

Editorial

The Chief Inspector of Ancient Monuments and Historic Buildings in the Department of the Environment in London writes these comments on our Editorial in the November 1978 issue. His letter was dated 5 March 1979:

The editorial to your November 1978 issue started off with two and a half pages of good knock-about fun at the expense of the Directorate of Ancient Monuments and Historic Buildings. As you will know, it is our general practice to turn the other cheek, but in view of the world-wide reputation of your journal and the preposterous way you have caricatured what our Directorate has and has not done recently at Stonehenge I thought that, in this instance, I should reply.

The part of your editorial devoted to Stonehenge ends with: 'No Druids, no pop groups, and wider, closer access by the public', splendidly simple solutions but, alas, without regard to reality.

To start with the 'Druids'; are we allowing our archaeological sensibilities with regard to this association to get the better of us? By any objective standards the annual assembly of 'Druids' does no harm to the monument and causes little inconvenience to the ordinary visitor. It does, however, add to the 'attractions' of Stonehenge and to some extent provoke the sort of hooliganism which has led the Department since 1961 to protect Stonehenge at the time of the Summer Solstice with Dannert Wire.

Undoubtedly, the more recent establishment of a free pop festival has drawn more people to the monument. Again, no direct harm is caused to the monument, though several thousand people camping for several days does pose an unintentioned threat to associated sites and monuments in the vicinity. Such assemblies do not go away simply because the Secretary of State, the landowner or the Editor of ANTIQUITY says that they are unwelcome. It does mean, however, that unwanted, unsightly and expensive measures still have to be taken to prevent thousands of people swamping the stone circle.

Indeed, the whole problem of Stonehenge is numbers, not just at the time of the Solstice but all through the year. The Druids and pop festivals are red herrings. What menaces Stonehenge are the millions of feet (and hands) of the ordinary visitors.

Ministers and administrators, archaeologists in and outside the Department have realized that some form of control is essential if we are not to betray our trust to future generations. In the long term, radical solutions must be sought which involve siting car parks and visitors' facilities further away from the monument. Better information for visitors must be provided and, if at all possible, the A344 which cuts through the site so obtrusively should be removed. All this requires the agreement of many parties and the views of the local authorities must be sought. A broadly based working party has been studying how these objectives can be implemented and its report is now being drafted.

In the meantime, how do we stop the visible erosion from legitimate visitors? Consideration was given to a plan to exclude all visitors from the area within the bank and ditch but it was felt that the public ought to be allowed closer to the stones. After an initial period, when there was total exclusion while the gravel was removed from among the stones and turf restored, an experimental pathway was laid across the henge on the line of the old trackway (backfilled in the 1920s). A single rope barrier keeps the public to this path. All those with close associations with the monument are agreed that this pathway is a success and a survey of visitors' opinion has shown wide acceptance of the restriction. Of course, there is some regret that visitors cannot walk among the stones, but as compensation they can now see and photograph the stones without throngs of people in the way, and something of the atmosphere of the place has returned. The Department will make special arrangements outside peak visiting periods for *bona fide* research and for formal educational purposes which require access. Applications may be made to Fortress House.

If uninformed members of the general public

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were to criticize these measures it would be understandable, but for archaeologists to cavil at measures designed to rescue the monument from degradation is beyond my understanding. The problem of visitors eroding the very places they come to see is not a new one but it is one that will grow. If you, sir, or your readers have better realistic solutions that will help us to preserve the nation's archaeological heritage from this form of erosion I will be pleased to hear them.

(Signed) A. D. Saunders

Chief Inspector

We had already commented further on this matter in our March Editorial (*Antiquity*, 1979, 3-5), a copy of which we had sent in advance to Mr Saunders. He does not comment on our suggestion for an underground cinema and museum. He does ask for suggestions from readers; these should go to him at *Fortress House, 23 Savile Row, London W1X 2AA*.

