

### President's Letter



2022 is quite a year for major anniversaries. The Queen's Platinum Jubilee, marking 70 years since the coronation, is in the news and on the calendar – especially since there will be a new bank holiday – but there are many other anniversaries. In November, it will be 100 years since Howard Carter entered Tutankhamun's burial chamber, and since the publication of Ulysses. 150 years ago, another long book, Middlemarch, was published, secret ballots were introduced for British elections, and the first FA cup final was played at the Kennington Oval: Wanderers beat the Royal Engineers by that common (but dull) big-match score, one-nil.

This year also marks 300 years since Peter the Great abolished a tax, that he had himself imposed, on beards. In September, it will be 500 years ago since the Victoria, one of the five ships of Ferdinand Magellan's expedition to find a western route to the Spice Islands, returned to Spain and became the first ship to sail around the world. A little closer to

home, 2022 marks 700 years since the battle of Old Byland, somewhere near Sutton Bank, at which Robert the Bruce's Scots defeated Edward II, a king memorably described as 'ever chicken-hearted and luckless in war'.

July 16<sup>th</sup> will be the 1400<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Muhammad's escape from Mecca to Medina, and the start date of the Islamic calendar. Perhaps most interesting for Arch & Arch members is the fact that this year marks 1900 years since the start of work on Hadrian's Wall. The Hadrian's Wall 1900 Festival will be celebrated all sorts of ways, with special events, art works, and other things, many conveniently near at hand for us. See what is on offer by visiting the festival [website](#)

Something else to look forward to is our Annual General Meeting, at Beamish, on 11<sup>th</sup> June; only a little further off is the new lecture season, when we plan to return to in-person talks at Elvet Riverside in place of presentations via Zoom.

**Richard Annis**

President | Architectural and Archaeological Society of Durham and Northumberland (AASDN)

### Hadrian's Wall 1900

AD 122 is the generally accepted date for the foundation of Hadrian's Wall, making 2022 its 1900<sup>th</sup> anniversary. The event is being marked with a yearlong festival that started on Hadrian's birthday on 24<sup>th</sup> January and runs through to the end of the festival of Saturnalia on 23<sup>rd</sup> December. The festival is designed to celebrate 1900 years of the World Heritage Site. As you might imagine there is a host of archaeological/Roman History related activity, with several archaeological conferences taking place across the Wall zone from Maryport in the west where the [Senhouse Roman Museum](#) hosted the conference, Celebrating Roman West Cumbria, to mark 30 years since its opening, to South Shields in the East where the annual [Arbeia Society Conference](#) will explore warfare in the Hadrianic Period.

Naturally, the museums along the Wall are mounting exhibitions as part of the anniversary, for example at [Tullie House](#) in Carlisle, *To the Edges of Empire*, will feature beautiful and important objects that explore the role of locations and people across the Roman Empire during Hadrian's reign. At the [Roman Fort of Arbeia](#) in South Shields the *Lost Fort* exhibition explores evidence for a possible Hadrianic period fort (the fort you can see today dates to the Antonine Period). Meanwhile at [Segedunum](#) you can visit the *Building the Wall* exhibit.



In addition, the Council for British Archaeology is launching the national [Festival of Archaeology](#) from Segedunum on Saturday 13<sup>th</sup> July with a special family fun day.

But the 1900 festival is not just about Romans, lectures, and exhibitions. The aim is to encourage communities to explore what the World Heritage Site means to them. This has included an [amateur radio team](#) contacting similar enthusiasts around the world (including in Rome itself), raising the profile of the Wall. There are creative writing projects (including a new Vera short story set on the Wall), and dance interpretations. A beer has been brewed for the festival, and all this just scratches the surface.

Added to all this – June also sees the Queen's platinum Jubilee celebrations. This will include a series of beacons across the UK – but also a special set along Hadrian's Wall as part of the 1900 festival, so look out for these too.

Equally, the festival is still open for new activities. So if there is something you wish to do to explore what the Wall means to you, check out the official 1900 Festival [website](#) to see what else is happening and register yourself as an activity organiser.



From the 'Lost Fort' exhibition at Arbeia South Shields, Roman Fort.

**Bill Griffiths FSA**

Head of Programmes & Collections | Tyne & Wear Archives & Museums

## In Search of Hadrian's Wall in Ouseburn

The Lower Ouseburn Valley is an area about one mile east of Newcastle city centre where the Ouseburn River enters the Tyne. The proximity of the river valley to the city made the area a magnet for industries during the 19<sup>th</sup> century, although the history of glass manufacturing goes back to the 17<sup>th</sup> century. As those industries closed or relocated, along with the residents of slum tenement housing, in the first half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, the area became very run down by the 1960s. As with similar former industrial areas in England however, the Ouseburn valley began to be reborn from the 1980s onwards with the arrival of artists using the old warehouses as affordable studio space.

The Ouseburn Trust was created in 1996 with a remit to preserve the heritage of the area and promote a balanced approach to regeneration. Slowly the regeneration of the area took shape becoming the hipster heaven Ouseburn of today; home to creatives, microbreweries, pubs, music venues, and new residents in award winning developments. The industrial heritage of the valley is celebrated through volunteer lead walks and talks and award-winning tours of the Victoria Tunnel, an underground wagon way built to transport coal to the Tyne.

That's all very well, you may say, but what has any of this got to do with archaeology? Well, a good 1600 years before anyone thought to start making glass in the Ouseburn, the Romans built a little thing called Hadrian's Wall right through it. Today we believe it ran parallel with Byker Bridge (built 1878) but no physical remains exist. In his book on the Roman Wall, historian Collingwood Bruce noted in 1863, "The whole area is now built over and destroyed by quarrying or modern development, but in 1725 the wall was here standing in good order."

A dedicated team of volunteers with the Ouseburn Trust, tired of this UNESCO World Heritage Site being overlooked, have set about the task of, quite literally, getting this urban section of Hadrian's Wall back on the map. They have pieced together what archaeological evidence of the wall can be found locally, to the east and west of the valley. Old walls have had their stones measured and documented to see if they just might have been reappropriated from the Roman wall. Old maps and sketches have been interrogated to look for clues. Throughout the Hadrian's Wall 1900 Festival year, volunteers will be leading [guided walks](#) to share their findings. Guides ran Roman Tunnel tours on 1<sup>st</sup> April (note the date) to bring light-hearted Roman history to the Ouseburn following new evidence, authenticated in Rome despite being written in dodgy Latin, showing how the Victoria Tunnel was built by the Romans at the same time as the Wall.

Throughout the year, the [Altar of Julius Maximus \(ca 2<sup>nd</sup> Century AD\)](#) excavated in 1884 at the east end of Byker Bridge, thought to be the site of Milecastle 3, will be displayed at [Seven Stories National Centre for Children's Books](#) on Lime Street. On 2<sup>nd</sup> June a family friendly Hadrian's Wall event will take place at the Cumberland Arms, an Ouseburn institution on the site of Milecastle 3. This will culminate in the lighting

of a Jubilee beacon to mark the line of the wall at 10 pm followed by a sound and light show to once again declaim **The Romans Were Here.**

Heather Richardson  
Heritage Officer | Ouseburn Trust

## Hadrian's Wall Community Archaeology Project – Again "No Fieldwork, No Problem!"

The Hadrian's Wall Community Archaeology Project (WallCAP) has been busy over the winter months with post-excavation work following the fieldwork over the 2021 season, planning, and delivering a series of conferences and keeping their volunteers busy researching the source geology and biography of the re-purposed stones from Hadrian's Wall.

On the Heritage at Risk strand of the project, the team have received initial assessment reports on the soil and environmental samples that were taken from fieldwork at the Vallum at Heddon, the Roman town of Corbridge, and the curtain and bridgeworks at Cam Beck. To their great excitement, all of the samples have provided material sufficient for more detailed study and to allow for radiocarbon (C14) dating.

The sample from the Vallum ditch at Heddon will be the first C14 date obtained from the ditch fill of the Vallum, which will help us all to understand the process of the infilling of the Vallum in the years following its construction and the end of the Roman period. Other C14 samples will provide key date ranges from Corbridge and Cam Beck, which can be checked against the pottery and other finds to help refine our understanding of the work at these sites.

Within the Stone Sourcing and Dispersal (SDD) strand of the project, the volunteers have been beavering away all winter researching the likely locations of the source geology to build the Wall, measuring stone type and size at known structures (turrets, milecastles), inputting fieldwork data into a Stone Recording Database and using the new SSD App to record likely locations of repurposed stone.

