scales can only lead to confusion and disaster in battle'. The idea of a commander going into battle armed with my map was fantastic; it would be like making a town planning scheme on a map of Europe.

In March, 1916 the 3rd Army was moved north, taking over the sector between Gommecourt and the northern end of the Vimy Ridge near the Lens front and La Bassée. We moved from Beauval, rather reluctantly, to St Pol, twenty miles behind Arras.

Though we had drawn the maps of the Somme front we were no longer officially concerned with it. A week or two before it began I was taken off my ordinary work and given a roving commission to take photographs of our forces for the press. I visited batteries and photographed big guns in action and many of the photographs appeared later in illustrated papers, one on the front page of the *Illustrated London News*, of course anonymously. The day before the attack was planned to begin I was told to go off and choose a good place to photograph it. I selected the top of a tall chimney at Acheux near Albert. Burley drove me there during the night and we

climbed up on the rusty iron rungs inside and established the camera and ourselves on the platform at the top, from which we had a fine view. Dawn came and we waited till ten o'clock but nothing happened. The artillery bombardment, which had gone on night and day without interruption for nearly a week, slackened off. We decided to go back, and found on return that the attack had been postponed. Two days later, late in the evening, I had a telephone call from Captain Wilbraham, RE, at Maps, GHQ, telling me to go and photograph a mine which was to be exploded opposite Beaumont Hamel at 7.30 next morning. Burley and I set off again and threaded our way along communication trenches to the support line, which was full of reserves waiting to follow up the attack. It was a misty morning and I had to take a photograph straight into the rising sun. Promptly at 7.30 the bombardment stopped and I saw the ground in front slowly heaving up. A huge column of smoke went up, with men and bits of planking dotting it. Then followed an earth-shaking roar. I worked at high-speed exposing plates, and then at packing up and quitting. Having done my job I was free to go, and I had no desire to remain. Unfortunately I left behind my little periscope that had been so useful in the trench at Fricourt. I could hardly contain my excitement to see the result; alas, it was a complete failure, not because of the mist but because the plates were stale. The explosion could just be seen in the prints but they were unusable.

We followed the progress of the Somme battle intently, but as it petered out we began to lose hope that it would end the war. It was painful to read of a few feet of trench gained at enormous cost in lives, one of them Newbold's younger brother. We were exasperated at the prolongation of an obviously lost offensive; as each little bit was taken another line sprang up behind. We were all of the same mind about it and history has confirmed the correctness of our view. Britain has never recovered from that holocaust of its best people.

Meanwhile I had the task of taking panoramas of the new front, north and south of Arras. The work took me out of the office and away from my routine duties, which were not

onerous, and had much in common with archaeological field-work, which was a good preparation for it. Both required an eye for country and topographical enthusiasm. The panoramas were found useful by gunners, brigadiers, company officers and others, and I used to have the map-references of the prominent objects behind the German lines printed on the photographs. Eventually these were sent to England and reproduced by the half-tone process, so that far more copies were available for distribution. Panoramas belonged to trench-warfare and would be useless on a moving front; they supplemented air-photographs which, though far more valuable, had a different kind of utility.

Arras lay immediately behind the front line which passed through a cemetery in the eastern suburb (Plate 7). It was, however, still inhabited by a few civilians, though shelled sporadically almost every day. There were two printing-establishments there, still more or less intact. Winterbotham sent me to remove such of their contents as we could use—paper, printing machines and lithographic stones. I bluffed the keys from a beery and protesting town major and looted the places. Subsequently I was sent to Paris to arrange purchase terms with the owners; one was amenable, but the other demanded an exorbitant sum which was withheld and the goods taken back to Arras where they were probably annihilated later. Winterbotham went on the sound lines of acting first and getting approval later. Those lines were not those of the Stationery Office which regarded *paper* as its special prerogative—a view which subsequent events confirmed. From their hide-out far at the back they bombarded us with minutes about the Arras paper, demanding its return. Paper, they said, was their affair, and if we needed it we should indent on them for it—and this though there was then an acute paper shortage. While they were arguing we quietly used up the paper for printing maps on. The controversy lasted up to the Armistice. Later, at the Ordnance Survey I encountered other instances of Stationery Office red tape. This department has a stranglehold on others and uses it, not always for the benefit of the public service, and it is justifiably detested by civil servants who are frustrated by its interference. That is true of

the heads of departments as well as of subordinates, but their tongues are tied.

One day Burley and I went to take a panorama from an ancient burial-mound behind Arras. We were out of range of rifle-fire and able to move about in the open. Below us on the north-east was a straight stretch of road which was visible from the German lines. We had just taken over from the French and some of our people had not discovered, apparently, that the Germans had its exact range and used to snipe at cars on it with field-guns. As we had our lunch we watched the cars going along it and being sniped. We, unlike the drivers, could hear the gun fired and the shell approaching; some of them exploded very near indeed, and it was amusing to observe how the drivers stepped on the accelerator immediately afterwards. Though we were quite near we were not alarmed, since the shooting was very inaccurate.

While visiting the front to choose panorama sites I occasionally made archaeological discoveries. At Thiepval I found a nice Mousterian (Palaeolithic) point of flint sticking out of the side of a communication trench, and above Bray on the north a nice Merovingian brooch and some charcoal, probably the site of a cemetery. These are now in the Newbury Museum.

## IO

### In the R F C

1917 - 1918

Back to the front as an observer : shot down and wounded : a lucky glide : convalescence in Cornwall : I get my wing at last : reconnaissance : I am taken prisoner : an attempt to escape frustrated by treachery : the prison camp at Holzminden : the great tunnel escape : Niemeyer : the war ends in revolution : we return home : Holzminden today.

**A**s the war dragged interminably on we in 3rd Army Maps began to get on each other's nerves a little. That is inevitable in such circumstances, and no blame is to be attached. Winterbotham was not, however, an easy man to work with or under, and I had had clashes with him. In retrospect I put the chief blame for these on myself, qualified by the statement above. When I had finished photographing the Arras front I began to contemplate a change of occupation. I had had a long rest after my first spell of trench-life in 1914-15, was able-bodied and fit, and there seemed no reason why I should not take a more active part in the war. I decided, therefore, to join the RFC as an observer. Mindful of previous experience I got someone to 'ask for' me. We had had close and friendly relations with Captain Moore-Brabazon (now Lord Brabazon of Tara) at GHQ, chiefly in connection with air-photography. I had not met him personally—that defect was recently put right—but Goldsmith had and knew him well enough to intercede on my behalf. On 'safety first' grounds I was anxious not to be assigned to a unit which did spotting for the artillery; it was dull and dangerous work flying up and down over the lines observing and reporting the explosions of shells. Moreover, I felt that my knowledge of the topography, which was intimate and detailed and covered two army fronts, would be more useful in a fighting squadron which did long distance reconnaissances over a whole army front.

Thanks entirely to Captain Moore-Brabazon's intervention

I was posted to the 23rd squadron which had FE 2 b's and was stationed at Vert-Galand on the Amiens road a little south of Beauval. I did not join it at once, but went first to England for a course in machine-gunnery at Hythe, where I won a sweepstake shooting at clay pigeons. Soon after I got to Vert-Galand the squadron moved to Baisieux. My first flight was with a sergeant pilot. The machines used were prehistoric monsters whose motive power was a propeller placed amidships behind the pilot. The observer squatted in the nacelle in front; the Lewis gun was tied to an upright pole, and to fire it the observer had to stand with his feet on the top of the framework of the nacelle and fire backwards, avoiding if possible shooting his own aeroplane. This was not at all easy, nor could he see his objective without giving visual directions to the pilot. On my second flight on March 6th, 1917, with one Harrison, our flight was attacked by Fokkers, which were much faster, and every aeroplane of our patrol was shot down, though I think all the others landed without serious casualties. Our aeroplane was put out of action in the first attack and the engines silenced. I was wounded in the foot and fell on the floor of the nacelle (fortunately not over the side). Harrison had grazing wounds in the arm and one finger. The sensation I felt was as if I had been hit with a huge sledge-hammer; I felt no pain either then or afterwards, except when the bandages were being removed. While I was picking myself up Harrison urged me to man the gun as we were going to be attacked again. I did my best, but could not get on to the rim of the nacelle and do not remember exactly what happened, but we were not hit. Our enemy, however, was determined to finish us off and returned a third time. This time I was ready for him and fired a long burst into his 'belly' as he banked away a few feet above us. That finished him and when I last saw him he was far below, not yet out of control apparently, but with a lot of smoke pouring out. We were then over the Hindenburg Line south of Cambrai, and had to decide quickly what course to take, for we had no engine and were losing height rapidly. (We were at about 14,000 feet when attacked.) Out to the west I saw the reflection of the low sunlight in the distant shell-holes of the Somme front, and decided that a

forced landing there would be very precarious. The wind was south-east and we were in the middle of the Somme salient. Escape south-eastwards was impossible and westwards undesirable; the decision lay with me, and I knew the front well. If we glided northwards we might just reach our lines on that side of the salient. I explained this to Harrison and directed him on the course; he was naturally anxious and, I think, a little sceptical of success, but I encouraged him and he followed my instructions. I knew that Adinfer Wood was our landmark; woods were very rare and easily spotted. We peered out impatiently, steadily losing height. After what seemed an eternity I spotted its welcome black image and told Harrison we were nearly out. But it was a very near thing; we crossed the lines only a few hundred feet up, to a fusillade of rifle-shots, none of which harmed us, and made a crash-landing in dead ground just behind our own front line, having glided without an engine for twenty-five miles. Harrison pancaked perfectly—FE 2 b's were at least good at slow or forced landings; I was thrown out and rolled over and over, but was not even bruised, and saw Harrison getting out of the aeroplane also unhurt. We owed our escape from captivity to the knowledge of the front which I had acquired in Maps, and Harrison hastened to say so. There was nothing for me to do but sit on the ground, gazing at the gory mess of my right foot and wondering whether it meant the end of my walking days. An RAMC man soon came along and cut off my thigh-boot (parts of which I retained and still have). We were taken to a dressing station, our wounds were drenched with iodine, and after the doctor had had his evening meal I was taken to be operated on. I told the doctor that he was on no account to cut my foot off, and the first thing I did when I came round again afterwards being carried on the stretcher was to look for my foot; to my great relief it was still there. The bullet had broken all the bones in my instep except the big toe bone. They mended up in a bent position, but I have never suffered any disability as a result, except that my right sole wears out in the middle because of a bony lump in my own sole.

There is no need to describe at length my progress through hospitals and convalescent homes. It was rapid. I was sent to

convalesce at Heligan near St Austell in Cornwall, a converted country house where we lived in luxury. I was at first tied by the leg, or foot, and spent the time writing some chapters of the book I was contemplating, which eventually appeared as *Man and his Past*. When able to get about again I bicycled across the peninsula to Harlyn Bay and made the investigations of the prehistoric site which were eventually published in the *Antiquaries Journal*. One of our crowd had an old forty horse-power chain-driven Cottin-Desgoutes car which I bought for about twenty pounds. Then I was sent to Farnborough to await posting. I had been wounded before I had had time to get my observer's wing—a form of decoration that was much coveted because, unlike a pilot's wings, it could only be won on active service. I careered about the country in my old chariot, and then tried unsuccessfully for the job of taking a draft to Egypt. But the local adjutant who had assigned me to it was overruled by the War Office. Amongst those with whom I was put were some malingerers, and others who had committed misdemeanours. It was a curious way of disposing of the wounded, but observers in the RFC in this state were rare—they were usually killed outright—and I suppose this was the only place they could find to put them. Eventually I had a board and begged to be sent to France again. The board was glad to oblige me, so again I communicated with Captain Moore-Brabazon, again with excellent results. I was posted to No 48 Squadron, an army reconnaissance and fighting squadron, which had Bristol fighters and a deservedly high reputation. (One of its former pilots was Ball, who was an ace and received a VC.) I left for France again on September 22nd, 1917, and reported to Major Shields, the CO, at Leffringhoeck near Dunkirk.

It was a curious life. Every day we went up, sometimes twice, but we did not have to do much photography which we all, myself included, loathed. Our chief task was to act as escort for the naval squadron which used to drop bombs on the aerodromes at Bruges (St Denys-Westrem) and Ghent, where the Fokkers that occasionally bombed London took off. We used to fly along the Belgian coast well out to sea to the Dutch frontier, then along it and so back into Belgium again by the

back door. We returned by the same route. We were never attacked, so far as I remember, while on this duty, but we used to see German aeroplanes flying parallel beside us out of range, waiting like jackals for a straggler. When we landed we had to hand in our reports and then clean our Lewis guns, which took half an hour or more. Flying for two or three hours at 18,000 to 20,000 feet is both exhausting and chilly, for there were then no enclosed cabins or oxygen. I generally had a headache on landing but it soon wore off. Then we would go and bathe on the beach. That was the happiest time of the day, for one knew that one had the night between one and the next venture. Life then was tense but it delivered the goods, and rather to my surprise (for I am no fire-eater) I relished the taste. On the beach were cast up many of the glass globes that floated anti-submarine nets. I collected some of these and used to drop them on the German aerodromes as my contribution to the defence of London; it was too bad that I could never see them hit the ground.

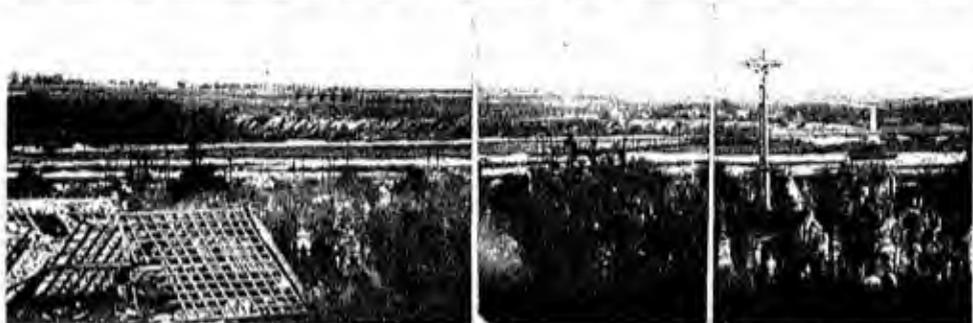
My pilot at the beginning was one Armstrong, a first-rate man. It was the excellent custom to give new observers to experienced pilots and vice versa. We were shot down once when just about to attack; the bullets hit the aeroplane from the side before I saw the enemy coming. We were leading the flight in V-formation, the others behind and above. Armstrong shouted at me to wake up and I got a bead on the aeroplane just as it swung across behind us. It was very close and I had a perfect target, but when I pulled the trigger the piston slid forward inertly and failed to fire the cartridge; it had frozen up. This was a constant peril for which there were only two remedies—to keep firing a few rounds at intervals, or to work the piston up and down by hand. Each had its drawbacks; the former gradually used up the drum and one might be caught with little or no ammunition and no time to change the drum; and the latter, at this height, was very exhausting. I had been adopting the former method, but had allowed too long an interval to elapse. We landed on our aerodrome with a dead engine and with a mass of ice on it; and the centre section bent by a bullet. The spars were riddled with bullet-holes; I still have one. We were not ourselves hit.

After a few weeks I passed the test and put on my observer's wing, very pleased to have won it at last.

In December (or thereabouts) we were sent back for a fortnight's rest to Estrées-Blanches. While there I took the opportunity of again asking Captain Keith Park, who commanded a flight of the squadron, if he would have me as his observer; for I had then left Armstrong and had no regular pilot. Park was by far the most enterprising pilot in the squadron, with many Germans to his credit, as well as a DSO and MC with bar. Later he succeeded to the command and led it brilliantly through a trying ordeal. Park was quite willing, but declared that I weighed too much and would cause him to be tail heavy (he was tall and no light weight himself). He agreed, however, to a test and took me with him on a practice flight to Beauvais and back; there was then no doubt that he had been right. Beauvais Cathedral revived the memory of other days. Park remained in the RAF, as it became, after the war and eventually reached the top of the tree: his leading part in the Battle of Britain is described in Churchill's book.

From Estrées-Blanches we were moved to Flez, on the 5th Army front in front of St Quentin. It was in the ravaged area that had been abandoned by the Germans after retreating to the Hindenburg Line, and we had to go thirty miles to Amiens for supplies. We were rather rowdy at this time and the mess was wrecked several times; I did not take part in this silly business. I did go to Amiens, however, and still recall the *langouste* suppers there. On one festive occasion we did not reach the aerodrome till dawn was breaking and found that (through a muddle) we were down for a dawn patrol; we went up at once (Sibley and I) but we did not penetrate far behind the lines.

I had devised a new way of recording my observations of trains, dumps and such like, graphically on an outline map (which I drew each time) instead of by the long and laborious business of map-references. It worked very well—so well that the Wing-Commander sent for me, suspecting some faking, as I had seen, or recorded, more than others. He was duly impressed when I explained how it was done; and I immediately went off to Maps, 5th Army, and asked Major (now



7. Section of a panorama photograph of the front line at Arras taken by the author, 1916



8. The civil prison at Landshut. The author's window at the top left corner: the garden below was the exercise yard.

Major-General) Macleod to have a set printed, which he did (though I was not there when they arrived). I found the Roman roads very useful for locating positions, on account of their straightness—often prolonged, as in England, by hedges. Once when we had got lost I located our position by flying till we crossed—as I knew we must—the Roman road running south from Cassel.

In January, 1918 I was sent home for a week's wireless course. This, combined with my survey knowledge, gave me an idea about a new method of locating oneself in the air by cross-bearings transmitted from the ground. When I put this to our Wing-Commander, Colonel Holt, he told me that radio-location had already been discovered and was being developed. It seemed that my idea had already occurred to others.

As the reader may have gathered from the last paragraphs I was getting thoroughly keen on my job as observer. I had now been in uniform for over three years and on active service for most of the time, and it was having an effect; I was—*mirabile dictu*—coming to enjoy it! I had also done over four months, and about seventy hours, of war flying, and in a few weeks, when my six months' spell of duty would be over, I should be sent to the uncomfortable limbo of time-expired observers. For the authorities had wisely decided to limit the period of continuous active service to six months because, if there were no time limit, one's expectation of survival was small. I had decided (also I think wisely, for I had seen something of the instructors) not to become a pilot. At this juncture, Colonel Holt, the Wing-Commander, took me in hand, and expounded a plan to me. He had recently assembled us together and told us that Intelligence had reports from spies of a big offensive in preparation, but that there was no confirmation from air observation because all movements were restricted to a zone more than twenty miles back. That was because our own reconnaissance normally penetrated only that distance behind the line. The Germans had the advantage of interior lines and it was uncertain in which direction they would strike—westwards against us, and if so on which army front, or southwards against the French. It was our business

as the 3rd Army reconnaissance squadron to find out, and my particular business because I was now the senior observer and in the Intelligence Flight. It was the chance of a lifetime and it had already fired my enthusiasm; Colonel Holt's plan offered a practical means of obtaining the necessary information.

This consisted in a scheme which would make it possible to do a reconnaissance in cloudy weather at a very low altitude and yet in perfect safety. I was told to have a white circle made at three points on the ground exactly one mile from one on the aerodrome so that lines from the latter to the three others would point to Le Cateau, Guise and another town. We would fly over the measured mile, take our time and bearing (allowing for wind direction), then go up through the clouds, fly the calculated time on that bearing, come down over the town and begin our reconnaissance. I got another observer to help me lay out the lines, but before they were ready my pilot, whom I shall call X, and I did a trial flight with quite promising results. It was a simple scheme but quite a sound one, and it might well have yielded the most valuable results. The blame for its failure must be divided between X and myself.

I was taken off routine flying and given this special assignment. I spent my time working out an itinerary for our first attempt for which I chose Le Cateau whence we would proceed along the valley to Hirson on the Oise, an important railway centre, and so home by another route in the south. I cut up a map and pasted it in strips on boards with space for marginal notes, and waited impatiently for suitable weather. At last there was a day (February 14th) with fairly low clouds. It was left entirely to us to decide when to go up and what to do. Colonel Holt rang me up that morning, and asked if we thought of making a flight. I had, of course, looked at the clouds already (I did little else) and decided against it; but I was terribly keen and getting restless at the delay, and it needed only the Colonel's question to change my mind. I was hovering between two opinions and he suggested I should consult X. I called him to the phone, but he, too, was undecided. As it seemed that the decision lay with me I said we

would go up. Colonel Holt asked if we would like a weather forecast; I said 'no'. It was a fatal mistake; if we had been content to wait an hour or two for one it would have certainly been most unfavourable and we should not have gone.

We went up and flew along the measured mile. The navigation is usually the observer's duty, but in this case it had necessarily to be left entirely to the pilot until we should emerge over our destination, when I was to take over and steer him by the map. He got his bearing on the compass and climbed through the clouds and above them, but he made the stupid error of failing to allow for the retardation of speed caused by the climb. I ought to have known that there had been this retardation, but it was not after all my business to think for him or to question his conduct and I foolishly assumed that his calculations would be correct. He had the instruments in front of him and I had not; and when he decided we were over our objective, Le Cateau, and came down I did not demur as I should have done. We went down and down in that horrible murk, sometimes getting into uncomfortably tilted positions. At length X said that the altimeter was at zero! The ground was, of course, higher than that we had gone up from, but it could not be by more than a few hundred feet. At last the ground appeared close below us. X straightened up and promptly lost his head. We were flying only just above the tops of the trees and the ceiling of cloud was immediately above us. I saw an astonished German soldier hanging out his washing on a line. X declared that the compass was swinging and that he could not get it steady. I said, 'Go and look for the name-board on a railway station,' but he did not seem to hear. Then I said that, if he could not fly by the compass he could follow a river valley—any valley—to the sea and return along the coast, but this was too much for his understanding. Then I said we must fly up through the clouds again (though I hated the prospect), but he refused to do this. (In those days flying through the clouds was regarded as highly dangerous, and it was, for without the necessary instruments the aeroplane could not be kept level and one might get upside down and fall out; the clouds where we now were were far thicker—about five thousand feet or more—

than over the aerodrome.) It was infuriating, for I felt sure there was some way out, and that if I had been the pilot I could have found it; we had three hours' petrol and could afford to experiment. Perhaps I ought to have tried physical intimidation, but I did not think of it, and in any case it might have caused a crash at that height. As a last effort I begged him to give the compass another chance, and he did. About a minute later I looked down and saw the same German hanging out washing, and almost immediately afterwards a small detachment of soldiers opened fire on us; we had flown in a circle. Then I threw in my hand. X looked for an open space and landed. I was almost sobbing with rage and grief at the crashing of our fine plans, but there was no time to be wasted. We got out, seizing the emergency rations, and I dismantled the Lewis gun and fired it into the petrol tank, and we stood back. There was no one in sight but an old peasant who did not even look up, but went on with his work in the field. Then X said, 'Your fire doesn't seem to be going well.' I pulled the trigger again, but the Lewis gun, game to the last, threw one of its nine stoppages. Somehow I cleared it and fired again, and this time the flames leapt up. It was a sad end to one of the best of our aeroplanes. There was still no one in sight. The possibility of escape had occurred to us both already. But it would have involved leaving the aeroplane intact (which would be a dereliction of duty), for the column of smoke was a signal of our whereabouts. Our chances of escaping were almost nil and I am sure our decision not to attempt it was correct. We walked towards some trees where there was probably a house, and saw a German soldier walking towards us. He was the perfect German of the caricatures, and he had a bundle in a handkerchief tied to a stick over his shoulder. As he approached I said 'Good morning, we are English officers.' He looked dully at us and shook his head saying, 'Nicht verstehen' or something to that effect. I could not help laughing at the absurdity of it. How often when photographing in the trenches in uniform—we were, of course, in flying kit now—had I been stopped, and sometimes arrested, on suspicion of being a German spy! And now that we were in something akin to the reverse position we could not

get anyone to believe it. But the end was near; we heard shouts and whistles behind us, and saw figures on the skyline. We stopped and waited, and soon a triumphant NCO with one or two companions came up and took us prisoner.

We were taken for a preliminary look-over to an infantry brigade headquarters at or near Villers-Outreaux. They made us empty our pockets; I had nothing of any interest and no written documents (in accordance with the regulations), but X had some, though not, he alleged, of any military value. A very typical monocled officer spoke to us, and then took us to the mess where we had a drink. He explained apologetically that it was hardly the occasion for a formal toast, and I ruefully agreed. Then we were given back the contents of our pockets and handed over to an English-speaking flying-officer who put us in his car, with himself and a couple of soldiers. At the aerodrome we stopped and were met by the CO. He was a most unmilitary-looking person in spectacles and our companion seemed to realize it, for he said (in English, of course) on introducing us: "This is our Commanding Officer; he doesn't look like it, does he?" We tried not to laugh and I concluded he was also no linguist. Then we got to a small town and the flying-officer said, pointing to a house in the street: "That is where you are now going to stay; I am afraid it is a prison." We had at last reached Le Cateau, our original target.

We were kept there for a week on very short rations, and had two questionings by an intelligence officer. He was particularly keen to learn about the Americans who were just beginning to arrive in France and asked me if I had any American friends. 'Yes,' I said, and started to tell him about Hooton, and Oxford, but that was not, it appeared, what he wanted to know. On the wall was an Order of Battle which I memorized in case I should escape. Just before we were caught we had been lectured by an escaped flying-officer, who told us our best chances came at the beginning, and I was resolved to let no opportunity slip. The house at Le Cateau looked pretty hopeless if one was there only for a short time. We were taken away very early one morning a week later and put in a train. The door next which I was sitting opened on to an embankment, and I could easily have got out, but I was

very weak from lack of food, and had, of course, no food or maps. We did a long and weary journey, passing train-loads of troops, the very trains I had hoped to spot; it was most tantalizing. We arrived at Karlsruhe and were put in a *Lager* in the square in the middle of the town, placed there to protect the town against bombing. It was a transit-camp with a bad name for stool-pigeons, and the officers in it were not as friendly as we expected; we were extremely weak from semi-starvation and X fainted. Then they gave us some biscuits, and I ate so many while I was there that I became constipated. On February 24th we entrained again for an unknown destination. It was rather amusing, in a grim way, to be voyaging about Europe in this irresponsible fashion. I saw the name Ulm as we stopped at a station, and vaguely recalled a treaty I had read about. Then we got to Munich, and while we were on the platform waiting the Hook of Holland express came in. It was maddening to know that we were only one step away from a train that would land us in a few hours in a neutral country. Late on the evening of February 24th we arrived at Landshut. The camp was on an island in the valley of the Isar and consisted of wooden huts. I lay down on some straw in one, a German soldier gave me a bottle of Munich lager, and I drank and fell asleep at once.

The atmosphere of the camp was friendly as such camps go. It was a small one with only sixteen inmates, which may partly have accounted for this; small communities are better and more human than large ones. We were there for the regulation inoculations. The cooking was done by two French prisoners, one of them, an obvious pansy, being on suspiciously friendly terms with the German soldiers. I was still very hungry and the others did what they could, but only one was receiving parcels and he wasn't sharing the contents. There was a little white bread whose mouldy crusts were cut off and thrown on the floor. At night I stealthily collected and ate them. Though allergic to sauerkraut and vinegar, I ate even this, too, in my hunger. We had a few small river-fish served to us; they all seemed to be hollow.

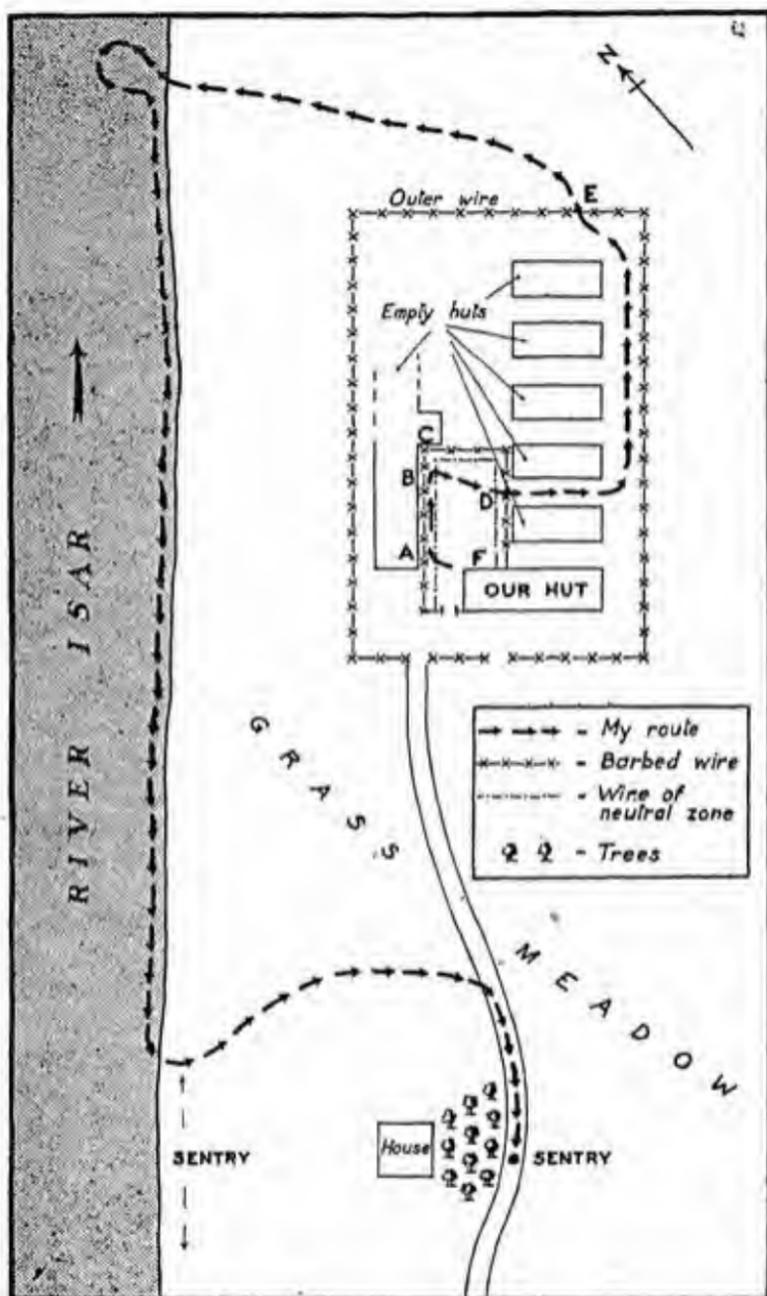
After a week I began to recover my strength and to think of escape again, surveying the camp with this object. We occu-

ped one out of a dozen or so wooden huts, from which we were cut off by barbed wire. We had a very small 'playground' outside, with the usual single-stranded wire fence demarcating the narrow neutral zone. On one side our boundary was not barbed wire but an unoccupied hut (AB) which, like all the others, had a narrow ditch for the eaves-drip running alongside it. To reach this one had only to cross the neutral zone, which was physically quite easy, provided one could do so without being seen by the single sentry who patrolled our playground. My plan was to get into this ditch just before we were shut in for the night and lie there till after dark, and then climb up the barbed wire fence at a corner of the hut (C) and get over the roof. I communicated this plan to the Senior British Officer (an RFC squadron-leader called Wood if I remember rightly) who approved of it. The plan demanded the co-operation of my fellow-prisoners, first in creating a diversion while I got across the ditch at A, and then in creating another while I was climbing over the roof. A dummy was to be put in my bunk in case we were counted at night, though this happened only once or twice a week; there were no roll-calls. I chose March 6th for my attempt because it was the anniversary of my being shot down and wounded. Of course everyone in the camp, including the French orderlies, knew about it; secrecy was impossible. I begged food contributions from all, and they were gladly made (with a single reluctant exception). Having no waterproof container they were put in a sack. Though determined to make the attempt I did not really expect to reach the Swiss frontier, one hundred and forty miles distant, unless I were lucky enough to find a bicycle or could steal some more food. My only disguise was to wear my army tunic inside out. I had no compass, but the geography of Bavaria is easy, and I had learnt it by heart, making copies of maps (which I exchanged for food) from one in a dictionary thoughtfully supplied by the Germans. My boots were hobnailed German ones, strong but not too comfortable. It was a desperate venture, but the weather was fine and I longed for fresh air and exercise in the open country and at least a short spell of freedom. Moreover, I remembered the advice of our lecturer, and was anxious to seize every

opportunity during these early days, before reaching a permanent and far more difficult camp.

The first stage of my attempt went off without a hitch. At about five o'clock a small group made a diversion playing with a ball, and the sentry was duly diverted. Though only about ten yards off he did not see me, and I got into the ditch at A and lay flat. Soon afterwards the others went indoors, and I prepared for a long cold vigil till the time came for the next move. But then I heard ominous sounds; names were being read out and answered. The Germans were having a roll-call which could only mean that my escape had been betrayed to them. Immediately afterwards there was a buzz of activity like that of an angry hive. Then I heard the tramp of boots resounding down the empty hut (AB) under which I was lying. It seemed impossible that they could fail to find me, but I was determined to stick it out until they stepped on me. In fact they nearly did; the Camp Commandant came with a sergeant and stood almost on the top of me; I covered my face with my gloved hands, not daring even to look up, and lay still. The Commandant asked the sergeant if he had searched this quarter and he said he had, which was untrue; then they departed, and I breathed again. When I heard the roll-call I had destroyed my map, such as it was, because the possession of it would have added a week to my sentence if caught. But I did not worry about this, as I could easily draw another from memory. Gradually the noises subsided and I took hope again. Darkness came on, the arc light shone menacingly, and the sentry walked round and round within a few yards of me.

We used sometimes to have a sing-song in the evenings, and the sentry took part, standing at the window (F) and leaning his rifle up against the hut. It had been arranged to have one, as noisy as possible, that evening, and I hoped that in spite of the unexpected turn of events, it would still be carried out. It was, and to my great joy the sentry played his part faultlessly. So I crept along the ditch towards B and took a look at the wire and roof. The wire looked terribly spikey and the roof far steeper than ever before! My courage failed me and I decided that the climb would be too risky. But I saw an alternative. There was another of those useful eaves-ditches beside one of



the empty huts, and though the barbed wire crossed it, there seemed to be room below to creep under at D. To do so one would have to cross the playground, where there was no cover except tufts of grass. I remembered the old infantry training which said that even quite small inequalities provided some cover for a prone man. The arc light was shining immediately overhead, between F and D, but the sentry had his back towards me and was now absorbed in the sing-song. I crept out and glided serpent-like across the open space, and after what seemed hours reached the wire and ditch. There was just room to crawl under, and once through I was out of sight between two empty huts and could stand up; Stage 2 had been successfully accomplished. I walked along between the huts, hoping there were no other sentries, and there weren't. Then I went north-eastwards between the huts and the outer wire fence which surrounded the whole camp. I had still to get through or over this, but wished to do so as far as possible from the inhabited portion. I chose a spot (E) near the far corner; the strands of barbed wire were only about a foot apart, but I adopted the old trick I had learnt doing cross-country rambles, and took off my coat and wrapped it round the wire. I emptied my sack of provisions and wrapped it round the upper wire and squeezed through, and stood up free. It was one of the great moments of my life; the sense of triumph was enhanced by the knowledge that I had outwitted my captors in spite of the unforeseen setback.

My next task was to swim the Isar, so I walked across to the bank and took off all my clothes. Having no waterproof container for my food, I intended to swim on my back holding it, if I could, above the water. It would be easy to return and I hoped to be able to carry my clothes across in the same way. But the Isar, though narrow (forty-six yards wide) was flowing as rapidly as in the poem, and I went under. The current was flowing swiftly between revetted banks and I was carried downstream and had to give up the attempt and land. I could have done it if I had had a waterproof bag, but I had tried in vain to secure a bit of this material. There was nothing to be done but dry myself with a handkerchief and dress again. I was shivering, for the Alpine water was very cold and I was

rather thin from lack of food. I had to get off this island somehow and decided to walk along close by the water's edge, hoping to escape the sentries who would certainly be posted near the bridge. It was a fatal blunder, for it took me back to the vicinity of the exits that, as I knew, were sure to be closely guarded. (I should have gone north or east, never south.) When I had gone a few hundred yards I saw a man approaching along the bank; he must have seen me and all I could do was to turn and walk away across the grass meadow. I took long strides, trying not to appear to hurry, and to my surprise he did not challenge me. Then I came to a footpath and walked along on the grass beside it. On my right was a house with lighted windows and trees in front. Amongst the trees was a sentry (perhaps the man I had just met) but I could not see him against the bright lights, nor would it have mattered if I had, for he was close to me and challenged me. There was nothing to do but stop. Still, I did not abandon hope; I assumed the role of a drunken German soldier and staggered about, muttering incoherent sounds freely mixed with the only German words I then knew (*Bahnhof, Lager, Heim*). He seemed impressed and not unsympathetic—in the darkness he might not have noticed my strange uniform—and I lurched along by his side muttering and occasionally clutching his shoulder for support, meditating a breakaway when we should come to the end of the asphalt which was as slippery as ice beneath my hobnails. But soon we were joined by another and more intelligent soldier who at once recognized me for what I was. It seemed pretty hopeless now, though I still hoped I might give them the slip and make a dash for it. But the asphalt was succeeded by a cobbled road which was far more slippery. If only it had been of gravel! The game was up.

It was now nearly midnight and my hour of freedom was over. They took me to an orderly-room and thence to the civil prison. The warder was an excellent fellow and gave me a corner room, or cell, on the top floor, with a bed, wash-basin, lavatory and hot water pipes (Plate 8). He was the proprietor of a Rhenish vineyard and had an English wife. Thanks to him I was able to buy a little additional food consisting of rather stale rolls of white Swiss bread, tins of sardines and nuggets of

dried fruit. I painfully accumulated a hoard of these as a reserve in case I should have another chance of escaping when being moved from the prison, but I was terribly hungry and the sight of that little pile of food ever in front of me was more than I could endure. One day I ate it all up and for a few hours felt physically satisfied but morally bankrupt. It did not in fact matter, because there was no opportunity of escape when I was moved.

The ration food consisted of a cup of acorn coffee for breakfast, an enamelled cup of soup for lunch and the same for supper. A loaf of brown war-bread, full of lumps of potato, had to last four days. Occasionally I had a large thick pancake for supper, part of which I kept and warmed up on the pipes for breakfast. For reading I had old copies of the *Illustrated London News* and, most strangely, *The Times*, a few days old, supplied by the warder's wife. There were a very few English books; on the flyleaf of one of them a former prisoner had written: 'I should like the following menu.' What followed would have strained the resources of the best restaurant in Paris. I added 'So should I' below. I tried to revert to my book, begun at Heligan, but I could not concentrate my thoughts on it. When one is perpetually hungry one's mind refuses to think of anything but food, which becomes an obsession. I was shaved every few days by a French prisoner who had also tried to escape. We were not supposed to talk (but the sentry was indulgent) and he told me, in French, of his adventure. He had had the usual liaison and the girl had helped him to get on a goods train. I could see these passing from my window and inquired of him about them, but the problem was, of course, to get to them in the first place.

One day a week after I had gone there the Commandant paid me a visit and asked me why I had got out of his camp—rather an unnecessary question. I told him and said it was an easy one to get out of, which it was. He said I had been tried—in *absentia*—and given a week's imprisonment, to begin from then. It was well worth the attempt.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Since writing the above I have revisited Landshut (July 25-7, 1953) and gone over the ground of my escape. Of the wooden hutments two at least still survive, but the rest of the area is now occupied by small houses. The hut-

At the end of the week I was taken back to the camp where I had a warm welcome. It was nice to be amongst friends again after a fortnight of solitary confinement. They told me that I had certainly been betrayed by the pansy boy who, fortunately for him, had left shortly before I returned. The inoculations—there were five in all—were resumed, and in due course on April 11th a party was detached and sent travelling. We did not at first know our destination, which was Holzminden on the Weser, near Hanover. I had had no time, apart from other difficulties, to accumulate a store of food or get hold of a map of Central Germany. Probably knowing this, and being far from any neutral frontier, our guards were rather slack. We travelled first class and the guard (one to a coach) was not in my compartment. It would have been easy to open the door and get out while we were shunted at a station, but one could hardly walk through a town in British uniform. I contemplated escape in a tunnel (foreseeing such ahead from the map in the corridor) and announced my intention, provided that the first tunnel had no sentry at the end, but it had! On our arrival we asked first what sort of a camp it was and the British adjutant (Durnford) said, smiling grimly: 'One of the two worst in Germany.' The Commandant was Captain Otto Niemeyer, whose brother ran the other, at Clausthal.

Durnford has published an excellent account of Holzminden in his book, *The Tunnellers of Holzminden*, and of the Great Escape. I shall therefore give only a few details of personal interest.

