

# Antiquity

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## Editorial

A QUARTER of a century ago, Crawford wrote: 'A most important archaeological discovery has been made in East Suffolk. A ship-burial of an early Anglo-Saxon leader has been found dating from about A.D. 600' (ANTIQUITY, 1939, 260). The March 1940 number of ANTIQUITY was entirely devoted to the Sutton Hoo Ship-burial, with contributions by C. W. Phillips, T. D. Kendrick, Ernst Kitzinger, W. F. Grimes, H. M. Chadwick, as well as Crawford himself. In the Editorial to that number Crawford wrote that through the courtesy of C. W. Phillips who was directing the excavation for Mrs Pretty, 'I was present, together with my Ordnance Survey colleague, Mr W. F. Grimes, during the week when most of the grave-goods were found', and adds, 'It was for both the experience of a life-time.'

For the present Editor of ANTIQUITY also this was one of the experiences of a life-time. He drove over from Cambridge with the late Professor H. M. Chadwick, and with Mrs Chadwick who is happily still with us. (One of her books is reviewed in this number by Mr Raleigh Radford; see p. 66 below.) As we drove back in the evening, the great Chadders, in his green Norfolk jacket and breeches, kept saying, 'It's puzzling d'ye know: very puzzling. Not easy to explain. Must be Raedwald, I think; must be. And his body must be there. Strange, very strange.'

Twenty-five years later, Sutton Hoo is still puzzling and difficult to explain. The site has never been fully published although Mr Bruce-Mitford has written much about it and we

understand that his papers are to be collected together and republished, with additions, in a volume to be entitled *Sutton Hoo Studies*. A general account of the site has been recently published by Mr Charles Green, and is reviewed in this number by Dr Brian Hope-Taylor (p. 67). Later this year, probably in the September number, we expect to publish an article by Professor and Mrs C. F. C. Hawkes entitled 'The Sutton Hoo Discoveries Reconsidered', as well as an account of the Frankish Royal Tombs in the Cathedrals of Cologne and St-Denis by Professor Joachim Werner, whose researches, among those of a few others, have contributed so much to a reassessment of the archaeology of the Sutton Hoo period. [As we correct the proofs of these words in the train between Stockholm and Uppsala, the snow-covered countryside of Uppland around us, yesterday having looked again at the Viking ships at Oslo, we wonder whether the time is not ripe for an international colloque on Sutton Hoo. Perhaps the Council for British Archaeology, the British Museum, and the Suffolk Archaeological Society could arrange this. We are happy to offer the pages of ANTIQUITY for a summary account of the deliberations of such a meeting.]



As the last number of ANTIQUITY was being printed, containing as it did the review by Jacquetta Hawkes of Margaret Murray's *My First Hundred Years* (ANTIQUITY, 1963, 311),

we learnt that the Grand Old Woman of Egyptology had died in her hundred-and-first year. It was a source of great pleasure to us to be able to print in 1963 not only this review of her book, and a mention of the other book she published in her hundredth year, *The Genesis of Religion*, but also an article from her pen. The article, 'Centenary', appeared in the June 1963 number. We had some correspondence about this article, and we reprint here in facsimile one of 'Ma' Murray's letters. If all our colleagues could write as clearly, legibly and economically at any age, it would be a comfort. It would be a terrible world if all archaeologists lived to be a hundred, but it was an exciting privilege to know Dr Murray as a centenarian and for many, many years before. She once electrified the eleven o'clock tea gathering in the Cambridge Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology by saying that she had been working for some while on the sociological problems of town and gown in Cambridge and had been delighted to observe the previous night an effigy of the Vice-Chancellor being burnt on Parker's Piece. We all gasped, and then somebody said, 'But Dr Murray, today is November 6th; are you sure it was not an effigy of Guy Fawkes?' She swept the suggestion away with vigour and firmness: 'Ridiculous!' she said. 'I saw it myself: it was the Vice-Chancellor.' Her vigour and forthrightness and ruthless energy never deserted her. We went to her hundredth birthday party where she sat enthroned—no other word for it—surrounded by family and friends. A distant cousin—what we would have called an elderly lady of eighty—was bringing greetings from even more distant relatives in Australia, and suddenly forgot, as happens to many people half her age and a third of the age of Ma Murray, one name. 'How stupid of me, Cousin Margaret,' she said, 'how stupid—the name has quite gone out of my head.'

Ma Murray focused her eyes on this old lady twenty years her junior—cold eyes in which feeling seemed extinguished in the neutrality of eternity—and said gently and kindly, 'Not stupidity, my dear. Not stupidity: just mental laziness.'