WallCAP also organised two conferences over this period. The first brought together a range of experts to speak and share their knowledge about Hadrian's Wall. The [Mirror, Mirror on the Wall: New Views and Reflections on Hadrian's Wall Conference](#) considered everyone's favourite monument through a series of thematic lenses. It provided an opportunity for the WallCAP team to share the research and results that have been undertaken throughout the project with a wider research community and other experts. The papers in the conference will be published in a volume by the [Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies](#), in 2023 and freely available to read online. The second conference, *Hadrian's Wall Virtual (Virtual Networking Days)*, had a much more public and community focus whilst celebrating two themes 1) the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the World Heritage Convention and 2) the marking the launch of the Hadrian's Wall 1900<sup>th</sup> Festival. All the recorded sessions are available [here](#).



Kerry Shaw

Volunteer Coordinator and Community Liaison Officer | WallCAP

## Feature: Creative Short Story Return

To celebrate Hadrian's Wall 1900 Festival, we are featuring the first of six stories from 'Return', published in 2019 in Inkylab's Anthology I 'NEI4 IOS'. These interconnected stories are told through voices not usually heard in mainstream accounts: a conscript in Hadrian's army keeping watch on the Wall; a young novice at Lindisfarne monastery escaping a Viking raid; a Norman master builder constructing a column in Durham Cathedral; a Victorian lady visiting Hadrian's Wall; an ex-miner's wife turned historian and tour guide reflecting on history at Durham Cathedral; and an archivist at the British Library working on the Lindisfarne Gospels.

Sarah Benjamin's historical fiction is inspired by the North East's rich heritage. She blends historically accurate contexts with invented accounts of past events. Her writing shifts from past to present, local to global, offering readers the opportunity to make connections across time and space and to consider history from unexpected perspectives.

Sarah's work has been printed in this newsletter with her permission and that of her publisher. For more info about 'Return' or to provide feedback on this storylet, contact her [here](#). We hope to include other parts of 'Return' on our website.

### I. This Dark Watch

All is clear as I look out to the north from my outpost high above the moors. There is no sound but that of the wind through the long, rough grass and no light but that of the icy winter moon, revealed as the high clouds scurry by. I imagine the savages silently approaching for another raid. Dirty and tattooed under their rough tweeds, beards long and unkempt, they are nothing more than uncivilized creatures crawling out of their cold hovels. And they think they can challenge the might of the Empire! Don't they realize that a little civilization would do them good? We have bath houses, latrines, under-floor heating, wine, bread, meat and vegetables and all this in one of the most inhospitable reaches of the Empire! It's laughable, really. And yet I am afraid on this cold, winter night.

I am not so much afraid of the tribes, but afraid I will make a mistake, fall asleep on my watch and raise the alarm too late, or not at all. It's better to be finished off by a bunch of savages than have one of my comrades suffer for my mistake. The story of Marcus is still reverberating along the Wall. He fell asleep on his watch and his best friend Julius was chosen to take the punishment. Rumour has it that his centurion, Romulus, knew that they were as close as brothers, that they had grown up and enlisted together, and that he chose him as a particularly cruel punishment. But no one questions a centurion and everyone knows the punishment for endangering the lives of your comrades is particularly harsh here at the end of the Empire. It certainly keeps us on our toes. It seems worse to have a comrade die a horrible death instead of yourself. And it's certainly not pleasant to have to carry out the punishment. While it was Julius who succumbed to the blows, it is Marcus who is the broken man.

So, it doesn't do to make mistakes out here, or to have friends. But we all knew what we were signing up for. As

foreign auxiliary soldiers, we are here to earn our citizenship. Twenty-five years it takes. Twenty-five years of brutal discipline, marching miles across this vast Empire, facing danger and death. If we survive, we will be citizens, free to go home to Parthia, Africa, Aegyptus, or wherever in the Empire we have come from, or indeed to stay here in Britannia if our energy fails us! So I pray to Fortuna to keep me awake during this dark watch, to preserve me during this tour of duty and to help me return safely home, a citizen at last!

A citizen! That's the dream, a free man with enough money in my pocket for a little farm just outside my home city of Carthage - itself once as indomitable as this wild land, razed to the ground, rebuilt and yoked by Civilization - with a few olive trees, goats and chickens and perhaps a slave or two: a quiet retirement in the sun, a world away from this desolate place.

Why did they have to send me here? The gods were not looking favourably on me when I volunteered that day ten years ago. I hoped I'd be sent across the sea to Sicilia or Sardinia, but it's never the easy postings for us auxiliaries! I marched twenty miles a day, my sandals sodden, my legs mired in mud, and the cold constantly biting at my heels to arrive here, at this far-flung outpost forsaken even by its own gods.

And now I am here, huddled in the corner of this milecastle in the middle of a winter's night, shivering with cold and fear, keeping watch high above this desolate moorland. The winds are high, chasing clouds across the moon and the night is clear in the intermittent light. Not a night for a raid, surely? As I scan the northern horizon, I swear I can see dark shadows on the moors, shadows that seem nearer with every cloud cover yet clear with every burst of moonlight.

Is this untamed place playing tricks on me? Is it just my tiredness? Should I raise the alarm? Not yet. There have been too many false alarms lately. We're all getting jittery after the raid at Vercovicium. Although it was quickly quashed, the rebels escaping with only a few slaves, the garrison was severely punished and the shameful news went all the way back to Rome.

Another week of night watch and I'll be on leave and back in Vindolanda, a party town if ever there was one! I'll be able to sleep, drink wine and make merry with my sweetheart. She's a local lass, Lollia, wants to settle down and get married. But marrying a soldier isn't such a good prospect, I could be posted anywhere in the Empire and she would have to stay behind. Or else I could stay here to serve my time, become a citizen of Vindolanda and never again feel the warm earth of Carthage beneath my feet.

To the east, the sun is rising. To the north, the shadows dissolve. They were just shadows, after all. I wonder if one day there will be raids from eastern tribes as savage as these from the north. But I doubt that will come to pass in my time. The Empire is the strongest the world has ever seen. Now I hear my fellows, come to relieve my watch and my musings must come to end with breakfast and sleep.

## II. The Book

Out of the morning mist, I see the orange glow in the east, which I unthinkingly take to be the rising sun. I think of my brothers at prayer, chanting their matins in the cold gloom. It is only when I spy the dragons' heads that I realize my mistake. I sound the alarm, shuddering at what is to come. As the youngest novice, it is my duty to keep watch to the north in the dead hours. Now I fear I have failed in this task as once the fire-spitting serpents are upon us, it is too late.

We are easy pickings for these monsters, whose only god is gold. The older monks weave the serpentine forms of their longboats into our Holy Book to chronicle our suffering. My brothers tell of helmet-headed heathen heaving themselves on to the shore, wielding flaming torches, heavy axes and long swords. They describe the end of so many of our brothers in this earthly realm with the dull thud or the heavy slash of one of those instruments of death. They tell of young novices enslaved and forced to suffer unspeakable abominations. They speak of these beasts, hungry for precious stones and gold, storming into the sanctuary, grabbing the sacred chalice and ripping the stone-encrusted covers from the Holy Book. God save their heathen souls! They do not realize that the real treasures lie within: the Word, the Light, Illumination.

The alarm raised and my brothers readied, I follow my orders, go to the sanctuary, take the Holy Book, our history deeply etched in its pages: dragons, infinite knots and divine colours. Oh the colours, shining out of the parchment! But I must not pause. I place the Book in my shoulder bag, creep silently across the monastery enclosure and slip away through a gap in the outer wall. As I run, I hear the cries. The heathen, intent on their bloody mission, do not notice me as I make my escape under cover of darkness. As dawn breaks, I turn back to see the smouldering priory.

God is with me as the tide is out and I am able to cross from the island. He is with me as I shelter in the isolated farms and villages along the coast. The people feed me and give me refuge, asking me to pray for them in return. I think they see me as a charm or talisman against the impending doom. I suspect that many still keep vestiges of the old faith and note that more missionary work is still to be done in these pagan lands. But I am grateful to God for the kindness of these people, and I pray that they will not be visited!

