

Joe's No 1

FOR A TENSURE
TO REMEMBER

WEEKLY WHISPER



"THE DIGGER FRIEND"

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AN INTRODUCTORY EDITORIAL

in which the reader is introduced to the purpose of our paper

GENTLE READER, we are indeed honoured by your company- we know you well, and love you dearly for all that. We have the advantage, for you know neither our name nor our purpose. To acquaint you with the former would serve to enrich your life not one hap'orth (£0.002 - ED.), so to acquaint you with the former shall be all our text.

Now shall our dark and devious design be full revealed as we set forth our two-fold aim for your just eyes to judge, weigh and not (here we are obliged to state our fingers are most sorely crossed) find wanting. Our proud paper is here produced as much for your AMUSEMENT as your INFORMATION.

For the first point, we realise that laughter's tried and tested benefits need no further recommendations from our humble pen, though one point shall we require to stress, viz, that we shall make merry honestly and with right good heart: we shall not allow that rank imposter of true joy whose real name is but Malicious Hockery to taint our columns with his hurtful presence.

For the second, we perceive a double need for our existence: on the one hand, to enlighten each section of our blessed unit with the endeavours of his fellows: and on the other, to introduce new members into our family pausing to reflect on the fortunes of dearly beloved friends elsewhere employed.

Welcome then, sweet digger, to the WEEKLY WHISPER;
God bless us all,
Amen.

The TRIANGLE Whisper

SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY AT +lm. O.D. !!!

Davy-there-aint-room-in-this-triangle-for-both-of-us-Jones (25), and his loyal contingent of the Fifth Cavalry have delivered the archaeological goods once again! Within months of that historic day when their rock drills originally coaxed the cracked and creaking concrete from the floor of the site just of London's busy Lower Thames Street, Davy(25), has struck it rix rich! Once again the earth has yielded up its secrets; once again a lavish episode of England's vibrant history has been exposed by the skill of this highly professional team! Aply aided by such masters of art as Charles-the-good-the-bard-and-the-ugly-Hill, to name but a few, he has now revealed a sight that justly thrills the eyes of passing stockbrokers, tourists and alcoholics, for there, barely scarred by the ravages of countless centuries filling the southern region of the excavation with its historic enormity, lies a post-fire sewer system complete with matching concrete case, and brim full of Victoriana. "An interim report on this magnificent exemplonof pre-modern psychedalia will be published shortly in the Dover Clarion," said Mr. Jones (25) to our man on the spot, H. Dragendorf (33).

Reports are just coming in to the effect that, 'midst the maze of post holes and medieval houses in the northern sector, the find of the week was a wooden dish. A spokesman who claimed to represent the London Museum has suggested that it bore the inscription XXX F-I-D-O, but this has yet to be confirmed by the experts at Bonhill Street, who are at present examing the bowl.

The Team: Davy Jones; Charles Hill; Pete Taylor; Andy Boddington; John F...
Geor Egan; Gustav Milne; Ian Nichols; Charlotte Harding; Chrissie Milne.

SMALL FINDS

All contributions to: Gustav, c/o Whispering Heights, 10 Offord Rd. LONDON N.1.

* Overheard at Triggers above the roar of trowels:

"Are you students? Found anything? Is that Roman?"

"No, it's seventeenth century- " (c.1750-ed.)

"Semi-detached?"

* Next week we'll try and bring you Peter Anthony Clive Taylor's amazing really life story, in our "Fact is stranger than Fiction" series. Till then, be it known to y'all that the Triangulators had a whip (!) round for him on a recent birthday, which furnished him with four Mars Bars and 2p change. The accused took the aforementioned confections into a picture house in West Croydon and disposed of them to the accompaniment of a blue movie. The first bar was consumed to satisfy his hunger, the second made him a little sick, the third took on sexual connotations, and we are quite unable to trace the fate of the fourth.

* Belated best wishes to Mark Harrison- an evening of pure poetry, kebabs or vine leaves was had by all who made it.

* A certain trade union official from Sydenham has been thinking up titles for his memoirs, such as the infamous "Throwing in the trowel" & "By trowel and error". We'll present you with a K.K. absolutely free of charge if you can do better or worse or both. Our decision may be final.

* We trust there's no truth in the rumours surrounding Mr. Terrible's protege. We are sure such things would not have been considered had not hanging been abolished.

* Grave robbers struck N.F.W. again, exposing the impressive northern side of the bridge opps wharf structure, a subway under Lower Thames St., and some amphoraes, lurking in an unstratified puddle.

* A secretary said that her confusion over the Trigg Lane and Triangle sites was because she "never was much good at trigonometry".

* All misspellings, misquotes and mistakes are brought to you live ~~from~~ Grauniad Publications Ltd.

* Charlotte has left the Triangle for higher things at the L.S.E.; but don't worry folks, you ain't seen the last of the multi-talented woollen hat yet.