This number of ANTIQUITY carries a review of Zeuner's *History of Domesticated Animals*; he now, in the prime of his life, is dead, to the regret of many and to the loss of scholarship in wide fields from Pleistocene Geology through Palaeolithic Man and Geochronology to the Canaries and Central Asia. We are often asked why we do not print obituary notices in ANTIQUITY. It has never been the custom, and we think it would always have been impracticable when it is realized that this journal has a world-wide circulation; more than half its subscribers live outside north-western Europe. Necrology is for national journals except when a figure transcends nation (as when we wrote about Breuil, ANTIQUITY, 1960, 257 and Gordon Childe, ANTIQUITY, 1958, 65) or when, as in the present cases of Margaret Murray and Frederick Zeuner, their living testimony and work is so close to their death. There is one other archaeologist whose death in the last few months we cannot forbear to mention: it is J. P. Droop, for long Rankin Professor of Classical Archaeology in the University of Liverpool, and long retired from that post. He will be remembered for many things, not least for the Droop cup which enabled the great Vix find to be dated. But we privately remember him for the splendid passage in his *Archaeological Excavation* (Cambridge, 1915) in which he discusses 'whether in the work of excavation it is a good thing to have cooperation between men and women'. Here is what he says:

I have no intention of discussing whether or no woman possesses the qualities best suited for such work: opinions, I believe, vary on the point, but I have never seen a trained lady excavator at work, so that my point of view if expressed would be valueless. Of a mixed dig, however, I have seen something and it is an experiment that I would be reluctant to try again. I would grant if need be that women are admirably fitted for the work, yet I would uphold that they should undertake it themselves . . . there are the proprieties . . . the work of an excavator on the dig and off it lays on those who share it a bond of closer daily intercourse than is conceivable. . . . Mixed digging I think means loss of easiness in the atmosphere and consequent loss of efficiency

Q. V. Memorial Hospital, Welwyn, Herts. Feb. 15. 1963

My dear Dr Daniel

Miss Tynnell reminded me that I had rashly promised to write a short article for *Antiquity* in time for the July number of *Antiquity*. I had, I regret to say, completely forgotten that promise. I now have an interval of more leisure, and propose to write that article straight away. I propose to give my opinion as to what archaeology really is, the aim of all students of ~~the subjects~~ of the subject, and the training in what I consider the essentials. I want to keep the article short, between four and five thousand words. And I would have it typed, and (I hope) sent to you by the end of this month. So please let me know if that is the sort of thing you want and also if the suggested length of the article suits the allotted space.

With kind regards

Yours sincerely

Mr. A. Murray

## ANTIQUITY

... moments will occur in the best regulated dig when you want to say just what you think, without translation, which before the ladies, whatever their feelings about it, cannot be done.

This was, let us remember, written half a century ago, but it was a moment when Ma Murray was fifty. Droop lived through the next fifty years since the publication of his *Archaeological Excavation*; years which saw Tessa Wheeler, Nina Layard, Gertrude Bell, and Rose Grahame elected to the Fellowship of the Society of Antiquaries, major excavations conducted by Dorothy Garrod, Kathleen Kenyon, Gertrude Caton-Thompson, Elsie Clifford; and a lady, Joan Evans, President of the Society of Antiquaries. Incidentally, as I write, my copy of Droop's *Archaeological Excavation* is not with me. I quote therefore from a two-volume anthology of archaeology entitled *The World of the Past*, to be reviewed, editorially, in the next number of this journal. The editor: a most distinguished female archaeologist, Jacquetta Hawkes.



The Clerk of the Lancashire County Council has written to tell us that 'an Archaeologist has recently been appointed by the County Council, and is attached to the Lancashire Record Office, Lancaster Road, Preston'. The person appointed is Mr B. J. N. Edwards, who was a Research Fellow in Archaeology at Durham. Congratulations to Lancashire for this enlightened and most interesting appointment; we had thought it was the first such appointment in Great Britain, but Mr C. P. H. McCall, the Clerk of the Lancashire Council, writes that they cannot claim priority, and that as far as he is aware 'the only other local authority in this country which has appointed an Archaeologist is Staffordshire County Council which took the step in 1959'. In a way, without insulting Lancashire, it is from the historical point of view nice that this new development started in Staffordshire, for it was here that Robert Plot four hundred years ago started his *Natural Histories* that never got beyond Oxford, and

never to the grand design. Plot, Dugdale, Lhwyd and Aubrey would surely have approved of what Staffordshire and Lancashire are doing. Mr McCall writes of the Lancashire County Archaeologist: 'His duties include the compilation of a record of archaeological and historical sites and buildings; inspection of sites due for clearance; arrangement of emergency excavation; and liaison with local authorities, schools, societies, universities and the Ancient Monuments Inspectorate of the Ministry of Public Building and Works. He is available in an advisory capacity on all matters concerning the antiquities and older buildings of the county.'

We hope that other counties will follow the fine example of Staffordshire and Lancashire. And by the way, if Lancashire is seriously taking its past to heart, what about freeing Lancaster Castle from its horrible prison?



