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M.E.H.

COVER ILLUSTRATION... A RECENT FIND FROM THE CITY

APPROX 3 TIMES ACTUAL SIZE.

In my previous bits on the contribution of the Husting Rolls to our knowledge of the medieval topography of London, I outlined the basic information which they provide, and the way in which-in theory-it is possible to piece together some sort of reconstruction. These rolls are the most important single source, but they are not the only ones. Ecclesiastical, royal and livery company records, can provide complimentary material, almost all of which is almost identical in nature. They are title deeds basically concerned with the legal status of the properties concerned: in order to identify the properties it is necessary to give a minimum amount of data, and this alone is what we have to build. With the structure or layout of the property they are normally not concerned- unless some partition is

being proposed. The ideal evidence, building contracts containing detailed specifications are rare indeed, even for royal and ecclesiastical properties whose owners carefully preserved their records. Their obvious importance is confirmed by the trouble to which L.F. Salzman went to collect them. Those which he found he printed in his 'History of English Building' to which they provide an impressive appendix. But as a representative sample of the number which must then have existed, the total is minute. The likely reason for this was that, unlike legal documents, their value lasted only as long as the buildings which they specified.

by TONY DYSON.

DIARY from N.F.W. Part 2.

Feb.4th.

Gerald is being thick again- apparently we are not to excavate stratigraphically but to level out a flat walk-way. He does go on and on.

Feb.5th.

Good day. Apart from Gerald who deserves to be argued into the ground and buried there. Richard and I were drawing the black and white chequered room when he comes up and says its awfull. Eventually after R. and I argue he comes round and says its fine. Peter Muir says it's very pretty.

Feb.9th.

Dave walked of this morning. Brian this afternoon. Gerald was always nasty to Dave and there was some trouble over dressing a section. This afternoon the spoil heap revetment collapsed. G. asked Brian to do something about it that B. considered unsafe and B. had had enough of G. Half the afternoon was spent digging back the spoil heap.

Feb.11th.

Sometimes I think our complaints v Gerald are unjustified....he does know what has to be done....trouble is communication and his "hystirical tendency to argue". by LOUISE MILLER

YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

The Iceni tribe, headed by Queen Boudica, (37), and her allies, the Trinovantes, razed Londinium to the ground last Friday. Many atrocities were committed by these barbarian Britons. The inhabitants remaining in the town after the withdrawal of the Roman army were hung, torchured and crucified, headless bodies were found strewn over the area. A spokesman for the Roman Legions reported that it was likely that many of the heads were thrown into the Walbrook river. No prisoners were taken.

The warriors were last seen heading north, seeking more revenge on the Roman Rulers.

STOP PRESS...WEDNESDAY...STOP PRESS

Paulinus and Legions overpower Boudica and Tribes. Great tactical manoeuvre.

The City of London Cemetery is at Little Ilford, this was aquired and laid out by the Commissioners of Sewers in 1856, at a cost of £82,000. It is under the control of the Sanitary Committee.

Another deadline!!! Wednesday.12th. MAY. for next months issue.12th.MAY.

FONS ET ORIGO

"However, my emphasis on organisation was deliberate because the size of operations being undertaken and the considerable financial resources being employed required demonstration of a responsible approach."

"The favouring by Biddle of stratigraphically located large sites, to be excavated at a research speed, rather than a salvage operation, is a sound policy. Normally this is very difficult to achieve in the City, but the present situation makes it possible to implement this at both the Newgate St. and Trig Lane sites."

"Another important consideration, bearing heavily on the level of staffing is the massive drain that expensive plant hire can produce."

"The following should suffice to show that the right sites are being chosen, not by any random method as implied by Jeremy Haslam, but by careful examination."

B.HOBLEY. LONDON ARCHAEOLOGIST.
VOL. 2. No.13.

"Unlike Roach-Smith, John Edward Price seems to have had the useful ability to engage the interest of men whose duties might otherwise have led them to discourage his activities."

The Roman City of London.
RALPH MERRIFIELD.

The core of their argument lies in their suggested solution. This is to establish a permanent staff, precisely worked out at 74 persons to delve into the City's past for perhaps the next 20 years, and at least for 10 years. The detailed cost breakdown, including volunteer workers on a subsistence wage works out at somewhere in the region of £185,000 a year - a minute amount against the City's annual rateable value of £243 million.