There were five hundred British officer prisoners in the camp, housed in two barrack buildings. When we arrived we were all desperately hungry, but the other prisoners soon put

ments were further from the Isar than they are shown on the plan. The footpath is now a metalled road, leading to the north end of the island. Near, and south of, the place where I was recaptured are some more wooden huts of a military nature; they appear to be of about the same age as the others. The civil prison (Plate 8) is exactly the same as it was in 1918. My cell was the corner one on the left in the top storey. The photograph here reproduced was taken from the window of a private flat above the restaurant which I used to look across at so hungrily. It shows the compound where we used to walk occasionally for exercise.

us right, issuing us with food from a reserve store specially kept for new arrivals. After a month or so our Red Cross parcels began to arrive. Before then my chief trouble was an extreme sugar-hunger, which I cured by eating jam. We heard that a tunnel was in progress—it had been started in the previous September. As a very recent captive I had little chance of being accepted as a partner in it, and no claims; I did ask one of the ringleaders if I could join in but of course he had to refuse. One day Durnford asked me to exchange my quarters with a man in the other barracks who was 'in' the tunnel which started from the barracks I was in. I told him that of course I would do so if he thought I had no chance of getting into it myself. He said I hadn't the slightest chance, so the exchange was arranged. (It was one of many that were made, a few at a time, so as not to arouse suspicion.) The man who took my place was Morris and I joined him and Paddison in their mess, for they continued to have meals in their old mess-room. They were the architects of the tunnel, and did much of their work in the room where I slept, a small but remote one. We had to do our own cooking and took turns at the stove. Much time was taken up with this and the other chores of daily life—fetching parcels and tins (which involved long queuing), washing clothes and the like. But there was plenty of time also for reading and I did a lot. There was a room set apart for reading and work, where silence was enjoined—a most excellent haven of refuge. What one lacks in a prison camp is privacy; never for a single moment is one alone; even the lavatories are communal, and if one was sent as a punishment (as I was once) to a cell below ground, one still had to share it with a companion. On the other hand, one lived as a member of a closely-knit community with which one was in complete harmony. That to me was a remarkable experience; I have never had the same sense of oneness with my fellows in any other surroundings. Perhaps people had that sense in certain times and places during the past; perhaps it may still survive in a few isolated mountain villages; it seems to be lost elsewhere. It was one of those things that can only be experienced and cannot be conveyed in words. The spiritual bond that held us together was the desire to escape. It was our

religion and there were no infidels. Anything relating to escape was sacred; all actions that subserved it were legitimate, even killing. It was a thought-provoking idea; how could it be reconciled with the doctrine of an absolute morality? It was perfectly legitimate, if you cared to take the risk and had no better alternative, to kill a sentry on the frontier, and if you got back to England, your action would be approved by the authorities and you might get a medal for it. But if you were caught by the Germans you would be tried for murder and shot. I suppose it will be said that I am confusing morality with legality; I would answer that I am trying to find an act of which it can be said that it is morally wrong always and everywhere. I began the search at Holzminden and have not yet found any such act.

My Holzminden notebook is full of extracts from the books I was reading and fine, confused stuff it was. There was a lot of psychology and of semi-philosophical books, some anthropology, some archaeology—and Samuel Butler, whom I first encountered here. On returning to England I read everything he had written, and was much influenced by his ideas, as will be apparent to the reader of *Man and his Past*. I read Wells, too; we had met when he went to France and visited 3rd Army Maps, and he had had me down at Easton Glebe for a week-end while I was convalescing in 1917. The influence of his writings was profound and lasting, though I think I have now outlived it. He was later a reader of *Antiquity*, and I remember my elation when he came up to me at Petrie's dinner (given by Mond to celebrate his seventieth birthday) and told me how much he enjoyed reading it—not all of it but some of it.

I did not actually write any part of *Man and his Past* at Holzminden, as has sometimes been stated; part of it had already been written at Heligan, however, and the book was firmly in my mind. Some of the entries in my prison notebook are indirectly connected with the book. I used to discuss these things and many others walking round the yard with a major who was at that time trying, unsuccessfully, to teach me German.

The tunnel was nearly ready and I was consulted, as a soil

expert, on the probable nature of the ground. I could give little help as it was glacial drift, which is apt to change its character abruptly and without warning, nor had I any field experience of it. The tunnellers wished to emerge in an allotment, behind a row of runner beans. To test their position they thrust a rapier up through the roof and an observer from the barrack window watched for it. The break-out was made during a night in July. A large number got out—I think about seventy—and more would have followed if someone with too large a pack had not got stuck in the exit. It was discovered soon after dawn, and all hell was let loose. We were confined to barracks all day for several days, but we had foreseen the probability of this occurring and laid in a stock of provisions. All our 'privileges'—games, parole-walks, newspapers, tinned food, music, etc.—were stopped, and there were five *appels* daily. Each *appel* took about twenty minutes and it was difficult to cook, for one might have to leave things on the stove to get spoiled. At last we ventured as near to mutiny as the international convention on POW's allowed. Then things improved. Niemeyer told us that Colonel Rathbone, the Senior British Officer, who as such had been offered first place in the tunnel and had, of course, accepted with alacrity, had been recaptured. We did not believe him, and a few days later a postcard was received from him posted in Holland and sending greetings to Niemeyer. He had taken a train going *eastwards*, then one to Cologne and thence to Aachen, where he had walked across the frontier. Altogether ten got through safely, a very high percentage. Morris and Paddison, my mess-mates, were caught in the frontier zone, as so many were, within sight of freedom. They had been out for seventeen days living on their packs and sleeping out. When they returned they were both unshaven and looked thin but otherwise none the worse. They went down to the cells for the usual punishment and I had to cook their meals and carry them down to them on a tray. Anticipating their return hungry I had accumulated a bit of food; the first dish I took them was a huge bowl of dried peas which, after soaking, were quite eatable and very filling and yet not indigestible. In the middle of the peas I inserted a note with the latest news about the

war, which was then very good, telling them that future bulletins would be secreted under the lining of the tray. It was a full-time job cooking for them as well as for myself for a fortnight, but I rather liked it.

Niemeyer never came near us again. He had been accustomed to pay us frequent visits, sadistically taunting us and saying that if we thought of leaving we had only to let him know and he would have everything ready for us. He would also keep telling us that the camp was 'inescapable'. We lay low and said nothing, knowing more than he did. While the tunnel was being got ready there was a ban upon escaping which would have meant a search. This did not mean that we did not try and devise plans in our minds—'looking for holes in the wire' is a prisoner's chief recreation—but of course it stopped at that. After the tunnel was opened it was obvious that the war was drawing to an end and the motive of escape lost some of its force.

Then came the Armistice and abortive revolution. We saw the red flag flying on a building in the town; Niemeyer was dismissed, for 'financial irregularities', by a revolutionary committee of soldiers, sailors and workmen who made themselves responsible for the administration of the camp. It was only a question of days before we should depart, the chief difficulty being to find a train to take us to Holland. Escaping was deprecated, if not actually forbidden; but it was quite easy. Every day there was a queue of officers with suitcases standing at the gate. The sentry was given a food parcel by each officer as he left; it was a silly business and we got home before most of them. At last the Senior British Officer got us a train. We were to leave late in the evening, and a little before our departure we collected the furniture and everything else that was combustible and made a huge bonfire of it in the yard. It was a splendid sight and the Germans could only stand by helplessly, condemning the waste.

We marched in a body through the town to the station. It was a queer feeling to walk out and see things one had looked at for so long from a new angle. During my seven months there I had only once been outside, on a parole walk; I never went for another because I found this mirage of freedom too

tantalizing. We made slow progress during the night, which I spent fairly comfortably asleep in the luggage-rack. Excitement increased as we approached the Dutch frontier; we watched the railway sleepers, for our escape-lore had said that they changed from wood to iron—or was it vice versa?—on crossing. At last we knew from the buzz of voices passing down the train that we were out of Germany and free at last. It was another great moment; we were all quite overcome, and even at the distance of half a lifetime I cannot recall it without emotion. The sides of the railway cutting were lined with spectators cheering us. We had a nice meal at Utrecht, where we were entertained by the hospitable Dutch people, who plied us with questions about our experiences. We crossed the North Sea to Hull, and as we steamed up the estuary all the ships and shipyards sounded their sirens. It was touching, but as prisoners-of-war we felt that we had hardly earned this triumphal entry. On landing we again felt rather bewildered, not only by the warmth of our reception, but also because we were not yet used to acting as free men after months or years of bondage. We were sent to Catterick where we were given leave till demobilization.

I went home to my aunt. She had left The Grove after Auntie Do's death in 1915 and bought a house (Tan House) at Donnington, Newbury. She and Deeshie were now the only two of the sisters left. It was a happy ending to a period of distress.

In January, 1953, I made a sentimental pilgrimage to Holzminden on my way back from spending Christmas with the Bersus at Frankfurt. I had to ask my way to the barracks, for I had only twice before been in the town, on my way to the camp and out of it. They were still standing and the blocks in which we lived looked just the same outside. They had, however, been altered out of all recognition inside, and the small rooms we lived in no longer remained. Another barrack block had been built alongside and there was now a row of tall trees across our yard. The surroundings, which had been open fields and allotments, were now built over with houses, not set together in streets but standing apart. The buildings were still used as barracks and I was conducted over them by

the Adjutant, who spoke good English. I took him to the place where the entrance to the tunnel had been. It was a triangular space under a staircase in the far east (or north-east) block. In those days it had wooden boards, some of which had been hinged by the tunnellers to make a doorway. Now it is all of concrete. He was much interested, for it seems that that once famous episode is lost in the mists of legend.

## II

### More Excavations

1919-1920

Back again to field-work : excavation in North Wales : a permanent job at the Ordnance Survey, gladly accepted : excavations in Hampshire and the Isle of Wight.

ON being demobbed I received the usual war-gratuity and had, of course, a small amount of back pay accumulated. I also found that my work as observer in No. 48 Squadron had earned a mention in despatches, which, seeing that it had ended in a fiasco, seemed to be a generous gesture. I went to see Wellcome, who said that his Sudan excavations were indefinitely postponed, and I heard from Crowfoot that it would be unwise to rely upon the prospect of an archaeological post which the Sudan Government was thinking of creating. It was sound advice; that Government continued thinking about it for another sixteen years before doing anything. As there was no prospect of employment and I had a little money in the bank I decided to take a holiday, do field-work, and finish writing *Man and his Past*. During the years 1919 and 1920 I kept an archaeological diary, making entries in it from time to time only, not daily. Unfortunately, it was destroyed in the blitz. My field-work was mostly in Wiltshire; I stayed at Maiden Bradley and did the Roman road from the Mendips to Old Sarum, and at Savernake, doing Roman roads and the Anglo-Saxon bounds of Bedwyn. I saw a lot of the Wiltshire archaeologists at this time, chiefly the Cunningtons, Goddard, and later Newall and Colonel Hawley, excavating Stonehenge. I also worked on the Perambulations of the medieval forests of Wiltshire, both in field and library. The results of this and later field-work were published in the *Wiltshire Archaeological Magazine* and in the *Wiltshire Gazette*, which under the enlightened editorship of J. J. Slade gave much space to archaeology.

Hearing from Peake that I was at a loose end, Fleure

suggested that I should do some excavation in Wales for the Cambrian Archaeological Association. The site proposed was on the slopes of the mountains between Barmouth and Harlech, above Egryn, where there were two long cairns called Carneddau Hengwm, a stone circle, a small hill-fort and miscellaneous other remains. I agreed to undertake the work without salary, but with all my expenses paid, and about May or June I migrated there and set up my tent in a small walled sheep-fold that conveniently had a small artificial watercourse running through it. Local labour was recruited and trenches were dug through the stone circle and the hill-fort, but owing to the regrettable absence of pottery the results were very meagre. I took my plane-table and a level up there, and, assisted by Iorwerth Peate, made contoured plans of the sites dug and of some long cairns; these were perhaps more valuable than the excavations themselves. Welsh archaeology was still very backward, though Willoughby Gardner had been doing excellent pioneer work planning and contouring hill-forts.

I spent the whole summer living alone in my tent, directing the work. I had learnt to cook at Holzminden, and could now launch out a bit more, since the food available was, of course, much more ample. At Holzminden we had been restricted to tinned meat, chiefly bully beef (Fra Bentos), and I had found that by mixing it with onions and mashed potatoes one could make quite a tasty fry. (The onions had, of course, to be fried first separately.) The dish took some time to prepare but it lasted for several meals. The result resembled a large flat fish-cake with a crisp brown crust. It may have been this dish that was seen by a visitor to my camp who spread the story that I was 'frizzling a mixture of bacon, chocolate and onions'! Of course I never committed such a culinary crime—which would indeed be difficult to commit, unless one grated up the chocolate. I do not have the Britisher's insensitive palate, and I took some trouble to secure appetizing dishes. Another libellous story has it that, when I sent in my account to the Cambrian Treasurer, he and his Committee were surprised and pained to find that it included wine, and hesitated to pass this item. I feel pretty sure that it did not, but do not like to trust my memory so long after the event; I am not

very fond of wine and have never made a regular habit of drinking alcohol at meals, except beer occasionally. But even if I did charge the Association with wine they could hardly have complained, for they were paying me nothing at all and getting very good value in return. I was, in fact, advancing them the money for the excavations, and paying the men's wages out of my own pocket.

The members of the Cambrian Association in those days were a motley crew of amateurs who had inflated ideas of their own importance, a survival of Victorian times. They paid a formal visit *en masse* to the excavations during their summer meeting. The site was rather inaccessible, being in an open moorland. I was living on the spot in a tent and my usual dress was shorts and a sweater, and it never occurred to me that any more formal attire would be thought necessary to receive them in. They duly arrived and were conducted round the sites; in one place it was necessary to climb over a wall, but it was surmounted without accident by the members of the party, which included Professor Boyd Dawkins, then doyen of British archaeology, Canon Fisher, the editor of *Arch. Camb.*, and a local MP whose name I forget. Long afterwards I heard that there had been disapproving comments on my informal dress; that a man of thirty-two should wear shorts on so solemn an occasion seemed rather shocking. But good old Boyd Dawkins defended me stoutly—I had 'had a hard time as a prisoner of war and perhaps had not yet completely recovered my balance'.

Early in October I packed up my belongings and left them in charge of the excellent yeoman farmer who had volunteered to dig for me (and dug very well). They were to be sent to Newbury later, for on account of a coal strike all the trains had stopped running. As I had had enough of the Welsh mountains for the time being I decided to walk back, and set out over the hills with a pack. I slept the first night at Dinas Mawddy and went on across the Kerry Hills to Clun (where I gathered a marvellous dish of mushrooms), to Hereford and Gloucester and so along the Roman road to Boxford, where I walked in on the Peakes and we had a good talk about it all. Then I went home and hibernated.

It was at about this time that the prospect of a permanent job began to loom up. During the war Winterbotham had sent me back to England with some maps to deliver to the Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, who was to print them. It was a kindly act of Winterbotham's, to give me a short change of scene after one of our periodical dust-ups; there were other ways of sending maps. Though I had met Sir Charles Close at the School of Geography in 1911 he is not likely to have remembered it. My official business was quickly disposed of and we spent the rest of the interview discussing archaeology. I did not allow our acquaintance to lapse after the war, for Sir Charles held what was, for a budding field-archaeologist, a key position. He was very favourably disposed towards archaeology and had decided that the large-scale (six inches to mile) ordnance maps might legitimately be issued free to certain qualified persons in return for the use of the archaeological information they inserted, which would correct and amplify that already marked there. It was a perfectly fair bargain, for the information thus obtained would have cost far more to get than the maps were worth. I had received in this way a set of six-inch maps of Hants, Berks, Wilts, Dorset and Somerset, and had made full use of them in the field, sending batches occasionally back to the Ordnance Survey Office to be copied and returned. (I still have them.) Dr G. B. Grundy, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was receiving similar sets for his work on Anglo-Saxon bounds. I made frequent visits to the Ordnance Survey during 1919, not only to get six-inch maps, but also to consult the original two-inch-to-mile drawings of the first (engraved) one-inch map, which marked many things not shown, or shown less clearly, in the published maps. I was becoming a sort of voluntary field-worker for the Ordnance Survey and I fancy that Sir Charles, impressed perhaps by the archaeological errors and deficiencies thus revealed, thought that he might do worse than take me on his staff permanently. As an ex-serviceman with plenty of survey experience I had the necessary qualifications. He therefore put the proposal to me and I at once jumped at it; for it was exactly the thing I wanted and had long ago decided to aim for, namely, to be paid for

doing work I liked. Certain formalities had to be observed; he got the British Association to make him the proposal which, in fact, he had originated, and with this backing he obtained official sanction from the Ministry of Agriculture (under which the Ordnance Survey is placed) to offer me the post. The salary was small—about £250 a year; but I felt confident that I could get it raised if I made good. The appointment was approved, and it was arranged that I should start in October, 1920.

Meanwhile, two other excavating jobs turned up to occupy me during the summer of 1920. Sir William Portal had some barrows on his land at Roundwood near Micheldever, Hants, and had reserved the rights of excavation in his lease to the tenant, Colonel Austin. Dr Williams-Freeman suggested to him that he should ask me to excavate them and I agreed to do so. The work was again unpaid nor did he pay my expenses, but he provided the labour, and may be considered to have made a good bargain. I set up my tent on the spot—a lovely piece of downland that had once been under plough and is now under plough again. Close by was a fir-wood with many felled trees lying in it that provided an ample supply of fuel for the camp-fire; Colonel Austin lent me a watercart. The work was interesting and I learnt much from it.<sup>1</sup> The barrow was made of soil, not chalk, and the primary interment was a cremation in a pit, above which the funeral pyre had been erected. When the pit was found I sent word to Sir William Portal, who hastened to come and watch it cleared out, bringing with him Sir Edmund Gosse. I did the work with my own hands but unfortunately it contained burnt bones only, with no grave goods or cinerary urn. Sir Edmund questioned me about the probable rites that had been observed and I referred him, as a literary man, to Homer's account of the burial of Patroclus which may have taken place at about the same period.

While the men were digging I found other barrows adjacent to the big one, and dug a trench through the ditch of one—a disc barrow—with my own hands, chiefly after work was done

<sup>1</sup> A full account is published in the *Proceedings of the Hampshire Field Club*, Vol. ix, part 2, pp. 189-209.

during the evenings. It was pleasant work and taught me much about stratification. I learnt then to recognize the nature of the filling caused by ploughing, which is, of course, the same whether the ploughing is modern or prehistoric.

Several visitors came to see the excavations, amongst them Sir Charles and Lady Close, who had tea with me. I was able to give them a dish of wild strawberries picked on the down; though very small and rather tedious to pick, their flavour was delicious. Other visitors were apt to interrupt the work, and sometimes outstayed their welcome. One party were so delighted with the surroundings that I thought they would never go; at last I had to announce that I was going to have a bath and proceeded to make the necessary preparations; then at last they left.

Amongst my belongings in the tent were the four volumes of Pitt-Rivers' Excavations. I tested his method of locating ditches by hammering with a pick (bosing), and next year with Hooley mapped a whole Iron Age village on Worthy Down by this method.<sup>1</sup>

As before in Wales my normal dress consisted of shorts. They were still regarded as improper for anyone over sixteen, and on one occasion when the local rector had carried me off to tea at the rectory, the local countess called, and during tea said: 'Tell me, Mr Crawford, why do you wear such funny clothes?' I do not, of course, normally pay afternoon calls in shorts, but I was not paying such a call then, having been snatched away from a camp. I was so taken aback by the rudeness of the question that I could not reply.

When the Roundwood barrows had been disposed of I packed up and went to the Isle of Wight, pitching my tent on a narrow ridge of greensand at Rancombe, between the central chalk down and the desolate but beautiful south-west coast. The barrow stood in a hedge and had been partly ploughed away on both sides; it was also infested by rabbits. No proper excavation was possible, but I contoured it and then dug it over. Some Middle Bronze Age urns turned up. The digging was done by a one-legged ex-serviceman.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *Archaeology in the Field*, pp. 134-5.

<sup>2</sup> See *Proceedings of the Hampshire Field Club*, Vol. ix, pp. 210-13.

## Starting Work at the Ordnance Survey

1920 - 1922

Arrival at the Ordnance Survey : RE jealousy : an attempt to oust me frustrated : my first field-work : first contact with Bellows : Period Maps : Map of Roman Britain : its immediate success : Withycombe and Jack.

**I**N October, 1920, I went to Southampton to begin what was to be my work for the next two decades. Sir Charles Close's nephew was in charge of the remains of the military camp on the Common, and I lodged in a wooden hut there for some weeks till I could obtain more permanent quarters. That I did during the winter, in the 'Cowherds' close by; but not long afterwards on returning from a week-end somewhere I found that the landlord had committed suicide and his widow naturally did not feel able to look after a lodger at such a distressing time, so I went to look for rooms elsewhere. While waiting at Southampton in 1912 for the *Mana* to sail, I had visited Nursling and consulted the tithe-map at the rectory. It was a pleasant place, and remembering it I went to the post office and asked if there were any rooms to let in the village. It was then kept by the Miss Wares, who advised me to go to Hope Villa and ask Miss Russell. I did so and was taken in, and have remained there ever since, first as a lodger and then as tenant. The house was an Early Victorian villa built about 1840, with a large garden at the back, most of which I made when I became tenant in 1935.

My arrival at the Ordnance Survey was (to put it mildly) not greeted with any enthusiasm, though personal relationships were maintained on a perfectly proper, if not very cordial, footing. The Ordnance Survey is a department of the Civil Service and it had until then been officered exclusively by Royal Engineers. Sir Charles Close had just made a breach in a tradition of more than a century by appointing a civilian

as Research Officer (to do work of a mathematical and physical kind); and my appointment following so soon afterwards was regarded with some hostility. It was said that by making it he had 'let down the Corps'. That attitude has long since been given up, but it bedevilled the whole of my term of office. Looking back on those sometimes stormy years from a quiet and comfortable haven, I can see that the fault was not by any means always on one side only. The real root of the trouble lay in the facts that not only was I a civilian when all but two of the others were soldiers, but that archaeology was a minor and relatively unimportant branch of the work of the Ordnance Survey. Thus I had to contend both with the official hostility which my advent aroused and with the normal difficulties of building up a new organization. For many years I did make some progress, though it was uphill work all the time and the difficulties increased rather than diminished.

At the outset I had nothing but an empty room and a table. There was not even a chair, and I had to steal one from the library opposite. I was responsible to the Executive Officer, the second-in-command of the office, but I was also allowed direct access to the Director-General. The EO then was Colonel Whitlock, a former pugilist; being both rather pugnacious we got on fairly well together. After an early row, when I had gone out of his room in a temper, he told me he rather liked me, but—! From that time onwards we at any rate understood each other. The officer in charge of printing (OP) was Colonel (Bummy) Johnston. Although we had no direct official dealings with each other, he was, after EO, much the most important officer in the establishment. He belonged to a species that is now less common—the soldier who should have been a politician. He was able to browbeat the Director-General up to a point, for the DG disliked rows and nothing short of a row could deflect Bummy Johnston. It was he who persuaded Sir Charles to agree to the removal of parish boundaries from the fourth ('Popular') edition of the one-inch map, an expensive and wholly unnecessary piece of vandalism that had to be laboriously made good in the next edition.

Very soon after I was installed, Colonel Whitlock put on the

screw. He told me that all the official letters I wrote were to be submitted to him for his signature; I was not allowed to sign them myself. I protested vigorously, and as a result a compromise was reached whereby I was allowed to sign them, but had to submit them all to him for his approval before they were posted. This was done for a time, but eventually it was given up. He also told me that I must not hope ever to obtain any clerical or other assistance.

It was, I suppose, natural that the REs should resent the invasion by civilians of a sphere in which for over a century they had had a monopoly, but it was both unjust and unreasonable. Though now a civilian I had had over four years of active service in the army, for a third of the time in an RE unit and for the rest of it in direct contact with the enemy. That should have obliterated the distinction between amateurs and professionals. It was unreasonable because I was fully qualified for my duties, which could not possibly have been adequately carried out by any RE officer then serving. I wish, however, in making these criticisms, to state that they relate to the past and are now of historical interest only; there has been a very marked improvement recently and the old attitude of hostility is no longer maintained.

I had taken up my appointment gladly because it offered me an opportunity of doing the work I liked best in return for a bare subsistence salary. While waiting to do so I had been consulted about my willingness to apply for a post at more than twice that salary, with a strong hint that, if I did so, I might get it. I told Sir Charles Close and he advised me, rather reluctantly, to take it; but on reflection I decided not to, and have never regretted my decision. Twice subsequently I had the chance of academic posts at higher salaries which could have been mine for the asking, but I declined them because I felt that I could do better work where I was and because I did not like to leave in mid-course. I knew that at the Ordnance Survey I had no chance whatever of promotion, and that my only hope of getting a decent salary lay in raising the status of the job, which I did. But I do not think many people would be willing to adopt a career in the Civil Service under that handicap; one can only act thus when one has

unbounded self-confidence and enthusiasm for one's work. That attitude is not always the best road to success in the Civil Service; I remember a friendly hint that Winterbotham gave me when he came to the Ordnance Survey a little later on. He reminded me that the war was over and that life would be easier for me if I took things quietly. The hint was ignored.

I have stated these facts because it is easy, in the light of later developments, to forget what a gamble it all was. Archaeology is now firmly established as a profession, both within the Ordnance Survey and outside it; but thirty years ago things were very different. Indeed, my gamble very nearly failed. In 1922, soon after Brigadier Jack had succeeded Sir Charles Close as Director-General, the Ministry of Agriculture proposed to make my appointment a half-time job, at half the salary. Even in those days one could not live on one hundred and twenty-five pounds a year, so he suggested quite seriously that I should earn the rest by taking up a teacher's job in the town. I refused to consider this proposal, and consulted Sir Hercules Read, who was then Keeper of the Department of British and Medieval Antiquities in the British Museum. He was most kind and sympathetic and promised to ask Fisher, then Minister of Education in Lloyd George's government, to intercede on my behalf. He saw Fisher at the Athenaeum, and Fisher wrote a minute (which I read later) to the Minister of Agriculture, asking him to reconsider his decision. He did so and my job was saved by his own and Read's intervention, but only by the narrowest of margins, for Fisher ceased to be a Cabinet minister when the Government fell a few days later, in October. I had known Jack during the war and we were always on friendly terms personally. Officially, however, he was less friendly, and I remember that on one occasion when I was asked to attend a meeting at the Royal Geographical Society to discuss place-names, he went out of his way to write that, although I had his leave to attend, I did not do so as a representative of the Ordnance Survey and that any remarks I might make represented my personal opinions only. No doubt the recipients of this information formed their own opinions on the subject of whether I or some RE subaltern was the better

authority on place-names, but at the time I resented this insult very strongly. Place-names were my speciality, and I had by then learnt enough about Ordnance Survey custom to be fully qualified to represent its views; nor did I disagree with them. They were based on common-sense, and though the spellings of some names on the maps suffered from the ignorance of the officers responsible for their collection and insertion, that could easily have been remedied without any drastic measures. But I was never allowed to have any say in such matters. The principle of following local custom is a thoroughly sound one, but it needs watching; the ignorance of local squires, parsons, teachers, and (in the past) Poor Law officials has contributed many stupid misspellings of common elements in place-names which officers of the Ordnance Survey could easily have put right without doing violence to custom.

Actually the Ordnance maps have not seldom suffered from the very thing which the principle was designed to counter—the foisting on the map of fanciful spellings. For instance, a place in Monmouthshire called Clapyate, the equivalent of the common name Clapgate in the rest of England, was spelt Clap-y-ate because the local parson vouched for it, alleging some absurd derivation he had invented out of his own head. The place-names of the whole of Wales have been shockingly maltreated because, when the maps were first being made, the Survey employed an ignorant impostor and paid him well for his misleading advice. I have seen the evidence in the Name-books; further details will be found in the evidence given by Gregorian Evans before an inquiry held, I think, in the 'nineties.

At the risk of becoming tedious I would again emphasize that, throughout my twenty years at the Ordnance Survey, the friction was official and not personal, so far as the authorities were concerned. In so far as it was, at times, personal, I must accept a large part of the responsibility, pleading in mitigation my enthusiasm and my identification of myself with my work. Looking back I can see what excellent fellows my colleagues were and how well we should have got on together if we had had more in common. But to them the world to which I belonged was unknown; they belonged to the world of action,

and the world of learning was one with which they had no contact. It consisted in their view of a few isolated eccentrics and cranks for whom and for whose work they felt a politely-veiled contempt. The idea that archaeology could be so important as to have an Archaeology Officer to look after it was difficult to accept; and it was usual, when introducing me, to describe me as 'our archaeological expert'. That attitude is now happily extinct at the Ordnance Survey. It says much for English adaptability that in spite of it I neither resigned nor was sacked.

One of the first things I did after taking up my appointment was to establish the precedent for doing field-work. When I asked the Director-General for permission to do this he was rather taken aback, but he was intelligent enough to realize, when I explained it to him, that one could not correct, much less amplify, the archaeological information on the maps without going out into the field to see the things themselves. The system of revision was then quite different from what it later became; revision of the large-scale maps was carried out by counties and when I joined, Gloucestershire was already half finished. My first field-work was carried out in that county during the last three months of 1920. The area included the Cotswolds, about whose stone-chambered Long Barrows I had read in the works of Rice-Holmes and Thurnam. They were amongst the most famous of our prehistoric monuments, and it was a very great surprise to me to find that some of them were not even marked upon the map. That was as much to the discredit of archaeologists as of the Ordnance Survey; one would have expected some learned society to have noticed the defect and done something to remedy it. The discovery brought home to me very sharply a fact that I had hitherto been only vaguely aware of, namely, that the prehistory of Britain was nobody's child, and it confirmed my resolution to adopt it. After justifying my adoption by dint of several years of field-work I came to have, for many of the societies, feelings not unlike those of the REs, but with a subtle distinction. It was their incompetence and neglect, not their interests, that irritated me. Why, for instance, had the Society of Antiquaries of London, which claimed to be the leading society devoted to

archaeology, done nothing in all its years of existence to put these Long Barrows on the map? Had any of its fellows even discovered their absence from it? There is no evidence that they had. The only action that had been taken was due to Peake's initiative. He had got Section H of the British Association to appoint a committee for compiling a card-index of megalithic monuments. I was on it and had attended one of their meetings. There was a great deal of talk about classification and types to which I listened with some impatience, for it was obvious that, with the exception of A. L. Lewis, who said little, none of those present knew much about megalithic monuments. When the confusion was at its height, I interjected a few remarks, suggesting that classification was the last, not the first, thing to undertake in work of this kind, and that we could not classify our facts until we had collected them. The chief difficulty was to distinguish the large cists of the south-west from 'dolmens', which were, of course, put in a group by themselves irrespective of the mound or cairn of which they formed a part. I was then a very junior member of the committee and my remarks were brushed aside. When I started work on the Long Barrows of the Cotswolds I decided to use the cards the committee had adopted, and which under Peake's guidance had certain useful headings relating to position. At the end of my field-work there I had accumulated a large mass of factual information, which I showed Sir Charles Close, and I suggested the Ordnance Survey should publish. That, however, he could not do, although we had a printing press, because we were forbidden by the Stationery Office to publish books, which was their jealously guarded monopoly, and still is. The Ordnance Survey was, however, allowed to publish Professional Papers, and as the Stationery Office would certainly not itself have consented to publish my work as a book, it was decided to print the essential facts and a distribution-map (scale, 1:250,000) as a Professional Paper. This was done, and it duly appeared as No. 6 in the series. I then conceived the idea of covering the whole country in this way, and in due course three more appeared—South-east England by myself, South Wales by Mr W. F. Grimes (who later succeeded me) and a sheet covering Lincolnshire and the

Pennines by Mr C. W. Phillips (who succeeded him). Most unfortunately the card-index was destroyed in the blitz of 1940, but much (though not all) of the information in it was recorded in the margins of six-inch maps used in the field during the survey.

I still wanted to publish the results of my field-work as a book, for after doing the Cotswold Long Barrows I had found a wholly unsuspected group of them in the Black Mountains of Wales. I first spotted them from the symbols used on the six-inch maps, just as later I found the first in Lincolnshire, surveyed and increased in number by Phillips. I did the field-work in the Black Mountains during the exceptionally dry summer of 1921. Not long afterwards I went to give a lecture at Cheltenham where I met Max and William Bellows. Max was then the head of the printing firm of John Bellows of Gloucester, a family business founded by their father John. Max was shortly about to resign and hand over to his brother, who was interested in my book and eventually published it—at a considerable loss, I am sorry to say. Thus began my connection with the firm which still prints *Antiquity* and in 1951 published my *History of the Fung Kingdom of Sennar*.

It was thus more or less accidentally that I took up the study of megalithic monuments. But though it was chance that set my particular course at the start, I knew quite well where I was going. Long before, at the School of Geography, I had decided that I would literally put prehistory on the map, and show what valuable results could be obtained from the study of distributions. The Ordnance Survey was the place to do this, for it had all the necessary apparatus. When I got there I realized that I had at my disposal, if I could use it, a most powerful engine of research. It would not be easy to handle, nor did I ever forget that archaeology could never be more than a minor branch of its activities; but I hoped that with time—and I had a lifetime for it—and discretion I could produce results. My hope was not wholly fulfilled, but some of my dreams did come true. With just a little more backing from the various Director-Generals and their staffs I could have accomplished far more. The staff, of course, took their cue from their superiors, and when these appeared to be apathetic work for

the Archaeological Branch suffered, and we remained at the end of the queue. It is never easy to get a move on in the Civil Service, and at times it was like trying to swim in a lake of glue.

Before I arrived Sir Charles Close had been talking and corresponding with Sir Charles Oman at Oxford about producing an Historical Map of England. Their intentions were excellent, but neither of them had really thought the idea out in relation to first principles. Sir Charles told someone in the office to draw a map of the Oxford district on a scale of 1:1,000,000 and plot on it all the ancient sites of all periods that were already marked on the Ordnance maps. The result was an appalling amalgam of history and prehistory which contained also many errors of a historical and archaeological kind. When he showed it to me, my heart sank and I could see that I had a difficult task ahead, for it was his child and would have to be treated as such. I realized, however, that it gave me just the opening I needed, and this terrible monster was, in fact, the misshapen ancestor from which ultimately the Period Maps evolved. I had already dimly envisaged such a series, of which one of Roman Britain was to be the first, because it was the easiest to compile. The base-map for such a series would be one on the scale of 1:1,000,000 showing physical features only, but no such map then existed. The first thing to do, therefore, was to get rid of *all* those historical and archaeological sites on the sample map. To save Sir Charles's feelings I had to do this bit by bit; like the Sibyl with her books I went to the Director-General from time to time until he agreed to the progressive omission of all the sites. The decks thus cleared, I proposed that, instead of any historical map, we should produce a physical base-map upon which maps of one period only could be printed. Reluctantly he agreed, but I could see that he was disappointed, for he was near the end of his term of office, and he realized that this was going to be a long business.

The principle of 'one map, one period' is so obviously logical that one wonders how anyone can ever have failed to grasp it. But although it has been firmly established by Period Maps, first in this country and then elsewhere, Oxford has not

yet grasped it. The Concise Oxford Atlas recently published<sup>1</sup> contains an 'historical map' which even surpasses that earlier sample product I have mentioned. This is not the place for a detailed criticism; it is sufficient to say that it covers about four thousand years and shows roads, such as the Icknield Way, not as roads at all but as *sites*, by a spot on the map!

The Physical Map duly appeared and I could then proceed to compile a model for a map of Roman Britain to be overprinted on it. This I did on a scale of 1:250,000, using the twelve printed sheets of the quarter-inch map. It was not a long business, for I decided to show nothing but roads and the places named in the documentary sources. Then I submitted the model to the Director-General, then Brigadier Jack, with the suggestion that it should be printed and issued as an Ordnance map. His reply took the form of a minute reprimanding me for having compiled the model during official working hours without previously obtaining his sanction. But he went on to say that, as the work had been done, it seemed a pity to waste it and that it could be drawn and published, but that I was not to do such a thing again without previously obtaining permission. I was a little surprised but very much gratified: the reprimand did not worry me at all. I had learnt from Winterbotham to laugh such things off, and that, if you wanted results, you must act first and get approval afterwards. It had seemed only too likely that, if I merely submitted a proposal for a map of Roman Britain, it would be turned down more or less automatically, and my expectation had been confirmed by Brigadier Jack's minute. He had fallen neatly into the trap laid and I was quite content.

There were then no draughtsmen in the Archaeological Branch, which consisted of myself only. The drawing was done in the Small Scale Department, which was controlled by my friend J. G. Withycombe. Apart from H. L. P. Jolly, the Research Officer, he was the only other civilian officer; that alone would have drawn us together, but there were other reasons, and we formed a friendship which lasted to his early death in 1933. Throughout those years we met daily, and I

<sup>1</sup> *The Concise Oxford Atlas*, ed. by D. P. Bickmore, and K. F. Cook (1952).

owe more than I can ever say to his help, sympathy, and encouragement. For many years he was the backbone of the Ordnance Survey, and it was he who was responsible for the recasting and redrawing of the one-inch map (5th edition), one of the finest maps ever produced. He was by profession an artist, and had been in Malaya when the first war broke out, doing private work as a surveyor. He joined the REs, having a good knowledge of surveying, and reached the rank of captain. That gave him perhaps a rather stronger position as a civilian in the Ordnance Survey than he would have had otherwise, and at the special request of the Director-General he retained there the style of 'captain'. As an artist he was particularly interested in lettering. The Royal Geographical Society was then giving much attention to this matter, with the object of speeding up the drawing of its own maps. Hinks, the Secretary, had many talks about it with Withycombe.

When the map of Roman Britain had to be drawn, we decided to use the lettering of Hadrian's column in Rome, which has never been surpassed. As a model I had the much smaller map of Roman Britain, published by John Murray and edited by Grundy, where similar lettering was used. Though very much out of date and with several inaccuracies, particularly of the roads, it was a very pleasing map to look at, and it was, in fact, this map, which I had had at school, which inspired me to produce mine.

When our Map of Roman Britain appeared, during the first week of August, 1924, for the price of four shillings, it was an immediate success; within a few days the whole edition of a thousand copies was sold out. This was partly due to Withycombe. Two days before it was published a reporter had come over from Cowes to interview the Ordnance Survey (at the request of the *Daily Mail*) about coast-erosion. He came to see me and I sent him in to Withycombe, who filled him up instead with facts about the Map of Roman Britain. On August 8th, the *Daily Mail* had forty-two lines about what it called 'one of the most wonderful maps ever produced', which was the outcome of 'years of research' by the Ordnance Survey. This was, of course, a gross exaggeration; the model had been compiled in a few days only, and we were later to

produce far more 'wonderful' maps. It may also be doubted whether the maps fulfilled the *Daily Mail's* prophecy of 'opening up a new era in motor touring', but the publicity thus given was invaluable. It was followed by leading articles in the *Daily Telegraph* and *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, and by notices in many other publications. Lastly, Hilaire Belloc weighed in with an article in the *New Statesman* (November 22nd) exclusively devoted to it.

Jack took this unexpected triumph in very good part. He had a nice sense of humour and must have appreciated the joke against himself. The map was reprinted and continued to sell well. In 1928 a second edition was prepared showing much more—villas, villages, kilns and so forth—and an attempt was made to restore the environment of forest and marshland. The total sales eventually reached twenty thousand copies but that figure must by now have been far exceeded.

## Field-work at Home and Travel Abroad

1922 - 1925

My work as Archaeology Officer : revision : photography of old cadastral plans : first use of air-photography for archaeology : formation of a collection of air-photographs : my RGS lecture : *Wessex from the Air* ; why I wrote no more books for 20 years : my first field-work in Scotland : a short Italian holiday.

THE primary purpose of my appointment was to reduce to order the chaotic mixture of antiquarianism and speculation that disfigured the Ordnance maps, and to bring it into conformity with existing knowledge. The record of exact positions recorded on the spot was invaluable, but it needed correction and completion. Some of our work could be done in the office; it was easy to remove such blemishes as 'druidical altars' and the places named in 'Richard of Cirencester's' forgery without leaving my room, but others necessitated field-work. Nevertheless, there already existed a solid basis of facts upon which could be constructed a series of Period Maps, and I made their construction one of my chief objectives. The first of these maps would necessarily be imperfect, but they would improve with each new edition. I have already mentioned the survey of megalithic monuments whose inception was fortuitous. Another of what became one of my objectives was the photographing of large scale (cadastral) manuscript plans of private estates. England is peculiarly rich in them, and they are of the utmost value for historical topography. They are nearly all in private hands and therefore subject to all the risks of destruction and decay which that entails. The chief repositories are the estate offices of big country landowners, and now that these are in decay, the offices of lawyers. Sir Charles Close had already begun work on them before I arrived, or at the moment of my arrival, by

having an old map of Weyhill, Hants, photographed.<sup>1</sup> I eagerly seized on it and made it a precedent for carrying on such work as a matter of regular routine. The Ordnance Survey had special facilities for doing the job, which requires negatives to be made of a size that no private photographers can make. The originals are always large and unwieldy, and enlargements from even whole-plate negatives distort the scale and lose their definition. The earliest of these maps, apart from a very few medieval examples, date from the latter part of the sixteenth century; they became commoner during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Their value lies in the record they preserve of a vanished agricultural system, which was often little changed from that prevailing during medieval times. They also preserve, and what is even more important, locate exactly, place-names and field-names which are now lost but which enable those in earlier documents, such as medieval manorial surveys and forest perambulations and Saxon boundaries, to be identified. Whenever in the course of my travels I came across these maps, I borrowed them and transported them personally to the Ordnance Survey, where they were photographed. The prints were mounted and kept in large portfolios, and a catalogue was printed. Most unfortunately all except two of these portfolios were destroyed in the blitz, and the negatives, which had been sent to the former public library building in London-road, were also destroyed. Not everything, however, was lost; fully aware of the risks of loss and destruction when only a single copy of a manuscript exists, I had persuaded Lynam, Keeper of Maps in the British Museum, to accept a print of each in exchange for some of their own publications which we needed. Those prints still exist and may, of course, be seen there by persons interested. A print was also given to the owner of the map, and many of these no doubt still survive somewhere.