Last year, 1963, was the centenary of the Moulin Quignon affair, which, since the Piltown disclosures, those of us who were not previously historically minded about the forgeries and frauds of 19th-century archaeology have been reading about. Mr. C. E. Stevens, of Magdalen College, Oxford, sends us this poem written in February 1864 by T. W. Newton. It is called 'The Valley of the Somme', and is set to the air 'Guy Fawkes'—not one of the tunes we normally hum—indeed previously unknown to us. We print the tune opposite for those who share our ignorance: our musical readers will be able to make the slight adjustment necessary to the first and third bars of the chorus, when singing this ditty in their baths.

We should like very much to thank Mr C. L. Cudworth of the Pendlebury Library of Music, University of Cambridge, for readily tracking down the tune for us in *English Songs of the Georgian Period: a collection by Alfred Moffat*, edited by Kidson & Moffat, and published by Bayley & Ferguson, with whose kind permission we print opposite the tune and the footnote about it (Kidson & Moffat, p. 74).

## THE VALLEY OF THE SOMME



The tale of Man's antiquity is told by Sir Charles Lyell,  
Of something pertinent thereto to sing I'll make a trial,  
And give of what occurred last year, o'er sea, a plain narration,  
When geologists from England met savants of the French nation  
    In the valley of the Somme,  
    At the Moulin-Quignon section,  
    In the valley of the Somme.

Boucher de Perthes, a learned man, and eke enthusiastic,  
Had offered his terrassiers (whose consciences seemed plastic)  
Money reward for relics found, and with such bribe to bind 'em,  
And French inventive genius too, 'twas certain they would find 'em  
    In the valley of the Somme, etc.

Find out they did, and quickly too, flint implements in number:  
Ah, who shall tell how long had lain the makers in death slumber,  
And when the *talk* was at its height, and scarcely could mount higher,  
A perfect jaw, and molar too, cast fuel on to fire  
    In the valley of the Somme, etc.

Now the French unto the English spake, 'To Congress we invite you;  
Then come across to Abbeville, and view the *haches* in situ;  
They went, and thought at first they saw truth gleam amidst confusion,  
But that the quantity of truth was small, was their conclusion,  
    In the valley of the Somme, etc.

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'A witty song which at once became a favourite on its first introduction to the public about 1825. The verses were written by a clever comic song writer named Thomas Hudson, who used them to an air (the one we give), that had previously carried many a worse lyric into popularity. This melody probably first appeared about 1760-1770 to a song called "Bow, wow, wow," in which all classes of society were likened to dogs of different kinds and dispositions. Then followed "Mew, mew, mew," a copy where cats were the conceit. After that came a lyric which enjoyed a considerable vogue, "Date Obolum Belsario," written about 1790 by Collins, an actor. Then in 1802-3 Charles Dibdin, junior, made fun of the bones of the Mammoth just then discovered, using the tune for his song, "The Mammoth and Bonaparte." In 1806 Tom Dibdin, his brother, employed the melody for "The Negotiation; or, John Bull *versus* Bonaparte," and many other ditties were written to it. As will be perceived, the melody is an excellent one, and even so late as the sixties it was brought out as a fresh composition and adapted to a song the burden of which was, "By studying economy I live like a lord."'



Now Quatrefages in this *machoire* belief had strong and hearty,  
So had Delesse and Garrigou, and also Monsieur Lartet;  
Gaudry and Delanoue likewise, and Hébert of the Sorbonne,  
They all clung with a touching faith to the molar and the jawbone  
In the valley of the Somme, etc.

But the English saw this human jaw by a light much clearer;  
Proved it wasn't antediluvian, but belonged to the present era.  
And it galled the Gaul to find that all his own clear views were doubted,—  
As it did when a Congress and Bonaparte were late by Russell scouted,—  
In the valley of the Somme, etc.

Now Mr Prestwich, whose great skill permits him to unravel  
All mysteries of geology, especially river gravel,  
While he pronounced the beds to be of genuine diluvium,  
Elie de Beaumont thought them little better than alluvium.  
In the valley of the Somme, etc.

But Mr Evans, who, 'tis said, can tell you in a minute,  
On looking on a fossil flint, what truth there may be in it,  
He quickly saw to modern France these celts owed their formation,  
Not having patina, rolled edge, dentrite or incrustation.  
In the valley of the Somme, etc.

And Dr Falconer to his aid had called Professor Busk in,  
And lo, a mass gelatinous they found this precious tusk in,  
Which proved that it no fossil was, without the least obliquity,  
Because connection they ignored 'twixt gelatin and antiquity,  
In the valley of the Somme, etc.

Then the English to the Frenchman spake, 'your *river gravel's* sifted,  
Your fossil jaw and molar into forgery have drifted;  
And take our last opinion now, before from France we mizzle,—  
Your flint tools all resolve themselves in one *gigantic chisel*.'  
In the valley of the Somme,  
At the Moulin-Quignon section,  
In the valley of the Somme.