COUNTRY LIFE. AUGUST. 1973.

GET THE ABBEY HABIT.

While browsing in the library at Westminster Abbey one afternoon I enquired of the custodian if she knew the date of the hammer beam roof therein. Hammer what? was the response, no I'm sorry I don't know how old it is, perhaps you could go up and ask the librarian. So up I climbed into the roof, (good view of roof joints, pegs etc.) knocked on the door and found myself face to face with the keeper of the muniments (= archivist), who revealed all. The roof was mid C15 and the library itself was one third of the dorter of the Benedictine abbey, the other two thirds now being next door in the choir school. We discussed roofs, dendro and Dr. Fletcher, and I was then invited to see the Muniments room itself. This proved to be within the Abbey itself, at the junction of the south aisle and the south transept at the level of the triforium. Richard II first gathered together in one place the muniments and they are now kept in magnificent chests and coffered of C12, C13 and C14 all neatly sliced and bore-holed by Dr. Fletcher. The floor is covered in the familiar brown and yellow glazed tiles and on a partition wall is a badly restored wall painting depicting the white hart of Richard II.

by SHEILA BLIGE.

FOSSIL FIND ON SUBWAY SITE

City construction workers in New York have unearthed more than 30 pieces of fossilized bones of mammoth elephants believed to be 150,000 years old, officials said yesterday.

Archaeologists said the finding of both male and female remains would provide valuable data on the size and shape of the extinct elephant. The female was about 60 feet tall.
—A.P.

If you join LAMAS, not only do you receive the transactions, in which you can see the names of senior DUA officers writ large in capital letters, but you receive absolutely free their series of special papers. The first is called 'The Archaeology of the London area: current knowledge and problems', introduced by Brian Davidson, pinching a quote from Ralph Merrifield. It really makes archaeology incredibly fascinating.



In the Paleolithic, there was something called the Higher Gravel Train, at around 300-350 ft. The Thames flowed north of Hampstead Heath. Woolly rhino, mammoth and the arctic vole (*Microtus ratticepoides*) roamed the land. Key sites are Stoke Newington, West Drayton and, wait for it, Acton. At Stoke Newington two kinds of elephant, three kinds of rhino, lion, hyena, giant deer and something called a saiga leapt about. At Norwood Green a mammoth has been found with a flint spear point in its tummy. I wonder if one lurks in the brickearth on the GPO.

In the Neolithic period, we are treated to some nice drawings, starting with figure 4 which sounds a bit strange until you realise the first three figures were tables. There is a good profile of what looks like half a coconut. Two Neolithic handaxes have been found in Queen St. and King Street, so Bronze Age sherds on the GPO site aren't all that great. But what is important - and overlooked in this study - is that three axes from the Thames have turned out to be of New Zealand rock. These are dismissed as "recent imports". I prefer to see them as left by aborigines passing through London on their way to better pastures in Australia.

The Bronze Age is by John Barrett, recent star of the LAMAS conference. He carries on from the Barbed Wire beakers to talk of pottery, survival factors, discovery potential and Deverel Rimbury who sounds like a film actor. In the Bronze Age there started a 'wet religion' - presumably for wet people - with the emphasis on wet places (I can think of a few).

And so to the Iron Age, where pots with navels in their bases are significant, where Professor Grimes's excavation at Heathrow in 1944 is still awaiting publication, and Roy Canham has compressed the entire period into six pages. The chief need is for aerial survey but private flying is prohibited over most of the area - It wouldn't do to have lots of Gipsy Moths zipping out from under the Concorde.

Mr. Merrifield tackles the Roman, managing to write a review of Roman London in 1973, with corrections to the end of 1974 (he includes Tony Johnson's Shadwell) without mentioning the DUA. He speaks of the Middle Ages with capital letters, says (twice) that the forum should be investigated (hurray), but that little can be learned from watching builders' excavations (boo). He mentions somebody called Philp. Strangely, Martin Biddles The Future of London's Past, the most succinct review of Roman problems published in 1973, is not mentioned either.