The purpose of this photograph collection was to provide students, and particularly historical students, with an easily accessible body of sources for the study of problems of topography. It assumed in anticipation that the study of

<sup>1</sup> This was subsequently published in facsimile in the *Proceedings of the Hampshire Field Club*, Vol. ix, part 2.

history would eventually become more conscious than it then was of the importance of topography. That assumption was probably correct, but it has not yet been realized. There are signs of an awakening, but there is still but little appreciation of the vast field that lies untilled. The huge mass of topographical documents in the Public Record Office is still unpublished, and until some of it is topographical work must remain severely handicapped.

Air-photography was another thing that came to occupy much of my time. I had never lost sight of the possibilities of air-photography when applied to archaeology, and had already made one or two unsuccessful efforts to use it or persuade others to do so. Though later I showed the way, I was not myself the first in the field. The initial move came from Air-Commodore (now Air Vice-Marshal) Clark-Hall and Dr Williams-Freeman. It was at once obvious that a powerful new technique of discovery had become available, and I decided to exploit it and make the Ordnance Survey a centre for doing so. I decided to use the facilities of a government department to create a monopoly and to keep the control out of the hands of learned societies and committees, while at the same time building up a collection of raw materials for their use. Since all the existing photographs were taken by the Royal Air Force and were government property, that was not difficult, and it was in fact the only policy that had any chance of success. I think I may claim that it was justified by the results.

[ The new technique was described in a lecture which I gave at an evening meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on March 12th, 1922. I used for this the batch of air-photographs of part of Hampshire lying mostly between Winchester and Stockbridge and showing Celtic fields, together with one or two taken in Wiltshire. They not only illustrated the new technique but also revealed for the first time the true nature of the archaic prehistoric field-system which, surviving through Romano-British times, was ultimately superseded by the Anglo-Saxon system. The lecture was a great success and had important results. Regarded merely from a personal angle it established my reputation as an archaeologist in the eyes of the

world, if not yet in those of the Ordnance Survey authorities. There was an excellent audience, a good lecture hall, and efficient stage-management. It was partly because of these advantages, and partly for other reasons, that I chose to offer the results of my work to this society rather than to the Society of Antiquaries, which had always appeared to be rather bored by prehistory.

The rest of the world was by no means bored. The Sunday press and some of the other newspapers took it up, and I contributed articles on the new technique and its revelations to the Sunday *Observer* and other publications. I had got in touch with Squadron-Leader Garrod (as he then was) at Old Sarum, and thanks to his co-operation many more air-photographs of ancient sites were taken. Best of all, my *Observer* article was read by Alexander Keiller, who wrote to me and suggested financing a special expedition to take archaeological air-photographs of Wessex from a hired aeroplane. That was to culminate in our joint publication of *Wessex from the Air* in 1928.

Meanwhile I went on with my field-work, doing a bit in Scotland in the autumn of 1924, chiefly to visit certain Roman sites whose nature was doubtful and which had to be correctly shown on the revised sheets of the one-inch maps. I visited Burnswark and some Roman roads and sites, which I established as such, near Crawford. That was the first work done in a new field, where later I did a great deal more.

In the winter (1924-5) I went on a holiday to the Balearic Islands with my friend Hemp, an ideal holiday companion, who enjoyed as much as I did the combination of sunshine and good food with just enough archaeology to keep us from getting bored. I met Hemp at Paris on December 19th and we proceeded thence by Avignon, Narbonne and Port Bou to Barcelona and Majorca, arriving at the port of Palma on Christmas morning. That was intentional, for Hemp had had previous experience of the dinner at the hotel and we did not want to miss it. It began at 1 p.m. and at 4 it had begun to fade away and so had we. The food was abundant and very good, and so were the wines. We were due for a formal Spanish tea-party with the Ysasis soon after 4, and found it

necessary to take a brisk walk on the sea front before we could face it. To our horror we were offered not tea but liqueurs!

We went on to Pollensa, staying in a most attractive but very austere little pub on the quay. It was rather dreary in the evenings; there were no comfortable chairs and we had to make a fire for ourselves out of driftwood, for the evenings were very cold. Spanish women cannot adapt themselves easily to seasonal changes; dinner at 8 or 9 in the evening may be pleasant in hot weather, when it is getting cool, especially if you have slept all through the heat of the day, but it is definitely absurd in the winter. We could only sit and shiver from sunset at 5 to whatever hour the meal was served. But it was always a good meal—often *arroz* with tasty slices of cuttlefish mixed in the rice.

During the day we made plans of the Bronze Age burial-caves in a limestone ridge not far off. It was pleasant and interesting work and very necessary, for the caves are apt to be destroyed by quarriers. We found many features of great interest, and Hemp followed the work up by more plans in later seasons. The results are published in *Archaeologia* and the *Proceedings* of the Prehistoric Society.

Our work was, of course, by no means the first foray conducted by northern archaeologists in Mediterranean regions, nor would either of us claim that it was as important as that of many others. It is a fact of archaeological history that some of the most outstanding work in those regions has been done by archaeologists from the north; one need only mention Schliemann, Dörpfeld and Evans and their successors in the Aegean, Ashby, Peat, MacIver, Ward Perkins and Richmond in Italy, and Siret, Schulten and Leisner in Spain and Portugal. There may be occasional exceptions but in the past the plans of prehistoric monuments made by French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese archaeologists have fallen far short of the required standard. Many of them, such as those of Cartailhac, are the merest diagrams, lacking detail, inaccurate, and far too small. Our contribution was to make careful, accurate, large-scale plans of some of the Bronze Age burial-caves and cairns of Majorca. Such plans are essential if comparisons are to be made with similar monuments elsewhere,

and they have since been used for that purpose; see, for instance, those reproduced by Childe, *Dawn of European Civilization* (1950) fig. 105. There is an immense field for those who like work of this kind; and it is work that yields a very good return for the time and labour expended.

Then we went to Iviza, the next island on the west, then rarely visited by tourists. Of it I remember only two things—a heavenly dish of baked almonds, and Doran Webb, who surprised me by saying that he had contributed some chapters to Sir Richard Colt-Hoare's *Modern Wilts*. Sir Richard died in 1832, and I never solved the mystery.

I returned home alone in a pleasantly leisurely fashion, by Cette, Montpellier, and Arles. From the last place I visited the fantastic 'dead city' of Les Baux and the rock-cut passage-grave called Grotte des Fées, which Hemp visited later. Nothing worthy of being called a plan of it existed and he made one, discovering an important feature that had passed unnoticed. I reached Southampton on January 23rd, 1925.

My chief preoccupation now was the writing of *Wessex from the Air*. The book took the form of fifty plates, each one an air-photograph of an ancient site which had first to be visited and walked over on the ground. I had a matte print made of each, which I annotated in the field; from this I drew an explanatory diagram, of which a fair copy had to be drawn by a draughtsman. This was done by Mr Ayling, under my supervision and in his spare time, at an agreed rate of payment. He was one of Withycombe's best draughtsmen, employed on small-scale work, and he did the job very well. I had permission from Jack, the Director-General, to do the field-work and write the descriptive text during office hours; the field-work was, of course, of direct use for correcting and completing the Ordnance Maps. I appreciated the concession, but I could not help feeling that neither he nor anyone else in the office really cared how I spent my time, provided I kept quiet and didn't worry them with new ideas. I began work on *Wessex from the Air* about the middle of 1924, and did the field-work at intervals whenever I could fit it in. The finished manuscript was sent to Oxford on September 22nd, 1926, and the book

was published in 1928. It is generally regarded as my best achievement, and it certainly was quite a good effort, and a pioneer one. But it had the defects of immaturity. Some of the sites were of very small archaeological importance, hardly deserving a place in such a book. We were unfortunate in having to take the photographs during an exceptionally wet summer; in fact, we made a false start and after three days of continuous rain in May decided to break off and wait for the weather to improve. Most of our new discoveries were quite minor ones. Compared with the results obtained later by Insall, George Allen and St Joseph in Britain, and by Poidebard, Baradez and Schmidt in Syria, North Africa and Persia, ours were very small beer; but they pointed the way. It was the work done in Britain in the air, on the ground and in publications that laid the foundations of the new technique between 1922 and 1927; from then onwards it was the publication of startling new discoveries in *Antiquity* that did most, in this country, to build up and establish it. We were the first in the field and have kept our lead; for although outstanding work was done abroad (as mentioned above) it came later, and crop-sites, our chief asset in Britain, were almost unrepresented. It was not till 1945 that John Bradford found and photographed crop-sites in Italy that equalled and occasionally surpassed the British ones.

For twenty years after *Wessex in the Air* appeared I wrote no books. That was not due to laziness but was a policy deliberately adopted. My job at the Ordnance Survey was to produce maps, not books, and to provide a sort of running commentary on current work in the form of articles and notes in *Antiquity*. It would have been easy during the early twenties to rush into print with a popular little book on British pre-history, and I was, in fact, urged to do so by John Johnson, of the Oxford University Press, but I resisted the temptation. How glad I am that I had the fortitude to do so! I was fully aware of the huge gaps in our knowledge—gaps that had been revealed but still not filled by Windmill Hill and All Cannings Cross. What did we know then about the Mesolithic and Neolithic periods, the Iron Age and the hill-forts? What sort of a mess should I have made on paper describing the Wessex

Culture? I had before me the example of Haverfield, who refused to write anything but a preliminary report, as it were, on Roman Britain, the subject of his life's work, because he knew that the time was not ripe for it and would not be until the preparatory work of clearing the ground had advanced further. Much of that work he did himself, and in due course his pupils wrote the books. Any book I had then written would now be as out of date as Speed's map of England was when the first Ordnance Map appeared, but unlike Speed I should have to live with it and live it down, if possible!

The year 1925 marked the beginning of several new friendships. My diary records that on March 25th I had tea with Flinders Petrie, whom later I got to know better and who taught and inspired me. On May 16th I dined at New College with Nowell Myres, now Bodley's Librarian, Christopher Hawkes, now Professor of European Archaeology at Oxford, and C. G. Stevens, all Wykehamists. They had all begun their archaeology while at school, helped and encouraged by Dr Williams-Freeman, and I was consulted about the prospects of taking up archaeology as a career. There were then very few worthwhile jobs to be had and the prospects were uninviting; the Department of British and Medieval Antiquities at the British Museum offered the best opportunity and I advised trying for it. Hawkes did and began his career there. Early in the Michaelmas term I was in Oxford again, and had meals with Humphrey Sumner at Balliol, Owen at Keble, R. G. Collingwood, and Sayce at Queen's. All were, of course, most enjoyable occasions, and my meetings with Sayce became a regular feature. He was a well of knowledge and a great talker. I liked to egg him on to tell me about the early days of archaeology, but he spoke in a low voice and I missed much in the buzz of conversation going on around. When dining there the talk was good; Cowley was usually there and Walker, whose lectures I had attended when supposed to be doing Greats. Humphrey Sumner I had met at weekends at Cuckoo Hill with Heywood Sumner, his father. Those weekends were regularly observed events every six months or so. Heywood Sumner had devoted his time to surveys of the earthworks of

the New Forest and of Cranborne Chase, which he published, illustrating them himself. They were books that I found most useful for my work at the Ordnance Survey. He was a countryman of a type that is now practically extinct—which reminds one of Goldsmith's lines about a 'bold peasantry'. Full of wise saws and of country lore, he taught me much, sometimes restraining my impetuosity, which tended at times to break bounds.

It was in this year, too, that I met Gordon Childe, thus beginning a friendship that still continues. Childe belongs, in this context, with others of the heroic age already mentioned, because, though we belong to the same generation, I had been influenced more by his writings than by those of any other person. That is a benefit shared with a great many others. Some day it will be realized how profound his influence has been upon us all; he has taught us that, however true it may be that man cannot live by bread alone, it is just as true that he cannot now live without it and that the rise of civilization was dependent upon *bread*. His realism has brought oriental studies down to earth from the clouds.

In July, 1925, I did some more field-work in Scotland in preparation for a revised edition of the Map of Roman Britain, inspecting the Gask signal-stations, Inchtuthil, and the Roman camps in Strathmore. In September I had another holiday in Italy. This time I achieved an ambition of my Ruskin period and saw Giotto's Tower at Florence, which I had been led to regard as one of the most beautiful buildings in the world; when I saw it I was not disillusioned. I was even more captivated by the bronze doors of Ghiberti in the Baptistery opposite. Thence I went on to Arrezzo, the home of 'Arrhetine', and Orvieto, and thence to the British School at Rome. The return journey was by Verona, Baveno, and Lausanne, where I called on my uncle, Douglas Mackenzie, my mother's brother. I arrived back in Southampton on October 14th.

The Foundation of  
ANTIQUITY  
1926-1928

The idea conceived in 1925 : Bellows and Austin : publicity and aims : Glozel provides good copy for the second number : scheme for an Institute of Archaeology in London : my first broadcast : a test-excavation with Collingwood : an Algerian holiday : Woolley and Ur : a brush with the London Antiquaries : the Roman Empire Map : air-photography in the East.

AT the end of 1925 I conceived the idea of starting a quarterly journal which would serve as the organ of the very live and active group of archaeologists then working in England. We needed such a journal, and as appeared later the public wanted it too. The *Antiquaries Journal*, begun in 1921, smouldered on and contained some good stuff, but never broke out into flame; that would obviously have been a most improper thing for the organ of so ancient and respectable a society to do. But without flame there is no light, and there was an intelligent public anxious to be enlightened. Even if only .004 per cent of the population of Britain were willing to subscribe the cost of a good dinner once a year it could be done, and I determined to do it. I discussed the idea with some of my friends, who approved and encouraged me to go forward and put it into practice. Gradually it became clear that I should have to edit it myself; that should have been obvious from the start, but somehow it was not. I consulted Leonard Huxley, then editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and Sir John Squire, editor and founder of the *London Mercury*, both of whom had published articles of mine, and they gave me useful advice. I took up a firm stand and decided not to have a publisher, who would contribute little or nothing and merely consume the small profit which I hoped to make. Moreover, I wanted a completely free hand to say and publish whatever I liked, however indiscreet it might be, for occasional indiscretions

are inseparable from vitality. To carry out the idea I needed only a good printer and an assistant editor, both preferably residing in the same town. At Gloucester these conditions were fulfilled by the firm of John Bellows, printer, and Roland Austin, librarian, whose acquaintance I had made during my work on the Cotswold Long Barrows. Accordingly, I went to Gloucester on February 8th, 1926, calling first on William Bellows, manager of the firm, and inviting Roland Austin to have tea with me afterwards. Bellows was willing to print the journal. I asked Austin to accept the post of assistant editor for a fixed salary which, if he had agreed, we should have arranged there and then. He was unwilling, however, to do this, saying that he would prefer to wait and see how the journal fared. I weakly acquiesced, but it would have been far better if I had insisted on the more businesslike arrangement I had first proposed to him. In fact, he did receive a salary as assistant editor, and it was regularly recorded as such in the annual audited accounts right up to the time when he was forced to retire on account of ill-health. His share of the work consisted in sending proofs to authors and in arranging with Bellows the details in the makeup of each number. Mine consisted of obtaining the articles and notes, writing the Editorial Notes, sending out books for review—in fact, the chief editorial work. At first I managed the business side as well, with the help of a secretary, but after a few years I handed this over to Austin, at his request. The publicity work was also all mine, and still is, and it is upon that that the circulation of the journal has always depended. The work is now shared differently between me and my partner, who handles all the business side except publicity. Up to Austin's retirement the journal was my property; then I turned it into a private company, with Mr and Mrs H. W. Edwards as directors and myself as chairman, and this arrangement has worked very well.

The other facts about the early days of *Antiquity* are on record,<sup>1</sup> and its subsequent fortunes are best gathered from its own pages; this book is a history of its editor, not of the journal. There are two things, however, that I wish to say

<sup>1</sup>See, for example, my account in Vol. x, pp. 385-90.

something about because they are important and because I do not think their importance is fully realized.

The first concerns circulation. *Antiquity* has from the very beginning maintained its circulation, through a slump and a world war, wholly by its own efforts; and it has never been subsidized. Subscribers have been got by the simple method of asking them, in a leaflet, to subscribe, pointing out the benefits which will follow. Those benefits are concisely stated in a leaflet, whose phraseology is composed with great care. The leaflet is distributed in thousands by means of the post and by insertion in other journals. It contains a form which the intending subscriber—the 'prospect' as he is called—is asked to fill up and post back with his remittance—a year's subscription. The prospect is thus given *something to do at once* and it is made as easy as possible for him to do it. That, in this kind of business, is the only publicity that pays. You get the names and addresses of your prospects from lists of members of Societies, preferably archaeological but including some others as well, and you get thus into direct communication with your best potential customers. That is how all such businesses must be built up—and whether you are trying to run an archaeological journal or one concerned with literature or art or anything else, you are to that extent trying to run a business and must behave as a business man does. You need not degrade yourself by acting thus, and if you are inclined, as so many others are, to feel in your heart a certain contempt for your public, remember that in the last resort you and all your kind depend upon the public for your livelihood. They are producing the basic necessities without which you, who are merely producing luxuries, would starve. Try living on a desert island with a book of verse and no loaf of bread—or *Antiquity* without a jug of wine! Some societies concerned with pure learning might profitably adopt the same method of increasing their membership; some in fact have, but only very few.

The second point I wish to make is one that concerns the character of *Antiquity* itself. It is primarily an archaeological publication which deals also, though to a lesser extent, with history and anthropology, and occasionally with branches of science that are connected with archaeology, such as botany,

geology and physics. Archaeology is concerned with the development of the human race and of the various forms of civilization which it has evolved. That is a big and important subject and one that is likely to be of very general interest to a large number of people. It is also a comparatively new one, with few vested interests, and it has therefore to compete with those which are older and long-established. There was a time when a person who aspired to keep abreast of the best culture of the day could do it without any knowledge of the achievements of archaeology, for there were none. That is no longer so; we now know much about such matters of general interest as the early forms of man and the earliest tools he made, the origin of agriculture and of writing and art, the birth of law and primitive religion. We owe all this new knowledge entirely to the archaeological excavations of the last hundred years. Surely such matters are worthy to rank in importance with the sort of knowledge that hitherto has made up the content of culture—what an educated person is expected to know? In starting *Antiquity* one of my chief ambitions was to make it possible for educated people to acquire some smattering of this knowledge, or at least to become aware of its existence. I knew that, in order to achieve this aim, it was necessary to invest archaeology with some of the prestige of its existing competitors, and that could be done partly by making *Antiquity* look attractive; it should be able to take its place amongst literary and artistic periodicals well dressed in a nice cover, not in some shabby, ill-arranged one.

To some extent I think that this aim has been realized, though it is difficult for me to judge. Archaeology has undoubtedly gained greatly enhanced prestige during my own lifetime; but the competition of a rabble of 'literary' journalists, some of whose writings made little demand on the intellect, is severe. There is a vested interest in what, for some strange reason, is called 'creative writing', much of which has form without content and some of which has neither. The world must be told everything *ad nauseam* about the lives of 'literary' people, and when someone unearths a packet of letters it is reported as a great event. Meanwhile, outstanding discoveries pass almost unnoticed, even those which demon-

strate the origin of writing itself. Even when noticed their significance is not appreciated. The world of culture revealed by the literary columns of the weekly and Sunday papers, is like that of Gaul in the fifth century, sterile and dying; both readers and writers seem to be 'still fumbling at the ideas of centuries before', out of touch with all the really live and creative culture of the day. These remarks apply not only to archaeological knowledge but to many other branches of science. As a reader I should like to be told about the exciting new discoveries being made in geology, meteorology, astronomy and other subjects, but such things are excluded from the closed world of journalists. They should form part of [the background knowledge of all educated people, subjects of conversation when they meet; they are no more difficult to learn than much that is, and far less boring.

In the days before modern archaeology existed no one knew how mankind had advanced from savagery to civilization, though 'thinkers' from Lucretius to Rousseau had published ingenious speculations about the process. But speculation about matters of fact when no facts are known is idle and a futile waste of time; what we want to know is not what *might* have happened but what *did* happen—and that cannot be discovered by mere cerebration in a vacuum. Take, for instance, such an outstanding invention as that of writing. Thanks to excavations, we now know how and at what stage in oriental civilization it was made, and we can infer from the existing records why it was made. The earliest written documents are clay tablets on which were incised pictographic signs; they were invented for the practical purpose of keeping a tally of goods deposited in a temple store. These signs developed gradually into cuneiform writing, which was then used for setting down and making permanently available to others much that up till then had had to be memorized and transmitted orally. Though used for that purpose it was invented for another and quite different purpose—a practical and business-like one. It was, as it were, forced upon the inventors by urgent external necessity; yet the origin of writing is still regarded by many as a mystery! It is imagined, for instance, that at some unknown time and place a great genius might have in-

vented it in order to set down great thoughts and make them available for posterity. Nothing could be further from the truth; and the difference between what is imagined to have occurred and what in fact did occur is fundamental, because it exemplifies the way in which such inventions are actually made. The art of sculpture in the round, for instance, was not invented by some prehistoric Pheidias to satisfy an inner urge, but for a purely practical purpose, as it was thought, connected with ritual ceremonies. Books, poems and fine sculpture were the result of these inventions, not the incentive for making them.

The erroneous idea about the origin of writing which I have just mentioned is not hypothetical; it was suggested by an eminent judge in a recent public speech. On another occasion I had to listen to some remarks by a junior member of the present government which revealed an amazing ignorance of what modern archaeology is, and what it has accomplished. Both of these people are living in the past; their cultural background is that of an intelligent country gentleman of Stukeley's time. For them archaeology is a kind of eccentric curio-hunting, entirely unrelated to the development and spread of civilization; they are dimly aware of such things as the Minoan and Indus civilizations, but only as unassimilated gobbets of information pigeon-holed in their minds beside Tutankhamen's tomb and Maiden Castle. It needs creative imagination and knowledge to see these things in their correct proportions, to see why the work of the excavator of Cnossos is more significant than that of those who cleared out the Egyptian tomb, and that Maiden Castle is important not because of its huge dimensions but because it has been well excavated. To look at the past in this way is difficult for many people and impossible, it seems, for some; it is to make it easier for them that *Antiquity* exists. You cannot teach a point of view, as you teach, say, Greek or motor-driving; you can only hope that it will gradually be acquired. There is often much to be unlearnt first.

While *Antiquity* was being brought to birth, the world was being entertained by one of those diverting affairs that France occasionally provides. A farmer's son at Glozel near Vichy

claimed to have found clay tablets of neolithic, or even earlier, date inscribed with signs in an unknown script. If genuine this would have been a revolutionary discovery; if a forgery it would have been highly entertaining; in either case it would be admirable copy for a new journal like *Antiquity*, so I decided to go and see for myself. The victim was a Vichy doctor called Morlet, whose hobby was archaeology. I called upon him and was shown some of the finds, and at once became suspicious. Then I went to the site, which I was shown over by young Fradin. There had undoubtedly been some genuine ancient remains on it, apparently a medieval glass factory, but the alleged inscriptions and pottery were obvious fakes. Of those who had been duped, apart possibly from Morlet, none were dirt-archaeologists. Saloman Reinach was a classical scholar,<sup>1</sup> a man of book-learning only, Esperandieu too was a classical scholar, and Elliot Smith in this country was primarily an anatomist whose excursions into archaeology had not been altogether happy. I wrote articles for the *Sunday Observer* (October 31st) and *The Times*. The editor of the *Observer* altered my title from 'The Glozel Forgeries' to 'The Glozel Discoveries', thus losing the chance of being the first to denounce them as fakes. The editor of *The Times* spoilt one of my best points by altering my reference to Elliot Smith as 'the eminent anatomist' to 'the eminent anthropologist'. My point was that none of those deceived were in fact archaeologists at all in the correct sense, for none had the necessary field experience of excavation. Anthropology is not archaeology, but it is nearer to it than anatomy, which does not qualify one to judge of archaeological matters at all. But the world had not yet conceded to archaeologists the right of judgement in their own affairs. It had not yet realized that there even existed such a thing as the technique of excavation. It was this that eventually exploded the whole absurdity. The agent was Vayson de Pradenne, who was an engineer by profession and understood the business of closely examining soils. He found that specimens alleged to have been found in undisturbed soil beneath

<sup>1</sup>A friend of mine told me that when she asked Saloman Reinach if he knew about my work he replied: 'Wasn't that the man who saw something from a balloon?'

growing grass had in fact been inserted there through the side of a trench in which a small tunnel had been made. Much of the notoriety of the affair had been due to the publicity given to it by a French literary journal called *Mercur de France*, which maintained the genuineness of the find long after it had been conclusively disproved.

I had been busy preparing the publicity for *Antiquity* and had compiled a card-index of 20,000 names and addresses to which the leaflets were to be posted. This had used up most of the £100 capital I had borrowed from a friend. Then I went to the Balearic Islands again with Hemp. When I got back in the middle of January 1927, I found over six hundred post-cards returned from those who stated that they wished to subscribe, and they kept coming in, so that eventually we had more than 1,200. Success was now guaranteed.

In one of my talks with Squire he had told me that he had had a bet with a friend that he would persuade the authorities to remove the hangars of an aerodrome built during the war close to Stonehenge. Their erection was an act of vandalism that should never have been allowed, for they dwarfed the stones and ruined the setting. We discussed the matter and I got him to meet Keiller, who gave us a lunch at Jules's on July 21st. It was decided to form a committee and raise funds to buy the land round Stonehenge and present it to the nation. (Stonehenge itself already belonged to the nation, having been bought and presented to it by Sir Laurence Chubb.) We got in touch with the Ancient Monuments Department of the Office of Works, a fully representative committee was formed, and a nation-wide appeal issued. There was a luncheon at the Mansion House and I broadcast an appeal from Savoy Hill on August 8th. The sum required was, I think, £32,000, and we succeeded in raising it. The land was presented to the National Trust.

The year 1927 stands out as one of successful initiatives, amongst which the Stonehenge land-purchase appears in retrospect as of relatively less significance than two others. One was the foundation of *Antiquity*; the other was a school to establish in London a central institute for the study of British

archaeology. The original idea occurred independently to both of us, but the whole of the work of creating what eventually became the Institute of Archaeology in Regents Park was carried out by Tess and Mortimer Wheeler, who founded it. In 1926 Wheeler had resigned the Directorship of the National Museum of Wales to become the Keeper of the London Museum. On October 10th, 1927, we had lunch together, in order as my diary records, 'to discuss the School of British Archaeology.' The chief problem, as always, was money; this was eventually solved by Tess, who obtained most of it from a voluntary source; then the University of London gave the scheme its blessing, but at first little more than that. After seven years of struggle the Institute was founded in 1934, and Wheeler became its Honorary Director in 1934, a post which he held for ten years. The scope of the Institute was fortunately not confined to Britain but extended to cover the whole field of archaeology. It is now an important and securely established institution, filling a need and doing excellent work with the full support of London University; but its activities are not relevant to the subject of this book.

Institutes and museums are an essential feature in the training of archaeologists—as essential as laboratories in other branches of science. You cannot learn about the earlier stages of human history (that is, about prehistory) merely by reading books or going to lectures; some first-hand contact with the evidence in museums, and in the field also, of course, is necessary. That is so whether you intend to become a professional archaeologist or merely to acquire a general knowledge of the subject. You could not become a painter merely by reading books about the history of art, nor could you appreciate pictures if you never visited an art gallery. Museums and archaeological institutes are necessary whether you are training people to become archaeologists or teaching them the outlines of prehistory, and the one need implies the other, for without archaeologists there would be no prehistory and no books to read.

On the evening of the day that Wheeler and I discussed our scheme I broadcast an account of Glozel from Savoy Hill, and next day I went to Oxford, where Collingwood and I dug a

trench through the ditch of the great circles at Dorchester (Oxon) which had recently been revealed by air-photography. It was then still the early days of archaeology in the air, and I was anxious to prove by excavation to the satisfaction of others—for I had no doubts myself—that crop-sites were authentic. The circles appeared on the air-photograph as wide dark bands in a very large field. They were quite invisible on the ground when we began to dig, and in order to select the best place we scaled off a distance on the air-photograph from the edge of the field along a track dividing two different crops. We began our trench there, but there was no observable difference in the soil when we had dug for thirty feet. We thought we had begun to dig a few feet outside the ditch of the circle and expected to come upon the silt of the filling, and an easily recognizable change in the soil, almost immediately. When we did not, Collingwood again checked the measurements, finding that we were certainly digging at the point on the photograph where the ditch touched tangentially the field-division. With his logical mind he concluded that our trench must have been begun *in* the silt and been dug for all its thirty feet in that silt. 'In which case,' he said, 'we must certainly reach the inner edge of the ditch very soon.' His logic was correct; we dug on a little further and found the edge, which was quite plain. The soil was a fine compact grit, and although it was quite easy to distinguish disturbed from undisturbed soil when one saw them in section, it was a pardonable error not to recognize the disturbed soil of the silting without such a control. We had hoped to start our trench just beyond in undisturbed soil and have a control there. There were no finds, but we did not expect any, and our purpose of proving the existence of a ditch had been achieved. The whole soil of the field is now being removed by gravel-digging, but it is being slowly and systematically excavated by Mr Atkinson ahead of the work, and the first report has already been published. The field contains many other crop-sites of the Neolithic and Bronze Ages.

In December I went to Algeria for my annual holiday. My interest in that region had been aroused by Melville W. Hilton-Simpson, who had married my first cousin, Dorothy

Mackenzie, daughter of my mother's brother, Douglas. Melville was a young man of independent means who had come under the influence of Henry Balfour at Oxford, and had studied the primitive medicine and surgery of the inhabitants of the Aures mountains in Algeria, and published a small book on it, and also a popular one on the country in general. He was a good observer and had the gift of getting on well with everyone he met—a great asset for an anthropologist. He was less successful in writing down the description of his observations, but helped by a certain amount of editorial pruning he had managed to write an excellent article on the hill-villages of the Aures mountains, which had been published in the current number of *Antiquity* (December, 1927). These villages were perched for security upon inaccessible heights of promontories, and were in effect modern parallels to the hill-forts of prehistoric Europe. That was why I had asked him to write the article; for it stressed the importance for archaeologists of studying these living survivals. Here was an excellent instance of the help anthropology could give archaeology, a main plank in the platform of *Antiquity* from the first volume.

I joined Melville at El Kantara, from where I made several excursions. He had many friends in these parts, and one of them went with me to the village of Beni Fara. It was fifteen miles distant and as there was no other way of getting there we walked, taking our luggage on a donkey. We rode back on mules. Then Melville got me an introduction to the French administrator at Arris, and through his help I had a most interesting excursion. He provided me with a mule and *spahi* and together we set out for Biskra, some sixty miles to the south. I had had no previous experience of mule-riding, and my mule was inclined to be a bit frisky at the start. The first halt was at a village called Tkout; there were two routes, a short one over rather a steep mountain ridge and a long one over easier country. Asked to decide I chose the shorter one, as it was late in the afternoon and I wanted to arrive before dark. There was a long climb up a steep and narrow path, and just as we were reaching the top the girth broke and I had to hold both mules while it was mended. Then we went through

a very short tunnel; the sight which I beheld on emerging filled me with consternation. There was an almost precipitous sheet of rock—a stratum of rock tilted at an almost vertical angle. The path down was only just wide enough for a mule, very steep indeed, especially at the angles of the zig-zags. The *spahi* went first and I followed. It was a terrifying experience but it was not a bad initiation, as I knew that nothing we could subsequently do would have any greater terrors, and, in fact, nothing the least like it was encountered subsequently. There is no need to describe our adventures in detail; we stayed each night with the head man of the village, sleeping and feeding under rather primitive conditions but faring quite well. The food, as always in these primitive countries, was better and more tasty than in most hotels. The stock dish was *kous-kous*, a sort of flour piled in a heap with chops or chicken laid on it. We spoke French, which most of the inhabitants, who spoke Berber, understood. We went from Tkout to Mimoun, thence to Ouled Mansour, Banyan, and Mechounech. From Mechounech we emerged on to the Sahara, where it was raining, and so on to Biskra, where I took the train back to El Kantara. From El Kantara I went to Constantine and Tunis, taking ship there for Malta. I duly visited Zammit at the museum and the famous megalithic remains of Hagiar Kim, Mnaidra, and Hal Tarxien. On January 2nd, 1928, I went to see the Hypogeum in the outskirts of Valetta, where I was taken suddenly ill with a kind of dysentery. For two days I had to stay in bed, and I decided to make for home. But I was not bad enough to be obliged to hurry unduly, and going by Syracuse I went to Rome, staying at the British School with the Ashmoles, who kept me going by doses of brandy. I remember a very delightful meal we had at one of their favourite restaurants where the waiter made little toys out of paper, so far as I can remember. I got back to Southampton on January 12th. The illness left me soon afterwards. It was altogether a most delightful and instructive jaunt, the first of many.

My diary records the usual pleasant meetings, mostly weekends, with friends—Clay, Sumner, Masterman, the Dobsons, Williams-Freeman and Woolley. An addition was made to

them in March when Hencken came to me for guidance in some research work he was doing in Cornwall and the Scillies; the ultimate outcome of that work was the best modern book on the region and one of the best of Methuen's admirable county archaeologies. Woolley and I had come together through his work at Ur, in which I saw journalistic potentialities, because Ur was a site of major importance which was certain to yield a harvest of new knowledge. I could not, of course, foresee his discovery of the Royal Tombs with their rich grave-goods. The excavations were backed by the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, the former contributing pound for pound to supplement what was raised by the public appeal. A leaflet was inserted in *Antiquity* and supported by an Editorial Note (Vol. I, pp. 257-8, September 1927). In this I stated that 'the importance of the joint work (at Ur) is not fully realized in this country. It is important primarily because here more than anywhere else in the world the origins of civilized life are to be looked for.' I then referred to the Biblical associations of Ur, which is reputed to have been Abraham's home town. The appeal was successful; nearly three hundred pounds were raised, of which one hundred pounds was the result of a personal appeal by me to Sir Charles Marston after a committee meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund. It was during the next season's work that the richest and most sensational finds were made. The discovery of hidden treasure has an irresistible appeal, and all the papers had long accounts of it. I got into touch with Woolley, and extracted from him a short article summarizing the results; this was the first account to be published, apart from newspaper reports. It was a fair return for the support which *Antiquity* had given before the site achieved fame, but it brought me a reprimand from Sir Frederic Kenyon, who was then both Director of the British Museum and President of the Society of Antiquaries. At a meeting of the Society he took me aside and warned me off, saying that the Society of Antiquaries did not approve of my publication in *Antiquity* of Woolley's article; it was they who had published his results up till then and they proposed to continue doing so. I accepted the rebuke but gave no undertaking not to repeat

the offence; *Antiquity* had supported the Ur Expedition before it had become famous, because it was a key site which for that reason alone deserved support. The journalistic potentialities which I foresaw were those implicit in the excavation of a key site. When the discovery of the Royal Tombs was announced later, the editorial committee of the *Antiquaries Journal* could have asked Woolley for an article and published it in their April number. They missed their opportunity and then rebuked me for seizing it. The incident emphasized the difference between a journal which has to maintain its circulation by journalistic enterprise and one which is subsidized by a rich society. There is, of course, a place for both, but in a free world the competition of private enterprise should be accepted without complaint. *Antiquity* has to compete with subsidized publications and with a few rivals in its own sphere; that is very good for both and keeps them up to the mark. Things have changed since then, and the incident is of historical interest only. The high standard now maintained by the *Antiquaries Journal* needs no commendation from me; it is unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

My association, slight and temporary though it was, with Woolley had reminded me of drier summer regions. Ever since my Sudan dig under Wellcome I had resolved to go back one day, but first came the war and then an overdraft at the bank. *Antiquity* had wiped out the overdraft, so I began to turn my thoughts eastwards again. The success of *Antiquity* had done more than pay off the overdraft; it had finally restored a self-confidence which had had many rebuffs but never been lost and was not just careerism, though that was, of course, one of the ingredients; careerists put their own careers first, and I did not, and have already given evidence in support of the fact. Since I had been working at the Ordnance Survey I had managed to achieve much, including three important books, a new kind of map (Roman Britain) and above all a new technique (air-photography), as well as many minor publications. That same year (1928) I had launched a scheme for a map of the whole Roman Empire on a uniform (1:1,000,000) scale. I found myself actually doing the things I had dreamt of

in the Oxford days. One field, that of excavation, was too big nor was I qualified to cultivate it; Wheeler looked after that and it has yielded abundant harvests. There were several of us working on the same sound lines to get British archaeology on a firm basis; and *Antiquity* became our organ. It was obvious that if anything wanted doing one of us would have to do it; the lead must come from an individual, not from any society. One of the most extraordinary deficiencies in British archaeology is that there was, and still is, no society or body that concerns itself with the archaeology of British territories overseas generally. There are societies concerned with specific areas, but there are many countries not so covered. That is now gradually being remedied, but in the past, when the local government of an overseas territory has neglected to do its duty by its ancient monuments or even been active in their destruction, there has been no word of protest from any organized body in this country. There have, of course, been occasional exceptions, but the statement is correct so far as Africa is concerned south of the Sahara. The Society of Antiquaries of London has always regarded such matters as no concern of its own.

It was obvious that one of the things that needed doing most was to rescue from destruction the air-photographs taken by the Royal Air Force in the East both during and after the war. I had made a fruitless attempt to prevent the destruction of negatives taken over Gallipoli and the Troad—a region closed both before and since to such work. At first I was told that none such were known to exist; and then later that a certain person, my informant, had buried a vast number, some tens of thousands at least, in a deep hole at Farnborough. I made other intermittent attempts to rescue for archaeology and geography negatives which were no longer required for service purposes. The only one which succeeded was that which I carried out myself. The proposal was to collect negatives at the three chief centres of the Middle East—Baghdad, Amman and Heliopolis—bring them back to England and hand them over to some institution that would house them, make prints from them when asked, and would also, I hoped, add to the collection from time to time. I got in touch with Sir

Philip Game, then a member of the Air Council, whose brother I had known during the war. He arranged a lunch at which I met the Air Vice-Marshals commanding in Iraq and Egypt (Sir Edward Ellington and Webb-Bowen); Group-Captain Rees, VC, commanding at Amman, Transjordan, was not, if I remember right, present, but I am not sure of this. Official sanction was given to the proposal, and I was also promised free RAF transport after reaching Baghdad both in Iraq (for reconnaissance) and from Baghdad to Cairo via Amman. In addition the officers commanding kindly invited me to stay with them as their guest while I was there. Apart from transport the government was put to no expense; I paid my own fare to Baghdad and from Cairo home. I applied for special leave of two months which was granted by the Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, Brigadier Jack.

The problem of finding a home for the negatives was a difficult one. The Ordnance Survey was ruled out because it was concerned only with Great Britain. I discussed with Hinks, Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, the possibility of the Society housing them, but there were objections to this and we agreed that it was not practicable; moreover it is probable that the RAF would not allow them to pass into 'private' custody. A government or service department can destroy its property, but it cannot present it to the public which has paid for it. Finally, the British Museum, through its Director, Sir Frederic Kenyon, agreed to take charge of them.

I left Southampton on September 28th, 1928, going via Havre to Paris. There I took the Simplon-Orient Express to Constantinople. It was a great thrill to spend a long weekend in a bed-sitting-room that moved right across Europe through the most varied scenery. Having secured, on the strength of my mission, a diplomatic visa for my passport, I had no bother with customs officials except, typically enough, later when leaving Constantinople. I arrived at this place at 4 p.m. on Tuesday, October 2nd, did some sightseeing next day, and on the 4th embarked on an Italian steamer for Beirut. It was a tourist boat and the schedule was most conveniently ar-

ranged so that we travelled by night and had the day for sight-seeing at the ports of call. We went through the Dardanelles and past Chios, sailing through the Aegean islands next day and reaching Rhodes at 11 on the morning of October 6th. I had made friends with two American ladies and with an Armenian going to Jerusalem. At Rhodes we hired a taxi and took a tour round the island. Next morning we arrived at Mersin; the Armenian got a taxi and we went to Tarsus, where we all had a picnic lunch in a pomegranate orchard belonging to the owner of the taxi. The American ladies were worried because they had run out of films and wondered whether they would be able to find anywhere to buy some in St Paul's home town. Before we got there I assured them that it would be impossible, and it was. Tarsus was a completely oriental city; there were some imposing Roman ruins but nothing western. Then our boat went on to Alexandretta and we took our taxi as usual, going still in the footsteps of St Paul, to Antioch. We reached Beirut on October 10th, and went in a taxi to Damascus. It was shared with others going to Baghdad and by a lucky chance I sat next to a man who proved to be a subscriber to *Antiquity*. He was in charge of a silk factory there and invited me to stay with him, which I did for a few days. At Damascus I happened to meet Miss Dorothy Garrod, who was excavating in those parts. The journey to Baghdad was in a bus and took two days. At intervals we stopped in the desert; a fire was made by the drivers who cooked a meal for us. We travelled continuously night and day; towards the end of the journey we had a breakdown and our bus had to be towed to Rutba Wells; the dust was terrible. There we waited for taxis, summoned from Baghdad, seventy miles distant. Rutba was a small fort, probably not unlike those so common in the Roman Empire. Eventually a swarm of taxis could be seen approaching in a cloud of dust; they had been racing across the desert eager for their prey, and the winner of the race was quite exhausted. We embarked, Jackson and I travelling together, and reached Baghdad at 6.30 p.m. on October 13th. I was anxious to get through the customs as quickly as possible, so as not to be late for dinner, for which I had to change. I was very tired, but managed somehow to get dressed.