Aubrey Burl comments on our suggested archaeological jamboree at Stonehenge and says that we have omitted one musical instrument: he says there should also be heard the sound of tom-toms. And James Dyer in number 65 of *Current Archaeology* (published February 1979) returns to the attack:

Stonehenge is the biggest disgrace in British archaeology. . . . The Department of the Environment must take the award for sheer and petty stupidity with their ropes to keep visitors outside the monument ditch. They probably infringe the Trade Descriptions Act by preventing customers seeing what they have paid for! The archaeologist who visits Stonehenge needs to walk within the stones, to be able to examine them individually to study the skill of construction with its shaping and jointing. Yet all this is forbidden. No telescopes are provided for the convenience of students, just a few custodians stalk like crows within the ring of sacred string. Clearly the Department of the Environment have not the vaguest idea of how to manage the monument. Their sole interest is in grabbing as much money as possible at the pay desk and to hell with the interested minority. . . . Stonehenge has been making a profit for years. Now it is time some of the money was ploughed back for its own preservation. . . . Stonehenge is too important to sweep under the carpet. It must be made accessible once again, and in the terms of the conditions under which it was purchased for the nation.

☞ We publish in this issue (pp. 93-5) a very interesting article on Prehistory and Marxism which is in itself a bibliographical curiosity: it was written by Gordon Childe eight years before he died and has lain in our files for 30 years. We were reminded of it because of the receipt of two letters from Australia relating to the last few weeks of Childe's life and commenting on the strange circumstances of his death. The first is from Dr Laila Haglund of the Department of Anthropology, University of Sydney:

It is time this myth about Gordon Childe's suicide was knocked. It seems to be prevalent in Europe; I sometimes wonder whether some of his colleagues and contemporaries there think that he *ought* to have felt suicidal.

I had the pleasure of knowing him at the time of his death and remember him as ebullient and full of enthusiasm. As a fellow guest of the Stewarts and a budding archaeologist I saw several different aspects of him. At first he seemed shy, but he soon mellowed and obviously enjoyed conversation, food, drink and his pipe. Maybe it was my pipe-smoking that broke the ice. He seemed highly amused and always remembered to bring me some good pipe tobacco from Sydney. Such luxuries could not be had locally in those days.

We often sat by the fire, puffing away, while Childe talked about prehistory, sometimes almost through the night. He was full of plans. There was so much he wished to see done in Australian prehistory; some of this he wanted to do himself. But it was all part of a large co-ordinated scheme. Listening to him was at times rather like hovering over the continent and looking down in a godlike manner. I have often regretted not making notes. At the time what he said seemed unforgettable. He was definitely much interested in the geography of Australia in relation to problems in prehistory. At the time of his death he was particularly interested in the geology of the Blue Mountains, and I am convinced that it was this interest that brought him to his death. Though mentally alert he was physically somewhat tottery. I can easily see him fold his coat, put it down on the rocks, place the compass, take off his spectacles to do some sighting, peer around, perhaps step back a bit to line up certain features—quite forgetting that he had a cliff edge behind him. I cannot imagine him stepping—bleakly or desperately—over that edge to end his life!

Our last long talk was only a couple of days before his death. It was largely Childe's enthusiasm that influenced me to turn to the study of Australian prehistory. He could hardly have faked enthusiasm

so convincingly. When he left he was clearly intending to come back soon and looking forward to it.

The second letter is from Mrs Eve Stewart, widow of J. R. B. Stewart, who was Professor of Near Eastern Archaeology in the University of Sydney until his death in 1962:

A copy of *Mallowan's memoirs* has just reached me and I have been reading it with much pleasure and interest. However, one thing distressed me, namely his suggestion that the late Professor V. G. Childe 'felt that life, for all his interests, held but a bleak prospect. . . . There is little doubt in my mind that he committed suicide' (p. 235). I cannot agree with either of these statements.

My husband and I came to know Prof. Childe well, because he stayed with us several times in 1957, at our home near Bathurst. The two had long discussions about archaeological problems and also Prof. Childe's plans for his latest line of research, which concerned the geology of the Blue Mountains. I got the impression of a man full of enthusiasm for a new project. There was certainly no hint of a bleak future; I would have said that he was rejoicing in his retirement because he was free to devote *all* his time and energy to the things which interested him. The enthusiastic tone of the letters he wrote us, between April and October 1957, endorses this impression.