I continue my mission, travelling along deserted, windswept beaches and through wild moors. Guided by the local people and my faith, I come to the settlement my brothers described. It is the sanctuary for the Book and for survivors from our community. As I reach the gates, guards bar my path. I show the seal of our Order, utter the password. But they look at me as if I were a madman. I must not fail in my purpose now, not after so many days in the wilderness. The guards know nothing of the protocol. How could they? This plan was decided by their superiors long ago, when the raids began. All they see before them is a starving beggar in dirty rags, ranting and raving. But how could these uneducated men possibly realize the weight of my quest? They are suspicious and grab my bag with its precious cargo. I resist, they

will not stop me now, but I am weak after countless days on roadless ways. They rip open the bag with their rough hands and oh, sacrilege! The Book falls to the ground. As it opens up, light pours out of its pages, golden, sublime, all the colours of creation refracted in the morning light. The Word, the Light, Illumination. The guards fall to their knees in wonder and prayer. God bless their poor souls! Then darkness descends on me.

I wake in a low-ceilinged room, a straw mattress beneath my aching body and clean robes around me. A young boy is sitting by my bedside, offering me water. I murmur "the Book, the Book". The child leaves. A little later a grand-looking man in blue robes strides into the room, carrying himself stock straight and dominating the space. Perhaps he is the commander of this settlement. He tells me that the Book is safe, that my mission is complete. He says that I must wait for my brothers to join me here, to build a place of greater safety. He tells me I must rest.

As I gain back my strength, I rise early to look out to the north east and think of my brothers. I pray for their safe deliverance from the heathen. I pray that one day the Book will be returned to its rightful resting place, on our remote island. And then, in the half-light of dawn, I have a strange vision of a forest of stone, tree trunks connected by arches as smooth and symmetrical as rainbows.

## III. The Forest of Stone

I stand, preparing to knock the scaffolding down, praying that this first column will hold. My men gather around, but at a safe enough distance. They believe in the power of prayer, but perhaps do not have absolute faith in my skill. That faith is about to be put to the test. They know my vision in the upmost detail so should I fall with my column, they will take up my work on this great cathedral in the north of our lands. Of course it is not my work but His work. I must always remember that I am nothing but a vessel, carrying out His divine plan. I am His eyes. These calloused hands are His hands. My tools are His tools. I thank Him for giving me this gift of creating forests out of stone, of seeing whole cathedrals in my mind's eye, cathedrals which I will never see completed in my earthly lifetime.

I thank Him too for allowing my Master to notice His gift. As a young boy he discovered me one day carving a small piece of cast-off stone. He watched day after day as slowly the stone yielded into a dove. I wonder where that small, childish form is now? It was that little, ill-formed dove, the symbol of the Holy Spirit, that made me apprentice to one of the greatest Master Masons in Normandy. My Master showed me how to judge the quality of unhewn stone by sight and feel, to oversee its quarrying, and its translation to its place of transformation, always a delicate task. It's hard to believe but even stone can be ruined if handled too roughly. He stood over me as I worked the stone myself, and then as I supervised my fellow masons. He taught me to see with his eyes, to see whole cathedrals laid out before me, as they would be years, decades and even centuries later. My Master would say: "Only God has the power to create the world in seven days".

Above all, he taught me that I am simply God's servant and that pride would end in a fall.

I pray that pride was not the reason for my Master's end. I prefer to think that his time had come. His sight was failing, as was his inner vision. I think the Lord, in His wisdom, chose to take him while doing His work so that he would quickly find his place in Heaven. He had arranged the scaffold, supervised the building of the column within and prepared to test his faith. He prayed, his men gathered close around him. They were not afraid, as his columns had never yet failed. He took the mallet and struck. Tonne after tonne of limestone fell on his failing body. As the dust settled, still coughing and choking, with tears in their eyes, the men looked to me, his chosen apprentice. Their eyes spoke of fear and hope. Fear that I was not yet ready and hope that my Master had taught me well.

And now I am a Master Mason, raising another forest of stone. It is my opus dei and I will die before it is completed. My fellow masons and I will plant each column and watch as each grows skyward. We will see the seasons change in the sky overhead; it will be blue on sun-filled summer days, and dark and grey in the winter. Storms may halt our work, but we will persevere. The forest will grow, its branches spreading as we hang arches between the trunks. This is another act of faith. If God is with us, if we are truly doing His work in a spirit of humility and love, He will let them stand. Another miracle! Then we will build upward, balancing rainbow arches upon rainbow arches, smooth and perfect in their symmetry, in praise of His creation.

I may not live to see the day when we block out the Heavens with our stone canopy, sealing ourselves in sheltered contemplation from His Divine yet tempestuous firmament of blues, greys, blacks, golden rays of sunlight and diamond stars. I may not even live past the knocking down of the scaffolding surrounding my first column.

As I pray before striking the first blow, my men lower their heads out of respect and perhaps fear. I am certain that my chosen successor is wondering if his time has come. I sense fear and hope in his eyes. Fear that he is not yet ready, and hope that I have taught him all I know, that I have instilled my vision in him and that God's purpose will be done, whether this column stands or falls. I feel he is ready, we have worked together man and boy, on the great cathedrals in Normandy. Yet this temple will be even greater. I do not say this in vain glory or pride, but in praise of the Almighty. I always remember that my Master taught me that pride comes before a fall.

As I bow my head in prayer, I see stones as light as feathers floating upwards to the heavens. I see the spaces between the stone spines of huge windows filled with liquid, jewelled light. Then I see ruin, the fires of Hell, God's Creation falling around me, stones raining down on my broken body, my soul in torment. I raise my head. My men step back. I take up my mallet, take a deep breath and strike.

#### IV. This Wild Place

I have been granted the unprecedented opportunity of accompanying a party from our Society of Antiquaries to ven-

ture into the so-called wilds outside our city. We are on a Mission to save the past! A past that is rapidly being destroyed by Progress! Such pursuits are deemed unladylike, but with Mama so distracted by my many siblings, I managed to persuade Father to let his good friend and business partner, Uncle John, take me on this excursion. Uncle John has always had a soft spot for the ladies, so he too was putty in my lily-white hands. Despite my bookish ways, I like to think I have some feminine charms. And as for the dangers in our undertaking, ladies are now conquering the Alps! My heart thrills at the adventure! Matilda, as my governess and companion, unwillingly chaperones me. Oh, to hear her complain as our coach bumps over the country roads! Yet these roads are as good as any in the country, straight as an arrow, laid by our valiant General Wade and his hardy men. It is these roads that make the wild places, once a day or two's march from our city by the Roman legions, accessible in a mere morning. Matilda has no concept of History, yet Father insists that she accompany me on my excursions into the Past.

I am blessed that Father is an unconventional man. He allows me to pursue my interests despite the limitations of my sex, despite Matilda's complaints that these "flights of fancy", as she calls them, are distractions from my education as a young lady. But I am hardly a young lady anymore, and my prospects of marriage seem to be slipping away despite Father's wealth. Perhaps Matilda is right, that my bookish ways and spectacles scare the young men away. Perhaps she is right that my father is too unconventional, with a wife too busy with her children and art to curtail his eccentricities, he too is swayed by his friend's passion for the Past. Matilda feels she has failed in her duty to her ward. I am more concerned that the inclement weather will not afford me the opportunity of improving my water-colouring skills, as the fleeting light up here on the moors presents Nature in all Her Sublime Glory!

And so here we are, snug in our coach, heading north west out of our great city, the centre of invention and industry! Indeed, it seems only yesterday that Stephenson designed his Rocket, heralding the Age of Steam, such has been the pace of Progress. I hope my more civilized cousins in the south will forgive my presumption when I advance the case that it is not our noble capital that is the centre of our march to the future, but our own dear northern town. After all, our city ships its jet-black coal to all corners of our illustrious Empire, fuelling the expansion of the greatest imperial domain since that of the Romans. That is, after all, why men like Uncle John and Father have rebuilt our city in the Classical style, in homage to the great civilization that conquered our land. Our streets now rival those of London with their elegant curves. Our grand new theatre offers entertainment to the city's more discerning audiences. And our fashionable department stores no doubt provide the better class of customer with anything their hearts desire, although I must say I have little time for such fripperies (another point of contention with dear old Matilda). And yet, half of my silly woman's heart longs to visit London, to mingle with truly refined society, to look to the future with a companion who is my equal... But no! Father insists that we preserve the past, he is always say-

ing, particularly after being locked up in his study after a good dinner and coffee, cigars and cognac with Uncle John, (of which of course it would be unseemly of me to partake, gracious!), that we need to understand our great past in order to build an even greater future, that our constant rush for unthinking progress could be our undoing.