Dinner was a formal one and took place in a sort of wire cage overlooking the Tigris. The wind whistled through it, and although fresh from a colder climate I was shivering and caught a nasty cold. Sir Edward Ellington introduced me to his Chief of Staff, then Air Commodore (now Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederic William) Bowhill, who was uncommunicative, and (as I at once saw) suspicious and inclined to be obstructive.

There is no need to give here more than a brief account of my archaeological activities of which a full report was published in *The Geographical Journal* (lxxiii, 497-512). I had several interesting flights with Insall, the discoverer of Woodhenge, with whom I stayed at Rustum Farm for a few days. We visited Ctesiphon by car, and then did a trip to Mosul by air. During this flight a mosaic was taken of the vast ruin-field of Eski Baghdad (Samarra), sixty miles north of Baghdad, where Beasley during the war had first seen the possibilities of archaeology from the air. The ruins extend for twenty miles continuously along the left bank of the Tigris and are most impressive in their perfection as seen from the air. A detailed description of the buildings was written by Yacubi in AD 889 just after the site was abandoned. The whole history falls within a span of forty years (AD 836-76). In 836 Mutasim, son of Harun al Rashid of the *Arabian Nights*, Caliph of Baghdad, decided to remove his capital from Baghdad to build a new one here. He ordered his architects to design a vast new town, assigning different quarters to the various nationalities and classes of society. The police had their headquarters in the walled enclosure called Asnas, and a deer-park was laid out and called Hair el Her. Mutasim built a mosque with a high minaret ascended by a spiral staircase, which still exists. So, too, does the famous stone basin called Pharaoh's Cup, twenty-three paces in circumference, as recorded by Mustafi in the fourteenth century. He laid out wide streets of a standard width, whose names Yacubi gives; they can be identified on the air-photographs. One of the palaces, called Dar al Khalif, was excavated by M. Viollet (*Mem. Acad. Inscr. et Belles-lettres*, Vol. xii, part 2, 1913). The palace grounds consisted of pleasaunces and formal gardens with a circular basin

of rosette plan. At the end is a stadium and pavilion from which starts a looped racecourse six miles long. At this time Iraq was at the height of its prosperity and the most highly civilized country in the world; craftsmen flocked to it from all parts of the empire and enriched the new capital by their skill. In the middle of the period the Caliph Mutawakkil (AD 847-61) laid out a vast new quarter at the north end of the plain of Samarra, and built also a palace for himself there and a road called Sari al Azam connecting it with Asnas, whose breadth recorded by Yacubi agrees exactly with that of the road on the air-photographs.

As we flew along the river towards Mosul we saw deserted ruined towns every few miles. So far as I know these are still as unstudied now as they were then in 1928. There is here a magnificent opening for an archaeological survey based upon air-photographs, field-work, and documents; I would call the attention of the Iraq Government to this need, which could be satisfied at less cost than that of excavation and which would redound greatly to the credit of the country.

From Mosul we flew next day to Hatra, where we landed and inspected the ruined town (Plate 9). It lies in the desert seventy miles south-west of Mosul and there are now no permanent habitations anywhere near it. The first glimpse is impressive. On the barren and monotonous plain there suddenly looms up a circlet of greyish blue; at first a mere blur on the landscape, it gradually becomes more distinct and takes shape as a sleeping city with mouldered houses and streets, and in the middle the ruins of great stone arches and buildings, laid out on a grand scale. This is the Parthian town that flourished at the beginning of the Christian era, a semi-independent city state. Founded by Satirun, of whom nothing is known, it first touches western history in the reign of Trajan, who besieged it unsuccessfully in AD 117. Severus invested it twice about the year 200, but failed to take it. In 231 Ardashir, founder of the Sassanid dynasty, made a fourth and likewise unsuccessful attempt. It fell at last to Shapur (240-71), the captor of the Roman Emperor Valerian; the story goes that it was betrayed to him by the king's daughter, the heroine of the story of the crumpled roseleaf: and her ingratitude so disgusted Shapur

that he had her tied to the tail of an unbroken horse and dragged to death. Shapur destroyed Hatra; and when Jovian passed by in 363 the old city was lifeless and deserted. It remained lost until rediscovered by Ross in 1836. In 1908 it was surveyed and excavated by Andrae, whose splendid monograph and plan, complete though they are, can be considerably supplemented by air-photographs, which not only fill up blanks within the walls but also reveal the Roman siege-works and artillery platforms outside. The line of circumvallation is plainly visible and so are certain rectangular enclosures, probably Roman camps. The besieged retaliated with a form of missile not employed even during the wars of this century. They hurled down at the besiegers 'earthen vessels filled with little venomous creatures' which, lighting on them and creeping under their clothes, stung the soldiers and inflicted painful and dangerous wounds. This combined with sickness in their army compelled the Romans to abandon the siege and withdraw.

From over Mosul I had a fine view of Nineveh. I returned by air to Baghdad on October 24th and went on next day by train to Ur, where Woolley had invited me to spend a few days with him. Then I returned to Baghdad, where Sir Philip Sassoon, then Under-Secretary of State for Air, was paying an official visit.

When the time came for my departure difficulties arose. Bowhill was reluctant to let me take away the negatives, though he eventually consented; and at first refused to allow me transport to Amman, although this had been definitely promised me before leaving England. I had made a special point of obtaining this, because the alternative was a long and expensive sea voyage from the Persian Gulf and up the Red Sea. I protested pretty strongly and eventually it was arranged that I should travel in Sir Philip Sassoon's plane. But some muddle of the usual kind supervened and he left without me. Bowhill then relented and provided me with a special plane and escort of two others. On the morning I was due to leave (November 2nd) the weather was very bad, with wind and a little rain and a thick haze. We duly started off, but it became worse as we approached Rutba; we were flying so low that the

weight at the end of the aerial hit the ground and came off. It was decided to return, and we landed at the Baghdad aerodrome, where I waited in the mess. It was obvious that flying was impossible; so far as I was concerned a day made no difference, and I would have much preferred to wait for better weather. But after lunch the aeroplanes were still standing ready to depart, though there was no improvement. The Commanding Officer, Squadron-Leader Peck, was pacing up and down in front of them, anxious to get me away but naturally reluctant to risk disaster. He had had orders to transport me and was unwilling not to carry them out. I think he would have been glad if I had suggested a postponement myself; but after all the decision was for him to make, not me, and I did not see why I should relieve him of the responsibility. So there we remained, he pacing up and down and me waiting. Eventually he gave it up and ordered the planes to be taken away and went off without a word. I was amused and (to be frank) much relieved, for I knew enough about flying to realize that it would have been an unpleasant flight, if no worse.

The next day (November 3rd) was fine and sunny. We took off at 6.15 a.m. and landed at Rutba Wells, where I ate two complete breakfasts one after the other. We had a most interesting flight over the desert, which was covered with pools of water after the rain of the previous day. Those strange long stone walls and enclosures called the Works of the Old Men were plainly visible all over the basalt country. The air was wonderfully clear, with fleecy strato-cumulus clouds scattered around the sky. The atmosphere was quite unlike that one usually associates with deserts. We landed at Amman at three o'clock and were met by Group-Captain Rees. He was an enthusiastic amateur archaeologist and had collected a large heap of *wasms*—small boulders with names chipped in them. He knew Transjordan thoroughly and used to patrol the tracks in six-wheeler Morris trucks, to keep them usable—a defence precaution that was then necessary.

I stayed with Rees at Amman for three weeks that were crowded with interest. The day after my arrival he had to accompany the Acting High Commissioner of Palestine, Sir

Harry Luke, on a tour of the frontier; though primarily intended to be administrative, the tour became in fact almost exclusively archaeological, for we were all three enthusiasts. Rees motored to Mafrak, where we camped out for the night; our rendezvous there next day was on a hill that was thickly covered with flint flakes and cores of a Mousterian type, evidently a chipping-floor. Thence we proceeded to the ruined but well-preserved Roman town of Umm el Jemal; the doors of some of the houses were formed of a solid slab of stone that could still be moved on its pivot. All round were the stone walls of the town's deserted fields. From there we went to Umm Keiss, an extinct volcano; on approaching it our cavalcade was met by wild-looking horsemen prancing about and firing off their rifles. From the top there was a splendid view over the Roman town of Bosrah, whose field-walls are perfectly preserved (but unrecorded), row upon row. We returned to Amman for the night and next day proceeded to Kasr Azrak, one of the most romantic sites I have ever seen. For some sixty miles one motors over the rolling desert, which is covered by a brown carpet of flints that chinkle under the wheels. There were mirages everywhere looking exactly like lakes, but at last we came to a real lake, with bright green reeds growing on the margin. It was a strange sight in such a desert. The scenery was most beautiful; at the back of the lake were some purple mountains that looked exactly like the heather-covered hills above Killarney, and in a clump of palms at the north end of the lake were the blue towers of a Roman fort. Though ruinous the walls still stood, and had been patched up at various later times. Inside squatted a fearsome collection of outcasts, mostly refugees from French Syria. Colonel Peake, Commander of the Arab Legion, was with us, and we went and drank coffee with their leader. All around were remains of habitations of unknown age; Azrak stands on the edge of the basalt country, which is littered with stones and almost impassable for a car.

On the way back to Amman we called to see Kasr Amr, a group of baths built in the desert by the Ommayyad sultans early in the eighth century AD. The walls and domes are covered with paintings, and the problem of protecting these from the

iconoclasm of fanatical Bedouin was discussed. The place is some sixty miles out in the desert and a resident guardian could not be appointed. The best solution seemed to be to induce some holy man to imbue it with sanctity, so that it would be respected for superstitious reasons, and the High Commissioner decided to try to do this.

The next day I flew over Masada, the last refuge of the Jews who were besieged there by the Romans, whose siege-works are perfectly preserved (see Hawkes in *Antiquity*, Vol. iii, pp. 195-213).

On November 9th I went by car to Jerusalem—a strange ride that takes one twelve hundred feet below sea level past Jericho and the north end of the Dead Sea. What most impressed me was the tawdry vulgarity of the Holy Sepulchre, where the various warring sects of Christianity maintain rival establishments. I was told that at Easter their dissensions have to be controlled by the police. What a contrast with the picture called up by appeals in the newspapers on behalf of the Holy Places! The adjacent mosque of Omar is a splendid and beautiful building, far more worthy of protection on every ground except that of sentiment.

Our next excursion was into the desert, where Rees had conveniently arranged to go to perform some routine duties. It was an ideal camping-trip, for all the chores were done for us by our escort and we had nothing to do but enjoy ourselves. We travelled in a Morris six-wheeler, accompanied by two others. The tracks were fairly good, being rendered so by constant use and occasional attention at *wadi* crossings. The weather was perfect and the desert air marvellously clear and sparkling, especially at dawn. We visited the remains of a fishing village beside a dried-up lake, and some flint-sites of a much earlier date where flint implements and flakes were abundant. At one place I found a good palaeolithic biface. (These finds are now in the British Museum; see *Antiquity*, Vol. v, p. 363; Vol. vi, pp. 216-7).

Then we went to Petra. The French governor of the Jebel Druze district had expressed a desire to go there and he had to be escorted. Rees went in a taxi and I in Colonel Peake's car. We followed the route of the abandoned Mecca line to

Maan, passing stations which Colonel Peake and Lawrence had blown up during the war. We slept the night at Maan and next day proceeded at first by car and then on horseback to Petra. It was my first ride on a horse and I suspect that the horse knew it. As I was anxious not to disgrace the party I kept well to the rear; our guide, an officer of the Arab Legion, galloped up and asked if I was all right and offered me a whip, which I declined. As we rode down the narrow canyon, only a few feet wide and dark from the overhanging cliffs, the Arabs began to sing; my horse objected, but I managed not to fall off. At the end of the gorge 'suddenly the gloom lifts and a vision of golden rock breaks upon one, framed between the craggy walls of the canyon and resplendent in the brilliant morning sunlight. This is the Khaznah. It is the first monument the visitor meets on his way to Petra, and it is by far the most impressive. As one gradually emerges into full daylight one catches sight of other carved porticoes and pediments perched high up on the distant mountain sides. But these, however interesting in themselves, would hardly have attracted so much attention, were it not for their setting of purple and red sand-stone, bathed in an atmosphere of radiant sunlight.' On our arrival in the mountain amphitheatre we found a large tent erected for us, where we rested and had some refreshments. The French governor was accompanied by his wife and family, and as we sat round talking rather formally, Madame dropped a brick of such dimensions that the sound of its fall could almost have been heard in Syria during the embarrassed hush that followed. I forget what its purport was, and of course as a mere tourist hanger-on I was not implicated. Probably it was in some way political, for at that time relations between the British and the French administrations in those parts were very strained.

We returned next day to Amman, and Rees and I went with Colonel Peake to tea where we met Mitchell, the Director of Surveys. Amongst the party was Shipwright, a fellow-prisoner at Holzminden, who had made two escapes from there, one in the tunnel and another on his own, being carried out by the British orderlies in a mattress. (He reached the Dutch frontier, but was caught there.) We found that Mitchell had also been

at Holzminden—a curious reunion to take place in this remote spot.

After a few more days at Amman, during which I visited Jerash, then looked after by George Horsfield, I flew to Cairo, where I stayed at the Continental. From there I had flights to the Pyramids, the Fayum, Badari and Alexandria, where I looked in vain for the submerged harbour-works. I also spent a most pleasant day at Reisner's caravanserai, reviving old memories of fifteen years ago. The place was exactly like it was then; it was pleasant to find something that the war and the passage of years had not changed. Reisner was a little older, of course, and his eyes were beginning to give trouble—he became almost blind soon afterwards. I stayed there the night. Next day (December 2nd) I visited Firth at Sakkara and saw his excavations there.

On December 6th I left by train for Port Said, where I embarked on a Dutch liner for Marseilles, reaching Southampton on December 15th. I had a portentous amount of luggage, most of it consisting of wooden boxes of air-photo negatives which I had brought by air from Baghdad and Amman. Thanks to facilities granted by the RAF these were shipped from their private wharf at Port Said and disembarked later at Southampton, where the ship called. Thence they were transferred to the British Museum, where they resided almost unused for nearly a quarter of a century. They are now in the Institute of Archaeology in Regents Park. It had been a most delightful and profitable trip, and I had at least got something to show for it in the negatives. But my long-term plan misfired. I had hoped to make some arrangement by which archaeologists primarily concerned with the East (which I was not) would be able to make similar trips at regular intervals, to collect such negatives as the RAF no longer required. Very many of these were of archaeological and geographical value, but the RAF rule was that they should be destroyed every six months or so. The rule was not at all strictly observed; many of those which I salvaged were far older. But it seemed a great waste of good material, and I wanted to save it. The onus lay upon others to follow up what I had begun. I tried to arouse their interest but in vain. The negatives

remained in the charge of the RAF and a great opportunity was lost.

I gave an account of my trip to the Royal Geographical Society on March 18th, 1929, and the lecture was printed in the *Geographical Journal*, Vol. lxxiii (June 1929), pp. 497-512.

## The Roman Empire Map and More Travels

1929 - 1931

Origin and intention of the Map : first meeting at Florence : our reception by Mussolini : further meetings : I resign at our last meeting at Berlin : a holiday in Corsica and a visit to the Köln-Lindenthal excavations : a winter holiday in Tunisia : I buy a camera and take up photography again : another holiday in Rumania and Transylvania.

**H**ITHERTO in this book I have given an account of each year's activities. For the next decade (1929-39) it seems best to adopt a more summary plan. It was, at the Ordnance Survey, a time of much progress and achievement, slowed up toward the end by the visible approach of war. But my activities there were unexciting and if described at length would make dull reading. They are, moreover, unrecorded for the most part in my diaries, and I regret to say they have left but a faint impression on my memory. That may not be a great loss, for this book is intended to be read for entertainment, and a record of the day-to-day work of a civil servant is seldom entertaining. The fullest record is contained in the pages of *Antiquity*, which naturally reflects the dominant interests of its editor; those were the great years of *Antiquity* and I put into its pages the cream of my experiences. Then, too, was published some of the best work of some of my colleagues, whose organ it had become, thus fulfilling one of the chief aims of its originator.

The success of the Ordnance Map of Roman Britain encouraged me to initiate a more ambitious project, namely, a map of the whole Roman Empire on a uniform scale. In July 1928, an International Geographical Congress was held at Cambridge, and I had been asked by Brigadier Jack, who was one of the organizers, to read a paper to it. The idea of such a map had already formed in my mind, and being rather at a

loss for a subject I decided to promulgate a scheme for such a map, though I hardly expected that any concrete results would follow. Rather to my surprise the proposal was taken up with alacrity by the Congress, and I found myself committed to a new undertaking of some magnitude. There already existed, in the International Map of the World on a scale of 1:1,000,000 (16 miles to 1 inch), an ideal base-map on which the Roman detail could be overprinted; it had always seemed to me desirable that this map should be used to publish all sorts of scientific information—geological, meteorological, botanical, archaeological and historical. That was the sort of thing that should have been organized by the League of Nations, since it involved Intellectual Co-operation on an International scale, but those who might have done so were living in another world. I proposed that the first sheet to be undertaken should be the Rome sheet, partly because Rome was the centre of the Empire and the region round it an easy one, partly because of the nationalist enthusiasm which I hoped to exploit for the benefit of the undertaking. On April 30th, 1929, we held our first meeting at Florence; Brigadier Jack and I attended, and it was presided over by General Vacchelli, chief of the Italian survey department. Four Italian sheets were submitted in proof; they have not yet been published! Much of our time at this and every other meeting was wasted in the discussion of the symbols to be used; everyone had bright ideas about symbols, if not about anything else. In December, 1931, I went to Frankfurt-on-Main to discuss the map with Dr Gerhard Bersu, who was the Director of the Frankfurt branch of the German Archaeological Institute. This meeting was the beginning of a friendship which has lasted till today, and which was for me the best result of the whole scheme. I found Bersu to be a man after my own heart, with whom I could talk archaeological business and be understood—and that is more than could be said of most of the other archaeologists with whom the map brought me in contact. Not only did he appreciate the value of the map in itself and the technical problems involved, but he also had an intimate knowledge of the European archaeologists who would have to be asked to do the work, and of the international jealousies that bedevil

all such schemes. To the latter he adopted an attitude of philosophic detachment that was an excellent corrective of my own impatience. I had the sense to realize that these jealousies existed and must be taken into account, however absurd and childish they might be. We organized a meeting for a year ahead, and in November, 1932, we met at Rome and held our discussions in a magnificent room in the Capitol. Again we discussed symbols and our remarks were most ably interpreted into several languages. Brigadier Jack had retired, and his place had been taken by my old wartime chief, Brigadier Winterbotham, who came to the meeting. The scheme had attracted the attention of Mussolini, who received us in the Palazzo Venezia. We were passed through a series of ante-rooms and inspected, rather perfunctorily, to ensure that we were unarmed, and then marched down the long room at the end of which stood Mussolini, behind a long table. There were a few books of reference lying on it, including a telephone directory. The deputation was led by Marconi, President of the Academy, who introduced us individually; as he called our names we each walked up and bowed to Mussolini across the table. The presence of that table at once relieved me of one of my acutest anxieties, namely, that in a moment of enthusiasm Winterbotham might call Mussolini 'old boy' or even pat him on the back, a habit which had in the past caused embarrassment to many. Mussolini stood with his legs astride, rocking to and fro; he had one of the coarsest jowls I have ever seen, with the characteristic bluish tint, but the upper part of his face was less forbidding. He spoke curtly to Marconi, who treated him with extreme deference, rather like that of a butler to his master, soaping his hands the while. It was rather revolting to see a man of his eminence and achievements thus humiliated. Mussolini then said a few words to us expressing the hope that our work would be rapidly accomplished, and we departed. (His hopes were destined to be disappointed; no Italian map has appeared yet.) I often wonder whether this Roman Empire Map may not have suggested that series of maps that once adorned the Via del Impero.

After our business was done we were taken to Naples to see Pompeii and Herculaneum, under the guidance of Professor

Maiuri, and then to Ostia, which we were shown by Professor Calza. The meeting ended with a banquet at one of the best hotels. It was expressly stated that there were to be no speeches—an excellent provision; but in spite of this, Winterbotham, to the acute embarrassment of all present (and particularly of his British colleague), got up and made a rambling speech of thanks. On the train back he had encountered Marconi and his wife; and he told me afterwards, with some surprise, that they had shown no signs of recognition. I thought I could guess why, but could hardly tell him so. He had a most unfortunate gift for making *gaffes*.

I had some private conversation with Marconi, who spoke perfect English. He had lived for a time in England, at a house in Little Sombourne, near Romsey, Hants, not very far from my own home; and he spoke about the barrows he had seen on Salisbury Plain. In personal appearance he reminded me somewhat of Lord Curzon; it was a pleasure to talk to a man of such high intelligence and wide culture.

I returned by Venice, Budapest, Vienna and Basel, interviewing collaborators in the Map at the last three places.

I think it was not long after this meeting that the organization of the Map was transferred from the Commission of the International Geographical Congress to the International Map of the World, whose headquarters were at the Ordnance Survey Office; this was an obvious convenience.

In December, 1935, I went to Berlin to see Dr Wiegand, President of the German Archaeological Institute, to arrange for the formal adherence of Germany to the scheme which, so long as it had been run by the Congress, had been impossible for political reasons. I also met Rodenwaldt, Sarre and Nestor, and had a talk with Hilzheimer, who was writing articles on domestic animals for *Antiquity*.

In September, 1937, we had another meeting, this time at Ptuj (Pettau) in Yugoslavia (Plate 11). The place was chosen by Bersu, who quite rightly considered that such meetings were best held in small towns rather than in noisy metropolitan centres. Ptuj is a charming old town in a wine-growing district of which I have the pleasantest possible memories. The Ordnance Survey was represented by Captain (now Brigadier)

Sanceau, who was the Secretary of the International Map; we travelled together and were met at Ptuj station by Bersu during the early hours of the morning. For some reason we were not prepared for our arrival, and I remember that I had to dress very quickly, and pull my clothes on somehow over my pyjamas. Our reception in Ptuj was most friendly, and I remember in particular the Burgomaster with whom we drank beer; he was an excellent scholar. It was proposed that we should all revisit Ptuj again five years later when the town was to celebrate some anniversary connected with its history, but in 1942 all of us were otherwise engaged.

It was becoming obvious that the Map was hanging fire. We had now been meeting and talking for nearly ten years and had little or nothing to show for it. The Italian maps which had been submitted in proof form at our first meeting in Florence in 1928 were still unpublished. I told the Italian representative that if they were not soon published I should resign the Secretaryship. In the end I did so, handing it over to the Germans who, during the war, produced an excellent sheet (Metz). The French also produced a sheet (Lyon).

The last meeting was at Berlin in August, 1939. It was about the worst possible occasion for such a meeting, but it had been arranged to coincide with a meeting of the International Geographical Congress. Sanceau and I travelled there together in a British plane that flew daily between Warsaw and London. He had, of course, taken the precaution of reserving seats for our return, and we left in the last plane on August 23rd. Sir Frederic Kenyon and Raleigh Radford were less fortunate and had to return via Sweden. It was with considerable relief that we crossed the frontier; I had no desire to spend the next war as a civilian prisoner. While we were in Berlin the Russian treaty was announced; I learnt of it first from the waiter, who pointed triumphantly to the headlines in the newspaper which he brought to my bedroom with the morning coffee. Sanceau and I had arranged, fortunately as it turned out, to leave Berlin several days before the Congress ended. On our last night we drank beer with some of our German colleagues in a restaurant. A speech was made by a German, and it was clear that someone would have to reply to it. Sir Frederic Kenyon

was the senior representative present, so I asked him to say a few words. He spoke briefly and to the point. It was impossible to ignore the tense political situation, and he did not do so. In a few polite but trenchant words he said that while we wished nothing better than to live at peace, we should never yield to force; that had been tried before and had failed. His words created rather a sensation, and at the time I felt slightly embarrassed; but on looking back after what has happened I realize that he was abundantly justified; to have refrained would have been cowardly and insincere.

The Germans duly produced their sheet, and then after the war handed back the organization, by agreement, to this country. It so happened that there was a splendid opportunity of compiling a North African sheet. Mr R. G. Goodchild was anxious to do this and the necessary arrangements were made, under the aegis of the Society of Antiquaries of London, by Sir Mortimer Wheeler.

The Roman Empire Map was for me a sideshow, subordinate to most other activities, and its failure did not unduly depress me. It had brought me into contact with many interesting people and places, and our peregrinations had been great fun. There still remained the hope that some day the old seeds sown in the thirties might germinate. The only way to carry out such a scheme is to entrust it to a central body with adequate funds and to make it the whole-time job of a properly qualified person. The existing state of Europe would necessarily restrict the area to be dealt with, but there still remains the larger part of the Roman Empire that could be worked on. Meanwhile many of the sheets could quite well be compiled and printed in this country, in the same way that Libya is being done.

It is rather tantalizing to think of the splendid series of maps based on the 1:1,000,000 map that a central cartographical institute could compile and publish: The Most Ancient East; The Islamic World in the Eighth Century; Medieval Africa; Megalithic Europe; Classical Greece and the adjacent regions; France in the Dark Ages; a Geological Map of Europe. There are many others.

My travels ranged over a wide field, and though some of them were called holidays they were not idle ones. In December 1929, I made one of the last of my old museum-crawls from Paris to Brussels and Liège. In June 1930, I flew up to Scotland with H. J. Andrews and inspected Roman sites up to Inchtuthil. In the following August I had a real laze in Corsica, where some friends of mine had gone, and I did no archaeology. I stayed at Calvi, where Prince Yusupoff kept a night-club in the citadel, rather a surprising encounter in such a remote spot. While there I went by train to Ajaccio, returning to Calvi by bus. The road was one of those romantic Mediterranean ones that are cut out of the sides of precipitous cliffs, and the driver was also of the Mediterranean type. We climbed and swerved and skidded round some hair-pin bends in the accustomed fashion. Every now and then the driver would stop to point out the scene of an accident, one marked by a paint-scarred rock. For such ordeals alcohol is the only antidote; and at lunch I took it. During the rest of the journey I was too 'full of the warm south' to worry about sudden death. On the bus were two American tourists; we got talking and in the evening they said they would like to go and see the night-club, so I took them there. The way to it led up between a dark narrow road between high walls into the citadel. I could see that they were rather apprehensive; I was merely a chance acquaintance and it rather amused me to think that they suspected a trap! However, we duly arrived, and all was well. . . .

The following November I paid a visit to the excavations being conducted by the late Dr Buttler at Köln-Lindenthal, a neolithic defended village in the outskirts of Cologne. It was eventually excavated completely and the report, though containing a few erroneous interpretations, is a model of what such a report should be, and has become a classic.

The following winter (1930-1) I had a holiday in Tunisia with Dr King-Martyn, a friend of Hemp's and an excellent travelling companion. It was my first visit to Gabes, a shabby little town for which for some reason I have a great affection. We stayed at the Hôtel des Colonies. From Gabes we went to the underground hill-village of Matmata, travelling there in

the only conveyance—the mail van. Then we went on to Medenine and from there to the island of Jerba, which very few people have ever heard of. It is quite a large island and rich in crops and was the island of the lotus-eaters. There was then only one rather scraggy-looking hotel at the market-town of the island, Houm Tsouk, and it was closed during the winter, so we got rooms in a private house. One day we hired bicycles and rode to the potteries of Guellala, where I bought some rather attractive things. There is no tourist traffic and the traditional style is uncorrupted—or was then. There was not much to do for most of the time except to sit in the café. That was how I caught the crossword disease, from which one never completely recovers. King-Martyn infected me and the carrier was the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*. I had to leave before King-Martyn who, having retired, was a free man. The day I left, loaded with pots, blankets, and wool, it was raining in torrents, and during the crossing to the mainland, though only a few yards wide, the things got wet, but they were undamaged. Thence I went, again in the mail van, to Gabes. The *wadis* were in spate, but the fords were paved and we splashed through. It was the second time I had found a desert flooded. On the way back I stayed a night at Sfax. The sea voyage to Marseilles lasted two days and was very rough, but neither the French boat nor I was upset, though for comfort I stayed in bed all the time, reading. We were fourteen hours late arriving at Marseilles.

King Martyn had, I think, come to Tunis at my suggestion. He did not like either the climate or the people. As for the climate, we were there at the worst possible time of course; after January the weather improves. Though it was cold the air, particularly at Matmata, was clear and bracing, and while we were at Jerba it was sunny and warm enough to produce a fine mirage over the lagoon. The people are presumably the same all the year round, and though they have some of the irritating characteristics of Arabs, they were for the most part quite friendly. The people of Jerba were almost all Berbers—fair, with blue eyes.

In June and July I had a short holiday with another doctor friend, Dr G. A. Simmons, who joined me at Southampton,



9. Air-photograph of Hatra, 1938 (*R.A.F. Crown Copyright*)



10. The author, 1931

where we embarked on the *Bremen* or *Europa* for Bremerhaven. We had no plans, and when we arrived on the platform at Bremerhaven we were undecided whether to take the train going to Prague or that going to Berlin. We eventually decided on Berlin—I forget why. Simmons was rather inclined to go to Prague, but I said we could call there later. In fact we never did, though we were always intending to. From Berlin we went to Hallstatt—a delightful little place on a lake. The hotel was right opposite the landing-stage, where at regular intervals a little toy steamer called. We visited the site of the famous prehistoric cemetery and saltmines, and a much more interesting ice-cave high up in the mountains, containing fossil ice of a lovely pink colour. Most curiously it belonged to a certain acquaintance, Bömke, whom I had met in Vienna nearly ten years before. On July 6th we went over to Bad Ischl, a decaying spa that had marvellously preserved the Hapsburg atmosphere and which reminded us of Tunbridge Wells as it would have appeared about 1870. We had lunch in a 'period' room, on the shelves of which were bound volumes of the *Illustrated London News*. At Simmons's instigation I bought a camera (a Vogtlander) there, and never regretted it; we proceeded at once to take photographs of each other. I had been an enthusiastic photographer from my schooldays down to the end of the war. After it was over I gave it up, partly on grounds of expense, partly because it is a form of slavery. It was a pity, because I missed the opportunity of getting some excellent pictures during that decade, especially during my trip to the East. The Vogtlander was an excellent camera and I got many good pictures with it; but it was not in the front rank. Some years later my present partner, H. W. Edwards, persuaded me to buy a 'really good camera', and I bought a Rolleiflex, and again never regretted it. That one was stolen during the war, but I got another which I still use. Since 1931 I have taken altogether about 10,000 pictures, of which about half were taken during the last war for the National Buildings Record.

From Hallstatt we went to Innsbruck and thence to Freiburg, where I met Professor Fabricius, the doyen of Roman studies in Germany. Of that meeting I remember only his

showing me the mark in the pavement where Latitude  $48^{\circ}$  passes, and that we had a delicious dish of raspberries at lunch in his house. From there we went to Mainz and took the river-boat down the Rhine to Cologne. It was lovely weather and we spent some of the time sitting out in cafés drinking beer. I remember a discussion we had about the absence of such out-of-door amenities in England; Simmons maintained that it was due to the difference in climate, and that ours was too cold, wet and windy for such. I had not until then realized what a difference there is between our climate and the continental one of even so near a place as Mainz, which is on the same latitude ( $50^{\circ}$ ) as the Lizard. Since then I have often observed the difference, both in winter and summer. In England every wind comes from the sea, and the temperature even in summer has a rawness absent from the dry land-air of the Continent. The difference is noticeable even between London and Paris in mid-winter; and I remember once leaving Paris in summer during a heat-wave, and finding it getting quite cool as we approached Havre.

The trip to Germany and Austria had used up seventeen days of my annual leave of forty-five days (excluding Sundays and public holidays), which began each year on April 1st. I used up the rest for a holiday in Roumania, where a friend of mine had recently joined the embassy at Bucharest. I travelled direct from Southampton again on the *Europa*, and then by Berlin and through Poland. Bucharest was then rejoicing in the return of King Carol from exile. It was said that at a dinner party the chief linendraper of Bucharest was sitting next the Chief of the Police and lamenting the state of trade during the depression. He had recently acquired a large stock of pocket-handkerchiefs for which there seemed to be no demand. The Chief of Police reflected for a moment and then proposed a plan. 'My police,' he said, 'are not all able to recognize the King yet when they see him, as, for security reasons, it is most desirable they should. If you will have the King's portrait printed on the handkerchiefs, I will issue an order that every policeman is to buy one, at his own expense. I will fix the price.' He did, and the chief linendraper was happy again.

The lounge of the Athene Palace Hotel was the rendezvous of all the scallywags who were in the town to nose out concessions. The town itself was a shoddy imitation of the cities of Europe—or rather of Western Europe. The country carts that brought produce into it were the long narrow wagons of Eastern Europe and the Russian steppes. Some rather attractive pottery was on sale, and I bought a piece and had it filled with Bessarabian honey; there was no sense in taking it back empty. The honey was taken from a huge barrel and was delicious.

On Sunday, August 30th, we made up a party and were motored across the Carpathians. There was an awful moment at the start when the driver, Sebastian, the British Consul, lost his engine, on a level crossing, and we looked up and saw a train coming round the curve. Fortunately Roumanian trains travel slowly and this one stopped just in time. We returned through Ploesti, the oil town. The roads were very bad, and when too bad, cars left them and followed a track in the fields beside them. The dust was appalling and it was fatal to allow one's self to be overtaken.

During the week Sebastian invited me to join him in a motor trip to Transylvania. We crossed the Carpathians to Sibiu (Hermannstadt) and went on to Turda, Sighisoara and Fageras. Driving through the villages on the Roumanian black-earth plain was rather a nerve-racking business; the houses are strung out along the road for a mile or more, and on it loiters every kind of living thing—geese, ducks, fowls, dogs, goats, sheep, women and children; and huge herds of buffaloes saunter along in a cloud of fine dust. We fortunately did not run over anything, in spite of Sebastian's proclivity for stepping on the accelerator whenever he met the buffaloes. His chief interest was the fortified churches, of which he had a fine collection of photographs; subsequently he wrote an article on them for *Antiquity* (Vol. vi, 1932, pp. 301-26). Some of the villages are extremely attractive, especially those of the Franconian Germans. It is a region of many nationalities; each lives in its own village, and one never knows, except by its appearance, what a village is. Those of the Germans are the cleanest, and the gipsy villages are the dirtiest; in between

are those of Hungarians, Roumanians and Czechs. The whole region is, or was, entirely agricultural; much flax is also grown, and we saw women beating it in pools.

I returned by Lausanne, where I called to see my uncle Douglas Mackenzie, and reached Southampton again on September 22nd, 1931.

My last trip that year was to Frankfurt, where I spent Christmas with the Bersus and discussed matters concerning the Roman Empire map.

My employment of public holidays for the transaction of official business caused some uneasiness at the Ordnance Survey. Matters were brought to a head when I proposed to spend the Christmas holiday of 1932 doing field-work at Mexborough in Yorkshire, tracing a linear earthwork; I was told that it was unprecedented and could not be allowed. My purpose was solely to economize time; I did not always want to take a holiday abroad during public holidays, and if I did not there was nothing to do but sit idle at home or else go off and do field-work, which I enjoyed as much as a holiday. By doing field-work then I saved several days of office work, for otherwise it would have had to be done during office hours. By using the public holidays I gave a few extra days of public service without incurring any extra expense. But in the Civil Service work is regarded as doing what you do not like; it was a dangerous thought that one might like one's work. The argument was conducted with the clerical department, and as they refused to yield I appealed to the Director-General, who had the good sense to decide, a little reluctantly, in my favour against red tape.

It may appear to a casual reader that I had rather a glut of holidays during 1931. But it must be remembered that the annual leave period did not coincide with the calendar year. My three weeks in Tunisia during January came out of my 1930-31 allotment, and the two trips later on (to Germany and Roumania) used up the whole of my 1931-32 allotment (forty-five days). The last trip (to Frankfurt) was on official duty. The generous leave allowance granted to civil servants is a compensation for certain disabilities they incur as compared with business people. Chief of these are longer hours of work,

inability to change one's job without loss of pension, and a relatively lower rate of pay. These facts are often overlooked by critics. Readers of this book will not accuse me of undue admiration for the Civil Service, but in this matter of leave I consider that they have justice on their side.

## Period Maps and Some Others

1932 - 1938

My work at the Ordnance Survey : the collection of air-photographs : acquiring and training a staff : field-work : Professional Papers and Period Maps : the Dark Age Map : cover-designs : the germ of *Archaeology in the Field* : the bureaucrats of the Stationery Office.

IT may be well now to write some general account of my work at the Ordnance Survey. In doing this I shall not always give exact dates because I have no record of them; it might be possible to obtain some, but I do not think they are sufficiently important to justify the labour. After all, what matters here is the general narrative based on my own memory of how the work was done and for what purpose.

Air-photography had come to be an important instrument of research, and I began to build up a collection of negatives. These were at first obtained by me personally from various RAF stations which I visited in turn, examining those which they no longer required and taking them over on behalf of the Ordnance Survey. At the outset the Air Ministry was co-operative; but later this co-operation ceased. My chief difficulty was the continual change of personnel; no sooner had I got the general principle approved and a routine of collection established than another officer was appointed and I had to begin all over again. There was no continuity of policy. Finally I got up against an unsympathetic Director of Training, and when I began explaining the procedure of collection to him he interrupted me, saying: 'That is what I am going to stop; we can't have you visiting squadrons like this.' Nevertheless we did get a lot of unwanted but most valuable material from the RAF even after this rebuff. Unfortunately much of it was destroyed during the blitz of 1940. I instituted a loose-leaf system of mounting the enlarged prints, which were made as a

matter of routine from all the negatives; and these were classified and arranged under counties and six-inch sheets. The covers were modelled on those I had for my own photos while I was at Oxford, and still use.

The handling of all this material soon became more than I could manage single-handed and I asked for an assistant. It will be remembered that Colonel Whitlock had told me, almost on my first day at the Ordnance Survey, that I could never expect to have a staff of any kind. Ten years later, in 1930, I was given the loan of Mr W. J. Whitters, who remained for seven years, and a better man could not have been found. Quietly he set about his work, and when later I got the establishment increased, he trained the younger men admirably. We came to be a very happy little group, and our output was far above the normal. No one could wish to have had better fellow-workers. We were united by a sense of common effort that sprang from the consciousness that we were advancing knowledge and doing work that was worth while. That fortified us, especially Whitters and myself, against the frustrations and rebuffs we encountered.

The air-photographs eventually became a sort of reference library. Whenever interest was focused on any given site, the first thing to do, after locating it on the six-inch map, was to consult the air-photograph of it. I had naturally collected more air-photographs of Wessex, particularly of Salisbury Plain, because of my own interest in the area, which I knew well from field-work; but that interest itself originated in the richness of Wessex. Huge areas of the Plain still remained in the state in which they were when they were abandoned in the fifth and sixth centuries, except for the protective mantle of turf (now, alas, mostly removed by ploughing). There was no comparable region anywhere in Europe; it was possible to make an accurate map, from air-photographs, of the archaic field-system, and I obtained approval to compile and publish a series of maps entitled 'Celtic Fields of Salisbury Plain', using as a basis the special sheets, on a scale of 1:25,000, printed for the War Office. The compilation involved much work, for after the field- and ranche-boundaries had been plotted in the office they had then to be checked in the field. I had persuaded the

authorities to allow me to increase the establishment and have a draughtsman, and the post was filled by Roland E. Curtis, who joined us in 1931 when he was nineteen years old and who became, largely through his own efforts and native ability, under Whitter's guidance, a superb draughtsman. Later on in 1935 we got another draughtsman, R. A. Jerrard, whose chief achievement was the drawing of the Monastic Map. (The war prevented his drawing from being published, and for some reason the map was redrawn by another man and published after I had retired.) These two and Whitters rapidly acquired an excellent eye for recognizing earthworks in the field, and for distinguishing between ancient and modern ones. Only one map in this series was published, the Old Sarum Sheet; but another sheet (Amesbury) was finished and proofs actually printed when the war broke out, and that was used as a pretext for stopping the printing. Copies of the map still exist, but it has not been found possible to publish it.

Another series was published in the form of Professional Papers of the Ordnance Survey, and dealt with Long Barrows and Megaliths. I have already mentioned how the series originated, more or less fortuitously, at the time of my arrival in 1920, from the large-scale revision of Gloucestershire. The first PP was superseded by my book on the Long Barrows of the Cotswolds and the Welsh Marches. Then came rather a thin one on South-east England; some of the plans were drawn by Ordnance Survey surveyors who had not the necessary archaeological knowledge to make a good job of it. There is, however, no other publication which contains a succinct record of the relevant remains in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. The third was a more ambitious venture and was called a 'Map of Neolithic Wessex', the format of publication being changed. Though continuing the same series, it would have been absurd to call it a megalith map when the majority of the items were not megaliths at all but long barrows. An innovation was an attempt to restore the natural vegetation, chiefly woodland, on a geological basis—an idea derived ultimately from Dr Williams-Freeman, who had done the same for Hampshire in 1915 in his book. (The first edition of the PP contained some unfortunate errors in the schedule, which were subsequently

corrected.) Two other maps were published, the work for each being done (before they joined the Ordnance Survey) by my successors, W. F. Grimes, who did South Wales, and C.W. Phillips, who did the Trent Basin. I had hoped to publish a map of the Scottish Border, where there is a dispersed collection of miscellaneous remains, consisting of stone circles and stone rows, with one or two isolated long cairns, and had for many years been inspecting the sites a few at a time. For geographical reasons it was a very difficult area to cover; some of the sites were on distant moorlands many miles from a road or track. I finished my inspection shortly before the war, but was unable to finish compiling the map. My observations were all fully recorded on the cards which perished in the blitz, but the gist of them, and the exact sites, are still preserved in the six-inch field-maps.