As to suicide—definitely NO!

He spent a few days with us in mid-October. When he left, only two days before his death, he was as cheerful as usual and was looking forward to returning a few weeks later.

Mrs Stewart goes on to say that naturally the Australian papers carried an account of his death. We do not quote these verbatim but it is clear that the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* and the *Sydney Morning Herald* accepted the police view that 'mis-laid spectacles caused Professor V. G. Childe to fall 900 ft to his death at Govett's Leap'. One paper reported: 'People who knew Professor Childe said that without his spectacles he was almost blind, except for looking at close objects.'

Mrs Stewart states that as soon as her husband learnt the tragic news he phoned Mrs V. Clift, the secretary of the Carrington Hotel in Katoomba, the hotel where Professor Childe always stayed. Professor Stewart received a lengthy letter in reply, of which Mrs Stewart sends us these relevant portions:

As promised, I am writing to tell you a little of the

dear old chappie's last days. We were all so fond of him at the Carrington. . . .

Apparently he asked the taxi to take him to Govett's Leap, and either to wait for him, or to come back for him so that he would be back at the Carrington for lunch. He was to get the afternoon train down and was to be at Bundanoon today. When the Professor did not arrive at the meeting place as arranged, the taxi-driver [Mr Newstead] became worried and went looking for him.

He found the Professor's coat on the edge of the cliff, with pipe and spectacles on top of it, and the compass on the rock beside it. . . .

As he had gone out before breakfast, and the day was fairly hot, we think that he must have taken his coat off, and feeling the heat, combined with an empty stomach, had had a giddy turn and over-balanced.

As soon as the taxi-driver notified the police they phoned us and I happened to answer. Constable Morey wanted to know if I thought he would have suicided. I assured him that the Professor was definitely not that type, and that he was far too interested in life, and his archaeology, to do anything like that. . . .

Mrs Stewart finishes by saying that not long ago she happened to meet the taxi-driver, who remembered Professor Childe well, having been his regular driver when he was staying at the Carrington. He, also, is convinced it was an accident.

Also in our files we discovered this note from Crawford to Childe, and Childe's reply (see over, p. 89). (He often signed his name in Russian in letters to friends.)

☞ To our great sadness, two of the most lovable and most loved characters—and perhaps we should write it 'characters'—in British archaeology have died since our last number: Lal Chitty and Toty de Navarro. Miss Lily F. Chitty was born in 1893: her introduction to archaeology came through the Shropshire Archaeological Society, and to most of our generation and the next she was the Queen of the Welsh Marches, dispensing her knowledge and encouragement and zestful enthusiasm to the archaeologists of Wales, and those on the other side of Offa's Dyke. Her introduction to the wider world of archaeology came through her meeting with H. J. E. Peake when in 1923 she agreed to do the Shropshire cards for the British Association Bronze Implement Catalogue. She was always ready to acknowledge her indebtedness to Harold

Peake: and how many more people owe much to the energy, inspiration, and dedication of that remarkable man to whom justice has not yet been done in the history of British archaeology? (Perhaps we can persuade Professor Piggott to write about Peake.)

Peake was the first great influence in Miss Chitty's life (and of course Fleure came as part of that benefit down the corridors of past time); the second was Cyril Fox whom she met in 1924 in Cambridge. Fox's *Archaeology of the Cambridge region* had been published in 1923; there was now to be a new prehistory of Britain—perhaps the first real prehistory of Britain since Rice-Holmes and Windle—with text by Fox and maps by Lal Chitty: it was, if our recollection serves us correctly, to be in the Methuen Archaeological Handbooks series. It never happened, partly because Fox was too busy with administrative museum work in Cardiff, and partly because he felt frightened by what he thought was his inadequate knowledge of archaeology outside Britain. Anyone brought up in British archaeology in the first two decades of the twentieth century might well have thought the same, even if they had read their Déchelette, when they saw the volumes of the *Reallexikon der Vorgeschichte* begin to appear, and when that archaeological bombshell, Childe's *Dawn of European civilisation*, appeared on their desks in 1925. The Fox–Chitty British prehistory was, to our great regret, abandoned: years later, in 1938, Fox confessed to us over lunch in the Park Hotel in Cardiff: 'Dear boy, I wasn't up to it, neither was Lal; we were provincial and parochial.' Yet he was to live to show in his *Pattern and purpose* that he was a European prehistorian of international status, and to realize the hope of the Fox–Chitty prehistory in *The personality of Britain*, where the Chitty maps made a major contribution to British prehistory.