As I said before, my father is an unconventional man. Most people do not care about the past and rush to tear down the old to build the new. Take our Castle, that wonderfully Romantic ruin, perfect for water-colouring. I tried to persuade Matilda to chaperone me there in order to paint its crumbling turrets deliciously overgrown with weeds and moss, but she refused to set foot in such a disreputable part of town. Anyway, the “Paragons of Progress”, as Father calls them, were going to do away with at least three centuries of history with a few sticks of dynamite. I abhor the very notion of its demolition, though I must confess I secretly thought the spectacle itself would be quite exciting; the idea of so much manmade power sends shudders down my spine! But Father and other learned gentlemen of the Society ensured that the railway now skims past its dear old walls, guaranteeing that one day I may indeed be able to paint its ghostly shell.

And now there are other relics to save. Uncle John has a passion for halting the stealing of stones from the Wall. As far as I can see, it's half gone already, what with General Wade building his road and the local farmers their homesteads. But Uncle is a determined man, and has already bought the land on which the fort and its surroundings lie, so it is now indeed stealing if anyone should dare to lay a finger on his precious stones. He's even enlisted the local men to rebuild his fort and wall, and we long for the day when it will be returned to its former glory.

My reverie is broken when we come to a thundering stop at the bottom of a steep bank. Matilda balks at the mere thought of the ascent, so we break with protocol and leave her in the carriage, with only the coach driver for protection. I will rely on the gentlemen of the Society to defend my honour against any marauding savages that might cross our path. But I think that the days of raiding Scots are long gone, General Wade having more than done his duty in that respect.

After some light refreshments (a picnic au plein air of claret, sandwiches, game pie and cake) we set off on our adventure. I may be nothing but a young and inexperienced lady, but I do know that armies march on their stomachs and I fervently believe that these pleasant trappings of civilization ease any forebodings one might have on setting off into the wilderness. As we start our long ascent to the fort my skirts stick in the mud, there being no path as such. But I have my good strong boots and staff, and our interpreter, a steady local lad, fluent in the unintelligible dialect of these parts, helps when I disgrace myself by keeling over in the brazen wind. I do hope that tales of my misdemeanours will not reach the Assembly Rooms! But the members of the Society are gentlemen to the core and have assured me that they will not recount any of our adventures when we return to civilization. Some have even encouraged my water-colouring, though of course I can only dabble on an amateur level. I could never dream of

reaching the heights achieved by Mr Turner who rendered the ruins of our own Dunstanburgh Castle so Romantically!

We finally reach the fort, and, looking out to the vast expanses of untamed moor, I ponder the fate of our own Empire. Rome abandoned these soldiers over fifteen centuries ago, as the Empire retreated back to its centre. They were left to their fate, the fort falling into the ruins we stumble over today. I cannot imagine our own glorious Empire ever fading, our civilization waning, our industry declining, disappearing back into these wild moors. But this wild place, the sweep of history before us, must give us pause for thought.

## V. Liquid Light

I'm standing in the cathedral, all swallowed up by the space, the light and shade. Shards of liquid, jewelled light stream in from the Rose Window in the east. It looks so old, but it's Victorian, like most of the stained glass here. From the days when this place had money to burn. I learned that when I was training as a guide. I found that there was so much I didn't know. You live in a place all your life, but don't really know anything about it. The cathedral was never what you would call our local church, we had the chapel in the village. We started coming here when the Bishop came out for the miners, supporting the strike. Before then we thought it wasn't a place for the likes of us, with its incense and High Church nonsense. But no, he came out on our side, the side of the poor and the weak, just like Jesus. And so we started to take the bus into the city to hear his sermons and to attend the special services, Easter and Christmas. Then, much later, I became a guide. There aren't many women from mining villages become guides, but I did, I read and trained, and I'm still learning. I suppose that's what I got from my daughter, the taste for learning. I had to do something to keep me sane. Working the checkouts wasn't enough. Not after all the organising and then the caring. Not after my Jackie passed away. I needed something to fill in the empty hours, to get me out of the house.

Yes, this place was once awash with money. All made off the backs of lads like my Jackie, sweating in the darkness and danger. I took up local history once we were history. Ironic, really. My interpretations as a guide sometimes raise a few eyebrows, but I know the latest Bishop's on my side. He's a true Christian, despite the fancy robes. Won't hear of charging people to come into the House of God. Talks of poverty and social justice. He wouldn't have bought stained glass when children were being sent down the mines and others were starving in the workhouses. Radical, that's what the other guides call me, but they never had to be political, to really think about their place in the world, about the structures behind what makes us the haves or have-nots. Their husbands had always had nice jobs at the university. They think that all this wealth comes out of thin air, that the miner's lamp and book of remembrance are “nice local touches”. I think of that book as a record of genocide, the regime's list of their victims, but I haven't said that yet. I'm saving it for later.

You see I know all about politics, I mean really know about politics, I've fought the good fight. Felt the cold of the picket

lines, as we gave out flasks of tinned tomato soup and cheese sandwiches to our men. Felt the bite of hunger and shame as we accepted the solidarity food parcels. Stayed awake half the night with my baby daughter, not because she was crying, no, she was no bother, but with worry about where the next meal was coming from, about how to keep a roof over our heads. While the men were at the meetings, on the picket lines or defending themselves against state violence (that's the police), we women were organising too. Keeping the men fed, keeping the babies warm, sharing whatever food and solace we could find. Putting our pride to one side as we asked for money on the streets of this cathedral city and throughout the towns of the once proud North East. Once proud people, once the hands that fuelled a revolution, reduced to begging. We knew our politics alright, and it was the politics of putting food on the table as the strike dragged on.

We fought hard for our past, our history, our heritage, for the only lives we had ever known. We lost, of course. We all know our history, that victory lies on the side of might, not right. We were finally broken, men forced to break community and family ties. I don't blame them now and I'm ashamed to say that I shouted "scab" along with the rest of them. I was young, idealistic, starving. They starved us out. I got a job at the cash and carry. Jackie was young enough to get some building work now and then, but his heart wasn't in it. He had been from a long line of miners, it was what he'd always known. And then the illness came. The cough, the breathlessness. The harbingers of darkness. We both knew.

So they broke his heart and body, broke our communities and families. The scars are still here, for all to see if you go to the villages. But we're still fighting. The battle for truth and justice for Orgreave, and so many other Orgreaves, goes on. I'm part of the campaign committee. People tell me to let it go, but I'm like a dog with a bone. And of course there's the claim for compensation for our Jackie. That's gone on forever. Then I volunteer at the food bank. I prefer justice over charity, but there you go. That's what I tell our customers. That this isn't fair, it's not their fault, that there's no shame in it. That it's the people (if you can call them that) who run our country, one of the richest in the world, who should be ashamed.

I stand in front of the miner's lamp and think of all the names I could add to the fallen. The greatest pit disaster was their closure. And we continue to fall, from ill health, from being left on the shelf, from seeing no hope. But there's fight in us yet. I smile politely at the tourists and say none of this. As I turn away, I swear that the lamp lights up, bright in the gloom.

## VI. Return

My mother was the one who got me into learning, history especially. Always did everything at home, never expected me to lift a finger, only to study, study. Some of the kids in the village mocked me: "What's the point of studying around here?" But Mam and her neighbours understood. They had been through it all together, they wanted at least someone to escape. I was their beacon of hope. They would secretly spur

me on, with a whispered: "Keep at it, lass!" But more than that, because these were women of action not words, they would look in on my Dad when Mam was working at the cash and carry, so I could spend the day in the library. Or bring over mince and dumplings and rice pudding when Mam brought Dad home from hospital. I will never forget the day the A-level results were out. We all went to the school together, me and Mam and her neighbour and best friend Mavis. Not Dad, he was too ill. It was a bit of an outing. Half the village was still in bed, most of the kids hadn't done A-levels. I was the first pupil at my school to go to Oxford. Hardly any went to university. The headmaster couldn't believe it. He thought that I'd be doing more than well enough to make it to Durham. We drank till we were green in the local that day.

Oxford was something else. I read History and Politics. Not our history or politics, but the Great Sweep of Civilizations and the Grand Theories. All with Capital letters. There was nothing of the North, nothing of the Strike, nothing of Our Capital Letters. So I sat angrily through the lectures and read furiously in the darkened libraries. No one would disturb me, after all. The outsider from the North, they claimed they couldn't understand my accent. Couldn't understand my essays, either. They were either "a step too far" (my claim that the housing of the Lindisfarne Gospels in the British Library was theft) or "a misinterpretation of Marxist Theory" (my proposal that the working relations in the mining industry were a form of indentured labour akin to slavery). But one professor took an interest in me. He too had traces of a northern accent, and traces of work ingrained in his hands. His father had been a miner in the South Yorkshire fields, he would confide with me later when I became his PhD student. He helped me with my scholarship, commenting: "We could do with a breath of fresh air around here". I had been thinking of leaving, going home.