The Medieval section lumps together Saxon and Medieval, and there is no Post-Medieval contribution. Why not? What about railways, the kilns, the canals, the port itself, the bridges, the embankment, the sewers, the archaeology of the Great Fire? We hear not a whisper. John Hurst makes a valiant but skimpy attempt to compress two periods into a few pages. At last Mr. Hobley and his department get a mention. At once they are rapped gently on the

FORUM SOUTH EAST - INTERIM REPORT.

At 7.45am. Ken started down the ramp, eyes red from lack of sleep, yet his tread was as sure as a Himalayan goat.

"Hey man, how you go bo'?" asked Bobble hat the negro navy.

"Bloody goddam cold," Ken replied.

"In dis wedder man shouldn' work outdoors."

It was snowing, yet Ken shovelled furiously and 20ft. above, the spoil heap grew visibly.

"Gotta have a swig," he gasped and gulped some "Four Bells Navy Rum".

"Man, that's a evil drink," said Bobble hat, rolling his eyes.

"Right on, sister," he added as Louise 'Jaws' Miller came down. Ken had picked the area and Louise began to shovel. Being only 5ft. 1in. high has its disadvantages. Her shovelfuls fanned out gently to fall back in the trench.

"Och, at least half that one went over," she cried, her voice rising in pitch.

"Damn right," said Ken spitting out a pebble.

"Huh!" she said, stamping her size 5 boot in anger.

"Now, now children. No fighting." It was Andy, his hair in a 'Planet of the Apes' style, his shiny leather jacket covering a loud-checked suit and olive green shirt and tie.

"Oh my God," groaned Ken, slitting his eyes against the clash of colours.

"Shut your face, black boy," retorted Andy.

"You white honkey!" hissed Ken, handing around the Rum.

"Right on-sister?" Bobble hat said as Ricardo swept down the ramp. "Hello darlings. What shall I do?"

"Shovel up lad. I've got to see Blondin." Andy leapt up the section in one bound only to catch a Ricardo shovelful in his ear. He turned red as Ricardo burst into paroxysms of giggling and hooting. He was interrupted by a clear shrill note which rapidly rose in pitch.

"Ooooooh!" Louise had found some Samian.

"Ooooooh!" cried Ricardo in delight as he knelt before the sherd.

Andy rushed back. "Blondin says we've got half an hour. Are the cameras here yet?"

"Ya bluidy Arch-e-ologists. All this eer shite as got to go. Heh! Heh!" Blondin the tough Geordie site agent gloated. They cleaned furiously. Presently a hunched figure shuffled down the ramp, a huge cigar in his mouth.

"Hello, um, ha, ha! Yes, em. Ha, ha!" It was John Schofield. "That looks interesting - what? Ken grabbed the camera case and photographed as the wheeze of the Hy-mac drew louder.

"Oh, er, that's nice. Can I take some shots? For my, um, own records of course."

"Er, John, did you tell Derek to bring the van?" asked Andy, steering him away.

"Why yes, of course. Ha, ha!"

"Look out dears," warned Ricardo as the Hy-mac bucket clawed out a trench, just as Ken finished photographing. Louise and Ricardo drew the section as the navvies prepared to fill the trench with concrete. Mitch the surveyor, hunched in a donkey jacket, bumbled about the trench and mumbled something to Ken.

"Where's ve seeds? Nah bleedin' 'exaploid wheat? Why dja call me ven cock?" asked Derek.

"Hello lad. Come on, we'll load up the van." Andy and Ken picked up some finds bags.

continued Page 5.

FORUM continued.

"Nah, nah. Look yew don' expect ME to do UNSKILLED LABOUR! Oim an hexpert Paleoeofno'bo'anist loike. Wo' wiv George likely under a poile of rabble in Gua'amela Ci'y, ve 'ole weit ov ve environmen'al rests on me shoulders, loike."

"Look you lefty. Pick up them bags," commanded Andy.

"All roight. Don' wanna corse no trable, do oi?"

Louise and Ricardo emerged from the trench.

"Er Louise, Mitch just asked me if you were a girl," whimpered Ken.

"Grrrr!" her face went crimson and a mist of fury obscured her spectacles as steam rose from her in columns.

"Calm down lass. Everythings under control."

"Hey outa de way you white trash. We's gonna shoot de concrete now," yelled Bobble hat.