She went on making in a modest and minor way a major contribution to British prehistory for over 50 years; she was a repository of learning and a source of kind encouragement and help to all. It is nice to know that she was awarded an O.B.E., and an M.A. (*honoris causa*) of the University of Wales, and made an Honorary Member of the Prehistoric Society and the Cambrian Archaeological Association. In 1972 friends and admirers produced *Prehistoric man in Wales and the West: essays in honour of Lily F. Chitty* (edited by Frances Lynch and Colin Burgess; Bath: Adams and Dart). The

contributions show the wealth of her interests, and in a delightful preface, Professor Grimes reveals some of her character when he writes:

On a day vaguely to be defined as falling within the closing years of the reign of King Edward VII, a young lady was walking down Castle Street in Shrewsbury in her best new hat when a sudden rainstorm came on. Caught without an umbrella, she walked into Hammonds the fishmongers and asked for one of their fish-baskets, put it over her hat and, thus protected, went on her way triumphant down Pride Hill. To a permissive age, in which fish-baskets may well become standard female head-gear, there is perhaps nothing remarkable in an event so baldly stated; but in 1910 or thereabouts, society was not in the grip of the freedom that some part of it enjoys today, and those who knew her will be in no way surprised that the wearer of the hat, at once feminine and unorthodox, was Miss Lily Frances Chitty.

In the mid-thirties the Editor and the late [Professor] Terence Powell, then respectively President and Secretary of the Cambridge Undergraduate Archaeological Field Club, invited Miss Chitty to talk to students and met the formidable lady at the station as she emerged from the afternoon Fenman from London. Piece after piece of luggage was handed out of the train, including bags of all improbable shapes and varying sizes. Finally, the great woman herself, smiling and chattering, with a golf-bag over her shoulder. She sensed our surprise and explained that she always carried her maps in a golf-bag. And later the bag was opened and the Chitty distribution maps of long barrows and chambered tombs were displayed to our excited attention.

☞ José Maria de Navarro (Toty) was born in 1896 with a silver spoon in his mouth—the son of a wealthy American of Basque extraction and of the famous actress Mary Anderson, who retired from the stage at the early age of 28 after a brilliant career which had made her the darling of the theatrical world in America and Europe. He went to Downside where Dom Ethelbert Horne first interested him in archaeology, and to Cambridge where he fell under the spell of Hector Munro Chadwick. He was elected a Fellow of Trinity in 1923 (perhaps the first Research Fellow in archaeology ever?), and was a Lecturer in Archaeology from 1926 onwards. His scholarly output was small but of the highest distinction, and we were all

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The Editor of *Antiquity* presents his compliments to

Professor Childe

and wishes to know whether he would be good enough to write (on return) a review of the undermentioned books? A stamped envelope is enclosed for a reply which may be written, if found more convenient, on this form.

1. Chinese Bronze Age weapons: the Werner Tammings Collection in the Chinese National Palace Museum, Peking, by Max Doehr. d=7
2. Ch'eng-tzu-yai: the Black Pottery Culture site... (Shan-tung). Yale 1956. d=1. P.