My thesis was on the Lindisfarne Gospels and early European Scholarship in the North East. I was key in investigating the roots of globalisation in the region, in arguing that we were the centre, not the periphery. Post-colonial theory was my god. Times were changing in academe, even at Oxford, and my work was well received. It gained me a post-doc at the British Library. Thankfully nobody remembered my essay about theft. I stayed on as an archivist specialising in their Medieval Collection. So many glorious, luminous manuscripts locked away in airless, lightless basements, never serving their true purpose: to show the Way and give Hope to their communities. They were so far away from their rightful homes, it brought tears to my eyes as I pinned down their dusty details into catalogues like captured butterflies.

People back home shake their heads in disbelief and say, half in admiration and half in envy: "You haven't looked back". But that's not true. I've spent years away, at Oxford and now in London. But I haven't forgotten. I am at the centre of things, organising international exhibitions, attending the cocktail parties. My accent is all but gone now, erased by the longer vowels of the "Standard". I pass. But they don't know our plans. It's taken years to gain their trust, to infiltrate the

upper echelons of the Museums and Libraries of Europe. My PhD project on the Gospels was only the first step in a much larger, master plan. It brought me into contact with The Word, the Light, Illumination. And from that moment my resolve was set as strong as steel. My professor had chosen me well. It would take years of diligent work, but I would not fail. Other communities had succeeded in having their treasures returned, not by “legal” means, but by the network of insiders, like myself. In the case of the Codex of Bergamo it had taken decades for the Library to realise it had “gone missing”. The higher-ups imagined it had been “stolen” and sold on the international black market. We knew better. There are some things that are worth more than money. They’ll never understand that. Never understand the true worth of what they see as mere “manuscripts”. The Library even defaced the Gospels with its stamp. It says it all!

I realised long ago that it would be an altogether different business to return the Gospels to their rightful home. They are so much more high-profile than the Codex. I wondered how long it would take the Library to realise they were missing. As the time for our flight drew nearer, I began to imagine the looks on my colleagues' faces when I didn't show up for work on the Monday. They would be vaguely surprised-I had never missed a day's work. But I doubt that they would be perturbed or that it would occur to them to check on the Gospels. Would a week pass before they thought to check? A month? It might even take until the next exhibition in ten years' time. We'd reckoned on at least a week, enough time for me to return the Book and disappear. Back to the centre, to the real beating heart of history, up on the wild North Eastern coast where no one would find us.

I work all day on the Friday in the airless basement, no one passing by or dropping in for a chat. As the clock turns five, I slowly lift the Book, heavy as an adult badger, into my wheelie case, and cover it with my weekend clothes. When I came into work this morning I told my mates on security that I was going away for the weekend and they joked about “a secret boyfriend”. So I wink knowingly at the guards as I skip, unchecked, through their gates, and am on the five thirty North from King's Cross in no time. We are returning, at last.

## Lucky Finds

### Chance Encounter on the Stairs by Richard Annis

“What's the best thing you've found?” Everybody who has spent any time in archaeology has been asked that, more than once, but it's very hard to answer. How do you define ‘best’? Biggest? Most valuable? Rarest? Most unexpected?

Back in the '80s, while surveying the gatehouse at Carlisle castle, I struggled to set out a datum line on the wall of a newel staircase. The cramped space and the gloom made things tedious until I reached the first floor, where light from my office Anglepoise picked out some letters over a door. A bit of cleaning up revealed more; it looked as if the medieval masons (working for John Lewyn, architect of Durham Ca-

thedral's kitchen) had found a useful dressed stone and recycled it as a lintel. Once the pointing was removed, nine lines of neat Latin lettering were revealed. Leaf-shaped stops between some of the words showed that this was the work of a Roman stonemason.

English Heritage arranged for modern masons to come and remove the lintel. This wasn't a simple task, because the stone held up the entire narrow wall in that corner of the room; but it was done and the stone was revealed, for the first time since the late 1300s, as a Roman altar, nearly a metre high. Eleven lines of the dedication survived, cut by an arch that the medieval builders had made to give more headroom. The inscription was exciting, but the carved relief on the side of the stone was a bonus. The left side of the altar had a crude dramatic scene of the beautiful Trojan prince Ganymede being carried off by Zeus, in the form of an eagle, to serve as cupbearer to the gods.

The epigrapher Roger Tomlin interpreted the inscription, which originally said ‘To Jupiter Best and Greatest, to Queen Juno, to August Minerva, to Father Mars, to Victory, to all the other gods and goddesses, Marcus Aurelius Syrio, son of Marcus, of Ulpia Nicopolis from the province of Thrace, military tribune of the Twentieth Legion Valeria Victrix Antoniniana [...]’.

This was almost certainly an official dedication made by the commander on behalf of his unit in the early 3<sup>rd</sup> century. That commander, Marcus Syrio, was born in Nicopolis ad Istrum, a city founded by the emperor Trajan around AD 104, and now a small village in eastern Bulgaria.

A good find, but is it a ‘best find’? You can't say until you've finished looking.

Richard Annis  
President | AASDN

### Stamped mortarium found at Bowes by Jenny and Derrick Gwynne in 2012

This large sherd had been used with small stones and rubble to fill the centre of a dry-stone wall, which has collapsed, on the immediate East side of the Roman bathhouse at Bowes village, which is Bowes Castle.





Diameter 270 mms. The fabric is mostly reduced: the fabric is black except for a thin red-brown layer on the upper (inside) surface and a mere red-brown 'skin' on the outer (underneath) surface. The fairly frequent to frequent incisions are most quartz with very rare red-brown material. Mostly of the trituration grit has fallen out, but some quartz, a fine grained red-brown rock and pale brown sandstone survive. The reduction is abnormal and this mortarium is technically a waster or 'second', but its presence at Bowes shows that it was useful and saleable 'second'. There are, however, other examples of this potter's mortaria being sold in this reduced state, e.g., one found at Newton Kyme.

The potential potter's stamp (likely to be a left-facing one) was impressed from the inside of the rim. The complete stamp includes ligatured letters, which make interpretation uncertain, but it can be most easily interpreted as VIRRIN for Virrinus or Virrinus, VIR ligatured with upside-down R, followed by RI ligatured and final reverse N, which is only partially impressed on this example; other interpretations may be possible. This Potter worked at Cantley, near Doncaster where sherds of his mortaria has been recorded; one sherd with waster cracks has also been recorded at the nearby workshop at Rossington Bridge. Other mortaria of his have been found following occupation sites, Corbridge; Catctce; Hartlepool; Newton Kyme; and Templeborough.

There is no useful stratigraphic or site evidence, but the range of his rim-profiles includes a number of unusual near wall-sided mortaria with the spout indicated by a indicated by a depression in the bead. These cannot be earlier than mid-Antonine in date and could be late later than AD150. Some of his wall-sided profiles can be directly parallel in the work of Secudus, an associate of Sarrius in one of the latter's subsidiary workshops, at Rossington Bridge and of Sarrius himself at another subsidiary workshop in Bearsden. Some are among the latest stamp types made at Cantley or Rossington, or indeed anywhere in Britain because this spout-type is a 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> century feature, it is possibly not paralleled elsewhere in the 2<sup>nd</sup> century. The number of his mortaria recorded away from the kiln-sites is small enough to suggest a limited span of production. All the evidence, therefore, points to production within a later rather than earlier period, perhaps AD150-170.



Bowes



Cantley

Submitted by Derrick Gwynne (originally prepared in Nov. 2012)

Kay Hartley

### My Enemy's Enemy is My Friend....

Throughout history there have been numerous cases of where unlikely alliances have formed against a greater threat, the aftermath of the execution of Charles I<sup>st</sup> in 1649 was one such. The Scots whilst having their own issues with King Charles I<sup>st</sup> reasoned that his execution particularly without their consent by the Cromwellian regime was a step too far

and proclaimed his son Prince Charles as King Charles II. This gave an opportunity for moderate Royalist forces in England to seek an accommodation and for Prince Charles himself to come to Scotland and lead a force unsuccessfully south to defeat at Worcester in 1651.