* Chrissie, who was last seen cleaning a black and white chequered wall has returned and is known as Carrots to her friends. She's throwing a party for them this Saturday at 249 Caledonian Rd., London N.1., which is next to something called the Saucy Cafe.

* 19th Nervous Breakdown- Acertain welshman tried~~to~~ to collect our noble van t'other day, and was duly directed to the Cleansing Depot on the far side of London Bridge, where he found neither the van nor the depot, 'cos they were both on our side of the water but we wern't going to tell him that and he didn't have the keys anyway. So, next day at the ungodly hour of 9.a.m., (see time sheets) he arrived at the Museum to procure the said keys. Later that same morning, somebody arrived and told him they were in a cupboard, which, like all good cupboards was locked, but the key for that would be in later. Sure enough, it was in later, although it was discovered then that the cupboard, like all bad cupboards, wasn't really locked after all. Back to the Depot- surprise, surprise the van wouldn't start. One friendly Corporation shove set him straight though, and in next to no time he had filled the van with finds and discovered that the petrol was registering the wrong side of E. As there was not enough to get to the Museum with, for a requisition form to buy official juice, he made do with regular. "Bonhill or bust!" he cried, whereupon the van obliging bust, down Old Street way, forcing messrs Hill and Boddington to leap from the blazing vechile, and sprint 100 yds to the nearest phone box to call the Brigade, passing the Fire Station in their desperate dash. The dynamic duo eventually left a passing Geraldo in charge of the situation, as they had had enough.

In the event of the remnants of the van breaking down on the Bonhill Run again, would the Site Supervisor concerned please organise a human chain.

LOST: inthe Billingsgate area- a saxon church, answers to the name "Bottie".

The Breakfast Serial

THE TALES OF BEATRIX POTTERY The Amazing Missing Mould Chapter One.....

Long, long ago, when all of Gaul was divided into three parts, anybody travelling through the Allier Valley would have been able to tell you all about the pretty little town of Beatrix. This charming hamlet was reckoned to produce some of the finest quality pottery in the region, and was rated as a tourist attraction second only to the menagerie at neighbouring Lezoux. The fame of this particular kiln spread far and wide, and so our story begins in Rome, in the sixth year of the rule of a chap called Vespasian, (the date was also known as A.D.LXXV to local christians, incidentally), and the scene is inside the great man's private palace "Tiber Towers".

"Those daffs would look gorgeous in a Dr.30". said Vespasian to his pretty little wife.

"Yes dear" replied Mrs. Vespasian, because he always knew best. Besides, ~~z~~ the pot did look very attractive in the Habitatus Catalogue, though she thought the colour was a little common. Anyway, she wrote out a requisition tablet and posted it to the officinae at Beatrix, remembering to enclose a potter's stamped addressed envelope.

What excitement there was at Beatrix when the letter arrived! Terry Sigillata, the gay Gaul who had been there the longest, insisted that work should start immediately. Imagine his surprise when he went to the mould cupboard, opened the locker marked ~~03nd~~, and found only a bag of grape and ambrosia sarnies. His Imperial Greatness would not be amused.

It was a deeply troubled potter who confronted his his fellows in the canteen that morning. He explained the situation to them at great length, ending his speech with an impassioned plea for assistance from the gods. Everybody was very moved, except for Vetabix of course, who suggested that Terry check out the frigidarium before going any further. Alas, T.S. was ~~z~~ in no mood to be trifled with, and, pouring abuse and wasters on the head of his antagonist, implored them all to ponder on the true gravity of the situation. With Fungus, the mould maker, still away on National Service, he begged them to leave no stone unturned in their diligent search for the missing mould. The big question was of course, where to ~~to~~ start; it was finally agreed that the scene of the last consignment of Dr.30s was as good a place as any, and that was the local night club, the Torc of the Town.

Hailing a passing chariot, our hero was there in next to no time, beating on the huge doors with both fists, demanding an audience with the manager, a rotund and ruddy gentleman called Vino. Unfortunately, Vino had been fast asleep, and as he was the sort of person who likes being fast asleep, ~~Wx~~ was subsequently very cross when he was woken by all the noise. "What does a chap have to do to get XL winks round here?" he bellowed out of the window, "May the gods wreak havoc on your insides if you've disturbed me unnecessarily!" He paused, saw that it was Mr. Sigillata from the pottery he was addressing, and added: "May the gods wreak havoc with your insides anyway". With that, he slammed the shutters closed and went straight back to bed.

There is no telling what Terry would have done at that point had not his attentions been suddenly diverted by the timely appearance of the slim figure that answered to the name of Tina Boppa, one of the Torcettes who used to dance and sing and things at the club.....

IS THIS THE START OF A BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE?
DOES DEATH LURK ROUND EVERY CORNER?
WHO WAS THE MAN IN THE GREEN BOILER SUIT?

~~Wx~~ We've got all the answers in next weeks W.W.!!!!