Sorry just off to Australia on Mar 17
Don't know when I'll return &
the books sound too heavy to read on boat
Copport

Note from O. G. S. Crawford to V. Gordon Childe, dated 23 February 1957, and Childe's reply (on the back)
See p. 87

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brought up on his chapter in the *Cambridge ancient history* and the famous amber trade paper. His forte was teaching, and at least half the present establishment of British archaeologists will remember with pride and pleasure those almost daily sessions (he lectured five times a week throughout the academical year) in his rooms in Nevile's Court piled high with books and journals. His meticulous, full, and heavily documented lecture notes ought now to be published. His students and colleagues were delighted when they heard the news of his marriage to another distinguished Chadwickian, Dorothy Hoare, and saddened when they both retired and left Cambridge in 1956 to live in the beautiful and spacious de Navarro home in Broadway, Worcestershire, where Toty cultivated scholarship and daffodils. There is a room in the Romisch-Germanische Institut in Frankfurt called after him and generously endowed by him.

On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, in 1966, many of his pupils and colleagues assembled in the United University Club in London and drank his health. They presented him with a souvenir list of themselves and their birthday wishes in these words:

We, your friends and pupils, wish you a very happy seventieth birthday; and want you to know that we have never forgotten, and shall never forget, the warmth of your friendship, your delightful sense of humour, your kind hospitality and your generous inspiration and encouragement, when we were young.

Toty was a remarkable mimic and, a few years ago, Basil and the late Eleanor Megaw went down to Broadway and recorded some of his conversation in which he recalled great figures of the past such as Chadwick, Ridgeway, and Minns. It should be an invaluable and entertaining document.

☞ Rumour reached us through a lunch party at Oxford that the Smithsonian Institution in Washington had recently discovered a hoard of Trojan antiquities which had lain unopened in its store-rooms since the nineteenth century, and we enquired whether this rumour was true. It was totally unfounded. S. Dillon Ripley, the Secretary of the Smithsonian, wrote on 8 January 1979:

After Heinrich Schliemann's death in 1890, his widow Sophia turned over more than 100 Trojan

objects to Truxton Beale, a senior officer at the U.S. legation in Athens, who sent them to the Smithsonian Institution.

The artifacts were on display for more than 50 years, first in the Arts and Industries Building and subsequently in the National Museum of Natural History. After a brief period in storage, the objects are again on display in a permanent exhibit hall entitled 'Western Civilization: Origins and Traditions' which opened at the National Museum of Natural History on 9 June 1978. The exhibit includes artifacts ranging from beautifully hand-crafted two-handled goblets to whetstones, pins, spoons, and other stone objects used in everyday living.

It seems that the report which reached you was a result of the inclusion of the Trojan objects in the Western Civilization exhibit hall.

☞ The University of Calgary has issued the following news release:

Norse chain mail, a clinch nail (probably from a Viking ship), and a number of iron, copper, and oak pieces of Norse origin, are among the artifacts recently discovered on the east-central coast of Ellesmere Island. The discoveries were made by a group of archaeologists led by Dr Peter Schledermann, professor of archaeology at the University of Calgary, and associate staff scientist of the Arctic Institute of North America, housed on the University of Calgary Campus. Funded by the Canada Council, the group was returning to the area to continue an investigation of pre-Dorset, Dorset, and Thule cultural sites discovered in an expedition in August of 1977. In their excavations on Knud Peninsula and Skraeling Island, they came across the artifacts of Norse origin in several of the Thule culture winter houses. Experts from the National Museum in Copenhagen have verified their authenticity.

The question immediately arises, says Schledermann: are those artifacts remnants of Norse exploration or trading expeditions, or did the Inuit living in the area obtain them through trade with other Inuit groups? Schledermann, in a letter to the Editor dated 1 March 1979, draws attention to the book entitled *Grønland's Mindesmerker*, published in 1845, which describes several northern voyages by the Norsemen. It seems that in 1266 AD the priests in the Norse settlements in the southern part of Greenland launched an expedition to explore further north than had ever been travelled before. One of the recently found Norse artifacts

(remains of charred oak) has been radiocarbon-dated to AD 1280.