"Bluidy Aach-e-ologists. Heh!Heh!"

by EDGAR WALLACE.

continued from Page 3.

knuckles for too much initial enthusiasm, but the GPO is given the royal assent. There is mention of some kind of "important work" going on at Ludgate. He signs off by commending the DUA's promptness in publication. Go to the top

of the class. You have got through 30,000 years of archaeology in 67 pages. All I can remember is an arctic vole flying over Heathrow with a coconut and a handaxe stamped New Zealand.

by JOHN SCHOFIELD.

WILD LIFE

Trig Lane may well be opened soon as a wild life reserve. In addition to the familiar sparrows, seagulls, pigeons, ragwort and green slime you may be lucky enough to see a wren, a grey or pied wagtail, a pair of Mallard ducks, mice that

eat Mars Bars, a stray cat, baby eels and flat fish frolicking in the sump and the waterfronts, feeding on red and black worms wriggling in the mud, plus daffodils and lettuce all round about.

R.S.P.C.A.

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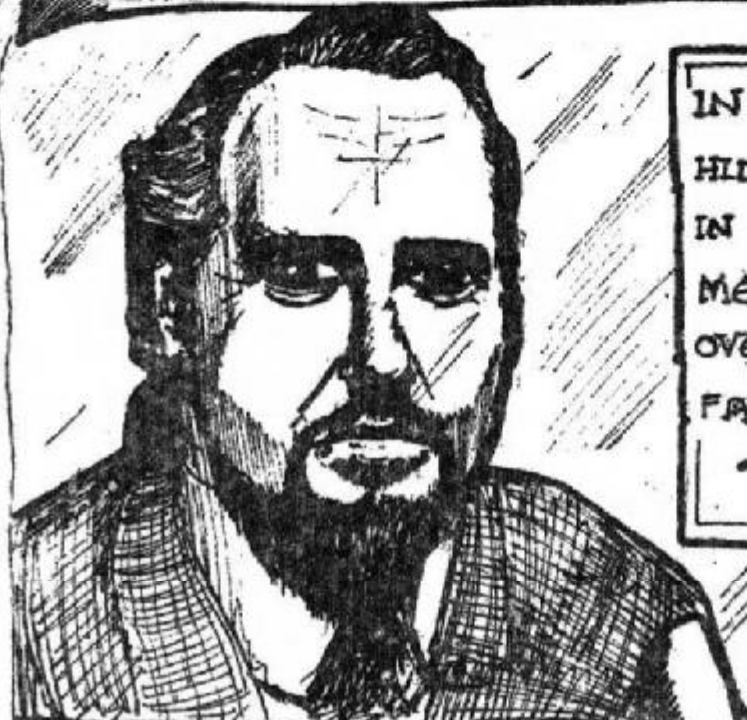
A member of the N.M.L. Group of Companies.



The bookshop 'The Dictionary of London' was bought at is
STANLEY CROWE, STREATHAM PLACE, LONDON, W.C.2..happy spending!

H.H. Presents... PART ONE OF A BRAND NEW STORY,
Entitled.....

A JOKES-A-JOKE!



BRIAN NOBLEY. CHIEF URBAN ARCHAEAL
(OR ARCHITECT!)

M.E.H.

IN A SHADY
HIDEOUT SOMEWHERE
IN LONDON, TWO
MEN PONDER
OVER A SLIGHTLY
FADED PHOTOGRAPH
.....

SO THIS IS THE
MAN YOU ARE FIRING
ME TO DEAL WITH?