The Period Maps were our chief accomplishment. 'Roman Britain' was the first, and 'Seventeenth-Century England' followed. But by far the best was the map of 'Britain in the Dark Ages', in two sheets (North and South). I put some of my best work into this and so did Curtis, and I regard it as the best thing produced so far by the Archaeological Branch of the Ordnance Survey. 'Neolithic Wessex' had provided us with an opportunity of experimenting with symbols and format.

It must be remembered that the whole of this business of producing archaeological maps on a bigger than atlas scale was new and previously untried; we had not only to collect the material, in field and office, but to develop a suitable technique for putting it into map form. Never before had an archaeologist had behind him, and partly under his own control, the resources of a government cartographical institution. I had had the good fortune, both at Oxford and during the war, to become familiar with cartographical processes, which to most archaeologists and historians are a mystery that they do not attempt to comprehend. The production of a good map requires creative imagination, and the result is a work of art which differs only from a picture or a poem in that it appeals to the intelligence rather than to the emotions. It demands original thinking, knowledge, power of judgement, and hard work. When finished it should give aesthetic pleasure to those

who look at it, but how very few maps do! It should convey its meaning clearly and so far as possible without the aid of verbal description, which should be supplementary. In other words, the map should be primary and the text secondary. Each map had with it a few pages of text, but of course the map was the main thing, not merely an adjunct to the text added as an after-thought. (One reviewer of the Dark Age Map, which had rather a long text, treated it as a book, adding that it was accompanied by an excellent map!—so bookish and literary is our traditional culture.) Maps are an alternative mode of expression, a method of conveying information that cannot be conveyed by any other means. No mere verbal description can express the relationship of a group of remains (whether inhabited sites, burials or finds) to its natural environment and to its neighbours. The message should be conveyed by symbols which are so far as possible self-explanatory and coherent. For habitation-sites I adopted as the root-symbol a conical-roofed round hut; variations were devised to indicate villages, open, defended or on piles. Other variations of the basic symbol could easily be invented. There is no reason why this symbol should not be used, as it was, for periods as different as the Neolithic and the Dark Ages. When, after experiments conducted by Whitters and Curtis (who drew them), suitable symbols had been devised, dies of them were made and they were stamped upon the drawing, which was done on twice the scale (1:500,000) of the published map. Tree-symbols were used for forest areas, but these were drawn by hand. A single style of lettering was used throughout—the admirable alphabet designed by Withycombe for the one-inch map. Its four variations were found perfectly adequate for our purpose.

The Dark Age Map combined both archaeological and historical information, and it covered both the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic areas of Britain, as well as a large part of Northern Ireland. The chief archaeological items were the pagan Saxon and Anglian cemeteries and (in the west) the memorial stones. The terminal point adopted was the year of the accession of King Alfred (AD 871) which enabled us to exclude the Viking period, which requires a separate map. The historical information

consisted mainly of place-names derived from contemporary documents whose spelling was followed. In the selection of names and in the spelling I was guided entirely by (Sir) Frank Stenton, to whom they were all submitted for approval at a number of weekends that, for me at least, were both profitable and enjoyable, though I fear that I may have become rather a nuisance to him. (I should qualify this remark in the usual fashion by accepting responsibility for errors and for the map as a whole.) The writing of the large regional names demanded no little skill and intelligence and was excellently carried out by Curtis, who was endowed with a full measure of both. It is probably not realized that the writing of a simple name such as WEST SEAXE requires quite a lot of careful planning, and may take a whole day. The exact area covered has first to be decided, and the name written, if possible, centrally. Care has to be taken to see that the big letters are properly spaced and do not collide with other names. The name has to be written, not straight, but on a curve. The size of the letters has to be proportionate to the length of the word. All these details affect the legibility of the map and its aesthetic appeal.

In the south-east part the map included part of France—the Cotentin peninsula—and parts of Normandy and of the Boulonnais. Here we could show only historical information; but it was rather tantalizing because I began to realize what a magnificent map could be produced of France during the same period, particularly if one could also insert archaeological sites, such as Saxon and Merovingian cemeteries. The documentary information for the period is very abundant. I commend this idea to our French colleagues, not for the first time.

The designs on the covers were drawn by Jerrard and were based on contemporary sources. Though no reviewer, so far as I can recall, passed any comment on them, they are in my opinion very pleasing. A good cover-design is not, as so often thought, a trivial matter; it is of great importance in stimulating sales. We took a lot of trouble, when *Antiquity* was founded, to design the cover, which was the work of Ellis Martin, then a member of the Ordnance Survey staff and employed exclusively on cover-design. Every minute detail of spacing and proportion was discussed with him and with

Withycombe, who chose the colour (cream) of the paper. Once done in this way it need never be altered and it has not been.

Needless to say, though the compilation was my own work, I was helped by other archaeologists, particularly in dealing with cemeteries and memorial stones. But I also ransacked innumerable sources, both printed and manuscript, for contemporary spellings of place-names. Several were found in the anonymous *Life of St Cuthbert*, which had not then been published in modern form (Mr Colgrave's edition came out shortly after the map). That took me to the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, and it was while working there that I came to realize the rich documentary sources available for France. Since many of the names were from Latin documents, and were latinized by the scribes, it seemed desirable to give the Latin form as well as the vernacular. Some of the names came from what might be thought would be unproductive quarries. The name of Bangor in Northern Ireland, which is written on the map 'Benchor (Benchorensis Aeclesia)', comes from the Antiphonary of Bangor, a service-book attributed to the seventh century and now in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. That is not the kind of place where one would expect to find a place-name, and in fact it does occur there only in the title or headings; but as a contemporary source it is the best.

The essential feature of a Period Map is, of course, that it marks only the remains of a single period. One would have thought it obvious that that should be so, were it not for the appearance of maps like those in the Oxford Atlas which contain a jumble of items culled from four millennia. The principle of 'one map, one period', is now firmly established at the Ordnance Survey (though in the enthusiasm of the Festival of Britain year an exception was made). The Roman Empire Map is merely a Period Map spread out over a larger area. It is to be hoped that, now that pioneers have shown the way, others will follow, and that the soundness of the principle will eventually be recognized even in the remoter backwaters.

There were other publications besides maps—two Professional Papers on archaeological air-photography, which

appeared in the twenties, are still the only monographs on the subject; it is time they were superseded by something fuller and more up-to-date. George Allen wrote the draft of one at my suggestion; this came into my hands after his death, and I made an attempt to publish it, but difficulties arose and the project was abandoned. I wrote another, very little known, PP—'The Strip-map of Litlington, Cambs', correlating the eighteenth-century fields with marks still visible on the ground and on air-photographs.

One of our most successful publications was a little handbook called *Notes on Archaeology, for Guidance in the Field*. This began as a simple printed sheet of foolscap, which I wrote in a pub at Llangorse in Brecknockshire in 1921. It was meant for those people who were helping the Ordnance Survey voluntarily. Later I rewrote it; it was bound in a paper cover and sold for sixpence, and proved very popular. Though my book *Archaeology in the Field* covers a wider field, it is in many respects merely an expansion of the Llangorse broadsheet. While at the Ordnance Survey I could easily have expanded the sixpenny handbook into a book which, with the facilities there at my disposal, might well have been a better one than *Archaeology in the Field*, but the Ordnance Survey is not allowed to publish books, and the Stationery Office, which imposes the ban, would have been unlikely to have undertaken the publication itself. Perhaps it is just as well I didn't write it then, for they, not I, would then have got the royalties (or their equivalent), assuming that their publicity had been as efficient as that of Phoenix House—rather a rash assumption. As the State publisher this office exercises control over all that concerns books; we had an excellent library at the Ordnance Survey (entirely destroyed in the blitz), but all accessions had to be bought through this Office. It was a curious system, both cumbersome and unnecessarily expensive, for it ignored the existence of antiquarian booksellers, from whom most librarians obtain their supplies of books no longer obtainable from the publishers. On one occasion I put in a request to the Stationery Office for the purchase of the Latin Camden—a sixteenth century publication—to complete our set, and after the usual interval received a form expressing regret at being

'unable to obtain this book as it appears to be out of print'. It was people like the writer of this minute who decided whether a given book was or was not 'necessary' for archaeological work. On another occasion I tried to get the *Oxford English Dictionary* (Shorter Edition) adopted by the Ordnance Survey as the standard one for use in the department instead of Nuttall's, but in vain. Yet there were many occasions, for instance, in answering inquiries from outside, when a full and authoritative definition of a word was required.

It was an open secret that the Stationery Office would like to have obtained an even greater amount of control over the Ordnance Survey. The chief obstacle was the semi-military character of the latter. As readers of this book will have gathered, I often reacted rather violently to 'the military', that is, to the REs who held all the chief posts. But my reactions never overstepped the limits, and our personal relations were for the most part excellent. The sappers had a saving endowment of practical good sense which often cut the tangled knots of red tape, and I would infinitely prefer to work under the most unsympathetic sapper rather than under a minion of the Stationery Office. I can imagine no worse fate for the Ordnance Survey, whose deservedly high reputation has been achieved by a century and a half of sapper rule, than for it to pass out of their control into the hands of pen-pushers. Remember the tale of the Arras paper!

The writing of letters at first presented difficulties. As I was not allowed any secretarial assistance I had to write them all full hand, and could not therefore make copies. I was instructed to keep some record of the gist of them and did so occasionally, but it was not practicable to do so in every case. Eventually I obtained the services, on loan, of a shorthand typist, and was able to dictate them. At first each department of the Office had its own typist, who got to know the work of her department, the addresses of the chief correspondents and their style, the spellings of proper names and so on. It was a good system because the personal relationship thus established made the work easier for both parties. Then it was decreed that there should be a pool of typists under the Chief Clerk,

and one might get a different typist every day. It was a maddening system, for one had to begin all over again instructing each one, laboriously spelling all proper names, telling her exactly how to address the envelopes and the style of address proper to each person. It was particularly tiresome to have to explain how to address foreigners, with whom I had much correspondence about the Roman Empire Map. To save trouble I compiled a Table of Correct Styles, which was presented to the secretarial pool. In spite of this some curious addresses still turned up; one, which I still have, was addressed to 'Illmo. Sig. Prof. Egger, The University, Vienna, Italy.' Another was to the 'Museum, Plague, Czecho-Slovakia'. Such monstrosities are not peculiar to government offices; my partner Edwards has a story of a typist who was addressing envelopes for him asking whether Berlin was in France or Germany. One of the chief difficulties was punctuation, which one had to dictate if one wished to avoid innumerable errors. The semi-colon seems to be almost obsolete, and it was never used unless dictated. Realization of these limitations reacted on one's own style; one tended to confine one's vocabulary to that of the typist and to avoid the less common words, all of which had to be spelt out. The influence of the half-literate typist on current English would be an interesting study. In reading books and articles in magazines and newspapers I often come across mistakes which are obviously errors of typing rather than of the author or printer. When reading an unintelligible word or phrase in a letter I used to say it over to myself, to find out from the sound what I had actually said. It was quite common to be presented with a sentence that was complete nonsense.

I was not the only sufferer. In the files I used often to find carbons of letters from others in the Office containing similar kinds of errors, usually uncorrected. The highest marks for maladroitness should perhaps be awarded to the Director-General himself who, in the enthusiasm generated by our Florence conference, sent some specimen maps to Mussolini and began his covering letter with the words 'Dear Sir'; the communication was not acknowledged. I did not like to interfere, and the letter had already been posted; but I pointed out

to the clerical department that Heads of State prefer to be addressed as Your Excellency.

Recently when I was staying with Dr Bersu at Frankfurt-on-Main, I gave his office as my address, and received an envelope addressed 'c/o Dr Beron, Deutsches Arch. Inst., Bockenheimer, Landstr. 97'; although neither the town nor even the country was stated the letter was duly delivered without any delay or scribblings on the envelope. But one wonders how it is possible for those whose chief task is the typing and addressing of letters to be so incompetent, and what besides the manipulating of a typewriter they are taught at secretarial institutions.



11. The conference on the Roman Empire Map at Ptuj, Yugoslavia, 1937



12. Geoffrey Alington (right) and M. Verdier on the landing ground on the island of Jerba, 1938

## More Field-work and a Trip to the USSR

1932 - 1938

Bicycling : a busman's holiday in Ireland : field-work in the Outer Hebrides : tracing a new Roman road : walking the Dannewerk : Ordnance Survey attitude to archaeology : off to the USSR : my meeting with Harold Edwards on the SS *Smolny* : Leningrad and Moscow : down the Volga to Stalingrad : over the Caucasus to Tiflis : an excursion into Armenia : Abkhasia : back to Batum, Constanza, Constantinople and capitalism.

I HAVE not described my many tours of field-work hitherto because, though they formed one of my most important activities, they were matters of routine which would make dull reading, except perhaps for one or two specialists, who can consult the published records. Some of them, however, were in rather out-of-the-way places and have been imperfectly published, and it may be interesting to record a few samples.

To move about I used a push-bike, supplemented by trains and buses, taking my luggage in bags on the handlebars; on these were fixed two uprights (lamp-brackets) over which the handles of a bag could be strung. It was thus possible to carry three (or even five) bags, one (or two) on each side and one over the middle (Plate 10). A curved hook attached to the upright frame engaged with the handles and prevented the bags from interfering with one's knees in pedalling. The six-inch maps were rolled round the horizontal bar of the framework, and a raincoat was strapped to the carrier behind. I was thus able to move from one centre to another without being dependent on trains, and I could live thus for a month or more at a time. Of course, the full load was only carried when moving quarters. The extra weight was not unduly hampering; in 1940 I bicycled from Stonehaven to Blairgowrie (seventy-two miles) in a day with my luggage thus attached, one stretch of fourteen miles being accomplished without dismounting. The actual field-work

had to be done on foot, of course; one could always leave one's bicycle under a hedge, locked if thought necessary, and one could often get much nearer to the site on a bicycle than would have been possible in a car. My original motive for using a bicycle had been one of economy; when this became less urgent I continued to use one, partly for the same reason, partly because I preferred it. One cannot acquire the same intimate knowledge of topography from motoring, and had I done so I should have missed much. When bicycling it is easy to dismount and go and look at something one has seen from the road; it is just as easy for a motorist to stop, but in actual practice he doesn't, and often a new discovery is lost or an interesting site passed by.

In October, 1934, I took a spell of leave to investigate the Black Pig's Dyke in Ireland, which was outside my official province. (When I joined the Ordnance Survey in 1920 Ireland was still politically united to this country; but in view of the existing situation it was wisely ruled that it should be excluded from my duties.) This interested me because it was a linear earthwork or defensive frontier rather like some of those I had been investigating for the Dark Ages map. Not much was known about it, the only thing written about it being a couple of articles by W. F. de V. Kane in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Irish Academy (Vol. xxvii, 1908-9, pp. 301-28; Vol. xxxiii, 1916-17, pp. 539-63) which were confused and derived chiefly from literary sources unsupplemented by field-work. Some parts of the dyke were already marked on the six-inch Ordnance Survey maps, but it was clear that field-work could add more.

I started work at Bundoran on the Atlantic coast of Sligo, and on the very first day was able to mark in an unrecorded length of dyke. Thence I followed it over hedges and fields as far as Kiltyclogher; it was difficult country to negotiate because the hedges there grow on walls and are a serious obstacle to the walker. But it is lovely country and I enjoyed the experience. The dyke runs roughly along the frontier between Northern and Southern Ireland, but I encountered no difficulties on that account. In its course the dyke utilizes lakes and

marshy ground where it breaks off. I was only able to make a beginning on this tour and have never been able to resume the work, which must now be left for someone else to do. Unfortunately, the six-inch maps in which I recorded my observations were destroyed in the blitz, so that the work will have to be done all over again. A photograph of the dyke at Lattone, Co. Leitrim, is reproduced in my *Archaeology in the Field* (Plate 14).

In May and June, 1936, I visited the Outer Hebrides, bicycling from south to north through South and North Uist, Harris and Lewis, ending up at Stornaway. It was a mistake to do the trip in this direction, for at that time of year the prevalent wind is from the north, as I found to my cost; but I had friends in Barra who knew the islands, and I wished to go there first to consult them about things to be seen. Though my official excuse was the ancient remains, I found the modern and recent types of habitation far more interesting, particularly the Black Houses, and after my return I got Dr Cecil Curwen, who knows the islands well, to write an article on them for *Antiquity* (Vol. xii, 1938, pp. 261-89), which used some of the many photographs I had been able to take. There were still a few cottages built entirely of peat, often in lonely and isolated places by the seashore and inhabited by almost self-sufficient families of fishermen who grew a little corn. At that time of year the air is marvellously clear and the treeless landscape has a quality that must be like that of Arctic lands. The people are shy and difficult to communicate with, mistrusting strangers; one sympathizes with this attitude, but it handicaps the traveller who has no ulterior motives. The remotest place I visited was the island of Taransay, west of Tarbert. To get to it one has to signal across the mile-wide strait; after doing so by waving my coat, I eventually attracted attention, and a boat came and took me over. The houses are most primitive in structure; but even here the prevailing British passion rules, and the walls of one where I had tea were covered with pictures of football players. I managed to take some surreptitious photographs, but was warned by the leading inhabitant that I had better do so unobserved for fear of giving offence. I visited the famous stone circle of Callernish,

having to get a bed in a private house, since the inn at Garmakine was closed for decorations. Thence I followed the coastal road towards the Butt of Lewis, a region swept by fierce gales. I shall never forget the ride from there to Stornaway, when for the first time during the trip I had the wind—and a strong one—dead behind me. One of the pleasures of the trip was the food, which consisted largely of real kippers, smoked and cured in the proper way. They are one of the best foods in the world, quite unlike the atrocities turned out by commercialized institutions. Pigs and herrings can provide most tasty fare, but the English genius for spoiling good food has ruined both.

Two years later, in February, 1938, I decided to test on the ground a Roman road from Droitwich to the Roman town of Uriconium (Wroxeter, near Shrewsbury) whose existence was already evident from the map alone. I went by train from Oxford to Droitwich, where I had a bathe in the brine-pool, a most amusing experience. The water was so salt that one could float in it in a sitting posture. Thence I walked by Kidderminster, Greensforge, and Folley to Wellington, a distance of thirty-five miles covered in three stages. There is a Roman fort at Greensforge and I satisfied myself, by finding a few certain remains of it, that the road was Roman. It was a pleasant walk through nice unspoilt country, but I remember little about it except that near Greensforge I picked up a duck's egg in a field and ate it for tea. The road was subsequently investigated again and the results published by Dr St Joseph.

In April, 1938, I decided to go and see the Dannewerk, a defensive linear earthwork running across the Danish peninsula in Schleswig (*Archaeology in the Field*, p. 184, Plate 16). It was my first essay in field archaeology on the Continent, and it was not a very propitious time for investigating a line of defence which was still not far inside the modern German frontier. I got the necessary archaeological contacts, however, and met with no difficulties. The weather was excellent, and the warm spring sunshine had enticed from their holes the snakes which live in the bank of the earthwork. As I walked along the path beside it there was a continuous rustle of

reptilian forms sliding about in the grass and withered leaves. My archaeological colleagues were most kind and hospitable, taking me in their cars to see the other sites of interest. We visited some Saxon earthworks, a rarity in England, at Stella-burg and Itzehoe. I returned by liner direct from Hamburg to Southampton.

My choice of an area for doing field-work in Britain was determined by the state of things in the Office. I had long ago decided that, with the system of large-scale revision then in operation, field-work in connection with it would be neither practicable nor worth while, for it was mostly in built-up areas. Under the old system of revision by counties, Wiltshire was revised during the twenties, the last county to be done as a whole. I already knew it pretty well, and by field-work was able to fill in the blanks, so that the third edition of that county may be regarded as fairly satisfactory. The work fitted in nicely with field-work done for *Wessex from the Air*. The chief blemishes are some of the names supplied by Dr Grundy from Anglo-Saxon land boundaries. These he had been contributing, in return for the maps since before I went to the Office. He had been requested to give only those whose identification he regarded as certain, but many of them are far from certain and some are definitely wrong. I became aware of this later (when we got to the middle and south of the county) and discontinued the practice, except when I could vouch for them from my own work.

For small-scale revision, which was then carried out independently, it seemed best to work ahead of the revisers, who gradually covered the country, working from south to north. That meant concentrating chiefly on Scotland—a policy which suited the work on the Period Maps also. From 1930 onwards I spent a few weeks in every year doing field-work there, but I did not neglect England altogether. My work there was determined by the needs of the Dark Age map. We showed on this the linear earthworks already mentioned in this book, and as they were often imperfectly marked on the maps, I investigated nearly all of them personally, except Offa's Dyke and Watt's Dyke, where Sir Cyril Fox had done all that was needed for our purpose—and much beside. Altogether I was

able to add quite a lot to the maps, and I published some of the results in *Antiquity*.

To keep pace with revision single-handed was an impossible task, and to get an experienced assistant then was equally impossible. No one man could become familiar with the local antiquities of Great Britain from the Scillies to the Shetlands and the Outer Hebrides, even in a long lifetime; the best I could do was to get to know samples from each of the different geographical regions. I had just about acquired this knowledge when the time for retirement approached. I am not complaining of this state of affairs, which was not by any means uncongenial, or unsuited to my rather individualistic methods. It would, however, have made things much easier if I could have obtained the help that was eventually given, in the form of an Assistant Archaeology Officer, a few years earlier. The appointment was not authorized till 1938, when Mr W. F. Grimes was chosen. I began to make a move for the appointment early in the thirties, when Winterbotham was Director-General, but nothing came of it. It was then suggested that it might be possible to induce a young man with a University degree to accept the post at a salary which was lower than that of the lowest paid labourer employed by the Ordnance Survey. I turned it down with contempt in a very strongly worded minute which, had not my personal relations with the originator of the suggestion been most friendly, might have caused trouble. When later I renewed my request, under Major-General Macleod, the salary offered was again far too low, as I pointed out. This time we got as far as advertising the job, but there were, naturally, no applicants! All this happened at a time when the normal established staff of the Ordnance Survey was being increased by many hundreds of persons yearly. I realized, of course, that archaeology was a luxury, and never as a matter of deliberate policy did I ask for, or expect, preferential treatment for it, or forget that the primary purpose of the Office was practical, not archaeological. But on the other hand, I did not think it right that archaeology should be treated as a Cinderella and with far less consideration than the other branches of the work. But it was; daily incidents proved it.

This official hostility contrasted markedly with the kindness and toleration which I received personally. Enthusiasts are often difficult people to deal with, especially in government offices, and I am sure I was no exception. I can only say in mitigation that I could not have acted otherwise.

In 1932 I used the whole of my annual leave on a trip to the USSR in company with a friend whom I had met at Oxford when I was a Junior Demonstrator. We saw much that was both new and old, and I was greatly impressed and for a time fooled by the imposing façade of the structure; that phase passed, I am thankful to say, largely through the influence of Harold W. Edwards, whom I met for the first time on the boat going from London to Leningrad. On looking back now I regard that meeting as much the most valuable result of the trip. The Sidney Webbs were also on the boat, the *Smolny*; Bernard Shaw came to see them off, and I was greatly tempted to ask leave to take a photograph of them all, and regret now that my courage failed me. One day there was a public discussion on the deck of the *Smolny*, opened by the captain, a quiet-mannered, pleasant, intelligent man. Mrs Webb asked him many questions.

On arrival at Leningrad the Webbs were whisked off at once in a special conveyance, but the rest of us had to undergo a long, confused, and searching ordeal at the Customs. I had brought with me a few palaeolithic stone axes, which I thought would smooth the way for me in some of the museums; but they merely aroused the suspicions of the searchers and were confiscated. On the way to Moscow the engine broke down and we strolled about beside the line while it was being repaired. At Moscow I tried to obtain permission to visit Samarkand, but in vain. On applying in England for a visa for the USSR I had given Central Asia as one of the regions I wished to visit; no reply was received, and when the matter became urgent I was informed that I could leave without a visa, which would be granted when I reached Moscow. When I raised the matter there I was told that it was no longer necessary; and when I reached England on my return I found a letter informing me that my application for a visa could not be approved.

No doubt that was because of my mention of Central Asia in the original request; it did not apparently occur to the authorities to give me a visa for other parts of the USSR excluding Central Asia.

From Moscow we went to Nijni Novgorod (Gorki) and embarked on a four-day steamer journey down the Volga, ending up at Stalingrad. From there we went to Rostov-on-Don, where our party split up. The hotel was full of bugs, but I managed to avoid them by 'flitting' the legs of the bed. Thence my friend and I went on by train to Tiflis; we incautiously left the window of our carriage open during the night, and while we were asleep at a station, many of our things were stolen through it; I lost a wrist-watch only, but my companion lost his hat and some of his clothes. We crossed the Caucasus in a bus; the top of the pass was a beautiful sight, the mountains being covered with azaleas, or small rhododendrons, in flower. At a halt there we were surrounded by small boys whose chief desire was to obtain pencils, I cannot imagine why. Tiflis was a beautiful city and I took many photographs of the older buildings and visited the museum. In an open space was erected the effigy of a capitalist; it took the form of a bloated top-hatted figure in evening dress, and was designed to raise money for achieving the First Five-Year Plan in Four Years. While there, my companion fell ill and I went on without him (when he was recovering) to Erivan, the capital of Soviet Armenia. This was an attractive place on an upland plateau dominated by distant views of Mount Ararat, a snowy volcano that usually looked pink. There was much of interest in the museums and there seemed to be a wealth of field archaeology in the neighbourhood, including megaliths. The museum curator took me in a Ford to Echmiadzin, and on the way back we visited some ruins where a Vannic-inscribed stone was standing. I left Erivan by bus, climbing to a cold, treeless upland over six thousand feet above sea level at Lake Gokcha or Sevang, where I photographed one of the local dogs for Hilzheimer who had written an article for *Antiquity* on the subject (Vol. vi, 1932, pp. 411-19). From here we descended through pine-covered slopes to Delijan, where we spent the night. The houses are wooden chalets like those of Switzerland, which the

region closely resembles. Next day we continued our journey, meeting an endless stream of Tartar nomads migrating with their wagons to the summer pastures of Armenia. The carts were covered with carpets but the rate of rouble exchange prevented me from buying one. The nomads were unused to roads and in one place they had halted on it, and it was some time before the wagon could be moved to make room for the bus to pass. Eventually we reached Akstafa on the Baku-Tiflis railway. This is a sweltering spot on the edge of one of the world's smallest and least known deserts. The train for Tiflis starts at Rostov and goes round the east end of the Caucasus at Baku, accumulating unpunctuality *en route*. Today it was only three hours late. In my carriage was an elderly doctor whose niece or cousin was said to be an archaeologist and to have investigated ancient remains of irrigation not far from Baku. I obtained her address and wrote later from England, hoping to get something from her for *Antiquity*, but of course I got no reply.

At Tiflis I rejoined my companion, who had recovered, and we went on together by train to Batum. This was one of the slummiest towns I have ever seen, the only respectable building being the sailors' naval club. It has a curious sub-tropical climate and much tea is grown on the seaward slopes of the surrounding mountains. At Batum we embarked on a steamer for Sukhum in the republic of Abkhasia. Our boat was an ancient tub named the *Pestel*, which called at many ports on the way including Poti, the ancient Colchis of the Argonauts, where I bought a fleece and some furs, and photographed the world's last surviving horse-tram. At Sukhum we lounged and rested after our strenuous bout of sightseeing; my companion unwisely took a sun-bath on the seashore and got badly burnt. While he was in bed recovering I made an expedition to a neighbouring orange-farm, where a rich find of bronze implements had just been made in a 'dolmen'. The discovery had been reported to the schoolmaster at Sukhum by one of the pupils, son of the farmer. It so happened that Professor Tallgren was contributing an article to *Antiquity* on this very subject, and I was able to draw in the museum one of the pots found (*Antiquity*, Vol. vii, 1933, p. 196, fig. 4); the case had to

be unscrewed for this to be done. The modern tombs closely resembled dolmens.

We left Batum on an Italian steamer. There was no difficulty at the Customs. I had developed my own negatives during the trip, using cupboards as dark rooms, and all sorts of strange utensils for developing and fixing. That was because no undeveloped negatives could be taken out of the USSR, and although they could have been developed free of charge by the authorities, I preferred to do the job myself. Later I saw some of those thus developed and was glad I had done so. We called on the way at Trabzon (Trebizond) and Samsun, and ended up at Constanza in Roumania, where I saw in a square a statue of the poet Ovid, who had died there in exile; it was rather a change after the innumerable (if artistically excellent) statues of Lenin. From Constanza we proceeded by the same boat to Constantinople, where we took the Orient Express to Paris.

## Bulgaria and Cyprus

1937

My aunts' deaths : Hope Villa : planning a house in Cyprus : an expedition to Bulgaria : the excavations at Sadowitz : I leave for Cyprus via Sofia and Athens : bike-rides in Cyprus : the Stewarts' excavations at Bellapais : I meet Geoffrey Alington.

ON June 29th, 1933, my dear old aunt Deeshie (Sister Edith Teresa) died at Wantage, after a fall. She had gone to live there when she had had to give up her work at Spelthorne St Mary, on account of her age; and she had occupied a room in the old people's wing. It was rather a change for one used to an active life, but she accepted it without complaint; though bent with arthritis she was able to get about, and used to pay periodical visits in the convent car to her sister at Donnington, my Aunt Gertrude (Pogga), who was bedridden. She looked forward to these visits, which were the outstanding events of her quiet life; but towards the end they became a source of anxiety to the convent sisters, and one of them had told me that it would not be possible to continue them. I knew, as they did, what this would mean to her, and we kept postponing the ordeal of telling her. Her fall occurred just before we had decided that it could not be postponed any longer. Her mind was clear right up to the end, and we corresponded regularly, and I paid regular visits to Wantage to see her. She is buried in the convent cemetery. I felt her death keenly, for I was very fond of her and owed her much. The Home she had managed for so long had been moved to Thorpe near Woking; there, in the chapel which she had built at Feltham and which had been re-erected, was placed a stained glass window in her memory, designed by her old friend its architect, now Sir John Comper. I attended the dedication of the window on March 19th, 1934.

In 1953 I revisited the old house at Spelthorne St Mary; it has been turned into four flats, and though the name has been

kept it is called 62 Staines Road. The occupants of what used to be her working room are very fond of the place, which seemed to retain an aura of good deeds done there. But what was once a lovely garden is now a wilderness of willows; the yew avenue has been cut down, and the old wrought-iron gates removed, no one knows where. Houses have been built on the road-frontage in what was once the paddock, and where the kitchen garden was is now a derelict piece of waste ground. The little streamlet (which she called the moat) has been drained. It is a sorry spectacle, and I am glad she never lived to see it.

Six months later my great friend Withycombe died, on December 28th, 1933. I was in Paris at the time, but was informed by a telegram. It was rather a shock, for although he had had a serious illness some time before, and had been unwell lately, there had been no cause for undue anxiety. I was very much grieved and missed him terribly; he and I had a lot in common, and I used to discuss everything I did with him. Being of a more equable temperament than I was, he had often smoothed things over for me at the Office, though he himself had had by no means an easy life there. He was given a very raw deal, the stupidest and most unkind cut of all being dealt by Winterbotham, who took away from him the direction of the small-scale maps which he loved and had made a fine job of, and put an RE officer in his place. Withycombe had *made* the fifth edition of the one-inch map, and to deprive him of this just when his labours were beginning to reap their reward in the published maps was a wicked and cruel act.

On March 24th, 1935, my Aunt Gertrude (Pogga) died at Tan House, Donnington. Her memory had already begun to fail, which saved her from much of the grief she would otherwise have suffered from the death of her beloved sister. She did not realize that she had died, and used to say, when I visited her, that it was a long time since Edith had come to see her—what could have happened? She was the last link with my childhood—and family—until recently, when some cousins turned up. She left me all her possessions, including Tan House, which unfortunately I sold, not wishing to have the worry of tenants and upkeep. There was a problem of accom-

modation for some of the furniture, which I wished to retain for my own use, and the family portraits. This was partially solved soon afterwards when I became the tenant of the house I still live in at Nursling (Hope Villa). Up till then I had been a lodger, paying rent to Mr Tom Pearce, a retired Ordnance Survey man, who took on the tenancy when Miss Russell died. On November 19th, 1935, he died. We were good friends; he came of an old family of Hampshire yeomen, and was born not far off at Ower. Though his work at the Ordnance Survey had been clerical he was by nature and upbringing an outdoor man whose chief interests were horses and dogs. He kept a greyhound and used to take it out coursing on the downs with some of his friends. He had a good eye for a horse, but used to complain that nowadays this was not much use at the races. His brother Fred had an equally good eye for livestock.

Having now for the first time in my life a little capital of my own, I decided to use it to build a house where I could go and live for at any rate part of the year after I retired. It would be in some country that had a good sunny climate and was not too cold in winter. For reasons of safety of tenure I decided that it had better be built somewhere within the British Empire. It must not be too far off for reasons of expense. The islands in the Mediterranean were the most attractive, and I played with the idea of choosing one of the Balearic or Ionian islands. But in case of war my property might be confiscated or destroyed and the furniture stolen. I do not know what would have happened if I had chosen Zante or Cephalonia,<sup>1</sup> but in Majorca it would probably have remained safe and unharmed. Malta and Gibraltar were impossible for several reasons. There remained only Cyprus, so there I went in April. I stayed for most of the time at the Dome Hotel, Kyrenia, and made preliminary inquiries. My first idea was to buy an existing house, but soon I found that there were no suitable ones in the market and decided to buy land and build one. I did not, however, do so on this visit, but on another a little over a year later. This time I went by sea from Southampton

<sup>1</sup> The day after I wrote this came the news of the terrible earthquake which destroyed most of the houses in these islands.

to Port Said on a Dutch boat. It was a delightful voyage, and the company at the table I sat at was excellent, presided over by the chief engineer. My fiftieth birthday was the day on which we called at Gibraltar and our party celebrated it; knowing my affection for smoked eels, someone thoughtfully placed a small parcel of them, wrapped in paper, in my seat at dinner; fortunately I observed it before sitting down. Owing to engine trouble we were late in reaching Port Said, and I missed the weekly boat to Cyprus. Port Said is not the sort of place one would choose to stay in, though the houses on the sea front, where my hotel was, were cool and pleasant. Fortunately I had with me a bicycle, which I had bought to keep for use on the island (where it is still in use), so I put it on a train and went to Zagazig in the Nile delta, and bicycled back. Taking a bicycle by train in Egypt is apparently unusual; it is charged for by weight, but as bicycles will not stand on a weighing-machine unaided one has to support them and so relieve them of some of their weight. Zagazig was a completely un-European cotton-spinning town; I found simple but clean accommodation in an Egyptian hotel. Next day I set out on my bicycle, armed with a Baedeker map. I followed a road beside one of the canals; it was unmetalled and at one place was being watered to lay the dust which is an exceedingly fine alluvial deposit almost like the aeolian loess. Rashly I did not dismount and no sooner had I got on to the watered part than my wheels clogged up and stopped revolving. It was quite a long business clearing the mud out with a stick, assisted by the waterer. I bicycled across the battlefield of Tell el Kebir and slept the night at Abu Sueir. Next day I went on by the sweet-water canal to Ismailia and had breakfast in a Greek restaurant. From Ismailia the route lay along the west bank of the Suez Canal. There were then no military establishments there, so I undressed and swam across it and back. Soon afterwards the symptoms of Gypsy tummy supervened and I had to take the train from El Kantara to Port Said.

I spent most of the time in Cyprus looking for a site to build a house on, but I do not remember whether it was on this trip or the next (in 1937) that I finally bought a piece of land. In looking around I was helped by the Shoreys, who had built a

house themselves, Dudley Court, near Kyrenia. By an unfortunate coincidence my old acquaintance of the *Mana*, W. Scoresby Routledge, was on the island, too, doing the same, and we nearly collided at dinner at the Nicosia Hotel. We seemed fated to dog each other's footsteps, for we both belonged to the same club in London, and had had the same trouble there. I bore him no ill will, but he was a terrible bore and had few friends, and it would have been difficult to avoid his company if we had made up the old quarrel.

In September, 1937, after the Ptuj conference, I went on with Bersu to Belgrade, where we met his wife Maria. The conference had given a flying start, so to speak, to my spell of leave, the bulk of which I was going to spend again in Cyprus. But first I had, at their invitation, a most enjoyable diversion in Bulgaria as an irresponsible member of the Germano-Bulgarian expedition he was leading jointly with Dr Welkow, a Bulgarian archaeologist. The site of the excavations was at Sadowetz in northern Bulgaria, but before proceeding there we spent two days in Sofia. English people rarely visited the country and as an Englishman I was singled out by a reporter for an interview, which took place in a café while I was having breakfast. I consulted Bersu about what I had better say and he said: 'Tell him about the museum roof', so I did. We had visited the museum the day before, and heard the director's laments that there was a hole in the roof through which the rain came, and that he could not get it repaired. This was duly reported next day in the paper and was read by the King, who was much annoyed and ordered that the repairs should be put in hand at once, and they were.

The museum possessed a very fine hoard of prehistoric gold objects which had been brought to light accidentally during the 1914-18 war. The discovery had been reported to the archaeological authorities at Sofia, but they had pooh-poohed it, thinking it was some kind of a hoax. Welkow, however, had his doubts and decided to go and investigate. Being an open air archaeologist he was able to get on well with the country people, and he found that it was a genuine gold hoard. He had taken a lot of money with him and eventually succeeded in buying it for the museum. The problem then was to get it

there, for it was just after the end of the war and the country was in a very disturbed state. He therefore concocted a plan; he got hold of an Italian uniform and put it on, ordering two policemen to take charge of him as if he were an Italian prisoner and escort him to Sofia. They had, of course, to be let into the secret, for the gold objects were put into an old sack and carried by Welkow as if they were his kit. During the train journey he noticed they were conversing together away from him. When later he asked them about it, one of them said that it had been discussed whether they should kill him and acquire the loot, but they had decided not to do so because he was a good fellow and they liked him. He retold this story, for my benefit, during the train journey from Sofia to Sadowetz, Bersu translating it from his German into English for me. I can vouch for the truth of the policemen's estimate, and hope that he is still flourishing.

While at Sofia I bought a pair of boots which I still have; they are the most comfortable ones I have ever worn. The soles are fixed on with wooden nails, the uppers have the smooth outside of the skin on their inner side, minimizing friction, and there is a narrow band of blue serge round the top. The leather is properly tanned, not corroded by chemicals. On a later visit in 1938 I bought another pair, heavier and not quite so good but still usable. I also bought in the open market a complete flint and tinder outfit. The method was still used in the country, and when I gave a cigarette to a shepherd on the site of Old Plevna he lit it, quite quickly, in this way.

Petrol was rare and expensive in Bulgaria in those days; the ensuing peace and quiet brought home to me vividly what a curse the stuff is. Even in the heart of Sofia, opposite the King's Palace, traffic-control is hardly a whole-time job. An excellent drink called *sliebovic* is made of plums; it has the pleasant soft taste of a peasant product. Bersu encouraged the drinking of *sliebovic* to ward off dysentery; his excavators, when at Sadowetz had (I believe) orders to drink at least one glass before meals. He claimed that his clean bill of health was due to this practice.

We had archaeological business to transact with Professor Filov, the chief Bulgarian archaeologist, who was also at that

time Minister of Education. Filov was then staying at a village called Tschamkoria, a health resort in the mountains south of Sofia, so we motored there to see him on September 8th, 1937. On the way we passed a small herd of goats in a field, which I saw to my delight had the crumpled or spiral horns peculiar to *Capra girgentana*, a rare and ancient race recently discovered in Sicily, Malta, Crete, Greece, and South Albania. It is the animal of which Woolley found representations in Queen Shubad's grave at Ur, and at first described as a 'ram caught in a thicket', but this one has a beard, which sheep never have. One of its horns was actually found at Kish. Bulgaria was a new locality for it, and my discovery was duly published in *Antiquity* (Vol. xii, 1938, pp. 81-2, Plate 1, opp. p. 88), with some remarks by Professor Amschler, who had contributed a note on these goats the year before (Vol. xi, 1937, pp. 226-8, Plates 5 and 6). I photographed the goats, which were grazing in a field between the villages of Pasarelle and Kalkovo. Then we came to a large village called Zlokut-chene, which was full of primitive agricultural practices; corn was being threshed both with a tribulum and by the driving of both oxen and ponies round the threshing-floor, and was being turned over with forks with wooden prongs; there was in the middle of one of the threshing-floors a wooden post to the top of which was tied a bunch of flowers; and we found a pig who lived in a raised room built on piles. I took photos of all these things.

We had lunch with Filov and discussed the preparation of the Bulgarian part of the Roman Empire map, and he promised to undertake it at the Archaeological Institute, of which he was Director. He had an article in the then current number on some Bulgarian bee-hive tombs in Bulgaria, Hellenistic survivals of a Mycenaean type of burial-chamber (see Vol. xi, pp. 300-5). I asked him to write for *Antiquity* an account of the gold hoard which Welkow had rescued; he said he would try and find time to do so, but he never did. Soon afterwards he was appointed Prime Minister, a post he held throughout the subsequent war, to his undoing; for when the Russians arrived at Sofia in 1945 they arrested him with the rest of the government and hanged them. My photograph of

our party, taken during an afternoon walk near Tschamkoria, has, therefore, a melancholy historic interest.