This is all very good news, and together with the excavations at L'Anse aux Meadows in Newfoundland seems to establish archaeologically the Norsemen in America; these authentic finds stand out against a background of forged runic inscriptions like the Minnesota Stone and falsely ascribed remains like the Newport Tower. The Calgary results will be published in a preliminary report in the next issue of *Arctic*. All success to Schledermann's work in 1979 in Ellesmere Island.

☞ All who strive for the legal protection of archaeological monuments will have been saddened by recent developments in the Irish courts.

Christ Church Cathedral stands on a hill in the centre of historic Dublin, and the slope between it and the Liffey has been accumulating refuse since Viking days. Disastrously this slope was chosen by Dublin Corporation as the site for new civic offices, and as the development work proceeded—accompanied by spasmodic excavation by the National Museum—increasingly significant archaeological material was revealed. When Viking style houses and pathways, and more importantly, wharves and defensive banks, began to appear, it was felt that the Commissioners of Public Works, who have the responsibility for administering the Irish National Monuments Acts, could take no other course than to declare the site to be a National Monument, and so give it the protection the acts provide. Despite the urgings of their own National Monuments Advisory Council, the Commissioners took no action, but the Professor of Medieval History in University College, Dublin, the Reverend F. X. Martin, as a private individual, brought the matter to the High Court. On the strength of the 'co-ercive evidence' presented to it, the Court declared that the part of the site which lay within the medieval stone wall of the city (which had appeared during the works) was a National Monument.

Unfortunately a clause in the 1930 Monuments Act, never before exercised, gives joint power to the Commissioners and a local authority to give consent to the demolition of a National Monument 'if and whenever they think it expedient in the interests of archaeology or for *any other reason*'. Dublin Corporation makes no secret of its *other reason*: 'If entrepreneurs see that development of sites will be held up or disallowed completely

because of the possibility of excavation on the site', they will take their investment elsewhere.

In August 1978, the Commissioners and the Corporation issued to themselves a Consent to the removal of as much of the National Monument as was necessary to erect the buildings which the Corporation had already contracted for.

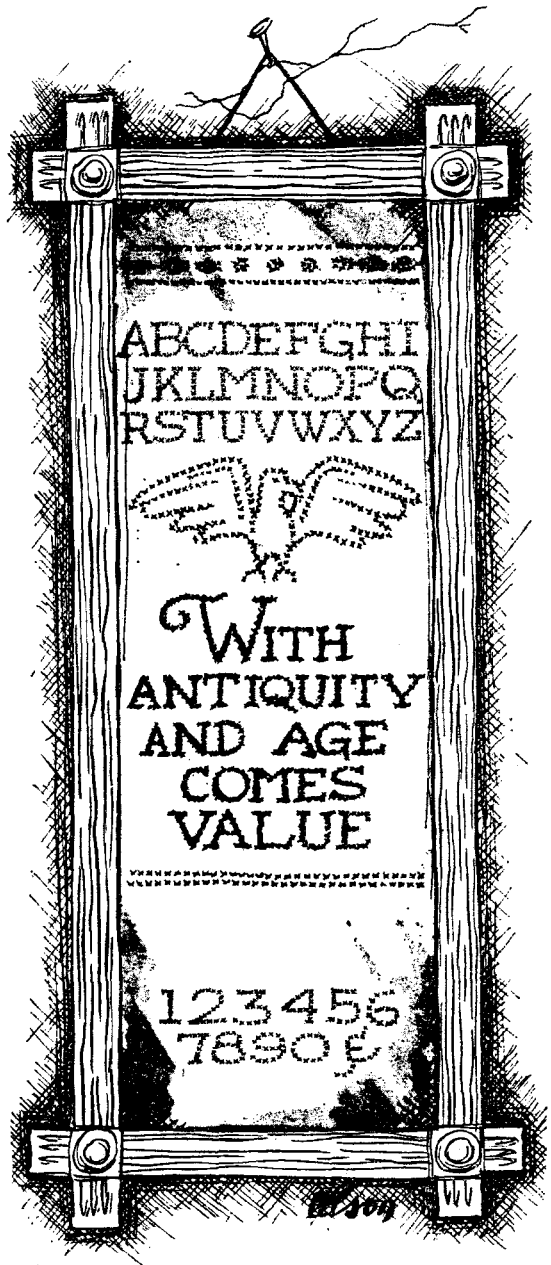
In December 1978, the Corporation, on the pretext that part of the site was unsafe, started to demolish part of the unexcavated archaeological deposit with a bull-dozer. Excavation assistants lay in front of the machine, Father Martin was informed, and he immediately returned to the High Court for a restraining injunction. It is a matter of controversy whether the Consent of August 1978 was or was not made public at that time. Certainly Father Martin and his legal advisers were not aware of its existence until they were at the doors of the court; as soon as they read it, they decided to challenge its validity. This hearing was before a different High Court judge, and he too supported Father Martin, held that the Consent required further legal argument in court, and granted him an interlocutory injunction.