YES, AND
YOUR REWARD
FOR SUCCESS
IS £1,000

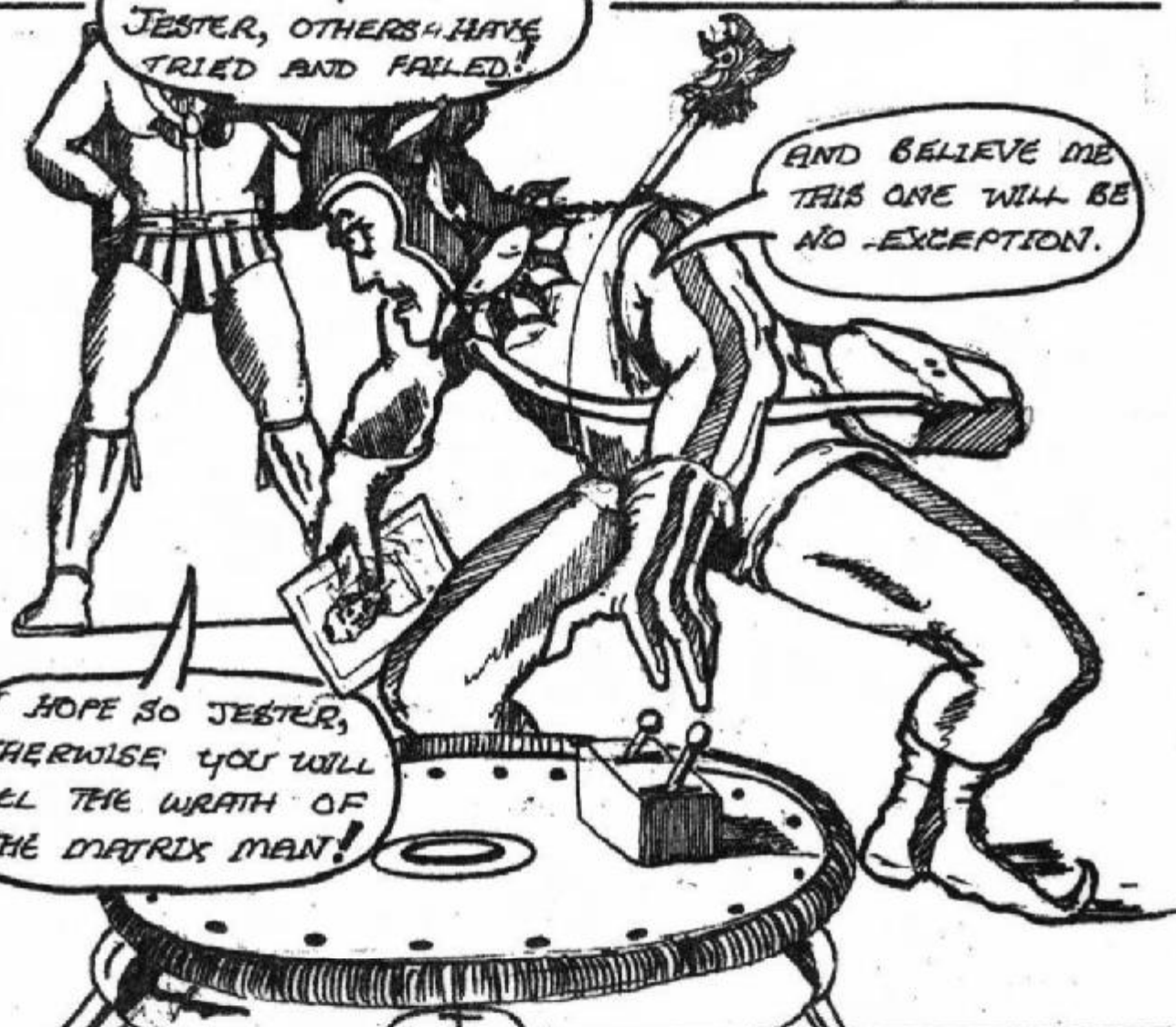
THIS IS GOING
TO BE THE
EASIEST GRAND
I EVER MADE!

A.H.H. CARTOON.



DO NOT UNDER-
ESTIMATE YOUR FOE
JESTER, OTHERS HAVE
TRIED AND FAILED!

THE JESTER
NEVER FAILS, HE
ALWAYS COMPLETES
HIS TASKS!



AND BELIEVE ME
THIS ONE WILL BE
NO EXCEPTION.