The following day, September 9th, we went from Sofia to Sadowetz in a train which, like all continental ones, started at a very early hour in the morning. Our party consisted of Gerhard and Maria Bersu, Welkow, and myself. The excavations at Sadowetz were a joint undertaking of the German and Bulgarian Archaeological Institutes, an excellent alliance enabling the one to profit from the technical skill of the other. Such ventures depend for their success upon personal relations, which in this case were of the best. Bersu's assistants had gone on ahead, and had already made good progress when we arrived. The site consisted of a promontory fort on a spur overlooking the river Vit; it was defended by walls and by a massive tower, but was essentially a fortified peasant village, not a military fort, as the small irregular houses showed. The buildings were constructed in the reign of Justinian (AD 527-65), and it was destroyed by fire, probably by the Avars, about 600. It was one of many in the region between the Danube frontier and the main range of the Balkan Mountains, evidence of the policy of getting the local people to defend themselves with some military and other technical help from Byzantium.<sup>1</sup>

The village of Sadowetz is a large and prosperous one—or was so in 1937—with probably one to two thousand inhabitants. It was pleasant to live for a few days in a place that had retained the full vigour of its traditional life and culture. As a mere hanger-on my duties were nil, and I occupied my time wandering about, taking photographs, and bathing in the Vit, whose miniature rapids provided an amusing diversion. On one occasion a political discussion arose; when in Germany I refused to discuss politics, but here in a neutral country I felt under less restraint, and I expressed my views of Hitler and Mussolini with more force than discretion, seated on a rock in midstream. The discussion came to an abrupt end when a snake was seen crossing the river, and one of the party lost a sandal swimming away from it.

<sup>1</sup> Owing to the war the only account of the excavations that could be published is the article by Professor Bersu in *Antiquity*, Vol. xii, 1938, pp. 31-34.

I was provided with a bedroom in a private house in the village, but had my breakfast at the inn. On the wall of the room hung still a picture of the late Czar and Czarina, evidence of the political affinities of the region, which geographically is an outlier of the great plains of Southern Russia. Sadowetz seemed to me to be as prosperous and happy a community as one could find anywhere, but it had its communist agitator, now no doubt in high office or liquidated. There was a wedding while I was there—an affair of three days conducted according to an elaborate traditional ritual. This included a formal procession complete with band and a clown, who pranced about at the head performing amusing antics with a wooden sword. I was sorely tempted to take a photograph and regret not having done so; but to do so seemed to me at the time out of keeping with the spirit of the thing.

On Sunday (September 12th) we took a day off and made an excursion to a neighbouring village in one of the local carts, driven by Welkow. We saw some caves in the limestone cliffs of a river; the whole district is full of caves, some of which must have been occupied in the Old Stone Age. It is a most promising region for research, and a beginning was made shortly afterwards by Professor Garrod.

From Sadowetz I went with the Bersus by the usual very early morning train to Pleven, better known as Plevna, where exactly sixty years before the Turks had surrendered to the Russians after a three months' siege. We arrived at nine o'clock and were met at the station by the local archaeologist, who wanted us to go from there in a taxi; but Bersu, supported by me, insisted on taking one of the cabs drawn by a pair of ponies, and we trotted gaily through the town to a restaurant, where we had breakfast. Then we visited the site of old Pleven, on a hill that was strewn also with Neolithic potsherds. Close by were some very picturesque rock-shelters, still occupied, beside a grove of poplars.

We went on to Shumen, a garrison town that was then in the midst of its annual fair. It was the kind of thing that our medieval fairs in England must have looked like. Goods of every possible sort were on sale, and I remember walking past the pottery quarter, where for a long distance groups of the

local wares were displayed, placed on the ground. It was a most fascinating spectacle, and I wished that I could have bought quantities of them; but I had a long journey ahead (to Cyprus) and I had to be content with one or two lovely glazed bowls, which I still have and use.

The hotel was largely occupied by Bulgarian army officers, who seemed to spend most of their time sitting in their shirt-sleeves in the café playing cards. We made several excursions, the most interesting being to two fantastic barbarian palaces of the ninth and tenth centuries at Aboba (now Pliska) and Preslav.<sup>1</sup> They were probably built for the barbarian rulers in imitation of those of Byzantium and by architects of that city. I took many photographs at both sites, as well as at the museums of Shumen and Preslav. Thence we went to Madeba, a huge sandstone mountain honeycombed with hermits' caves and having carved in its side the figure of a gigantic horseman. During the journey we passed a curious group of standing stones set closely together, of unknown prehistoric age.

From Shumen we went to Varna, a pleasure resort on the Black Sea. It was one of the few occasions I remember when Bersu allowed himself to take a holiday; we had some pleasant sea-bathing and enjoyed eating the crayfish for which the place is famous. From Varna I had to get somehow to Athens; I had hoped to be able to go by sea, but this proved to be impossible and I had to go back by night to Sofia, where I went on by the international train. I remember nothing of the journey except some trouble I had at Sofia about taking or exchanging my money. I was due to leave Greece by a ship from the Piraeus, so after spending the first night in Athens I moved into an hotel at the Piraeus, where I was quite comfortable. We sailed on the evening of September 22nd and arrived off Limassol at 5.30 p.m. on the 24th. From there I took a taxi across the island to Kyrenia, dining at a wayside restaurant *en route*, where I had the worst beer I have ever tasted.

At Kyrenia I went as usual to the Dome Hotel which, under the able direction of Mr Katsellis, was one of the best hotels I

<sup>1</sup> Described in *Antiquity*, Vol. xiii, 1939, pp. 293-303.

have ever known. I had discussions there with Macartney, the architect who was to superintend the building of my house, Dadlisou, about a mile to the east of the town, on a very pleasant bit of land beside a little bay. I also made various excursions in the island by train and bicycle. First I bicycled to Nicosia (sixteen miles) and visited the museum which Mr Dikaios and Miss Du Plat Taylor were reorganizing. Then I set out for Famagusta, the port at the east end of the island. The road I was following degenerated into a field track across the scorched plain of Mesará; it was very hot and dusty and I was afraid the road might get worse and compel me to walk, but fortunately it didn't. There were no signs of habitation, and I was terribly thirsty. Eventually I came to a proper road, at a bridge over a dry river-bed. Being rather exhausted I took off all my clothes (which were scanty) and lay down in the shade below the bridge and went to sleep for a bit. Then I bicycled along the road to the nearest village, had some wine in a restaurant, and took the train to Famagusta. After a day or two there, looking at the remains of the old town, I bicycled northwards to Ayios Amvrosios, situated on a hill above the north coast. It was a long and lonely ride, and involved crossing a pass through the coastal range. It got dark before I reached the coast, and knowing that there was no chance of a bath at Ayios Amvrosios I stripped and had a bathe in the sea, though it was rather difficult doing so in complete darkness. Eventually I reached the village after a long climb; there, sitting at a table outside the restaurant I found my friend of an earlier visit, Longinus, exactly where I had last met him. He welcomed me in a most friendly fashion; I asked him about accommodation and he said I was to stay there at the restaurant. I ventured to mention the subject of fleas, which had infested my bed in the Hotel Helvetia (another establishment) on my previous visit, but he said I need have no anxiety; the police had got rid of all the fleas in the village. Actually it was not the season for fleas, and I had none. I stayed two nights, faring very well on the local wine and sand grouse, at a cost of a few shillings. Thence I returned to Kyrenia.

At this time James and Eleanor Stewart were conducting their first season's excavations in the Bronze Age cemetery of

Vounous near Bellapais, and were living in picturesque quarters in a room at the abbey overlooking a precipice, with a gorgeous view over the coastal plain and across the sea to the snowy peaks of Taurus in Asia Minor. The room was mainly occupied by pots in various states of repair, amongst which prowled the cats who, after the manner of cats, had immediately discovered that the Stewarts were friendly. The work was continued the following year, and after the war (during which James Stewart was taken prisoner) a splendid volume was published describing the results.<sup>1</sup> Bellapais was only a mile or two from Kyrenia and I went there several times. Once when I was experimenting on the roof with my Rollei-flex proxars, the First Lord of the Admiralty arrived on a tour of inspection. It often happened that such tours were thought necessary, during the holiday season, in the Admiralty yacht; but Cyprus was still at that time—and may be now, for aught I know—without any protected harbour except the small and inadequate one at Famagusta. But who was I to cast a stone, having my own private racket, the Roman Empire Map, which had got me to Sofia on that very trip?

When visiting the Shoreys I heard from them that some friends of theirs had a vacant place in an aeroplane which was flying back to England, and I at once asked them to book it for me. Thus began my friendship with Geoffrey Alington, and a series of pleasant and archaeologically profitable flights with him. We left Cyprus on October 25th in a twin-engine machine, which carried also his partner Spratt and his wife and a friend of theirs; at Rhodes, where we left them, Geoffrey got out a single-engined machine of his own, and next day we flew to Brindisi, refuelling at Athens. The weather up till then had been cloudlessly fine and still was, except for a single small squall which we saw approaching the aerodrome at Brindisi from the Adriatic as we came in from the south. Though we landed only a few minutes later the rainfall had been enough to flood the concrete runway, but from the air it could not be seen to be under water until the last moment. We skidded rather severely and did slight dam-

<sup>1</sup> Reviewed by Sir John Myres in *Antiquity*, Vol. xxv, 1951, pp. 98-9. The book was published at Lund in 1950 by the Swedish Institute in Rome.

age to the undercarriage. The Italian official in charge was officious and made difficulties over an imaginary irregularity concerning the ownership of the aeroplane, but the others were quite helpful. The damage was repaired by a mechanic of Imperial Airways, and we set off again next day, refuelling at Rome and ending up at Marseilles. We got a room for the night near the aerodrome, which is twenty miles from the town. Next day we flew to Paris, and stayed at Le Bourget; and the day after we set off for England. Ahead of us was an ominous blue-black haze, and when we started to cross the Channel we ran into a snowstorm with nil visibility and had to turn back and land on an aerodrome at Gris-Nez. There the man in charge made us go again through the weary business of passports and custom clearance. The storm was soon over, and we took off again and landed a few minutes later at Lympne, got Customs clearance, and flew on to Eastleigh, where I took a taxi home. The whole distance covered was about four and a half thousand miles.

Berlin,  
Athens and Cyprus Again  
1938

Berlin lecture : *Luftbild und Vorgeschichte* : a quick trip to Greece : President of the Prehistoric Society : my excavation programme : I fly to Cyprus with Geoffrey Alington : Rome, Sicily, North Africa, Palestine, Syria : our triumphant arrival and dinner at Bellapais : I see my house for the first (and last) time : our return flight : a forced landing at Prague and an anxious wait.

**I**N 1935 Bersu had been compelled by the political situation to resign the directorship of the Frankfurt Institute and to go to Berlin, where he was working in the Institute. I liked the Nazis as little as he did; but I had long ago considered what attitude to adopt in my dealings with archaeologists abroad, which both *Antiquity* and the Roman Map involved, and I had decided to make no distinctions between Nazis, Fascists, Communists, or Democrats. That seemed to be the only possible policy if one was working on subjects that required international co-operation. When, therefore, Bersu said that it was proposed to have an exhibition of air-photographs in Berlin to stimulate interest in their archaeological uses I willingly agreed to participate. Hitherto air-archaeology, a British invention, had been ignored in Europe, potentially a promising field for research, though the Frenchman Father Poidebard had done excellent work in Syria. It is not often that one can teach the Germans a new technique, particularly in photography, and I felt rather proud to be asked to do so. The exhibition was to be supplemented by an informal discussion of the seminar type, and by a formal lecture in the Air Ministry to which officers of the German Army and Air Force were to be invited. The Director-General of the Ordnance Survey approved of the preparatory work being done in office hours; the German authorities were paying my passage to

Berlin and back and providing me with accommodation there. I chose a hundred air-photographs, some of large size, and wrote short summary descriptions of each. It then occurred to me that I now had, without the need of any further work, the raw material for a useful manual of archaeological air-photography, such as did not then exist and was badly needed; for my two Professional Papers were rather out-of-date and badly illustrated, and *Wessex from the Air* was a big and expensive book and rather specialized. So I showed some of the photographs to the Director-General, and suggested that the Ordnance Survey should publish them. The proposal was very coldly received; he anticipated objections from the Stationery Office and I did not press the matter. The publication would have given me much additional work, and if the State which employed me did not want it the loss was theirs. It was very disheartening but I was getting used to that.

I left Southampton by the usual sea-route on March 17th, 1938, arriving in Berlin the following evening. The photographs were duly exhibited and I explained them to the visitors. All the work behind the scenes was done by Bersu, who translated the script of the lecture into German. There was a rehearsal in the afternoon; the lecture itself was read out, in German, by another, while I stood on the platform, pointing when necessary to the screen. There were some four hundred people present, including many Army and Air Force officers. There were no other British present; as the affair was semi-official I had called at the British Embassy and written my name in the book, and had a short conversation with an attaché. He apologized on behalf of our Ambassador, who could not unfortunately attend the lecture as he had to go to a football match (played apparently in the dark—the lecture was delivered in the evening).

At the exhibition I had met a director of Luft-Hansa, who asked me for permission to publish my lecture as a special illustrated monograph. I at once gave the required permission, qualified by the statement that actually I was not authorized to do so, but that I did not anticipate any difficulties. It was a high compliment to be asked to allow publication and it would have been churlish to give any other reply. But I was, as so

often, unduly optimistic, underrating the insularity of our bureaucracy. Though unwilling to publish it themselves, they were also unwilling to allow anyone else to do so; eventually permission was given on condition that the Germans paid a copyright fee of 2/6d. for each photograph reproduced. This charge would have enriched the British Treasury by the sum of £5 2s. 6d., for of the sixty-three photographs reproduced, twenty-one were taken either by Major Allen or myself, who willingly gave permission. I protested vigorously against this undignified and absurd red tape—absurd, because the charge could not be exacted from a foreign government except by force, which at that time our government was not prepared to use, even supposing that the matter should have been thought important enough for an ultimatum! The demand was eventually dropped. The monograph duly appeared under the title of *Luftbild und Vorgeschichte*; five thousand copies were printed and distributed all over Germany, where many must still survive. (My own generous allowance of one hundred perished at the hands of the Germans themselves in 1940, and I have only a single copy left.) The thing remains the best general handbook of a semi-popular kind, though another and more up-to-date one is badly needed.

I had to go from Berlin to Athens on business connected with the Roman Empire Map, and I took the opportunity of asking the Director for a passage by Luft-Hansa, which was kindly provided at a special reduced rate; this benefited the Treasury, not me. The business concerned the participation of Greece in the scheme. For technical reasons of map-printing it was considered that the Greek Government might not be able to carry out the work adequately, and that it would be best if the maps that fell to them were printed by us. Correspondence with Greece was conducted, in the preliminary stages, through the Foreign Office which, with incredible gaucherie, had told them of our opinion. Naturally the Greeks were deeply offended at the suggestion that their cartographers were inferior, and I had to smooth their ruffled feelings. I flew from Berlin to Vienna, landing at Dresden and Prague; at Vienna I was met by my old friend Professor Menghin, who had just been made Kultur-Minister in the

Nazi government of Austria. He explained to me that he had accepted the office as one whose political attitude had hitherto been neutral. He was now, of course, wholly committed to support of the Nazi régime. Austria had only just been absorbed by the Nazis and there was a celebration of the event to which he took me. Burckel stood on the saluting-base while small bodies of Austrian Nazis marched past, some in uniform, others wearing armbands only. Menghin explained to me that they had just been let out of prison. There was a marked lack of any enthusiasm or cheering from the few spectators; I suspect that the detachments which marched past went round in a circle. I was introduced to Burckel, who was gruff and unsmiling. Later we went to a concert. I stayed the night in Vienna. Next day I flew by Budapest, Belgrade, and Sofia, where I was met on the aerodrome by Welkow, and we had a short talk. We landed again at Salonica and reached Athens at 4.0 p.m. I went on the 28th to a meeting of the Greek Academy to whom I explained away the cause of their annoyance, not, I fear, very truthfully. On the evening of the day after my arrival I dined at our Legation with the British Envoy. His home was at Oare in Wiltshire, and he had on his desk a straight-sided stone axe of Danish type alleged to have been picked up there. If the axe really was found there, as he believed, it was important, and I begged him to publish it.

Having time to spare I decided to visit Mycenae, and took a taxi there. The nearest town is Argos, where I spent the night. Mycenae and Tiryns, which I visited next day, surprised me by their smallness. One had known of these famous places all one's life, and somehow they had come to be thought much bigger than in fact they are. Both are hill-forts of the same kind (though of course more 'civilized') as those of Europe. What most struck me on this excursion was the great beauty of the Greek countryside, which in spring is covered with violet and red anemones and other flowers. On March 30th I flew back to Berlin, reaching Hamburg the same evening and Southampton on April 1st.

In February, 1938, I had been elected President of the Pre-historic Society, which under the guidance of Grahame Clark

and C. W. Phillips had some time before expanded from an East Anglian to a national society, and changed its name accordingly. Before the change it had been dominated by flinters, the chief of whom was Reid Moir. Though the Society had much good work to its credit, the influence of Reid Moir was in some ways unfortunate, for he held firmly to views about Early Man and his implements which many regarded as erroneous, and which at best were highly controversial, and he had made some bad mistakes—'Ipswich Man' for instance. Moreover, he took a narrow view, which was concentrated on the palaeolithic to the exclusion of all the wealth of archaeological material available for the last ten thousand years. His chief contacts abroad were with France, where the same exclusiveness prevails. Clark and Phillips were the new brooms that swept the society out of its back room in East Anglia, not without some opposition but in the end successfully. I thought it would be good for the Society to carry out an excavation, and obtained the Council's approval in principle. Bersu was to direct the work, which would be carried out partly by unpaid voluntary labour and thus serve as a training-ground for the young. It remained to find a suitable site and that was by no means easy, for it had to fulfil many requirements, some of a purely practical kind. At first I hankered after a lake-dwelling of which there were hints in the meres of East Anglia, and Phillips and I visited some of them, but there were objections to each. Then I went over to Germany and consulted Bersu, taking a batch of air-photographs with me. We looked them through, discussing the merits of the various sites, and finally selected one near Salisbury called Woodbury, which I had discovered during the Wessex flights in 1924 and which had subsequently been rediscovered independently by an RAF sergeant at Old Sarum aerodrome. His air-photograph—an extremely good one—was published in *Antiquity* (Vol. iii, 1929, opp. p. 385; description, pp. 452-5). There were two enclosures there close together, of which we chose the one with a narrower ditch. I duly reported our discussions to the Council, which approved of them, not without some slight though factious opposition which was easily overcome. It was hoped that we might be able to excavate for more than one season

and uncover the whole site, as had been done by Butler at Köln-Lindenthal—and nowhere else. The war prevented this; but we did do two seasons' work, and it was a great success. The dig has become a classic, and added very much to our knowledge. It proved to be a defended farm—the oldest known in Britain—of Iron Age A, say 400 BC. Bersu conducted the excavations with his usual competence and thoroughness, and his reports were duly published in the Society's *Proceedings*. During the war a film was made of life in Early Britain, and the farm was reconstructed at Denham, under the supervision of Jacquetta Hawkes, in consultation with Bersu, who was then in the Isle of Man. An account of this was printed in *Antiquity* (Vol. xx, 1946, pp. 78–82).

My house in Cyprus was nearly finished building and I wanted to go there to see it. Geoffrey Alington had suggested that we should have a flying holiday together; he had acquired an interest in the things one can see from the air, which he had often observed himself without the power of interpreting them. I wrote and proposed that we should fly out to Cyprus and back, and he readily fell in with the idea. We started from Lympne on July 30th, 1938, and flew direct to Lausanne in a straight line. Somewhere in the chalk belt between the Aube and the Marne, probably not far north or north-east of Arcis, I saw in ploughed fields the unmistakable chequer-pattern of prehistoric fields, the only ones so far observed in France. We landed at Lausanne at about 11 a.m., refuelled, and flew up the Rhine valley to Brieg, where we turned right to cross the Simplon pass; we were flying quite low and our first attempt failed from down-currents, and we had to turn round and climb higher. Then we flew down the narrow valley to Milan, where it was very hot; and we made our first acquaintance with *aranciata*. Thence we flew over the Appennines, intending to end up at Naples; as we approached Rome we saw that unpleasant blue murk ahead, the sign of thunderstorms, and as we were both rather tired we decided to land at Rome. That is one of the attractions of such a holiday; one is completely free to stop wherever one likes and stay there as long as one likes. Geoffrey had never been to Rome and had rather hazy ideas about it; I suggested that they needed clarifying, and he

agreed, so we spent the weekend there sight-seeing. Next day, changing our vehicle for a horse-cab, we set out to see Rome. First we drove solemnly down the Via del Impero to the Coliseum; thence we went to the Lateran, whose cloisters I remembered from thirty years or more before as one of the most beautiful things in the city. Geoffrey was much intrigued by the Scala Santa, with its steps worn smooth by the knees of the devout; it was an anachronism beyond our ken. Then we came back to earth and to imperial Rome, visiting Monte Testaccio, a small hillock entirely formed of broken wine-jars; this we could understand. After a brief look at the Cloacá Maxima, we climbed up to the Vatican, bought some stamps (for Whitters) and entered St Peter's. Duly impressed by the dome with its splendidly triumphant inscription, and by the remnants of St Peter's brass foot, we went back to our hotel.

The next day, August 1st, we flew to Palermo in Sicily. On leaving Palermo the day after we had some difficulty with an official on the aerodrome who demanded money from us at the last moment, after we had got rid of our Italian money as required. We were placed in an awkward dilemma through no fault of our own; we had been particularly careful the day before to inquire about this very matter, and make the necessary disbursements, but he had omitted to tell us of this charge—deliberately, as we thought. The town was far off and the banks, as usual, closed till 4 p.m. Geoffrey asked me to have another search and by a lucky chance I found in my pocket-book some Italian money left over from a previous journey. Then we shook the dust of Palermo off our wheels and flew across the Mediterranean to Tunis. A sea-crossing with a single-engine is never enjoyable; it is surprising how long even a flight of ninety odd miles can seem, and how eagerly one looks out for ships that might come in useful. (We only saw one.) The aerodrome at Tunis is far from the town and near the site of Carthage. The adjacent coast is lined with houses and small hotels where people resort during the summer holidays. We decided to stay there rather than in Tunis, and selected a comfortable little hotel. The bathing, however, was rather spoilt by a ridge of sharp rocks, so we decided after two nights there to go on to Gabes. We flew

rather low, to take advantage of a strong northerly wind; it was very hot and eddies of hot air were rising. We must have flown through the middle of one (which is nearly a vacuum) because there was suddenly a terrific bump, and I found myself hitting the roof. Fortunately I had a pith helmet on and was not hurt, but the glass of my wrist-watch was broken and I was rather shaken. We climbed up higher above the eddies, made a slight detour to look at Kairouan, and landed at Gabes at 2.10. Geoffrey had been there before and had an accident; and he was anxious to arrange for the conveyance home of the damaged aeroplane he had left there, which he did. He had friends there, M. Verdier, *chef du port*, and his family, with whom we consorted. We found that the Hôtel des Colonies, where I had stayed in 1930, had fallen on evil days, and its place taken by another (whose name I forget). The hotel porter was a certain Mohammed who had been the boots at the Colonies, and we at once recognized each other.

We spent the time lazing and bathing; the sandy shore formed a perfect bathing-beach. Summer is the time to visit North Africa; though hot it is far more pleasant than the winter, and the sea is so warm that one can stay in it as long as one likes. One must only beware of getting burnt by the sun. For enjoyable bathing there is no sea outside the Tropics so good as the Mediterranean; a short dip in the English Channel and the Atlantic may be invigorating, but there are times when one does not want to be invigorated, just as there are times when one prefers wine to a tonic. On August 7th, M. Verdier and I squeezed into the back seat of the aeroplane (whose name was Angela) and Geoffrey flew us across the sea to the island of Jerba, a distance of about seventy miles. We landed on a piece of flat ground outside Houm-Tsouk, where a taxi had been arranged for to take us into the town (Plate 10). My chief purpose in flying here had been to buy a pair of red leather slippers, the ones I had bought there eight years before having worn out. The slippers of North Africa and the Sudan are the best in the world, and well worth a special flight to obtain. The leather is properly tanned, not corroded by chemicals like nearly all European leather, and it is soft and accommodating. The soles are slit horizontally round the edge so that

the stitches of the uppers are not in contact with the ground. The workmanship is far superior to that of the shoddy mass-produced stuff of this country. The chief shopping centre of Houm-Tsouk is a covered passage like the Burlington Arcade (whose prototype was probably oriental). Being Sunday there was only one shoe-shop open, but I got a pair there. (Unfortunately they proved to be too small, and had to be given away.) One of the stalls was piled high with wooden ploughs. Next we went to a shop where I bought, for a mere song, one of those excellent leather pocket-books which North Africans sell in the Paris streets for about a pound; it is fastened together with stitches of narrow leather ribbon and, being made to last, is still in use. We then went to the shop of a sponge-diver, a picturesque old ruffian, and I bought some sponges. Then we adjourned for lunch; there were green figs and I ate too many of them. After lunch we flew round the island and I took a photograph of the submerged causeway connecting the south-eastern end of the island to the mainland (*Antiquity*, Vol. xvi, 1938, p. 488).

Below us could be seen the smoke rising from the Guellala kilns (see p. 208). We then flew back across the sea to Gabes. That night was a disturbed one for me—those figs! For a day or two I had to stay in bed, consuming yaourt, obtained with some difficulty, and being looked after by Mohammed.

We decided to leave Gabes on Sunday, August 7th. The Customs people were very friendly and cleared us the day before. We had no Italian money, and as we should need some for our landings at Tripoli and Benghazi, and the rate of exchange in Tunisia was very favourable, I had made an arrangement with a Frenchman for someone he knew to meet us on the aerodrome at Ben Ghardane on the frontier with some lire. We made an early start (5.15 a.m.) for we had a long day's flight ahead, and got the aeroplane out of the hangar ourselves. The surface of the aerodrome was very rough, and Geoffrey said he proposed to take off along the asphalt road which crossed it. It was my job to start the engine by swinging the propeller. As I was doing so I saw a man and a donkey at a far distance, but approaching us along the road. At last the engine started up; we had no chocks and I had to jump in

pretty smartly, and off we went, heading straight for the man and the donkey. Though I had the utmost confidence in my pilot, it was an anxious moment. As we gathered speed he saw us and he and his donkey scattered on different sides of the road as we sailed over their heads. Ben Ghardane was not far off and as we approached I looked eagerly for someone who looked like a man with lire on him, but there was not a sign of anyone. Geoffrey, who had been rather sceptical about this transaction, wanted to know what to do; I said 'Land, and see if anyone comes along', so down we came, but immediately we saw two men in uniform making towards us with chocks and had visions of forms and customs clearance and endless questions and delays, for we had no *entrée* here as we had at Gabes, thanks to the good offices of M. Verdier. So I said we had better take off again as quickly as possible, and we did, leaving the two officials wondering who we could be.

As we flew over the country I noticed that most of the farms were built in the vaulted style of Medenine, like the nucleus of Houm-Tsouk when seen from above. We flew along the coast, past the Roman town of Sabratha, and landed at Tripoli, where we were hospitably entertained at breakfast by the Italians. (There was no difficulty in obtaining lire, though at the official rate, of course.) From Tripoli we flew along the coast to Syrte where we landed to refuel. Syrte was merely an artificial settlement round an aerodrome; it was very hot there and my task on these occasions was to order supplies of *aranciata* to be ready for Geoffrey when he had completed the formalities. The shore was sandy, for it was all desert here, and looked splendid for bathing. There was a good hotel, and one would imagine that it was a good place for a short Easter holiday—short, because there cannot be much to do there except bathe. (This refers to 1938, of course; it may have changed much since then.) From Syrte we had to follow the coast round the head of the gulf to Benghazi, because we could not risk the short cut of one hundred and forty miles across the gulf, which would have saved us a hundred miles. We flew a little out to sea, because the air over the sea being less heated is also much less bumpy. Actually the sea off the shore is very shallow and full of wind-blown sand, so that from above one

cannot see where the sea ends and the land begins. It was strange at the head of the gulf to find in this desert land a whole series of marshes; I noticed amongst them some rectangular enclosures that looked like Roman forts.

At Benghazi we chose the wrong hotel; one has in such places to judge from outside appearances. On entering I knew at once that we had made a mistake; there was no one about, and in response to our shouts a man appeared on the top floor in his shirt-sleeves and asked what we wanted. We told him, and were shown into a couple of dingy rooms with dirty stone floors. We should have refused them, but we were tired after our long flight of eight hundred miles, and didn't. After a light supper we went to bed and I fell asleep almost at once. Not long afterwards I awoke to find a horde of insects all over me having theirs—fleas, bugs and mosquitoes. I took the sheet, and wrapping myself completely in it lay down on the stone floor, where I passed an uneasy night. Geoffrey escaped scot free.

Our route now lay inland, for the coast was a prohibited military area. We had to fly on a course over a barren rocky desert; I was to do the timing when we should emerge over a modern fort or some such, but I forgot and was duly rebuked. The landing-ground at Sollum was very rocky, and there was nowhere to buy food or drink; usually we took sandwiches for our lunch and ate them during flight, but today we had none and had to send a boy to the town to fetch something. We flew on to Alexandria, seeing innumerable ancient sites along the coastal limestone ridge as we approached the aerodrome. We had hoped to get accommodation somewhere near it, as the town is a long way to the east; a youth on the aerodrome professed to know an hotel, but when we got there, wearily carrying our suitcases, it was closed. There was nothing for it but to take the tram, for there were no taxis. We did so to a place where a taxi was available, and took it, thinking our troubles were over, but not a bit of it; we forgot that we were now in Egypt. In the middle of the town the taxi broke down; we paid it off and took another, arriving at last at the San Stephanie Hotel. The man who received us there had, I think, met Geoffrey somewhere, and he gave us excellent rooms. We

were, as usual, tired and hungry and felt we deserved a little comfort after the previous night's experience, so we ordered a sumptuous repast to be brought up and had it on the balcony which overlooked the central part of the hotel. We both slept long and soundly.

But for those two days our luck was out. We went off for a bathe and found, when we arrived, that it was ladies' day there. Geoffrey was not in love with Egyptians (we had, of course, seen little but riff-raff) and suggested going on to the next country. I said I wasn't going without my lunch and some of the famous Alexandria prawns, so while I lunched he went off and packed and settled up. There was some delay in starting; we did not leave the ground till 4.26 p.m. Before starting Geoffrey had asked a British soldier who stood by watching what time the sun set there—we had been travelling due east, so could not know—and the imbecile told us an hour wrong. Our destination was Lydda in Palestine and Geoffrey worked out that we could do it before dark. We flew low over the delta with its lagoons and fish-traps and reeds, then crossed the Suez Canal and followed El Arish railway-line. There was a good deal of low cloud over the sea and the sun seemed to be setting rather quickly—and prematurely. A very rough mental estimate showed that we could barely reach Lydda before dark, which, because of the clouds, might come on quickly after sunset. Acting on the sound principle of 'when in doubt, land at once' Geoffrey decided to come down on one of the emergency landing-grounds. The one we chose was called Bardawil; it was beside the railway not far from the sea, and consisted of nothing but an open level space with a white circle and a dozen roofless straw huts (racoubas). As soon as we had landed (at 6.30) people gathered round, and I tried to recall my Arabic, almost unused since the far-off days of Jebel Moya. They were simple friendly people; with the devastating hospitality of Islamic lands we were invited to sit down on the ground while eggs were being boiled. I had nothing to offer but a melon, bought that afternoon in Alexandria—a fact that intrigued them much, for it was a good two hundred and fifty miles away and cut off by the Nile delta. The schoolmaster was fetched; he spoke a little—very little—English. He apologized

for the lack of food and of sleeping accommodation, though I kept assuring him that we were perfectly satisfied, and grateful for their hospitality. The inhabitants were very poor and lived by fishing, and keeping the railway-line in good condition, I think. Once a week an engine came with a water-tank and filled the cistern, which was their only source of supply. Coffee was served (as at Burlington House, but far better) and soon afterwards we retired to rest, I to my seat in the aeroplane and Geoffrey to a blanket on the ground. Soon afterwards as I was dozing off, Geoffrey gave an exclamation and said he had been bitten by a large beetle. From his description it sounded as if it might have been that necrophilous insect whose bite causes a huge ulcer to form and is sometimes fatal. I was much alarmed, but fortunately I found my iodine tube in a few seconds and put some on. No ill effects followed.

We did not sleep very well, and were up with the first streaks of dawn. The schoolmaster was there to see us off, with one or two others. I spoke vaguely about making some return for their hospitality, but was of course assured that it was quite unnecessary. I nevertheless made a token present of my electric torch, and think it was appreciated. These are delicate matters and they are the more so when one is handicapped as I was by the language difficulty. We left the ground at 5.7 a.m. and landed at Lydda precisely an hour later. It was a good thing we had not continued our flight the day before; it would have been dark, and the aerodrome was not where we expected it to be. After eating a good breakfast we took off at 7.55 and flew towards Mount Carmel and over its lower eastern slopes. Conditions in Palestine were very disturbed then; they had told us at Lydda that shots were heard nearly every night. On Carmel we flew over a band of people in the open country who looked like irregulars. South of Beirut the hills fall steeply on the sea and are covered with lynchets or terraces, but I could not see whether they were derelict or still cultivated. They were big and obviously old, like those near Amman. We left the coast off Beirut at 9.11, sighted Cyprus at 9.55 and crossed the coast at 10.27. Before going to land at Nicosia we flew to Kyrenia, flying low and dipping as we passed Bellapais, where we saw the Stewarts, who were expecting us, waving.

There were then no hangars on the Nicosia aerodrome, and no one there to receive and clear arriving travellers; the accepted procedure was to fly first round the police station at Nicosia so as to announce one's arrival. We did so and then went back and landed at 11.23 a.m. on August 13th. Geoffrey pegged out the aeroplane, which remained there in the open during our stay of a little over a fortnight. Then we went off to Kyrenia in a taxi and found the Stewarts awaiting us in the Dome Hotel. Geoffrey felt very pleased with himself; it had been a successful and most enjoyable journey, lasting a fortnight and a day.

That evening we were dining at Bellapais with the Stewarts, in their romantic abode. We sat out on the wooden balcony and once more I gazed out across the lovely landscape to the Taurus, now pink in the glow of sunset. On the shore was my house, which I now saw for the first time. It was a moment of great contentment. We had our meal surrounded by Bronze Age pots and cats. Amid all the excitement, someone filled my tumbler with gin instead of water and neither of us found it out until too late. My memory of the rest of the evening is hazy, and I have quite forgotten how we got back to the Dome, but presumably someone drove us there in a car.

I had my first view of my house Dadlisou from the air as we arrived from Palestine, and I took an air-photograph of it and of Bellapais, Kyrenia, and the Dome Hotel. Later we had a flight to Larnaka and round about Kyrenia and I took some more, all with my Vogtlander, which is more suitable for this work than the Rolleiflex. We flew round Hilarion and I took photographs of it and of the site where Megaw, Director of Antiquities, was about to build his house. Hilarion, however, looks better from the ground; it is the typical romantic castle of the fairy tales, perched precariously on the edges of a precipitous pinnacle of rock. I also took some photographs of Dudley Court for the Shoreys. Some of these and of my ground photographs I had made into picture postcards; they were better, both technically and artistically, than many of those taken by the local photographers, but I could not market them. Neither the English who visit or reside on the island nor the Cypriots appreciated them. I ought to have realized this from my failure to dispose of the photographs I had taken of

the Bewcastle Cross; I was led by the excellence of German, Austrian, and Swiss picture postcards to imagine that one had only to produce something nearly as good to find a ready sale, but it was not so. There are many possible explanations.

Naturally I wanted to see what my house was like to live in, so I rigged up a camp bed and slept alone in it for a couple of nights. It was still unfurnished, but that did not much matter. Macartney made a very good job of it, and subsequently—largely on the strength of this achievement—got an architectural post in the Cyprus government service. It was L-shaped, with verandas on each side. Over the front door I had used for a lintel a large stone carved with a vine-scroll that stood on a vacant place opposite the police station, replacing it (by request of Mrs Houston, the owner) by another, a plain one. It may have been carved somewhere in the middle of the first millennium AD and have come from a Christian church; a mosque stands opposite its original position. On the walls Macartney had painted some very pleasant stylized frescoes, inspired by the local associations and scenery—Aphrodite rising from the sea and the road that zigzags over the pass to Nicosia, with a bullock cart. There was a nice terraced garden leading down to a pretty little bay where one could bathe. The site is one of the best in the island. I have never seen the house again. The war came on the next year, and though Macartney and Allan, who lived in the next house (the Country Club) which he owned, both most kindly looked after it for me for a time, and I had no difficulty in letting it, much of the rent went each year in repairs, chiefly in the garden. There was a constant anxiety about water supply, which was either deficient or else so excessive that the rain damaged the garden terrace walls. It was, however, a good investment at a time when money was losing its value, and when I eventually sold it to my then tenant I got my capital back again.

It was not the first house to be built on the site. When the foundations were being dug, channels were exposed in the rock where a house had been built, probably in Roman or post-Roman times. On the rocky foreshore were several collapsed rock-cut tombs which, if I had ever lived there, I had hoped to excavate. They were probably late and plundered

but it would have been amusing to find out. I do not regret selling the place; the rise of the cost of living during the war, and of the means of getting to Cyprus, put residence there beyond my reach. The establishment of troops and air-stations since then has probably altered conditions even more.

We decided to fly back through Central Europe, leaving Cyprus on August 30th, 1938. The direct route would have involved a long flight of about five hundred and seventy miles over the sea to Rhodes and Athens. We preferred to take a slightly longer one by flying north-west to the coast of Asia Minor, and thence along the Gulf of Adalia and across the mountains of Lycia. We had no Turkish visa, but hoped for the best; if we had had to make a forced landing it would have been in the sea just off the shore, for the country was all mountains covered with firs. We refuelled at Rhodes and flew on over the Cyclades to Naxos and Athens, which we reached just before dark. Next day we set off for Sofia. Geoffrey had allowed me to take control occasionally during our journey, instructing me how to fly, and I flew the aeroplane from Euboea to Salonica over the eastern slopes of Mount Olympus. We threaded our way through the Balkan Mountains, where flying was made additionally difficult by prohibited areas, and emerged safely at Sofia. There we made contact with my friend Welkow and were provided by him with an interpreter and guide, an attractive young lady, Miss Akrabova, who spoke perfect English (learnt at the American school) and whose father ran the Bulgarian boy scouts' organization. We stayed in Sofia for four days, making many pleasant excursions and would gladly have stayed there longer if we had had the time. I bought a lot of things, including another pair of those excellent boots. We went to see a church near by, outside which grew quantities of a large wild geranium, a plant of which I brought home; it now grows luxuriantly in my garden.

From Sofia we had to follow a route that as far as possible avoided flight over Germany, for which we had no visas; so we planned to go by Prague. We flew direct to Budapest over Belgrade, and landed there to refuel. It was a fine afternoon, but as usual in Europe we got a weather forecast and it was

favourable. But as we approached Prague low clouds began to form, and we were a bit anxious, as it was also rather near sunset. Geoffrey had not flown to Prague before and was uncertain of the position of the aerodrome. It is usually very easy to spot an aerodrome from the air, even from some distance away, because both the large open space and the hangars are conspicuous objects. I had only a dim memory of its position from my flight of the year before. We flew round looking for it in vain. Prague lies in a hollow, and the clouds were gathering on the mountains round and it was rapidly getting darker. Geoffrey decided to land at once before it got worse, and chose a field from which the corn had just been cut. We grounded without mishap. As always we were almost at once surrounded by a crowd of people, who inquired if we were refugees from Germany. Geoffrey took charge and sent me off—or went off himself, I forget which—to the village to telephone and report our arrival to the authorities on the aerodrome. Eventually we took our suitcases off the aeroplane and left in a taxi for the town. Next day we returned, so that Geoffrey might fly to the aerodrome. The soil of the field was soft and damp and it was not going to be easy to take off. We took out everything we could and put it in the taxi, and for the same reason Geoffrey had to fly alone without me. I did not like leaving him thus to take the risk, but it was obviously quite unavoidable. As it was he only just got off. The aeroplane skidded along a cart-track, one wheel in a rut; the take-off was slightly uphill and perilously short, and at the end was a row of tall elms. I held my breath as I watched the aeroplane gathering speed with agonizing slowness. At last it was airborne and Geoffrey somehow stalled over the trees and got clear, but it was a very near thing. A little extra weight might well have led to disaster. I was going away with the taxi driver (who spoke French) when a grim-faced peasant approached and demanded compensation for damage. We had done no damage; the landing and take-off were made in stubble; on the far side of the track, untouched by us, were sheaves of stacked corn, but they were black and sprouting, on account of the continuous rain, and in any case they did not enter into the picture. For the sake of peace I offered him a sum which, after consultations with the taxi

driver, seemed adequate. He evidently thought otherwise, for he rushed at me brandishing a stout stick. The onlookers restrained him, and we left him shouting abuse. The taxi driver informed me that he was the village drunkard.