The Commissioners and the Corporation went hot-foot to the Supreme Court, which held that the Consent, despite the reservations of the lower court, was valid, struck down the injunction, and disbarred further legal proceedings, leaving Father Martin open to substantial costs and damages. Within hours the Corporation digging-machine was back on the site, making havoc of unexcavated material. Father Martin is now taking the issue to the European Courts in Strasbourg, but before they can deal with the matter, irreparable damage will have been done.

By comparison with its paucity in historical documents, Ireland is still very rich in archaeological sites. Today powerful machines make their destruction all too easy. It is possible to forgive when such destruction is carried out on unprotected monuments in rural areas by uninformed people. It cannot be forgiven when the first deliberate destruction is carried out on a central site of international importance by a government department and a civic corporation for the basest of reasons, the interests of the entrepreneur.

☞ The lunatic fringes close in on us and the ley-hunters have us marked down. The Institute of Geomancy is only a few miles away from us as we

write: it is at 142 Pheasant Rise, Bar Hill, Cambridge (England) CB3 8SD, and its editor, Nigel Pennick, kindly sends us copies of his *Journal of Geomancy* as it comes out. Volume 3, no. 2, published a few months ago, contains an article by Pennick and Michael Behrend on 'The Cambridge 7-Church Ley', a straight line from the Holy Sepulchre (the Cambridge Church of that name better known as the Round Church), through St Michael's, Great St Mary's, St Edward, King and Martyr, St Benet's, St Botolph's, and St Mary the Less. After this we are told the ley 'crosses nothing else of any significance between Much Hadham and the south coast'. The geomantic ley-hunters are a little displeased that their 7-church ley goes through the Victorian Emmanuel United Reformed Church (formerly Congregational) and say 'the significance of nineteenth-century churches on ley-lines remains enigmatic'. They declare triumphantly that the ley-line goes through 'The Flying Stag, at present the home of Glyn Daniel, Disney Professor of Archaeology at Cambridge University, and staunch opponent of geomancy'. This is fame indeed, actually to live on a ley-line—although we are bound to say that the significance of the ANTIQUITY office being so sited also 'remains enigmatic'. We have projected the line through Much Hadham and it seems to hit the South Coast at Newhaven, where we are about to drive on our way to Normandy to celebrate our sixty-fifth birthday. Is there some strange, occult significance here? Anyhow, the merry misguided harmless ley-hunters, who give us all a lot of amusement in this hard, serious archaeological world, and who keep complaining that we refuse to accept advertisements for Watkins's *Old straight track* and similar lunacies, have been given a little, grudging, publicity by this journal: which they firmly believe (and they will believe anything) shows at its worst the unacceptable hard face of the dyed-in-the-wool and out-of-date archaeological establishment.



Dear Charles Lamb, who once lodged in King's Parade in Cambridge, in a house right on the ley-line (and what a dissertation he could have given us on *that!*), provides a happily defiant quotation for our birthday: 'Damn the age; I will write for Antiquity!' We take further encouragement from Dame Agatha Christie, who

once said that the advantage of being married to an archaeologist was that the older one got the more one was valued. Now comes a birthday card which we eagerly share with our readers, hoping that they too will feel that 'With ANTIQUITY and age comes value' . . .