Evidence of those manoeuvrings has recently come to light with the discovery of a coin of Charles II of Scotland from 1651 a silver "terner" at the Hornby Castle excavation. The owner Sir Conyers-Darcy the Younger was a fervent Royalist and was heavily fined for his "malignancy" in 1653 and was fully expecting arrest and sequestration of his estates, which did not in the event take place. His loyalty was strongly rewarded with the position of the coveted office of Master of the King's Horse together with the title Earl of Holderness.

Despite being militarily vanquished by the forces of Cromwell, political and above theological resentment festered in Scotland against the regime and burst out into open revolt against the government of the Major Generals in 1659 which spiralled out of control leading ultimately to the overthrow of the regime by General Monck and the restoration of the Monarchy.

Erik Matthews

Fieldwork Officer | AASDN

### Summary: 'Re-making Beamish – Concept to Construction: Moving a Weardale Farm and Building a Squatter's Cottage

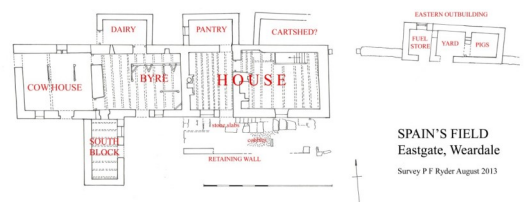
Summary of Seb Littlewood, Senior Keeper, Beamish - The Living Museum of the North, delivered as our online lecture on 19 March 2022.

### Wonky Pot Cottage

It was fantastic to hear about the latest exciting developments at Beamish Museum. Seb told us first about how Spainsfields Farm has been physically moved, stone by stone, from Eastgate in Weardale to the museum. Whilst Pockerley Manor at the museum represents early 19<sup>th</sup> century middle-class high farming, Spainsfield represents the labouring rural classes. Weardale is full of crumbling upland hill farms like this, and they are an important part of the history of Northumberland and County Durham. Spainsfields was abandoned in the 1950s, when it became difficult to make a living from a 30-acre smallholding.

Seb first visited the farm back in 2009, and 14 years after that first visit, the reconstructed hill farm opened its doors for the first time

to visitors on the very day of his talk to AASDN.



The farm was archaeologically recorded by Peter Ryder in August 2013, before being carefully dismantled. Spain's Fold is mentioned in Bishop Hatfield's survey of 1377-1380. But the present building dates to around 1700, with 18<sup>th</sup>, 19<sup>th</sup>, and 20<sup>th</sup> century additions.

It had no running water or mains electricity. The farm had latterly been used as a temporary shelter for sheep and so there was a depth of 18 inches of droppings in the living room!



Farmhouse in situ. Photo copyright to Peter Ryder.

Moving the building was a challenge, Seb told us, due to the weather and the location - high up, not on a road and on boggy wet ground. A temporary road had to be put down for the trucks. The stones were labelled and then the farm was taken down stone by stone. It has been rebuilt in an elevated position in the centre of Beamish Museum and is affectionately known as 'Wonky Pot Cottage' after its crooked chimney that has been lovingly recreated, just as it was in Weardale.

### Squatter's Cottage

This was a totally different type of project. This is not an old building that has been physically moved and reconstructed. The cottage has been recreated as a new build using documentary evidence. The story that Seb told us was a sad tale of the working-class poor. Joseph Hedley, also known as 'Joe the Quilter' or the 'hermit of Warden', lived in a cottage on Homers Lane in Warden, Northumberland. Joe started his working life as a tailor but he later made quilts, which he sold to North America. One of his quilt designs is now called 'Old Joe's Chain'. A replica of one of his quilts took a staggering 700 hours to make.

Joseph Hedley's cottage was what is known as a 'squatter's cottage' - people built their homes themselves on disputed pieces of land such as on the edge of roads or on parish boundaries. And they usually were not moved on by the landowner, because they could then charge them rent.

Joe was said to have been a kind gentle man, often offering shelter to travellers. He was poor and received parish relief. Yet despite an apparent lack of motive, on 3<sup>rd</sup> January 1826, the 79-year-old widower was murdered. The community was shocked, and the King set a reward of 100 guineas for information which would lead to the arrest of the murderer. Because of this, there was a thorough investigation, which means that there is detailed information about the cottage, which the museum could use to recreate it. The cottage was drawn and described in the crime report and the contents of his cottage are described in an auctioneer's list. Sadly, despite the King's reward, the murderer was never apprehended.

The former site of the cottage was archaeologically investigated by Beamish Museum. A rubble floor was recorded, along with the lower courses of the walls, which were built with river cobbles. The main room had a flag floor (which was moved to Beamish and used in the reconstruction) and a fireplace. Seb's favourite artefact from the dig is a fragment of horse harness with the name 'Clark' on it. Documentary evidence tells us that in the bad winter of 1823, the Rev. R. Clark took Joe some food.

Joe's cottage has been recreated, using traditional building techniques, in the 1820s part of the museum (which also includes Pockerley Manor and St. Helen's Church). Rough coursed sandstone cobbles and lime mortar have been used for the walls and green oak trusses and heather thatch for the roof. Heather thatch is not watertight. It needs constant repair. The interior of the cottage has been furnished as per the auctioneer's list - a dresser, shelves, clock, bed, a press, kitchen table and corner cupboard. There are ridge and furrow earthworks, oak fencing, and hedges in the field behind.

AASDN is holding its AGM at Beamish on **Saturday 11<sup>th</sup> June 2022**. As well as having the opportunity to see Joe's cottage and the hill farm at your leisure, we will be having a guided tour of the first phase of the recreated 1950s town: a hairdresser's salon, a house based on that of artist Norman Cornish, a café based on one in Wingate (complete with juke box) and a fish and chip shop. Phase two of the 1950s town is coming soon and will include police houses, aged miners' cottages, a cinema, and more shops.

**Jennifer Morrison**  
Honorary Secretary | AASDN

### Excursions

#### Hornby Castle (2 April 2022)

Erik Matthews, our Fieldwork Officer, showed us the remains of the vicarage in one trench and a moated tower in the other. We also were able to handle some of the finds.

Extract of 17<sup>th</sup> century estate plan which shows the Church, Castle, the vicarage, which Erik is excavating, and to the south of that, a square moat, inside which Erik has found evidence of a substantial building.



The date of the building Erik is excavating is dated to the early 12<sup>th</sup> Century from an 1115 charter, which refers to it, and from pottery. Evidence also exists of a timber framed Late Saxon building from below the kitchen. The

surviving building of Hornby Castle dates between 1449 and 1481.



Erik showed us a Henry III Long Cross halfpenny (early 13<sup>th</sup> Century), a stone hand gun shot (Late 15<sup>th</sup> Century), a cannon ball for a bombard (late 15<sup>th</sup> Century), an Andenne ware jar rim (early 12<sup>th</sup> Century), early Glazed ware body sherd (early 11<sup>th</sup> Century), a worked bone casket mount (early 11<sup>th</sup> Century), and part of an alembic flask, which was used for distilling liquor such as absinthe etc and is dated from the 15<sup>th</sup> Century and is a Lincoln ware. It is one of three that Erik and his team have found at Hornby. One has residue inside so will be sent off for analysis, which may identify the contents of the flask.



Erik and Kevin show us the vicarage trench.

**Jennifer Morrison**  
Honorary Secretary | AASDN

### Bath (6-14 September 2022)

Places still available! This year's major excursion will be the tenth in the series and to mark the occasion it has been designed to be something rather special. Longer than usual at nine days' duration, the excursion will be based in Bath accommodated at the impressive four-star Francis Hotel (MGallery Collection) located in the city centre. As usual, our 'carriage' will be one of Barnard Castle Coaches comfortable vehicles with proprietor Wayne Taylor at the wheel.

The itinerary will include some of the most iconic archaeological sites and historic buildings in Britain such as Avebury stone circle, Chedworth Roman villa, Bradford upon Avon Anglo-Saxon church, Dyrham Park, Glastonbury Abbey, Lacock Abbey and Wells Cathedral in addition to the heritage sites of Bath itself such as the Roman Baths, the medieval abbey, and the elegant Georgian Royal Crescent.

Prices (including eight nights' accommodation on a bed, breakfast and dinner basis as well as all entry fees and guided tour charges) will be: single room = £1,890; two sharing twin/double room = £1,290 per person.

For further information please contact Dr David Mason, Tour Leader at [mason474@btinternet.com](mailto:mason474@btinternet.com).