Luck was still against us, however. The mountains to the west, the Böhmer-Wald, remained covered in clouds for three days, and as we had no radio we could not fly through them. There was also a little repair work to be done. We went each day to the aerodrome, but had to return. The great Nuremberg assembly was coming on, and the political situation was very tense (Munich was not far ahead). We planned a roundabout escape-route southwards through Italy, but were loath to take it, for apart from its length it would involve a double crossing of the Alps. We had almost decided to take it when the clouds lifted and we could get off. To reach France we had to cross two hundred and fifty miles of German territory without a visa which, in case of a forced landing, would have been very awkward. We had also to keep at least thirty miles from Nuremberg, in accordance with a special German regulation then in force, and this necessitated a southerly deviation, for our direct course lay immediately over the town. We were not bothering much about navigation as the visibility was excellent, the Danube was a good guide, and we could hardly miss the Rhine. There were, however, many aerodromes on the Bavarian plain, and as we did not wish to attract their attention we flew along a line parallel to the Danube but a little to the north of it, near but well outside the thirty-mile area. As we were flying somewhere between Ingolstadt and Ulm we saw an aeroplane come up and fly close beside us. Through its windows I saw faces in uniform peering suspiciously at us. Eventually one of the occupants waved his hand, I waved back, and they flew off, much to our relief.

Our destination was Strasbourg, but by reason of our deviation we struck the Rhine at a point thirty-five miles south of it, opposite to Freiburg. In ordinary circumstances this would not have mattered, and Geoffrey took it lightly. But for me the circumstances were not ordinary; I had a need that demanded satisfaction most urgently. Light aeroplanes lack certain conveniences, nor had we anything which could act as a substitute

in an emergency. I could see the silver thread of the Rhine ahead and kept an anxious watch on it, and when I found that we still had to go thirty-five miles down it I could hardly contain myself. At last we saw the spire of Strasbourg Cathedral, but my eyes were fixed on the aerodrome; I begged Geoffrey, who seemed to think it funny, to make as gentle a landing as possible, which he did, but far from the reception offices. I staggered across a vast open space, and met a *poilu* to whom I confided my troubles; he rose admirably to the occasion, and directed me to the *lavabo*, and as I went there a French woman, who had overheard our conversation, shouted encouragement from an upper window and added a few last-minute directions.

From Strasbourg we flew across France to Le Bourget, where we slept, and thence next day to Lympne and Eastleigh, where Geoffrey photographed me beside the aeroplane with my luggage. It has always been my ambition to travel light and I usually start out on my journeys unencumbered; but as I like the best of everything, and prefer peasant products to machine-made shoddy, whenever possible I postpone buying until I go abroad. There is also a certain satisfaction in buying a sponge direct from the diver and so circumventing the ring and the middle-men. This luggage business used to amuse and sometimes puzzle my friends: see, for instance, Plate 10, taken by Air-Commodore Masterman, when I arrived at his house for a short visit.

The distance flown to Cyprus and back was between 6,000 and 7,000 miles.

The shadow of Nuremberg which had fallen on us at Prague was no illusion, as all the world found out later. Not long after my return began those humiliating journeys to Germany culminating in Munich. At this time the second (North) sheet of the Dark Ages map was being printed, and it so happened that from my office window I could look down into the building opposite and see one of the printing machines at work turning it out. There were no less than seven printings, blue for water, brown for height, and so on; and as each anxious day passed I saw the map looking gradually darker and nearer completion.

When once the process was finished it would be safe, whatever might happen, for a few copies could then be distributed to safe places. I had, in fact, been doing just this for some years past; as soon as a final proof of our archaeological publications became available I sent one off to my old friend Hooton at Harvard, where he put them in safe custody. The danger had become apparent long before 1938. The drawing of the first (South) sheet was put in hand about 1934, and I told Curtis that it would be a race between him and Hitler. He probably thought I was crazy, though he was far too urbane to show it. He won the first race easily, and I said so; but the second was a much nearer thing, won by less than a year, and two years later the building in which we worked was bombed and burnt to the ground.

## Ending Up

1939

Christmas in Paris and on to Bonn : field-work and air-reconnaissance in Scotland : the Ordnance Survey surpasses itself : Sutton Hoo : Berlin : war.

THE year 1938 had begun with field-work in January at Stanwick and Richmond, and in February and March in the Midlands; in April came the Dannewerk in Schleswig, followed in August by Cyprus. The year ended with six weeks during October and November in Scotland. I spent Christmas in Paris, adding the few remaining days of my leave quota to the public holidays. As always I stayed at an hotel on the south side, and spent much of my time just wandering idly about. One of the delights of Paris is that one can take long walks in it without ever being bored; wherever one goes there is something interesting or beautiful. One of my walks was across the river and along the Rue du Temple, a long and narrow old street with fascinating shops, the kind that have cats asleep in their windows and old ladies behind the counter. When one is tired one just stops and has lunch at the nearest restaurant; once I planned my walk so as to end up at the Restaurant Pharamond, in the Rue de la Grande Truanderie, whose speciality is *tripes à la mode de Caen* served with Norman cider. (Monsieur Seyrig told me about it at Ptuj.) The names alone were intriguing; Pharamond was a legendary figure, the first King of France, but what was the Great Truancy? The word is of Celtic origin and may also be translated as a loafing or loitering, and I felt that it was just the place for me on that occasion. Another walk was along the Rue Vaugirard, which starts at the Odéon and goes by the Luxembourg Gardens, ending eventually at the Porte de Versailles; as it proceeds westwards it undergoes a subtle change and gets less interesting, and I have usually yielded to the temptations of bus or métro long before the end. The bookstalls on the Seine quays are always available for lazy moments. One of my

routine tours was to the Place du Trocadero to stand on the terrace and look across at the Eiffel Tower; and then, if in the mood, to visit the Musée de l'Homme, which is full of the most fascinating things both ancient and modern, especially from Africa. Another was to the Place de l'Etoile, to admire the wonderful vista of the Champs Elysées and then stroll down to the Rond Point, where on Sunday one may study humanity at the stamp market.

From Paris I went by train to Bonn to discuss plans for the second season's dig at Woodbury with Bersu; thence I returned home by Brussels and London.

In March I went north again to Moffat to do Roman roads, and had some very profitable walks along them. I also wanted to see the Roman fort at Raeburnfoot in Eskdale and had already arranged for accommodation there in a farm; there was no hotel and no bus service in that pleasant valley. I stayed at an hotel just outside Lockerbie and bicycled to Raeburnfoot. My knee was giving trouble and next morning was stiff and painful; but having got there at last—I had tried in previous years but failed—I was determined to see the fort and some other things, and I did. Next day I rode back again to Lockerbie, where I bought some thermogene wool and went straight to bed, staying there for two days. Then I was just able to hobble to the station and return home. It was some time before the knee got well again.

At the end of April I went back to Scotland to resume my work on the Roman roads where I had left off. I stayed at Crawford first and then at Lanark, and got through quite a lot of work. That completed my programme of field-work on the ground; but I very much wanted to look at all these Roman roads and sites from the air and see if I could fill in some of the missing links. It was not of course just another way of getting over the ground, but an attempt—which in fact succeeded—to obtain new information by another means. Geoffrey Alington had said he would like to do just such a flight with me, to learn about air-archaeology, so I wrote to him, and we fixed a date when he could take a few days' leave from his business. He offered to do it on the most generous terms, namely, that he should merely be reimbursed for the cost of petrol and oil

expended. I applied for approval of this, citing as a precedent the case of an RE divisional officer, Captain Parker, who in the twenties had used his own aeroplane to spot built-up areas for revision. But my application caused a flutter of apprehension in the bureaucratic dovescotes, and the usual lengthy exchange of minutes. Though I had been using air-photographs for the purposes of Ordnance Survey archaeology for sixteen years, no one in the office seemed to have realized it or the advantages which the overhead view provided. It was thought that I merely wanted to use another and more amusing means of getting about the country, and I was asked to say how much it would cost to do the same work by taxi—as if I did my ordinary field-work in that extravagant way! Meanwhile time was slipping by; not only had I to be ready by the date that Geoffrey had fixed but, as good luck would have it, there had been a long drought and I wanted to take advantage of it before it broke, for it would have parched the grass and crops and revealed many crop-sites. It was finally decided to allow me to be absent on duty for the work, but approval for reimbursing Geoffrey Alington was withheld until after I returned and had submitted a report on it. This I duly did, but approval was not given, and I had to pay the cost out of my own pocket. So far as I can remember it was about £27, which was not much to pay for several thousand miles and a big haul of new sites, but it was not I but the Ordnance Survey and the world in general which reaped the profit.

I have given an account of the flight in *Antiquity* (Vol. xiii, 1939, pp. 280-92) and there is no need to repeat it in detail here. We flew from Eastleigh to Lanark on June 6th, 1939, using the race-course as our landing-ground. It was, however, ridged with the remains of old cultivation, and on the 9th we decided to transfer to the aerodrome at Carlisle. We flew over Beattock along the Roman road I had walked earlier in the year and found a new fortlet and signal stations along it. In Nithsdale we found a fine new Roman camp, the first of a series there that Dr St Joseph has now discovered. Then we flew up to Aberdeen and found a new fort at Cardean in Strathmore. The native 'forts', more properly to be called 'defended farms', were too numerous almost to record, mostly

crop-sites. The drought held till June 14th, when we flew back to Southampton. The Bersus had arrived a week or two before and were coming that day to have tea with me at Nursling, where Miss Sloane-Stanley had motored them from Woodbury, near Salisbury. The weather was bad, with low clouds, and we had to hurry to get there from Carlisle in time. Before landing we flew round my house and I signalled to them, pointing to the car outside. The signal was understood—I think I also dropped a note—and Miss Sloane-Stanley was at the aerodrome at Eastleigh soon afterwards to meet us and take us home.

I well remember the tea-party. My garden was then nearly finished. I had begun making it a few years before in 1935 when I had taken on the lease of Hope Villa. Rough ground had been cleared and the rubbish piled up to form a bank round it, and grass seed sown. After tea we went out and weeded it. It is now mature and the trees then planted are well established. Amongst them are two walnut-trees which Tom Pearce grew from some large nuts. Three years ago they began to bear.

The following week I went over to Woodbury and saw Bersu's excavations, which were making good progress. He had found the post-holes of a big round hut, the residence presumably of the farmer who owned the fields around in Iron Age A. His post-hole technique had reached so high a point that he actually found the holes made by shepherds' crowbars for the hurdles erected when sheep had been folded there, as was confirmed from local information. For working purposes he used a greatly enlarged photographic print made from the original air-photograph.

On July 7th, I had a visit from Douglas Newbold who came over to tea with his sister, with whom he was staying in the New Forest. We had foregathered many years before when he had been writing an account for *Antiquity* (Vol. ii, 1928, pp. 261-91) of his explorations in the Libyan Desert. Though we had not met often since, we had corresponded, for I had always hoped some day to be able to return to the Sudan and do more archaeological work there—a hope which was amply fulfilled in 1950 and 1952. Newbold was to become Civil

Secretary of the Sudan on his return, and he was anxious to get me out there to advise them on archaeological affairs, and said so. He died before the opportunity came, and it was a very severe blow to all his friends, including all the Sudanese with whom he came in contact and many who knew of him only by repute. He loved the country and the people, and he died, as was fitting, in harness, of over-work, for during the war his burden was too heavy for any one man to bear, and he would not spare himself. His life and letters have recently been published, edited by his friend Henderson, now Governor of Darfur, in a fine and most readable book.<sup>1</sup>

When I visited Woodbury Phillips told me that, when that dig was finished, he was going to excavate a ship somewhere in Suffolk. I was not particularly interested, for he was not very communicative, and I imagined it was merely some piece of rescue-work of a dug-out canoe or some such that had turned up in an estuary. He seemed, however, to regard it as rather promising, and I asked him to let me know if he found anything unusually interesting, so that I might go and see it. Exactly a month later on July 22nd, I heard from him; it was clear that what he had found was a ship-burial with very rich grave-goods. It was a Saturday and I at once communicated with Grimes, who was then at the Ordnance Survey, and on Monday morning we started off in his car for Woodbridge in Suffolk, where the dig was in progress. It was the famous ship-burial now known as Sutton Hoo. Phillips met us and told us something about it; we could hardly believe our ears, but he took from his pocket a magnificent buckle of solid gold which was merely one of the many things found.

The affair had a curious beginning. The site consisted of a small group of round or oval mounds standing on an open heath which belonged to Mrs Pretty. She held certain beliefs about spirits, and for some reason that arose therefrom she was anxious to have the barrows excavated, and had applied to the Office of Works for permission to do so, as the barrows were scheduled, and for an excavator to superintend the work. Some digging had been done the year before in another

<sup>1</sup> *The Making of the Modern Sudan*, ed. by K. D. D. Henderson (Faber, 1953).

barrow, and some quite interesting though not spectacular finds had been made. When work had begun on the other barrow and it was found to contain a ship, it was clear that something out of the ordinary was there, and that the work of excavation would be onerous. A new arrangement was made, and Phillips was put in charge. With him as helpers were the Piggotts and Basil Brown, who had done much valuable work both there and elsewhere in the neighbourhood. We joined this party as volunteers, with the assent of Phillips. I had brought my camera (Rolleiflex) and I took the subsequent photographs, which proved very useful after the war when the work of restoration was done at the British Museum. We had to work against time, for so far the discovery had been kept dark, and we knew that when once the press got wind of it we should have no peace. Every day some fresh find of splendid gold jewellery came to light. The exciting moment was when the time came to lift the huge silver tray, beneath which other things could be seen half hidden. Elaborate preparations were made for dealing with the objects as they were removed, and I stood by with my camera ready to photograph each stage of the operation. When the tray was finally lifted we were not disappointed; below it lay a confused mass of bowls, cups, and a leather bag. On the tray itself was the stamp of Anastasius the First, Emperor of Byzantium (491-518), a strange exotic thing to find in a Dark Age grave in East Anglia. At the other end of the ship was a lump of dusty purplish stuff which we thought looked like a helmet. When the time came to remove it Grimes, whose skill in these delicate operations was considerable, found that it was the much corroded remains of an inverted silver bowl; below it was another, less corroded, and below that, each fitting into the other, were six silver bowls in perfect condition. They were ornamented with incised geometric patterns, and one could even see on the inside the scratches made during their use.

Eventually of course the press found out, through a regrettable lapse on the part of someone in the neighbourhood. We were pestered for information, and a policeman had to be put on guard to protect us.

Mrs Pretty was eventually declared to be the owner, by a

coroner's jury, and with great generosity she presented the finds to the British Museum, where they are now exhibited. A special monograph was published by the Trustees, and accounts were also printed in the *Antiquaries Journal* and in *Antiquity*, which devoted a whole number to Sutton Hoo (March, 1940).

Meanwhile the political situation was rapidly deteriorating; though we did not know it at the time, ration cards had already been printed, and war was certain. In August there had been arranged a Congress in Berlin, and Sanceau and I were attending it, mainly in order to take the opportunity of discussing the Roman Map with some of those who would be going there. Sanceau had taken the precaution of booking seats long ahead, and we arrived in Berlin by air on Sunday, August 20th. His first duty on arrival, and daily while there, was to report to the Military Attaché, for as a serving soldier he was under orders and had rather naturally had a little difficulty in obtaining permission to leave England at such a time as this. On arrival at the Attaché's quarters we found he had gone away for the week-end and would not be back till Monday; I thought this rather strange at the time. The opening meeting of the Congress was a flamboyant affair with Frick, Minister of Education, present to welcome the delegates in a speech of the usual kind. An Italian delegate moved the vote of thanks, which was seconded by our Bulgarian friend Filov.

Sanceau and I got our business done and then went to the zoo and had a glass of beer. The place was thronged with visitors. 'How strange,' said Sanceau to me, 'to think that in a few days' time all these people will become our deadly enemies!' On Wednesday morning we embarked on the plane, and that evening I was back in Nursling. Ten days later war broke out.

## Beginning Again

1940 - 1952

The National Buildings Record : photographing and understanding old buildings : Clapham's help : old Southampton : I retire from the Ordnance Survey : the Rhind Lectures : the Sudan : the Abu Geili report and a history of Sennar : an invitation from the Sudan Government : Suakin, Darfur and Dongola : a second expedition : planning and photographing medieval castles.

THE war put an end, for the duration, to archaeological activity, except such rescue work as could be carried out by the Ministry of Works on sites that were to be obliterated for military reasons. The work of the Archaeological Branch slowed down until it was abruptly ended by the air-bombing of Southampton in November, 1940. That is a story which I have written down but do not propose to tell here: let it suffice that something was saved from the holocaust of the night of November 30th, including all my 6-inch maps with their field-notes. My own library, however, which was housed for convenience of reference in the Ordnance Survey Office, and the valuable OS Library, were both completely destroyed, together with many other valuable records.

In 1940 I received the Victoria Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, an award which pleased me much. It was the first of its kind and was before long to be followed by others. It is to be noted that it came from a geographical, not an archaeological, society. Everyone likes to receive these tokens of appreciation; but in my case they would have been more useful if they had been given earlier, before my official career ended, for they would have strengthened my hand in dealing with unsympathetic government officials.

For the next five years I worked for a newly created body called the National Buildings Record, photographing buildings of architectural or historical interest. This was a semi-official organization called into existence to record things that

were in danger of being destroyed by bombing and those which, damaged but not destroyed, might have to be pulled down or reconstructed or both. For administrative reasons I worked under the formal direction of Alfred (later Sir Alfred) Clapham, an old friend whose help in the early stages taught me much. It was from him that I learnt how to look at a wall and read its history. Clapham suggested that I should begin work at Southampton and he came down and walked round the ruins with me. That was the beginning of a new interest—and I needed one after the crushing blows of 1939 and 1940. The old town had been partially destroyed by the bombing raids, and the interior walls of some of the houses were revealed. Many of the houses proved to be in parts of thirteenth century construction or to have thirteenth century cellars. I then investigated the documents, mostly untranscribed, which I discovered in the Town Archives; one of 1454 was a survey of the walled town house by house. This and a mass of other documents made it possible to reconstruct an accurate large scale plan of the town as it was in the Middle Ages, and give a fairly continuous account of the tenancies. I abstracted or copied the relevant documents, which were preserved at Southampton, Winchester and Oxford; and began my still incomplete book on the Topography of Medieval Southampton. The task was facilitated by the cellars which showed that there had been little or no alteration in the building-line since 1200, except in Simnel Street where the old houses were gutted by the Corporation half a century ago. The Ancient Monuments Division of the Ministry of Works was able to co-operate by making plans and measured drawings, particularly of cellars that were threatened with obliteration. The late Chief Inspector, B. H. St. O'Neil, was personally interested and gave besides much valuable advice in conservation. His visits led ultimately to a valuable article on the walls of Southampton, printed in my *Festschrift*.<sup>1</sup>

My interest in Southampton led ultimately to the foundation of a society called the Friends of Old Southampton, which was called into existence in 1946, primarily to oppose a

<sup>1</sup> *Aspects of Archaeology* (H. W. Edwards, Bookseller, 1951), pp. 243-57.

town-planning scheme. It proved to be a popular society and, thanks to the enthusiasm and energy of its officers, and particularly of its Honorary Secretary, Miss Sandell, it is still a very flourishing institution.

This field-work in towns was quite a new experience. I began to look at a street not as a whole but analytically. Clapham had told me to photograph seventeenth and eighteenth century doorways because, as he said, most people ignored them. That gave me a definite objective; and instead of vaguely admiring I began to look closer and pick out individual houses of architectural merit. It came to me as a revelation that such superb buildings as those to be found, for instance, in the older streets of Newport (Isle of Wight), Poole and Wimborne, had not been photographed. There was thus added an element of research and discovery which turned routine work into something more exciting. The work went on till the end of 1945 and I took altogether between five and six thousand photographs, mostly with a Rolleiflex camera.

In October, 1946, I reached the age of retirement. It was open to me to go on till I was sixty-five, but the additional five years would not increase my meagre pension. The Ordnance Survey authorities expressed no views on the matter, but I had long ago decided to take the first opportunity of regaining my freedom and did so now with alacrity, and have never regretted it. The decade following my retirement has been one of the most productive and enjoyable periods of my life; and I am sure the time has been far better employed than if I had spent it arguing with unsympathetic officials. My successor was W. F. Grimes, who (as will be remembered) had come as Assistant Archaeology Officer in 1938; but almost immediately afterwards he was appointed Keeper of the London Museum. He in turn was succeeded by the present holder of the office, Mr C. W. Phillips.

Being now a free man it was open to me to launch out in any new direction I liked. While I was at the Ordnance Survey I regarded the revision and compilation of maps as my chief occupation, and it left no time for the writing of books. The maps were an end in themselves, and they could be produced nowhere else (for technical and commercial reasons). True, a

'private' firm had complained that, by producing Period Maps, a government department was competing unfairly with private enterprise. The reply, devastating and final, was that, as the department had taken the initiative (with the Map of Roman Britain), it was entitled also to take full credit and the profits, if any, and to go on with the good work. There is nothing, however, to prevent a 'private' firm compiling and publishing a Period Map if it can afford the capital outlay.

The change of direction was gradual. The Rhind Lectures of 1943 were written for publication and although the book did not appear till 1949, I had it in mind from 1943 onwards. Then in 1945 a trivial incident revived an old interest. It was many years since I had concerned myself directly with Sudanese matters and over thirty since I had been there, but I had never quite lost touch, and continued to take in and read *Sudan Notes and Records*. An article by Dr N. L. Corkill (Vol. xxvi, 1945, p. 167) caused me to look up the literature of the Horned Cap of the Fungs, and that led to an investigation of the history of the Fung Kingdom of Sennar. It was in effect a return to the work interrupted by war in 1914. The whole subject appeared to me to be in a chaotic state and to need putting in order. I decided to do this. For five or six years I divided my time between medieval Southampton and the Fung Kingdom (roughly the central and northern Sudan). To write history with such meagre materials as had survived the Turkiya and Mahdia was not easy; but the sheer intractability of the subject was itself an attraction and a challenge. I ransacked every possible source, and eventually succeeded in roughing out some sort of a narrative. Addison, who knows the Sudan well, drew the maps, the Wellcome Trustees financed the publication in a most generous way, and the book was printed and published by John Bellows of Gloucester in 1951.

The Fung book was historical and geographical, not archaeological, but it was the ultimate outcome of an archaeological discovery made in 1914—the Fung cemetery at Abu Geili, opposite Sennar on the Blue Nile (see above, p. 101). No account of the excavations there had ever been published because of Sir Henry Wellcome's love of secrecy. But after his death in 1936 his Trustees began to formulate a plan for the

publication of his archaeological work. The war delayed this, but after it was over work was resumed by Mr Frank Addison, who asked me to collaborate. It was a curious experience resuming work where I had left off more than a generation before. Fortunately my memory of the excavations was still quite vivid, and that combined with the records and objects made it possible to compile a report that was not too unsatisfactory. The bulk of the work was Addison's, but he assures me that my contribution was an essential part of it, as I had been present there and directed the digging. Both books were eventually published in the same year (1951), and well received. The chief drawback in selecting the ancient Sudan for one's object of study is that very, very few people are interested, and there will probably be even fewer in the future. Even educated Englishmen are shockingly ignorant of geography, and few have any conception of the *size* of Africa; consequently they tend to think of the Sudan as a sort of back garden of Egypt, forgetting that between the two countries lies the whole width of the Sahara.

In 1949 the Commissioner for Archaeology, Mr Peter Shinnie, persuaded the Sudan Government to ask me to pay a visit, offering—and this is what was important—to pay my return fare. The idea originated with Newbold in 1939; since Reisner's days no archaeologists from outside had interested themselves in the archaeology of the Sudan. Under so lively and enthusiastic a Commissioner as Arkell, Shinnie's predecessor, there was no risk of stagnation; but there was—and still is—the disadvantage of being cut off from current European trends.

I left Southampton on January 19th, 1950, in the BOAC flying boat *Salcombe* (Captain K. C. Deadman) and surfaced two days later on the White Nile at Khartoum. How delightful it was to step out into the warm dry air, with the sun high up in the sky, two days after leaving sodden sunless Southampton! The exhilaration, though genuine, fades after a couple of months. The Sudan, pleasant enough during its short 'winter', is too dry, too hot and too dusty during the rest of the year. Shinnie met me and took me to his house where he and his wife Margaret looked after me and acted as my hosts throughout

my visit. At this season the daily maximum temperatures are usually below 90° Fahrenheit (though they were often well above it that year). Shinnie's house, like the rest, had a small flower garden and a lawn watered once a week by irrigation. I would sit on the veranda in the finest armchair I have ever subsided into, listening to the birds, looking at the flowers, and laughing at the misprints in the local newspaper. Being here at all was the realization of a dream, for I had been living here in imagination for years past. Sitting in another armchair at Nursling with a map before me, reading all that had been written by travellers and residents, recalling memories of 1913-14, I had formed so clear and vivid a picture in my mind that, when at last transported here so swiftly, I still seemed to be living in a sort of reverie. The illusion was increased by the fact that I had never expected to revisit the Sudan at all. It had become an escape-land of the mind at a time when the island of Britain was an austere prison.

On February 2nd we set out in a truck to explore the Blue Nile Province. 'Explore' may seem too strong a word for a region so well known and now so highly developed; but archaeologically it is still almost *terra incognita*. Since Wellcome's time there has been little or no field work or excavation except Balfour-Paul's. His house at Hasiheisa was our first stopping-place, and from there next day we visited the neolithic sites he has discovered in the Gezira and on the banks of the Blue Nile. They are strewn with potsherds, most of them with incised ornament, and there are a few burials. The date is quite uncertain but might at a wild guess be put at about 1000 BC, with a very wide margin of error in either direction.

We then went on to Sennar in order that we might visit Abu Geili where I had dug for Wellcome in 1914. Almost everything at Sennar had changed out of recognition, through the making of the dam at Mekwar. Even the town of Sennar itself had moved about a mile southward, and all the vegetation on the left bank had gone. But the right bank had changed less, and the site of the excavations was easily located by the *tebeldi* tree under which my office hut had been pitched. The twenty metre excavation squares were just discernible, though now

covered again with a thick growth of jungle, including quite a few biggish trees. Local information about the site was dim or vague; there had been great diggings by a certain Wilkin Pasha long, long ago. 'When I was a boy' he had owned all the land down to Khartoum. We did not attempt to explain.

This trek along the Blue Nile was planned as a general archaeological reconnaissance, but it had one particular objective. The Abu Geili excavations had revealed a cemetery, in the graves of which were some fine bowls of burnished black ware with incised decoration. This ware was completely unknown until then; and in writing my account I had come to the conclusion that it belonged to the Fung Period (1504-1820). We now wanted to find more sites where potsherds of this Fung ware could be found, and in this we were successful. We found them in abundance on the site of Old Sennar, the Fung capital, and on many other sites all the way up the Blue Nile. It is in fact still made in the Nuba mountains, where Arkell obtained a small pot that has all its characteristic features except the flat base. Arkell's pot also explained very neatly why the Fung pots had rows of round holes just below the rim; they were for string handles to be threaded through. The Nuba pot has such a handle, the grip being strengthened by a row of shells through which the string is passed. These two pots ancient and modern, illustrate very clearly a fundamental principle, namely, the way in which the past may be illustrated and explained by the present.

Our journey ended at Roseires on Lat. 12° N, about fifty miles from the frontier of Ethiopia. Here the summer rainfall is abundant, and as a direct result the trees are bigger and the grass grows higher. On the banks of the river and for some distance inland the trees grow closer together, but though there is some undergrowth and the usual thorn-bushes, the forest is not impenetrable. We did in fact penetrate it to discover an ancient site, but it was disappointing. We found it, but our chief discovery was that the map was wrong. On the way we saw an ostrich, and we had lunch in the deserted hut of a man who had been killed by a leopard. This was as near as we got to exploring in the Victorian style.

On February 19th I went off by myself by train to Suakin,

stopping the night at Port Sudan and going on to Suakin (twenty miles) by car next day. Suakin is a most curious town, once a great resort of trade. It is built on a round coral island in a land-locked bay,<sup>1</sup> but is to-day completely derelict. The great houses of the nineteenth century merchants are still roofed, but the ground floors are mostly occupied by the goats of the nomad squatters who camp amidst its ruins like Saxons in a Roman town. Now like all ruins it has become a quarry and will quickly disappear. Nothing can be done to save it, but thanks to the enthusiasm of one man an effort has been made to record and draw as much as possible. Suakin houses have a false air of antiquity because built in a traditional 'Red Sea' style. They are for that reason pleasing.

The train journey lasted for two days and a night. On the outward journey we stopped in the desert beyond Atbara because, under certain weather conditions, it is risky to travel by night as the wind causes sand-drifts which form very quickly and might derail the train. I wished all trains would do likewise. We just stopped at a 'station'—a mere stopping-place—and turned in for the night, going on again at dawn. It was exactly as if we were a caravan. When we got into the Red Sea hills the engine kept whistling to scare away the camels, goats and sheep that walked about on the line. The climate now changed abruptly: such rain as there is falls here during the 'winter' months. The land was green, everywhere was good grazing and myriads of butterflies. At night the engine has a powerful searchlight in front.

The next trip was to Darfur. We flew in a Dove to El Fasher, where the Governor, K. D. D. Henderson, had most kindly provided us with transport and the essentials of camp equipment. From Fasher we motored to Kutum, a remote and charming spot, where to my great surprise I met an *Antiquity* subscriber. The rest-house is built on the brow of a hill above the wadi full of palms: beyond is a splendid view of the rolling veldt from which rise the peaks of isolated extinct volcanoes—

<sup>1</sup> For pictures of Suakin and some account of its history see my *Fung Kingdom of Sennar* (Bellows, Gloucester, 1951), Chapter 8. For the grills and houses see Derek Matthews in *Kush*, Vol. 1, 1953, pp. 60-86: 'The Red Sea Style.'

not the craters but the hard, straight-sided lava-plug filling the vent. From Kutum we made two excursions to visit ancient sites. The first was to Ain Fura where we camped under a tree beside that rare thing—a stream of water. (Lower down were deep pools in which I bathed). On the top of an adjacent mountain (Jebel Danga) are the remains of a hill-fort; inside the stone rampart are hut-circles of stone and brick, some of the bricks having single signs on them and being very large ( $20" \times 10\frac{1}{2}" \times 5\frac{1}{2}"$ ). In one of them we found bits of window glass—the date is usually thought to be about the sixteenth century. Below is a mosque built of bricks. The slopes of the hill across the valley are terraced but the lynchetting is slight, and the cultivation was clearly of no long duration.

The second trip was to Ourei where we inspected remains of a stone palace.

What interested us as much as the antiquities was the presence everywhere of remains of nomad cultivation. The stones that covered the ground were scraped away and grain was sown, after rain, on the space thus cleared: the stones set in rows helped to retain the soil and thus a small lynchet began to grow. These remains, and the remains of modern dry stone huts, were to be seen everywhere in great numbers; but it was a very rare event to see a human being.

Next I decided to go off again on my own, but Shinnie wisely detached Sadik en-Nur Effendi, a member of the staff of the Archaeological Department, to accompany me. We got on very well together and Sadik's help was often invaluable. We went by train to Karima whence we took the old paddle-boat, the *Kirbekan*, to New Dongola and back, a week's travelling in all. By chance the Governor of the Northern Province, Mr Madden, was on the same train; he visited me on the *Kirbekan* and proved to be an original subscriber to *Antiquity*. We floated a mile down river on the Governor's launch to the District Commissioner's house at Merowe where we had lunch with the McJannets. Merowe is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen. Dominating the scene is Jebel Barkal, a splendid yellow sandstone mountain. It rarely rains in Merowe and there are here neither biting midges nor nimitti. Strange that these flies which make life miserable are

so seldom mentioned! Fortunately their range in time and space is limited.

The *Kirbekan* was an old boat, but I found her very pleasant to travel in. To each side was tied another boat, one for men and the other for women. All lived on deck, eating their meals there, sleeping on mattresses or mats and scratching themselves between times. It was a delightful journey because it was so leisurely; gone was all that sense of urgency and the fussiness inseparable from travel in the western world. To me, who have always obstinately refused to be hustled, it was a continual joy to be there at all. Every few hours we would approach and tie up at a landing-place where cargo and passengers would be discharged and taken on board. I was impressed by the quiet efficiency of the mooring operations, and contrasted them (to the DC later) with the noisy incompetence of some Mediterraneans. He was not convinced. 'You should see them in a squall, praying to Allah or panicking.'

Sadik and I made rapid excursions ashore while the boat was discharging cargo, and I obtained many good photographs for my book (*The Fung Kingdom of Sennar*). The whole of the Dongola reach is a vast ruin on the left, or west, bank; but the east bank is for the most part barren sand of a beautiful golden or reddish yellow colour. The reason is that the prevalent NE wind has not the force to carry the sand across the river: the sand is constantly blown south-westwards across the desert, and is either piled up as aforesaid on the east bank, or deposited in the river to form shoals and sandbanks and temporary islands. On them we saw many wild birds and occasional crocodiles.

At New Dongola I slept in the vast rest-house, formerly the residence of Governor Jackson who built it. Then I returned to the *Kirbekan* and our voyage was resumed. It says much for the skill of the captain that in the whole journey we never once grounded on a sandbank. Going back was slower but we had the wind behind us; this however meant that the nimitti were much worse, as we could not avoid them by sitting in the bows and the breeze.

At Amentego Sadik hired a car which he had spotted and we were driven to a point opposite Old Dongola (which is seventy

miles above New Dongola, the present district headquarters). We raced at a high speed over a flat sandy wilderness, keeping the black belt of the riverine cultivation just in sight on our left. The driver being drunk steered a wildly erratic course swinging from one direction to another in great curves—a sort of great circle navigation on a small scale: but as there was no road and plenty of room it did not much matter. Eventually, however, Sadik had to take charge. The journey fortunately was quite short—and when we got out we found that the engine had seized up, as there was no water at all in the radiator. A mile away across the river we could see the impressive squat building that for exactly 1300 years, and perhaps longer, had been continuously used for the worship of God. The site is one of great natural strength, with cultivable land to the north. But the immediate surroundings are barren sand and rock, creating a sense of desolation reflected in every traveller's account. We took off our shoes and climbed the stairway to the mosque into which the church was converted in 1317, as an Arabic inscription there states. The church has granite columns, and on the walls are Christian paintings covered with plaster, except at one point where it has been removed.

My inspection was necessarily rapid because we had to catch the *Kirbeka*n again when she stopped at a point a mile off, and we could already see a wisp of smoke on the far horizon. I made notes and took some photographs, inside and out, two of which were published in the *Fung Kingdom*: it was a bare-foot scramble to snatch an opportunity which could never recur, and to this extent it succeeded. But the place deserves a far more thorough examination.

That evening my legs were terribly scorched as I had foolishly set out in shorts and bare legs, before becoming gradually tanned. Sadik obtained some oil of cloves from a friend who got it from one of the women on the barge, and it relieved the pain.

We had hoped to visit the remains of the Christian monastery at Ghazali near Merowe, but for once Sadik's arrangements went wrong (through no fault of his). I slept the last night alone on the *Kirbeka*n, and embarked on the train at midday next day. The train had been standing in the sun all

the morning and was intolerably hot; not until long after sunset was the carriage bearable. I was watching our progress anxiously as I particularly wanted to look for a castle reported at El Kab; when at last we left that station it was still just light enough to see what was plainly a fine stone-built bastioned fortress about a mile away. I determined then and there that one day I would revisit it and make a plan of it.

That night there was a total eclipse of the moon, but as the moon was vertically overhead I could not see it from the train, and I did not know about it till afterwards. I wondered at the time why the moonlight on the desert, usually so clear and bright, seemed dim. At Damer Governor Madden was on the platform to meet the train and hand over two Meroitic pots that had been found recently, for conveyance to Khartoum Museum.

Back in Khartoum I proposed to Shinnie that I should come out again to the Sudan and do a survey of the ancient sites above the fourth cataract. Shinnie approved and offered me the loan of one of the official trucks to travel about in. (The original proposal was later modified in accordance with the wishes of the Governor of the Northern Province, greatly to its advantage.)

On my return to Nursling I immediately began to write those additions to my *Fung Kingdom* which a first-hand knowledge of the country made possible. The book was sent to the printer (Bellows) soon afterwards and was published the year following (1951) almost at the same time as the *Abu Geili* report (with Addison). My application to the British Academy for a grant of £400 for an expedition to the Middle Nile Region was approved, and I prepared to start in November 1951. A few days before I had the great honour and pleasure of being presented with a *Festschrift, Aspects of Archaeology*, offered to me by twenty of my colleagues. This is the highest tribute that a man of learning can receive, because it is paid by those best qualified to know the value of his work. The book consisted of essays by the contributors, prefaced by a biographical foreword ('The Man and his Past') by Sir John Myres. This characteristically clever title is of course derived from that of my first book, *Man and his Past*.

I flew to Khartoum via Amsterdam by Scandinavian Air Services, because that line flew there direct from Athens, avoiding Egypt, which was then in a growing state of unrest. My hosts this time were the Matthews, Derek Matthews being an architect in the Sudan Works Department. We had first made each other's acquaintance over the restoration of the church of Debra Damo in Ethiopia<sup>1</sup> which he carried out single-handed—an achievement that has never had the recognition it deserved. Matthews at this time was wholly immersed in the building of the Civic Centre at Omdurman, which he had designed—by far the finest building in the Sudan. My programme was to stay in Khartoum only just as long as was necessary for the preliminary preparations. Shinnie had already prepared the ground by securing a cook, whom I engaged, and he gave me unstinted help in many other ways.

The expedition was designed as a revival of a type of reconnaissance once fairly common and now, it would appear, coming back into fashion. In the Sudan it had had two famous pioneers, Cailliaud and Lepsius:<sup>2</sup> and Crowfoot's treks in the Island of Meroe and along the Red Sea coast were stimulating precedents. The field archaeologist who sets out on such an expedition does not do any excavation, but he collects samples of the potsherds which litter the sites, puts them in labelled canvas bags and deposits them, for record and study, in a museum. For the rest he concentrates on three main tasks: to make plans, to photograph, and to describe in words the sites he visits. He keeps a diary in which his observations are carefully set down every evening. When maps on a big enough scale are available, the sites will be plotted on them; when (as here) they are not, the position is recorded in words. There is an immense field for reconnaissance of this kind in all parts of the world, even in some which are archaeologically much better known than the Sudan. The work is hard and exacting but very pleasant and at times quite exciting. It is often an essential

<sup>1</sup> See *Antiquity*, Vol. xxiii, 1949, pp. 188-200.

<sup>2</sup> For the one see *Voyage à Meroë*, 4 vols. Paris, 1826, and for the other R. Lepsius, *Discoveries in Egypt, Ethiopia, etc.*, trans. by K. R. H. Mackenzie (1853).

preliminary to excavation and has been employed with that object in view by archaeologists in Iraq and Turkey.

My main objective was the Nile Valley between Atbara and Abu Hamed, a distance of about 150 miles. Except for a rapid reconnaissance in the twenties by Mr H. C. Jackson, then provincial Governor, practically nothing was known about the archaeology of this part of the Nile Valley, though it was known to contain many interesting remains. In particular there were those mysterious stone-built castles, all unplanned, unphotographed, undated—not even described. I had already caught a tantalizing glimpse of one at El Kab from the train the year before, and had seen another below Merowe. There were reports of churches also associated with the castles. I had decided to make plans of some of them, and this was to be my main task; for the rest I should just keep my eyes open and record whatever there was to be found. On an expedition of this kind it seemed best to have a definite and limited objective, but an elastic programme which could be adapted to circumstances—to make rules and break them when necessary.

I began by breaking them, and set out on a journey up the Atbara river to Goz Regeb, a distance of about 150 miles. The immediate cause was an official visit by the Governor-General: on such occasions the hard-worked officials have other things to do besides the entertainment of casual visitors. But the idea of making myself scarce was mine, not theirs; and I should add that throughout my stay there the Governor, Mr Arber, the District Commissioner, Mr Vidler, and everyone else gave me the most unstinted help and hospitality. Atbara, the administrative and railway centre, and El Damer, the Governor's residence, were the places to which I returned, between treks, to refit.

There were vague reports of Christian remains and inscriptions at Goz Regeb, and I wanted to investigate the site. It took us two days to get there. The road was fairly easy to follow, but as the driver, Mohammed Abbas, had not been along it before I gladly accepted an offer by Vidler to find someone who knew it; and it was fortunate that I did so. The man whom I engaged was an Arab whose nomadic home was in the desert

near No. 10 station north of Abu Hamed, and his name was Mohammed Faqir. He was a little man in his twenties, somewhat Semitic in appearance, hard as nails, highly intelligent and with the eyes of a hawk. He remained with our party for the rest of the expedition, and proved to be quite invaluable though frankly uninterested in archaeology—'I am a herdsman,' he said, 'and archaeology does not concern me.' He was accustomed to reading on the sand, as in a book, the tracks of men and animals, and he developed quite naturally into a first-rate field archaeologist. For what is field archaeology but a development of this expertise applied to the past?