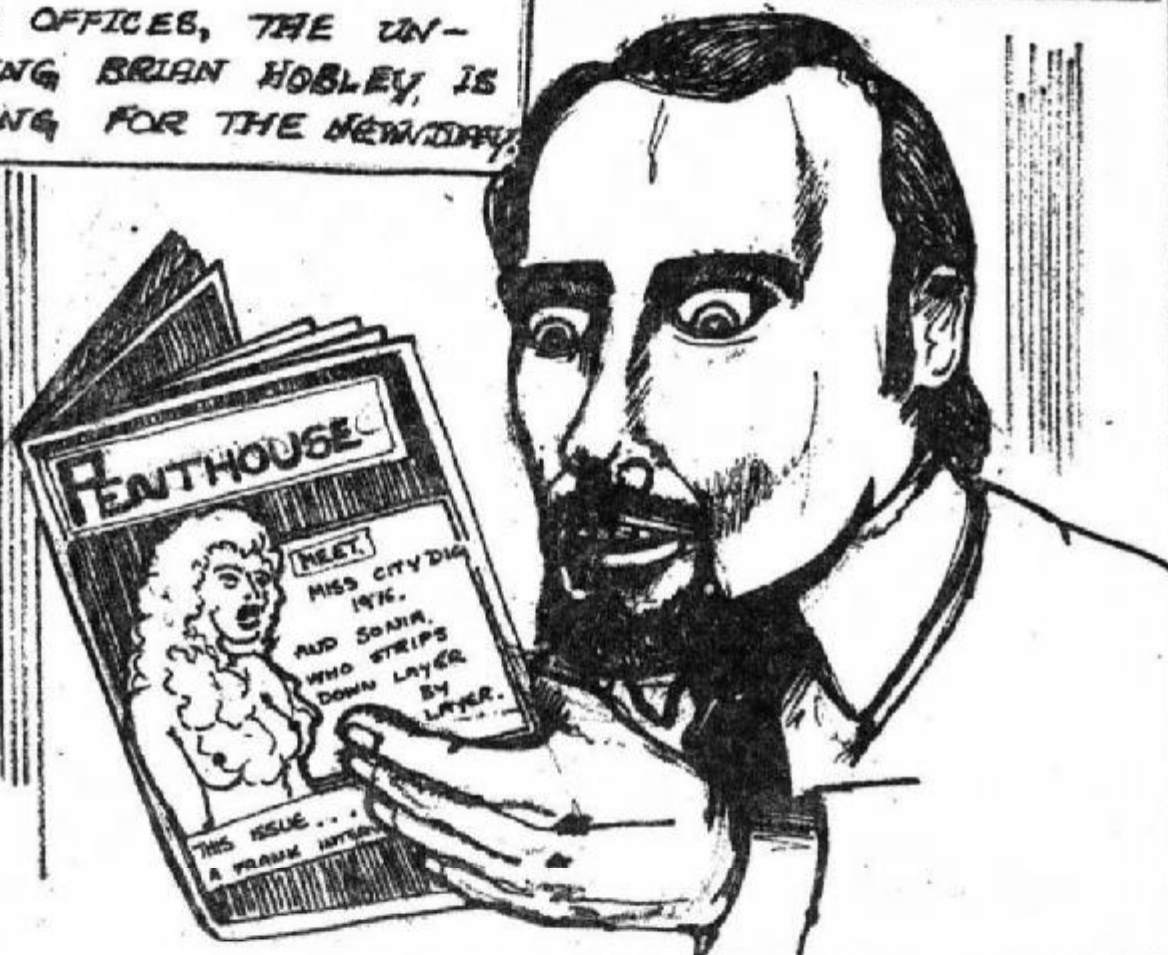
I HOPE SO JESTER,
OTHERWISE YOU WILL
FEEL THE WRATH OF
THE MATRIX MAN!




THE ONLY THING THAT I AM GOING TO FEEL IS RICH. WHEN I COLLECT THAT GRAND....

HE
HE
HE
HE.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE MUSEUM OFFICES, THE UNSUSPECTING BRIAN HOBLEY, IS PREPARING FOR THE NEWSPAPER.



FENTHOUSE
MEET MISS CITYDIA 1976. AND SONIA, WHO STRIPS DOWN LAYER BY LAYER...
THIS ISSUE...
A FRANK HISTORY



LITTLE DID HE KNOW
OF WHAT WAS TAKING
PLACE JUST OUTSIDE
HIS WINDOW.....



ROCK-A-BY
BRIAN IN YOUR
OFFICE BLOCK, DON'T
LOOK ROUND, COS
YOUR IN FOR A
SHOCK!



YOUR DAY
OF RECKONING
HAS COME HOBLEY,
YOU HAVE WRITTEN
YOUR LAST
MEMO!

DON'T MISS
PART TWO OF
OUR STORY,
ENTITLED.....

THE RECKONING

IN NEXT MONTH'S
COPY OF H.A.



AND TO
THINK,
ALL HE WANTED
WAS AN OPEN-
ENDED CONTRACT

WGP