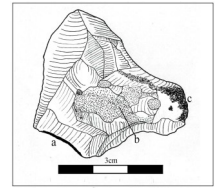
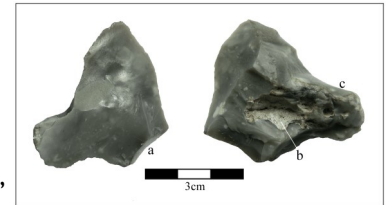
### Flint Fabricator from Hindon Edge, Langleydale

Hindon Edge, NZ 045244 an area rich in prehistoric features, is a low linear ridge East of Langleydale common 2.5 km SSW of the village of Woodland. Key among its features is a Bronze Age cist that contained a beaker, a number of Late Neolithic cup marked stones, a Burnt Mound, and a Mesolithic flint knapping site. There are also a number of small clearance cairns linked with low field walls.<sup>1</sup>

Surface finds of flint in this area are few in number, the Mesolithic site originally contained only a small scatter recovered from molehills though a later excavation uncovered a burnt area that contained more than 500 pieces of worked flint, mostly microliths.

Prior to heather-burning in the mid 1990s the Gamekeeper found a flint tool protruding from the ground surface at Hin-

don Edge allotment NZ 05002410 which he later passed to the authors. Identified as a flint fabricator tool 50x45x12mm of the Yorkshire Wolds type, the flint was not burnt or weathered, its bulb of percussion exhibited a highly-polished surface and had been worked on all edges, including an area of rubbing and wear (a). Its converse appears untouched and rough with several depressions that were filled with the original flint outer cortex (b). Both outer edges had been chipped and reshaped - to create a rounded protrusion which had an area of fine pressure chipping (c). Holding the flint with the right hand feels natural and ideal for pressure flaking of flint blanks, generally used to produce arrow points or scrapers. Transferral to the left hand feels uncomfortable and unwieldy which suggests that the toolmaker was right-handed.



**Paul and Barbara Brown**  
AASDN Members

### Picture This: Then and Now

This exhibition opens on Monday 12 September at [Bishop Auckland Town Hall](#). The exhibition explores Bishop Auckland Heritage Action Zone – a five year project funded by Historic England



and Durham County Council with the primary aim of removing the conservation area from the Heritage at Risk Register. The HAZ will also be running a free Heritage Festival from 9-30 September incorporating Heritage Open Days and National Sporting Heritage Day. All the events, talks and walks are free of charge. To join the mailing list click [here](#) or visit this [website](#). The above image is of Upper Newgate, Bishop Auckland by artist Gary Miller.

**Anne Allen**  
Project Manager - Bishop Auckland Heritage Action Zone

### New North East Publications

#### Book & Chapters

Cave N & Johnson IS (2022) [The Newcastle Commercial: 16th \(S\) Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers in the Great War](#). Pen and Sword.

Conneller C (2022) [The Mesolithic in Britain: Landscape and Society in Times of Change](#). Routledge.

Coombe M (2022) [Reginald of Durham: the life and miracles of Saint Godric, hermit of Finchale](#). Oxford University Press.

Zwegers B (2022) [World Heritage as a Game Changer?](#). In *Cultural Heritage in Transition*, pps. 107-115. Springer.

## Articles/Dissertations

Crapper M, Motta D, Sinclair C, Cole D, Monteleone M, Cosheril A, tree J & Parkin A (2022) [The hydraulic characteristics of Roman lead water pipes: An experimental investigation](#). *The International Journal for the History of Engineering & Technology*, 1-16

Hughes S (2022) [Measuring the impact of research access for human skeletal remains stored in English museum contexts](#). (Doctoral Dissertation, Durham University)

Lotherington R, Miller I, & McDonnell G (2022) [A Further Phase of Archaeological Investigations at Swalwell Ironworks, Tyne and Wear](#). *Industrial Archaeology Review*, 1-12. <https://doi.org/10.1080/03090728.2022.2041336>

Murphy H & Blackman-Rogers R (2022) [Greenfield Shipyards and Modernization in the British Shipbuilding Industry and Elsewhere, 1900–1977](#), *The Mariner's Mirror*, 108(2):190-215

Stockdale S (2022) [The Grace Darling Museum](#). *Scottish Archaeological Journal*, 44(1)

## North East in the News

[Three North East walks have been named among the most picturesque in the country](#) (2 Apr. 2022) *ChronicleLive*, S Finnegan

[Northumberland's seaside past brought to life in new exhibition](#) (1 Apr. 2022) *ChronicleLive*, T Henderson

[Northumberland beach gives up its secrets of ancient tsunamis and World War II defences](#) (30 Mar. 2022) *ChronicleLive*, D Morton

[Durham's Crook Hall to be re-opened as National Trust property](#) (28 Mar. 2022) *ChronicleLive*, T Henderson

[Historic England aerial photographs give fascinating insight into North East's history](#) (22 Mar. 2022) *ChronicleLive*, T Henderson

[Archaeologists monitor cabling works on Northumberland beach](#) (11 March 2022) *Northumberland Gazette*, D Sedgwick

[Durham Cathedral restores medieval paintings believed to date from around 1300](#) (2 Mar. 2022) *ChronicleLive*, T Henderson

['A goldmine': Team excavating Berwick Hospital site discover a medieval toilet](#) (26 Feb 2022) *ChronicleLive*, S Volpe

[Prehistoric settlement found at Kirklevington housing site](#) (26 Feb. 2022) *Darlington & Stockton Times*, staff reporter

[The amazing 100-year-old travelogue of first 'modern' woman to walk Hadrian's Wall](#) (14 Feb. 2022) *ChronicleLive*, D Hall

[How climate change is threatening the North East's ancient treasures](#) (3 Feb. 2022) *ChronicleLive*, M Kelly

[Reading between the runes](#) (2 Feb. 2022) *The Past*, H Blair

[Along Hadrian's Wall, ancient Rome's temples, towers, and cults come to life](#) (10 Jan. 2022) *National Geographic*, J Sills

[Medieval castle tower not seen for 450 years uncovered at](#)

[Auckland Castle in County Durham](#) (20 Dec. 2021) *ChronicleLive*, J Robinson

[Historic Newcastle back lane that stunk of 'filth, night soil, and every kind of nuisance'](#) (10 Dec. 2022) *ChronicleLive*, D Morton

[Holy Island archaeologists uncover symbol of warrior king at latest dig](#) (9 Nov 2021). *ChronicleLive*, T Henderson

[Berwick Infirmary excavation unearths medieval well](#) (7 Nov. 2022) *BBC News*

[Historic England: Cresswell Tower and lime kilns saved](#) (4 Nov. 2021) *BBC News*

## New AASDN Monograph set for release Summer 2022:

### *Textile Manufacture, Taxation and Trade in Late- and Post-Medieval Durham City*

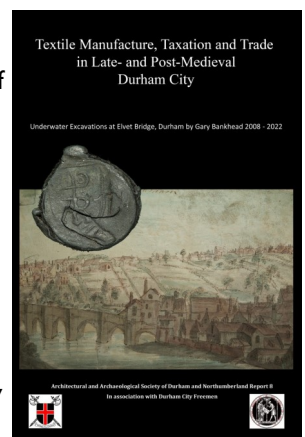
We are excited to announce the forthcoming release of our first monograph since the publication of 'Roman Piercebridge: Excavations by DW Harding and Peter Scott 1969-1981' in 2008. This book, written by AASDN Committee member Gary Bankhead, will be his first publication based on objects recovered from the submerged riverbed, positioned just downstream of the twelfth century Elvet Bridge in Durham City.

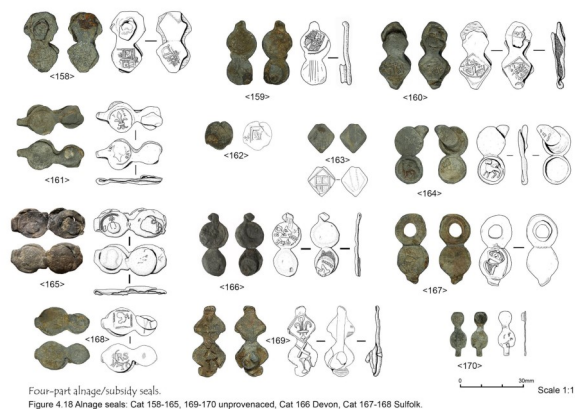
The circa 330-page colour hardback book, published as an AASDN Research Report in association with Durham City Freeman and The Finds Research Group, represents a cultural, scientific and technical study of 330 lead cloth seals recovered from the River Wear between 2008 and 2022. These small, enigmatic objects represent the largest assemblage of such material available for analysis outside of London and, as such, are of crucial significance for understanding the cloth trade during the period to which they have been ascribed.