The roads of the Sudan are all of them simply tracks, without any metalling. A road was presumably made in the first instance by clearing away the scrub and boulders. After that nothing more is done: traffic marks the course of the road, the wheels forming ruts and levelling out minor bumps. Such roads are often excellent during the dry season, allowing a speed of forty kilometres. I have never seen them during the rainy season, but I have seen the marks of cars that got stuck in the mud, and can imagine what travel then must be. The dry river beds (*wadis*) are the difficulty: in Darfur they are made passable by spreading a causeway of brushwood with boulders and stones superimposed, and these 'paved fords' are kept in condition by the local inhabitants. There was no such system in the Middle Nile region, and there were some *wadis* which could only be crossed with the greatest difficulty. If the approach was flat one could retreat and attempt to rush the crossing at high speed, thus gaining some ground even if one did not get right across. But when the banks were steep that was impossible; we just went in and stuck in the sand. Then we had to dig the sand away from the back wheel, put down the iron plate and jerk forward about ten feet or less. Each such operation took about five minutes, the speed of progress being about forty yards an hour. Fortunately none of the *wadis* were very broad, and Mohammed Abbas was a very skilful driver; we always got across in the end, and I don't think any crossing took more than an hour, and usually less.

There are no hotels in the Northern Sudan outside Khartoum and Port Sudan: even Atbara has only a government

rest-house, usually full of women and children. This one provides meals, but the majority do not. Our party was self-sufficient, carrying its own supplies. Travellers being so rare north of Atbara, the rest-houses were also rare or absent; but in every village the *omda* or some other person had accommodation for a guest. I found these mud houses usually more comfortable than those built by the government. But the rest-house at Goz Regeb was an exception; it stood on a hill and had a marvellous view over the Butana.

I succeeded in sorting out the ancient sites at Erebat, near Goz Regeb, but failed to find the rock-pictures marked on the map. Mohammed Faqir and I climbed Jebel Erebat in our search for them, and when close to the top we were startled by an eagle suddenly flying off her nest a few feet away from us. The Jebel is a sort of granite tor, and below it we found a neolithic habitation site strewn with neolithic potsherds and flakes.

On our return to Atbara both driver and truck needed treatment, so I decided to alter my original plan and start at the other end of my chosen sector, at Abu Hamed. I went there by train with Mohammed Faqir and Hasan the cook, and put up at the rest-house which was at the station. There were no other guests; I fancy there seldom were any. Abu Hamed, once a famous caravanserai at the southern end of the desert crossing from Nubia, is now a cul-de-sac, for on that bank cars can go no further. Indeed there is little but local traffic anywhere in this region, and during the whole of the expedition we saw barely more than three or four cars and no Europeans except two at the Bauga irrigation works (pump scheme).

The rest-house looks out over the Nile at the point where it makes its great bend from north to west. The change in direction is abrupt; on the coast of Mograt Island opposite is a headland marking the exact point of the change. The river here is two miles wide, and very shallow outside the main channel.

My chief objectives here were a site which Cailliaud marked on his map as 'Karmel' and said (iii, 189) was the ruins of a monastery, and some rock-pictures seen by Jackson on Mograt Island. The first site, now called Kuweib, was seven

miles to the west and accessible only by camel, though cars have been known to force their way there through the sand. We rode there on December 22nd, taking an hour and three-quarters. It was sunny but cold, and I found my sheepskin jacket useful. The site was a granite jebel beside the Nile, though set back a short distance from the bank; it had been fortified by the building of a mud brick wall round it, and at every point in the rocks where access might be found. Quantities of Christian potsherds littered the interior. I suspect this to have been some sort of a monastery, and to be the place called Hermel on the 1459 world map of Fra Mauro, the Venetian.

To get to Mograt Island it was necessary to cross by the ferry which went daily to the landing-place at Megal. When we landed I was conducted by the *omda* to a little mud house in which I lived quite comfortably for three days. The rock-pictures were at a place called Es Sihan, about seven miles to the west. Mohammed Faqir and I rode there on donkeys on Christmas Day. It was a delightful ride through tamarisks beside the river and across what is evidently geologically a most interesting bit of country, with what looks like alternate sedimentary rocks and igneous dykes. The rock-pictures were on huge granite boulders, and were made by bashing the outlines of animals, mostly long-horned cattle, with a stone. There was also the picture of a boat and some linked figures like ballet-dancers. We rode on a little further, as I wanted to investigate Abba Island where a manuscript on leather had been found (and destroyed) during the Mahdia: but it was market-day at Megal and no one was there to come across in the boat and ferry us across. We therefore turned back, calling again at Es Sihan to say good-bye to the hospitable young *omda* there. The return journey was a painful one: Sudanese saddles are of wood and towards the end I felt the tortures of the rack.

My next trip was by rail to El Kab. The train left at 3 a.m. The station was unlighted, and as I waited on the platform I became aware of little fires springing up like glow-worms at the farther end. It was the tea and coffee-sellers with their braziers awaiting their customers. We reached El Kab at

6 a.m. and I went to the house of my host, with a letter from his brother, Education Officer at Abu Hamed, whom Arber had asked to be kind to me. El Kab consists of a few mud houses scattered at random amid the sand. It would, I suppose, be called a desolate spot; but the house I lived in was perfectly comfortable. I liked the Sudanese beds (*angareeb*s) which I found far more comfortable than European ones (I wanted to bring one back to England, but it was not practicable).

After breakfast I walked across more than a mile of loose sand to the castles, for there were two. Nothing is so tiring, but I wanted no more donkey-rides! Mohammed Faqir always insisted on carrying everything I took, and though of slighter physique he could always outdistance me in speed and endurance even on the very best terrain, however heavily loaded. It was rather thrilling to see the bastioned wall of the stone castle which, glimpsed from the train, had started the whole project. The walls were for the most part quite well preserved, though there was a continuous pile of fallen stones along the bottom which made survey difficult. Mohammed Faqir, for all his innate ability, had no experience of survey or of holding one end of a tape, but he very soon learnt not only what was required but also to read my plan as it gradually took shape. We began to make it next day; the method employed was a plane table traverse. The castle was a quadrilateral and roughly rectangular, about 330 by 150 feet. Immediately south of it was another, of stone and mud, with much thinner walls. The date of the stone castle is anybody's guess: mine is the ninth or tenth century AD; the other is certainly much later and may be of the eighteenth century. Inside the stone castle were remains of round buildings whose dry stone walls had been covered with red-painted plaster, but the foundations were too dilapidated to plan. In one of them was a fine perfect saddle-quern of grey granite, still in its original position. The rampart walls were nine feet thick and flat at the top. On them had been built another wall of mud bricks, traces of which still survived at the NE corner. The survey took three and a half days. Half a day's work was wasted by an error (one tape's length dropped) and had to be done again.

The first morning we saw a snake hanging in the sun on the rampart wall; Mohammed Faqir threw a stick at it and knocked it down and then killed it. The body was there next day, but gone the day following, eaten (he said, after examining the marks in the sand) by a cat. In the mud castle was a fox's hole; the fox left when we arrived. We had an interval for lunch, mine consisting of sardines, bread and oranges eaten under a tree. After lunch I walked along the edge of the river on the top of the rocky cliff. Suddenly I saw a curious dragon-like creature swimming in the river. It was a waran-lizard, about three feet long, and it came to a ledge of rock where I got near enough to take a photograph.

The weather was perfect and not too hot at midday. My mud house held the warmth of the sun throughout the cold nights. But I was bitten by flies which raised irritable spots that I mistook at first for mosquito-bites. We went back to Abu Hamed by train and found Mohammed Abbas there with the Bedford truck. We left on January 5th, 1952, for Shereik, sixty miles higher up the river, where I made the acquaintance of Omda Suleiman, with whom I became very friendly. I stayed in a house of his at Shereik and he promised to lend me another of his later on at Baqeir on the west bank nearly opposite.

There is not room to describe in detail the whole of the rest of the expedition, for which readers are referred to the official publication of the results.<sup>1</sup> We stayed three nights in the rest-house at Damer, and then crossed the river (on a car-ferry) and set out northwards to explore the west bank. Here the first thing to be found consisted of hundreds of burial-mounds, just like our British barrows, lining the margin of the desert all the way to Mogratt Island. Some appear to be of Meroitic age, say the beginning of the Christian era; but until more have been excavated their range in time, which from the numbers must be considerable, must remain unknown. On Jebel Nakharu nearly opposite Berber I found a fine hitherto unknown fort, probably Meroitic, and on the extreme northern

<sup>1</sup> *Castles and Churches in the Middle Nile Region*: Sudan Government Occasional Paper No. 2. *Field Archaeology of the Middle Nile Region, Kush*, Vol. 1, 1953, pp. 2-29.

tip of Usheir Island I found and planned a fine castle and church. At Usheir there was only a single house, but the owner provided accommodation for me in the shed where he kept his mats and ropes. Being without windows it was unpleasantly hot at night, but apart from this I was quite content with it.

At Baqeir in Omda Suleiman's house I was extremely comfortable. It was a delightful spot on the edge of the river and the palms; and in the courtyard was a green tree and a well. It was nice to drink clean pure water again after the muddy fluid I had been drinking (unboiled) straight out of the Nile. On Gandeisi Island was another castle and church, which I planned. Best of all, at a site about four miles away (No. 19, Wadi Dam et Tor) Mohammed Faqir found fragments of tiles inscribed with Greek letters. Later on at El Koro, south of Mograt Island, we found more, in a cemetery associated with yet another castle and a mosque church.

El Koro was the northernmost point of the reach, and after the survey there was completed I had only one more item on the programme—to visit a rectangular bastioned fort alleged to exist at El Fura in the Bayuda desert roughly midway between Damer and Merowe. I also wished to visit the adjacent wells of Jakdul. Fura was sixty miles from the river at Damer and special arrangements had to be made with the authorities to ensure rescue in case of a breakdown *en route*, for there was no water anywhere in between. The Governor most kindly sent a policeman to accompany us in a truck and bring back a message when, after inspecting the sites, I knew how long it would take to make a plan. Both sites were off the main Merowe route, so at the wells of Abu Ushar I persuaded one of the herdsman watering animals there to accompany us as a guide. The road was at first good, over a vast carpet of long grass, now dried and brown; but the approach to Jakdul was over a boulder-strewn torrent-bed. We pitched camp in the open near some trees. Next day I explored the vicinity of the pool and found some stone flakes and implements and also some forts made by the Gordon rescue expedition of 1885. We then went on to Fura, equally difficult of access, with every form of travel-hindrance, including a sharp-banked sandy *wadi*. Arriving there I saw a splendid square stone fort

whose walls were not standing but simply a broad pile of fallen stones. It proved to be (in my opinion) Meroitic, and yielded one or two certainly Meroitic potsherds. It was close to the wells and I decided to camp there, so as to be on the spot; but it was a fatal mistake. The place swarmed with flies which crawled all over the food. The planning of the fort was only a day's work, being situated on smooth level ground. We were due to leave the following day. That evening after supper I began to feel ill, and later was sick, and violent diarrhœa came on and lasted all night. Next day I was very weak and had only a glass of milk. We managed to pack up and get away, but when we arrived back after a six-hour desert journey I felt rather tired, and next day went to hospital. The main trouble was easily cured, but I had lost a lot of flesh through the exertions and sweating of survey in the heat and had not much to fall back upon. Consequently a number of ailments supervened though they did not all come on at once, and I was even able to do some more field-work.

I returned to England early in March. The expedition had been a great success in spite of my illness at the end, for I had by then done all I had planned to do. By way of making some return to the British Academy, which had financed it, I gave a lecture before the Fellows in the following November.

## Brittany and the Aegean

1946 - 1954

A new start for *Antiquity* : Presidency of the Hampshire Field Club : *Archaeology in the Field* : an Honorary Doctorate : pleasures and pains of field-work in Brittany : the axe-carvings at Stonehenge and their links with the Archaic Religion : field-work in Greece at Thermopylae and Mycenae : a visit to Crete.

SUDAN interests dominated but did not monopolize my time between the end of the war and 1952. Perhaps the most important event was the change in the management of *Antiquity* which followed Roland Austin's retirement in 1948. For twenty years he had worked devotedly in its interests, but it had for some time been evident that his health was failing, and in December he wrote to me resigning. Hitherto the division of labour between us had been that he sent out the proofs to contributors and managed the business side of the undertaking. I was responsible for securing the articles, getting books reviewed and writing the Editorial Notes and for publicity. In other words I provided the food which he and Bellows, the printer, cooked and served up. I decided to invite my friend Harold Edwards, the bookseller, to come in as publisher and manage the business side. It was a critical time, for Austin's resignation had come at an awkward moment, just before Christmas and the end of the year, and we had not much time for the reshuffle. We made a slightly different, but much more logical, division of the labour; I was to do all the editorial work, sending out proofs and so forth, and publicity, while he and his wife Olive would do the rest. That arrangement has worked smoothly and satisfactorily down to the present and I am sure it will continue to do so. We decided to form a limited liability company.

Partly because of the war, but for other reasons as well, the

standard of *Antiquity* had, by 1948, fallen below its pre-war high water mark. The circulation too had fallen considerably and we had jointly to carry out a series of publicity campaigns (based upon leaflets) in order to recover the lost ground. In some businesses (but not in ours) such campaigns are regularly adopted as a substitute for improvement in the quality of the goods sold. Our view is that each helps the other. We needed more subscribers in order to print the additional pages and illustrations which the leaflets had promised; having got them we fulfilled our promise and were thus able next time to offer better goods. The profit motive also entered into the matter, somewhat blurred by the consciousness that, by reason of the fierce taxation of income, we were—and still are—working for nearly half the time not for ourselves or our readers but for the government. Raising the quality of the contents is a long and difficult task, and it is not wholly within the power of the Editor, because he is limited by the capabilities of his contributors. For everyone who can write a good popular article there are dozens who can produce only 'learned' ones. Not everyone can handle his own language, whatever it may be, correctly; and almost no one so far in all the years I have been editing has produced a translation that could be published without alteration, sometimes quite drastic.

In 1946 the Hampshire Field Club and Archaeological Society, of which I had been a member for over thirty years, elected me as its President. The duties are not onerous, for all the real work of such bodies is done by the Honorary Secretary; and Frank Warren was an ideal one. We all knew this, of course, and we felt it all the more keenly when a few years later he was forced by ill-health to resign the office which he had held for more than a quarter of a century. In August of that year the Society held a meeting at Nursling and I wrote an account of the parish which I subsequently expanded and printed as a booklet. It was in a monastery at Nursling that St Boniface, the apostle of Germany, resided before he went abroad.

The winter of 1946-7 will never be forgotten by those who live in the country and have to do such things as feed chickens. For weeks on end the ground was covered deep in snow, which

kept driving past my window in blizzards from a dark and lowering sky. The mortality amongst birds was so great that for several years afterwards the early morning chorus in spring was absent or greatly diminished.

Towards the end of 1948 I had a talk with Sir Robert Wood, then Principal of University College, Southampton, about the possibilities of teaching archaeology as a separate faculty there. We came to the conclusion that it was impracticable, and indeed I had rather expected that that would happen. Nevertheless I had begun to write a series of lectures on Field Archaeology which could have been delivered if we had decided in favour of the project; and I decided to go on and turn it into a book. That was the origin of *Archaeology in the Field* (Phoenix House). I began to write the lectures on December 19th, 1948, and within a month—on January 18th, 1949—I had finished the first twelve chapters (pp. 21-144), excepting Chapter 7 (written later)—which is nearly half the book. That is an average of 2,600 words a day. No alterations of any substance were made, and I am inclined to regard this, the quickest, as also the best part of the book. It was not finished till August, 1950. Such writing has always had to be sandwiched between the editorial work of *Antiquity* and other calls on my time; and of course I was absent in the Sudan from January to April. Thus the book took about a year and a half to complete. It was not published until February 19th, 1953, exactly four years and one month after it was begun. I asked John Baker of Phoenix House to publish it and am glad that, led by little more than intuition, I did so. He gave it good publicity; the reviews were all excellent, and the sales continue down to the present moment.

When I left the Sudan in March, 1952 I told Peter Shinnie that it was the end of a chapter and that I did not propose to do any more work on the archaeology of the Sudan. That decision was not made in any petulant mood, but was reached partly on political grounds, partly because I had now done all I set out to do. My *Fung Kingdom* fulfilled the vague project formed in 1914 after the Abu Geili dig; and the two post-war visits to the Sudan had given me a slight but first-hand knowledge of the

country and its people. The second visit provided factual knowledge about the castles of which I had seen a few examples during the first, so that what had then been merely a tantalizing but insoluble problem, had been carried a stage nearer solution.

That summer I was given the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Letters by the University of Cambridge, an honour which I value very highly indeed. I appreciated it all the more because those *Gelehrte* whose work is done outside academic folds are apt to be overlooked when decisions of this kind are made.

For various reasons I had practically given up doing field-work in Great Britain. While at the Ordnance Survey field-work had all been done for some practical purpose, usually leading up to a period Map, and while absent one received allowances which paid the hotel bills. Those conditions no longer obtained; one had to pay for the hardships of hotel life—the bad and insufficient food, the narrow uncomfortable beds, the cheap hard chairs and the exorbitant charges—out of a wholly inadequate pension. There were other reasons. It was distressing to visit some old familiar spot and find it devastated by one or other of the many spoliators of the country side; and in a week's field-work one invariably had that experience somewhere. It was partly for this last reason that I went and did my last journey of exploration in the Sudan. In 1953 my decision was reinforced by a bit of field-work on the downs near my old home in North Hampshire, which I found devastated to extract the ploughing subsidy. Then came the discovery of bronze axes and a dagger carved on the stones of Stonehenge; I decided to go to Brittany and inspect the carvings on the megalithic monuments there which I had never seen. I went there in November.

France is a pleasant country to travel in, the hotels are good and the people hospitable and friendly. They become even more so when they find that, unlike most Englishmen, you appreciate good food well cooked. The meals I had in Brittany, mostly in out-of-the-way villages and small ports, were better than those obtainable *anywhere* in England except in one or two expensive London restaurants.

But the state of the archaeology is deplorable. One almost

hesitates to criticize because one knows that any attempt, for instance to re-arrange the Vannes Museum, might be disastrous. At least the provenance of the objects is recorded, though it cannot be read or the objects properly seen without an electric torch, often used kneeling on the floor. I inquired there for some important sculptured stones mentioned in their own catalogue, but they had disappeared. That museum is by no means unique; it is in fact typical of French museums.

To see the sculptures one has first to find the megaliths. There is no map showing their position except an almost useless small-scale diagram in a guide book by Le Rouzic—the kind of map one used to draw at school. Some of the monuments are indicated by sign-posts, but by no means all; the most important defended settlement sites, such as Le Lizo, are very difficult indeed to find. None of the monuments are marked on the 1:80,000 map—the largest scale available. Conditions are more primitive than they were in England 150 years ago, when people at least had the fine one-inch-to-mile (1:63,630) map with the ancient monuments all marked. To find them I had to go on foot and inquire of the peasants—and it is not easy for a visitor to find out from a peasant the site of a megalithic monument, particularly in a foreign language.

In the Carnac Museum are a number of excellent casts poorly exhibited in much too small a space. They were made by the people of the St Germain Museum, and assuming that they are faithful representations they give one a much better idea of the sculptures than do the originals, most of which are now weathered away or in complete darkness. The Museum is one of those which are closed except when someone asks to see them; to do this one has to make inquiries in the village, because there is no information of any kind written up outside the museum for guidance, not even the name and address of the curator. When one has found him, if he is at home and free, he will come and open the museum, and being also the custodian he will remain there so long as required. Study is impossible under such conditions, even if the contents of the museum allowed it, which they do not.

It is not only in their museums and excavations that the French are so backward; their publication of the results is

of a kind that became obsolete here nearly a century ago. For instance, in the Pen Marc'h Museum there is a splendid hoard of objects of the Early (or early Middle) Bronze Age, a period when hoards were very rare. Each object in the hoard deserves a special measured drawing by a professional draughtsman, often from more than one point of view. That is how it would be published in any northern country, and what we can do, others can. All we are given, however, is a few scruffy drawings. The worst thing about this ineptitude is that most, but not all, of those responsible are smugly unconscious of it! The state of French archaeology is the greatest hindrance to the progress of knowledge in the sphere of European (and British) pre-history. It should be added that things are little if at all better in Spain and Portugal, Italy and the Balkans.

Nevertheless my last words should not be harsh ones. In spite of their archaeological defects I am very fond of the French way of life, which refuses to submit to the totalitarian tyranny of industrialism. They are all peasants at heart and good luck to them. So am I.

I did not find any sculptures, or perhaps they should rather be called carvings, on the Breton megaliths that seemed to have any bearing on the ones at Stonehenge. Whereas those at Stonehenge are certainly of flat bronze axes (the earliest of the kind in metal) those in Brittany are all certainly of stone ones, very closely resembling those which have occasionally been found in the burial-chambers as grave-goods. (Over a hundred were found in one alone.) But the mere existence of what is plainly an axe-cult in both regions is itself a link in a chain extending all the way to Crete and the Ancient East. Cnossos is covered with double axes, which were undoubtedly connected with the religion of Crete. Moreover there is also evidence in Brittany of a cult of the Mother Goddess, for Romano-Breton native offerings in the form of figurines representing her have been found in abundance both in the megalithic monuments themselves and in shrines of the Romano-Breton period. These testify to the continuance of her worship there at the beginning of the Christian era, a worship which in another form is still extant. There is some evidence for the cult in Britain and Ireland during the Early

Bronze Age, and of course abundant evidence for it throughout the Mediterranean. It is one of the chief characteristics of what may be called the Archaic Religion of the Old World, with its roots in the Old Stone Age. I hope to develop this idea more fully later; meanwhile it seemed desirable to visit Greece and Crete which for other reasons I had long wanted to explore. The claims recently made for a connection between the Wessex Culture of the Bronze Age and the Mycenaean civilization were yet another excuse for an Ægean 'holiday'; and in February, 1954, I went to Athens overland, staying at the British School. There I saw the fine things found by Professor Papadimitriou in the newly discovered shaft-graves at Mycenae and the market place (Agora) of ancient Athens uncovered over a series of years by the Americans under the direction of Professor Homer Thompson. From Athens I went to Crete and saw Cnossos. The palace occupies a hill some distance inland from the sea, overlooking a small valley. It was quite different from what I had expected and although there are good reasons why it became so important, they are not obvious. All the more honour to Sir Arthur Evans whose flair of genius discovered it.

The finds are exhibited in the museum at Heraclion which is still being formed and promises to become one of the best in the whole of the Mediterranean. Not by any means the least of the results of my journey was the personal contact made with its Director, Mr Platon, and his assistant, Mr Alexiou. Such personal contacts are not only pleasant for their own sake but necessary also if one is to keep *Antiquity* alive and up-to-date.

My next journey after returning to Athens was to Lamia from where I visited Thermopylae and spent a day walking over the famous battlefield. Thanks to the pre-war excavations of Professor Marinatos the hill on which Leonidas and his 300 Spartans made their last stand has been identified beyond any possibility of doubt as that called Colonos, on whose slopes he found quantities of bronze arrowheads. It will be recalled that Herodotus says that the sky was darkened by the showers of arrows discharged by the Persians on the Greeks. Grundy with his usual eye for topography had already picked on this

hill more than half a century ago, and the excavations proved him to have been right. Unfortunately Professor Marinatos has not yet published a full account of these, as he wishes to do some more work there.

My next and last excursion was to Mycenae. The journey is made by motor-bus, and the halt is about a mile and a half from the village. As I walked up the long avenue of eucalyptus trees I was aware of a certain expectancy, people standing beside the road and obviously awaiting the arrival of someone important. At the inn there was a small crowd and I was told that Dr Adenauer was coming, and a few minutes later his car, followed by fifty others, passed by on its way to the citadel. The inn is kept by Agamemnon and Orestes and is primitive but clean and comfortable. I spent the next two days walking over the great site, and fell in love with it. Two days are of course quite inadequate for seeing everything, even when one carries Professor Wace's fine super-guidebook and consults it on the spot, and I hope to go there again before long. I had the impression that there is still a great deal more to be found on the ridge below the citadel, where there must surely be many more houses of the kind now being excavated by Professor Wace. There are many unexplained fragments of megalithic walling, and there are terraces, now under cultivation, which may well cover buildings.

I returned to Athens by bus along the road which in places offers magnificent views over the sea. It was a fine journey, marred only by the inevitable raucous radio which relentlessly pursues one everywhere in Greece.

The return journey home was by sea to Naples on a most comfortable Italian boat, the *Filippo Grimani*, with a superb cuisine. From Naples I went to Herculaneum and Pompeii. I had been there before but had not been able to prowl about and study the places properly. Pompeii is one of the famous tourist sights that are not disappointing but which exceed one's expectations. After a visit one feels that one has a better knowledge and understanding of how people lived in Roman times. It is so surprisingly complete.

Rome was my next stopping-place, but I had become a little travel weary and cut short my stay there. I stayed for a few

days with my old friends the Bersus at Frankfurt, and returned to England by the Hook. Short though my visit to Greece had been it had been long enough to show that there was ample scope for field-archaeology there, and I hope to return to it. After Greece I want to visit Sicily and Sardinia.

## Generalities

My likes and dislikes : food, drinks, clothing : dogs and cats : crowds and deserts : smoking, travel and sport : weather, geology, astronomy, books : British hotels and cooking : rubber-necking round ruins : retrospect on archaeology : the future of *Antiquity*.

IF this were an archaeological book it would probably end up with a few general remarks which could not be fitted in elsewhere, and a set of conclusions thought to emerge from the narrative. Here the reader must draw his own conclusions—he will probably have done so already—but there can be no objection to recording some of my reactions to the environment in which I have lived. Some of them are quite normal and therefore hardly worth stating; others are shared with a minority; one or two may be peculiar to myself. Let us begin with those fundamental needs—food and clothing. Dare I admit that I *like* food? Such an admission is perhaps un-British and an individual peculiarity. But it is a peculiarity that one shares with the majority of the human race. The Britisher gets through his meals in about half the time that foreigners do; but even so in a long life he will spend well over five years in all just eating, so that it would seem a pity not to do so with enjoyment. That, however, is not always easy in Britain, especially for those who have to move about a lot and live in hotels. I like whole-meal bread made from corn ground in a rotary quern—the only trustworthy source of wholemeal bread; all smoked food, especially smoked eels; most cheeses that are not wrapped in silver paper; pilaf with cuttlefish; and birds. I should probably not dislike mutton and beef if I did not have to eat it so often. I dislike marmalade, tomatoes and vinegar and all bottled sauces. I do not much care for wine and I couple that with my inability to enjoy the higher forms of art and music; I do not know whether the enjoyment of these things is innate or acquired, but I regret the absence of it. I think alcohol is splendid stuff when mixed with good company, but my normal drinks are water and lime-juice. The

best water is that which retains a taste of the earth from which it comes; spring-water is delicious, but I have drunk many gallons of opaque Nile water, unfiltered and unboiled, and almost enjoyed it. Perhaps, however, it requires a Sudanese thirst to achieve this. The king of mineral waters is Vichy-Celestin. Water may also be used for bathing in, and the hot springs which have been regarded as alleviating rheumatism for at least a couple of millennia must surely be efficacious; I have certainly found them so. Liqueurs are, for me, the choicest drinks, combined with really good coffee.

Clothing is a necessary adjunct of civilized life. In Edwardian times the conventions regulating clothing were sternly enforced; I disliked them but tried to conform, usually without success. I had a flair for wearing the wrong tie, or the wrong combination of garments. This was partly due to ignorance arising from a solitary rural environment, partly to a conviction that clothes don't really matter much. Perhaps I underestimated their importance; nowadays one can wear almost anything one likes, except on very formal occasions, and this tendency has now I think gone a little too far. But the reaction from Edwardian strictness has on the whole been a good thing, especially in regard to out-door life. The open-fronted shirt is an unmixed blessing, and the discovery that pith-helmets and spine-pads are unnecessary in the tropics is another.

While, therefore, I think we have progressed in the matter of clothing, I think we have reverted in some other things. Most modern music is mere noise, and there is far too much of it. In Greece one cannot escape from loudspeakers which pursue one everywhere—in restaurants, hotels, ships, buses, taxis and in the streets. Even the Palace of Minos was not exempt when I went there; a raucous voice declaimed all the time from an adjacent house. I dislike all loud noises intensely; they make conversation impossible and seem also to have a numbing influence on thought. I have a theory that strong light has a similar effect; is that why inquisitors use an arc lamp? I know that I can think most vividly in darkness.

I dislike dogs, though I have known one dog that I was very fond of indeed, and I except working dogs such as sheep-dogs.

But they are tiresome creatures with unpleasant habits and uncivilized manners. How different from the urbanity of cats! Dogs will bark for hours on end, maddeningly and monotonously; cats only become vocal when they are moved to do so by some urgent need. There are people who are irritated by those nocturnal symphonies; they do not annoy me unduly. Moreover, it is quite easy to stop them; one has only to open a window and join in; an intervention of this kind will generally disperse the party. Cats understand their own language, and if they get tiresome at meals asking for food, one has only to say a certain word and they will get down at once and cease pawing. (Dogs also know the meaning of that word, but they generally reply to it, loudly and persistently.) Unfortunately most words in the language of cats are words of abuse; exceptions are those spoken by mother cats to kittens, and purring—and both are extremely difficult for human beings to imitate.

There may be occasions when it is pleasant to form one of a crowd; at a public meeting, for instance, a full hall is nicer than a half-empty one. But apart from such occasions I prefer deserts. To really enjoy a desert you must be alone in it, away from the rest of the party. I expect that to extract the greatest satisfaction from a desert walk one should know something about plants, insects and birds, and in some deserts geological knowledge is a great asset. But these are merely the sauce. The essential factor is a negative one—the absence of human beings; and there are other open spaces where one can enjoy solitude. They are rapidly disappearing; even the 'dead heart of Australia' is no longer the exclusive hunting-ground of primitive people.

Generally speaking I prefer things to people: but to such a sweeping remark there are of course innumerable qualifications. Good company and good conversation are amongst the greatest pleasures of life; the art of conversation demands a self-imposed restraint which to-day is apt to be relaxed. One can still enjoy good conversation in the Common Rooms of Oxford and Cambridge and in clubs. It is still a live art everywhere in France. I regard card-playing as its natural antithesis.

I began to smoke a pipe when I was at Oxford and continued to do so for about twenty-five years; then I strained my heart bicycling, and being medically advised to smoke less I decided to stop altogether for about six months. My heart then recovered but I did not resume my pipe-smoking. Instead, I began to smoke cigarettes, making my own (of shag) and using a holder. Thus I could make cigarettes of a reasonable size and of fragrant tobacco. The smell of ordinary cigarettes is to me nauseating. Recently I gave up cigarettes and now restrict myself to a cigar after dinner, except when travelling abroad when I allow myself to smoke as many cigars as I like.

Travel is my chief recreation and is combined with photography. To get the most enjoyment out of travel one should visit the wrong places at the wrong times. Some of the best places I have been to have been those never mentioned in travel advertisements; and that is partly why they are the best. The places that advertisers urge you to visit have of course many attractions; there may be fine scenery, famous buildings, good bathing and such like; but you will find these things elsewhere without the tourists and the cosmopolitan hotels, and you will eat native instead of cosmopolitan food. There is plenty of fine scenery in the world, but you are only told of it when someone is anxious to get your money. That someone may be a State, a railway or a hotel or all three combined. I regard most hotels as necessary evils; those off the beaten tourist tracks may however be quite good. If you must visit tourist haunts it is best to do so when the tourist season is over; the worst hotels will then be closed.

The chief use of sport is, I suppose, to enable one to keep physically fit and to avoid boredom. Having been able to achieve these ends by other, and to me more interesting means, I have not felt any need of sport, except rowing which I have written about elsewhere in this book. But heaven forbid that I should adopt any attitude of superiority for this reason; what is one man's meat is another man's poison. It is easy to understand the pleasures of cricket, tennis, football, golf, fishing, hunting and so forth, even if one has never had the time or the inclination for them. My ways of getting fresh air and exercise have been different—that is all there is to it.

Though field archaeology has always been my dominant interest, I have tried to keep my mind open to others. The weather is one of them; it is not difficult to get a smattering of meteorological knowledge, and once one has acquired it one can always fall back on weather-observation in whatever part of the world one may find oneself. Flying becomes far more interesting thus; one can study cloud formations and their relation to high and low pressure systems, and one can often make rough and ready forecasts which are of practical use, especially if one carries an aneroid barometer in one's luggage. I find this amateur observation of the weather most fascinating.

Geology is another stand-by. For some reason geology is a sort of Cinderella in this country; it is most unusual to meet an Englishman who is not ignorant of the elements of geology. Yet it too is not at all a difficult subject, and one can quite easily have enough to add interest to every journey. Geology tells one how the earth and rocks were formed, how mountains came into existence, and how life and man himself evolved. It is fundamental to an understanding of the world we live in. Those who know nothing of geology miss a great deal of pleasure.

Astronomy is a much more difficult subject, but one can at least understand some of the 'geography', so to speak, of the universe. It was one of my first loves, but unfortunately it was too far above me to come to anything.

These and other interests are a safe insurance against boredom. I have often been bored at lectures and always in church (when I went there), but I cannot remember being bored when alone. In a dull environment one can read or just think; or one can do crossword problems or write doggerel. If one has access to books one can generally find something readable—except in hotels which rarely have anything but those dreadful dreary motor magazines or travel advertisements. I never acquired the habit of carrying favourite books for such emergencies, but I often read them at home. My favourites are a curiously mixed bag—in prose *Alice in Wonderland* and *Alice Through the Looking-glass*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Young Visitors*, *Ole Man Adam and his Chillun*, *Macaulay's Essays*;

and in poetry Homer, Pope, Keats, Tennyson, Kipling and the anthologies. Like most of my kind I revel in detective stories (Sherlock Holmes first and Agatha Christie's a close second) and also in escaping books, biographies and autobiographies, the best books of travel and some books about insects. I have to read many archaeological books and generally derive both profit and pleasure from them, but there is only one writer of them whose books I find hard to put down when once one has begun. Anyone who specializes must inevitably lose contact with other interests, but he need not lose all power of enjoying them. My enjoyment of poetry is certainly no less now than it was fifty years ago, and of music it is certainly greater. I should enjoy going to the cinema more if I could be sure of seeing a good film; the reason I do not often go is that the chances are against it. I think a classical education is a good foundation for an archaeological career.

At the top of the list of things I dislike come British hotels and British food and cooking, with a few exceptions that those concerned will recognize if they read this book. As I am concerned chiefly with individual preferences and the opposite I need hardly mention bureaucrats of all kinds, especially those one encounters on leaving and entering this island. It is of course most unjust to blame them for enforcing regulations they are not themselves responsible for, but then they were free to choose their occupation and chose this one. One of my more peculiar and special hates is reserved for certain kinds of ruins; that is perhaps unusual in an archaeologist, but I can honestly say that to be shown over the ruins of a Roman town or villa is one of the things I try to avoid, and when it is unavoidable I submit but am terribly bored. I find it hard to believe that anyone except the excavators can get any real enjoyment from such sites, and the same goes for medieval castles. Churches, however, are nearly always interesting.

At this point perhaps I had better stop recounting my personal likes and dislikes and say something about more important things.

Looking back on my career so far as it has gone—and it cannot in the nature of things go very much further—what has been accomplished? How far have the ideals of youth been

realized in maturity? The short answer to these questions is—see *Aspects of Archaeology*. But my publisher (who acts also as a kind and helpful editor) wants me to give the answer in my own words. Well, I will try. What did I most want to do when I began to study archaeology? I wanted to do several things, but it is open to question how far the present state of archaeology in Britain is the result of my activities and that of my colleagues, and how far it is the natural growth of a very live subject. Certainly I have had my share in carrying out the programme enunciated in *Man and his Past*, but the execution has been a joint task. I wanted first of all to rescue prehistoric archaeology from the dilettantism of object-worshippers, to get at the *people* of the past and their manner of living by an application of scientific methods and modern technique. As an amateur excavator in my early days I was a humble follower of General Pitt-Rivers. But as a geographer I wanted to set prehistoric man in his environment and that led to maps and the distributional method. I remember feeling at the start that we could not begin to understand prehistoric Britain until we had found by means of distribution maps where the inhabitants lived and how far the areas of settlement were controlled by the factors of soil, vegetation and climate. That objective has now been attained. The Ordnance Survey provided the means of producing really first-rate maps of past periods; and for such things as bronze axes, beakers and gold torcs I had already begun before the first war to compile maps on a smaller scale that exemplified the principle of geographical control now universally recognized. It also provided opportunities of field-work. All that was needed now was a place to publish the work of those of us who were thinking along the same lines. *Antiquity* provided this, and it was perhaps the most important item in the programme. For it gave me and others the means of publicizing our discoveries and our views, and it gave them just the prestige that was needed—that of a journal that was something more than provincial or professional.

*Antiquity* served also to make known the remarkable results being achieved by air-photography. The new technique was already nearly a decade old when *Antiquity* began to appear,

but it was not till then that it really made good and became accepted as a powerful aid to the advancement of knowledge.

What of the future? It is my hope that *Antiquity*, which began as the organ of a small band of enlightened enthusiasts in Britain, may become the organ of all those everywhere, and not only here in Britain, who are trying to improve the archaeology of their own country. I hope that they will regard *Antiquity* as a forum for publishing their work and their ideas, and so influencing others to pull themselves out of the rut in which they have got stuck. Above all *Antiquity* appeals to those who do their archaeology in the open air as well as in museums (not of course instead of them, for museum work is equally essential). *Antiquity* being no respecter of frontiers or curtains is open to anyone anywhere who has the right ideas about archaeology and can write clearly in his own language about matters of general interest. I find it difficult to dissociate my views about the future of archaeology in general from the future of *Antiquity*, for I want the one to reflect and influence the other. To some extent *Antiquity* is already just such an open forum. It has both readers and contributors in every country in the world, and when choosing a reviewer distance is no object. No other archaeological publication has this world-wide basis.

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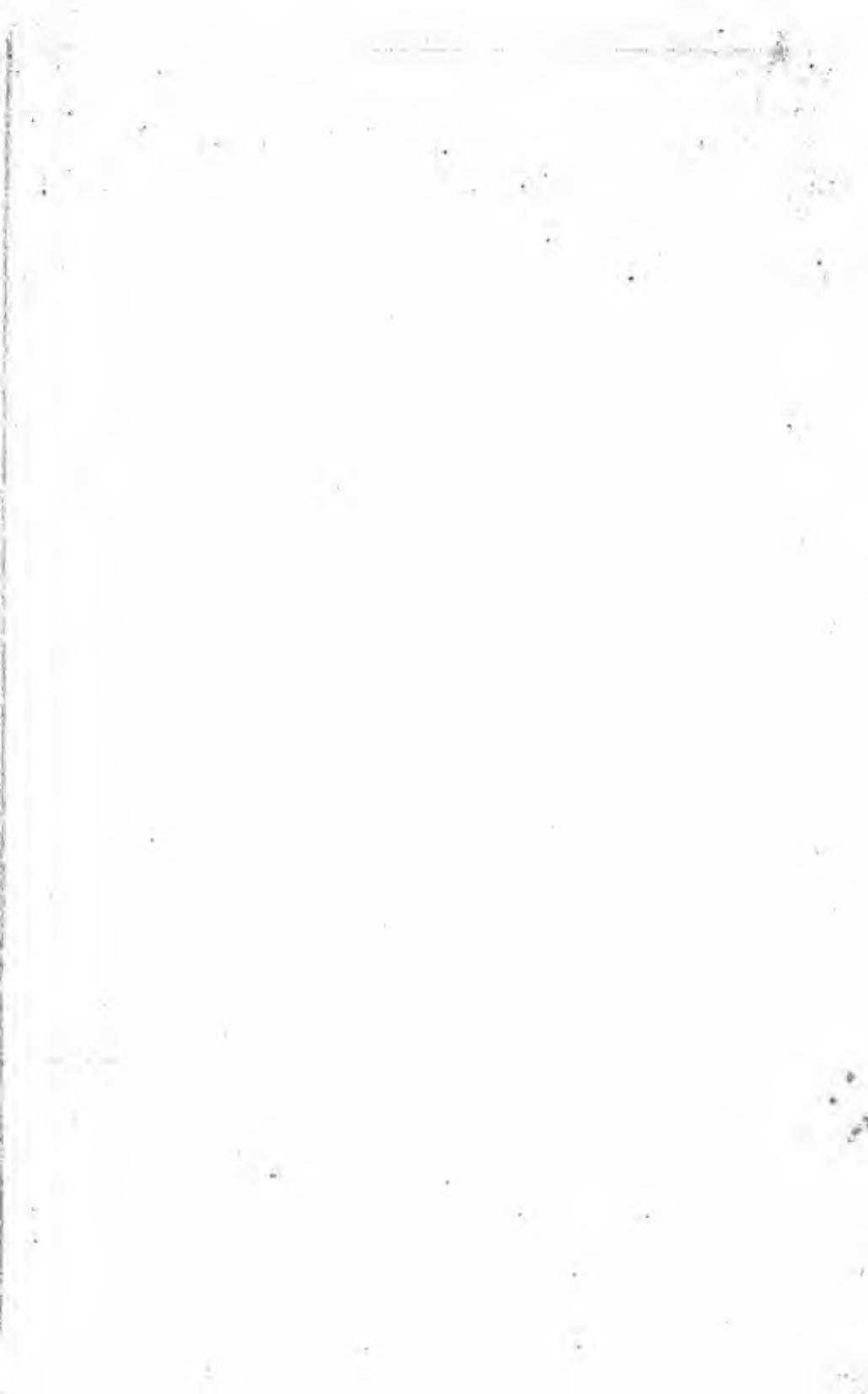
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