Given the limited edition print run is scheduled for a late-summer/early autumn 2022, we are now inviting pre-orders from prospective buyers. In order to secure a copy of the book (signed if you wish), simply email: [Gary](mailto:Gary) for further details, including how to pay a deposit.

### Book Summary

This book represents an integrated and interdisciplinary study of 330 lead cloth seals dated from the mid-fourteenth to the early-nineteenth centuries. These recently discovered objects, recovered from a single submerged river-bed site





Four-part alnage/subsidy seals. Figure 4.16 Alnage seals: Cat 158-165, 169-170 unprovenanced, Cat 166 Devon, Cat 167-168 Suffolk.

located in the North-East of England, were once linked to the trade, industrial regulation, and taxation of commercially produced cloth. They are presented here, catalogued, and illustrated. These objects represent the largest assemblage of such material outside London and are of crucial significance for understanding the cloth trade in the late- and post-medieval period. Due to the unusual deposition conditions from which the objects were recovered, rare scraps of textiles have survived in many of the cloth seals.

A range of scientific and analytical analyses was undertaken on three cloth seals containing textiles revealing important information. For the first time in the UK, ultra-high performance liquid chromatography (performed at The Centre for Textile Conservation and Technical Art History, Glasgow University) was successfully used to extract colourants related to dyes from textile fragments preserved in lead cloth seals. This significant new information gives new insights into textile availability, trade, and the consumption of cloth, mordants, and dyestuffs in the late-sixteenth to early-nineteenth century.

Evidence from the cloth seals is combined with other documentary, cartographic and archaeological sources of evidence to produce a synthesis giving a new understanding of the cloth trade in Durham in the late- and post-medieval periods. The research generated by this study has showed not just the scale and extent of textile production in the City of Durham but has also revealed evidence of hitherto unknown English and European trade routes.

### Hadrian's Wall Archaeology Forum

Don't miss the twelfth Hadrian's [Wall Archaeology Forum Day Conference](#) at The Queen's Hall, Hexham, on Saturday, 21 May from 9:45 to 16:15. Tickets £16.00 (includes mid-morning tea/coffee/orange juice).

### AASDN Research Award

Are you doing research in the North East of England (historic Durham and Northumberland) and a paid-up member of AASDN? Then consider putting in a bid for the Society's annual research award (£500 maximum). The 2022 application deadline is **31 December 2022**, but you can apply at any time. Consult [application guidelines](#) for more details or email [Jenny](#) with any questions.

### Test your knowledge of Roman England

Here is a bit more to get us in the 1900 Festive mode. Test your knowledge of Roman England by answering the following 16 of 20 questions post online by [English Heritage](#). The answer can be found [here](#).

1. In which year did the Roman invasion of Britain take place? AD23, AD33, AD43 or AD53
2. Hadrian's Wall is 73 miles long. But what is that in Roman miles?
3. Can you identify this roman settlement from these three images?



5. When Hadrian's Wall was completed in circa AD128, how many forts did it have?
6. Can you unscramble the names of these four Roman sites? intravenous mall lolling / misinterpret cheater ache / manufacturers sermon methods / cape sets evenly
7. Which roman general and politician invaded Britain without success in both 55 and 54BC?
8. Can you name three of the five good emperors, who presided over the Roman Empire at its height from 96-180 AD?
9. What are the modern names for these four Roman towns? Aquae sulis / Camulodunum / Ratae Corieltavorum / Viriconium
10. Who is known as the 'saviour of the wall' after he excavated and protected Hadrian's Wall in the 19th century?
11. When was the discovery made of the Corbridge hoard - a soldier's wooden and leather chest of belongings, and one of the most significant finds in Roman history?
12. Can you identify this Roman fort?
13. 'Lorica segmentata' is the Latin name for what part of a roman soldier's uniform?
14. What was the basic monetary unit of the Roman world until Constantine's reform of AD312, when it was replaced by the solidus?
15. Why did Julius have the surname of 'Caesar'?
16. When did the last Romans leave Britain?





## AASDN Committee Members

**President:** **Richard Annis** (2021-24)

**Vice President:** **Julie Biddlecombe-Brown** (2019-22)

**Past President:** **Adrian Green** (2018-21)

**Honorary Secretary:** **Jennifer Morrison\***

**Honorary Treasurer:** **Simon Alderson\***

**Fieldwork Officer:** **Erik Matthews\***

**Excursion Coordinator:** **Laura Anderson<sup>◊</sup>**

**Journal Editor:** **David Mason\***

**Lecture Series Coordinator:** **Veronica Freitas<sup>◊</sup>**

**Membership Secretary:** **Jenny Parker\***

**Minute Taker:** **Sheila Hingley<sup>◊</sup>**

**Newsletter Editor:** **Myra Giesen<sup>◊</sup>**

**Webmaster/Social Media/Sponsorship:** **Gary Bankhead\***

**At Large Committee Member:** **Derrick Gwynne** (2019-22)

\*annually re-elected, <sup>◊</sup>co-opted

Committee members' biographies are available [here](#). You can reach committee members by emailing [archandarch.dandn@dur.ac.uk](mailto:archandarch.dandn@dur.ac.uk).

## AASDN Membership

Annual membership subscriptions are due on **January 1<sup>st</sup>**. We now accept payment via PayPal, so you can pay online [here](#).

However, to ensure you get the journal please download the [membership application](#), complete it, and then email it and/or any questions about membership to our [Membership Secretary](#).

### Membership levels:

- **Ordinary**, includes Journal — £20.00
- **Joint** (two people at same address), includes one Journal — £25.00
- **Associate** (senior citizens, students, unwaged), Journal not included — £10.00
- **Institutional**, includes Journal — £25.00
- **Overseas**, includes Journal — £30.00



**Remember** to checkout what is happening with AASDN by visiting our [homepage](#) and our [news](#) page.

## AASDN Upcoming Events

**7 May 2022** [online lecture] **Community and Public Archaeology and making the Channel 4 TV show 'The Great British Dig: History in Your Back Garden'** **Dr Chloë Duckworth** (Newcastle University)

**11 June 2022** [excursion and **Annual General Meeting**] a guided tour of the new 1950s Front Street terrace at Beamish - The Living Museum of the North from 10:00 to 15:30. Members only, booking required. See below.

**3 September 2022** [1<sup>st</sup> in-person lecture in two years] **Archaeological work at Newcastle Cathedral** **David Heslop** (Cathedral Archaeologist for St. Nicholas Cathedral, Newcastle upon Tyne and Carlisle Cathedral) to be held at 14:30 at Durham University, Elvet Riverside (room tbc).

**6-14 September 2022** [excursion] **Bath & beyond** - see summary within

\*All scheduled lectures are via Zoom occurring on Saturdays with a start time of 14:30 UK time. Login details will be emailed to members ahead of the meeting. Non-members please email: [archandarch.dandn@durham.ac.uk](mailto:archandarch.dandn@durham.ac.uk) for access. Additional lectures will be added to our lecture calendar [here](#).

## Annual General Meeting 2022

Our AGM and a guided tour of the new 1950s Front Street Terrace will take place at Beamish - The Living Museum of the North on **Saturday, 11<sup>th</sup> June**.

We will meet at 10:00 at the entrance building. We have secured a discounted group entrance fee of £13.50 for adults and £12.00 for senior (+60), for those who have not already got an Unlimited Pass or Friends of Beamish membership. This must be paid to AASDN in advance.

There will be a morning guided tour of phase one of the 1950s town, where we will be able to see the welfare hall, a hairdresser's salon, a recreation of

artist Norman Cornish's miner's terrace



house, a café, complete with juke box, based on one in Wingate and a traditional fish and chip shop. You'll also have free time to explore at your leisure or enjoy some lunch.

At 14:00 we will meet in the bank meeting room in the 1900s town for our AGM. Optional tea/coffee/cake on arrival (charged at £6 each and paid for in advance) will be available. A short Beamish-related talk may occur after the meeting. Our event will finish by 15:30, with the museum closing at 16:00. The event is open to members **only**. Email questions to [Jenny](#).



## Newsletter Contributions

We are very interested in receiving news items and articles relating to the archaeology and architecture in North East England, including County Durham, Northumberland and Tyne and Wear.

For anyone interested in contributing, please thoroughly read and follow these [guidelines](#) before submitting an item for consideration. We accept items from both members and non-members.

For your planning, we publish twice annually and the submission deadlines are normally:

**15<sup>th</sup> October** for early November

**15<sup>th</sup> April** for early May

You can find previous newsletters [here](#).