



the WEEKLY WHISPER



THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

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ON RESOLVING THE MANPOWER CRISIS.

That we have more work than time and labour to handle it we are all well aware. However, recently attempts have been made to remedy this problem, and second prize goes to Mr. Harrison :following a highly successful lecture at Walworth school, Sue Tina and Clives gang were persuaded to appear at Trig on Tues where they really worked very hard. All agreed it was better than school, and we were impressed and gratefull. First prize goes to our Steve whose long term outlook is highly commended: he gave birth to an unnamed baby daughter on Monday at 3.30pm, assisted by many mid-wifes, consultants, and a very proud Mrs. Edson. The birth was a super quick 2½ hour job, and weighed 5.9½, which is as good a weight as any for a premature pot-washer to be. The young lady is gemini, exceptionally beautiful and both she and mum are doing fine. Warmest congrats from our vast readership to the Happy Family!!

(Meanwhile back in Sydenham Daniel is growing and smiling)

THE BAD SCENES WHISPER

Since the Unit started way back in '73 we've been the unwilling hosts to undesireables on numerous occasions: our first site, 3 trenches in Noble Street were tampered with by grave robbers; New Fresh Wharf was visited by 4 small boys one Sunday lunchtime in December, disappearing with trowels and samian pottery: another daylight robbery 2 months later relieved Iyans wallet of £50. When NFW was finally abandoned, the unbackfilled excavation attracted several treasure hunting expeditions including a Mr. O'Connor and also a well equipped mine sweeping party; the former gent also turned up in a pile hole on the Bath House site and was sent to the Museum to confess all. The Triangle suffered vandalism and small finds loss in a raid in May, And last Wednesday evening 3 youths, one with ginger hair, were spotted there. The same 3 were chased of Seal House by a security guard, and the following morning the Trig Lane break in was discovered, in which small finds and the dumpy level went missing. From the above ten incidents little has been recovered and nobody has been charged.



The LUDGATE (CHARLES) HILL WHISPER

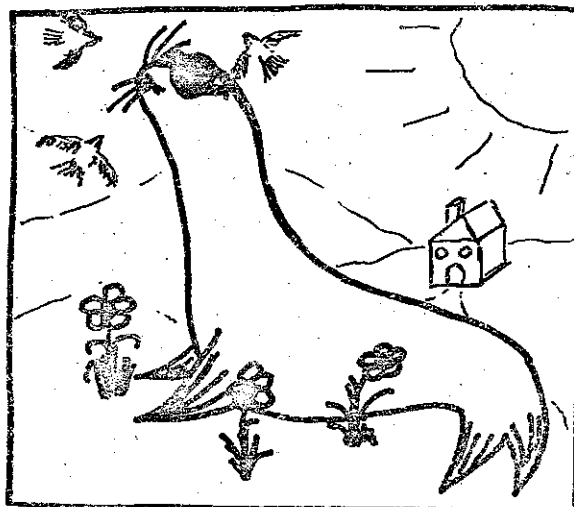
Charles, Andy, John and Kiaran have moved about £2,000 worth of furniture (always useful), drawn base lines by the light of a single torch and discovered a loo which works during their first week of indoor archaeology in the Hope Bros basement. "At least we'll be dry if it rains" they thought, in the dark and dusty depths. On Wednesday, sure enough it rained and their cellar was duly flooded. Still, they soldiered on and were even reinforced by some washed-out Triggers for a while. The Drills have turned up, so as soon as the lights can be fixed up, the 6 holes will be begun. This particular dig is especially important on two counts: its the first direct co-operation with the Corporation, and its also the Units first basement excavation. Finds so far include a photo of the shop store staff 1929 and Master Riley, after half an hours absence in a subterranean passage.

The NOT SO THOROUGHLY MODERN MINORIES WHISPER

The Minarat is Alans ever growing answer to the Triggurat, and not to be confused with the Minorettes, the popular singing(?) group led by Sal, famed for his golden Oldens. As for the archaeology, the southern area is now 2.5 Des's deep, and revealing a vault and hopeful wall complex. Finds include some green glaze C16th pot which appealed especially to S. & B, Eva is into finds, Barbara is into pickaxes and blisters; Evershrinking Howard and Nevershrinking Dave are off to Gretena x Green on Sunday, Des has a cassette thing and Alan had some jabs for his trip to Lybia weeks ago. Someone thought that the layer which produced Victorian pottery a Mars Bar wrapper and a piece of Dr 33 was very disturbing, and Miss xxxxx Scammell was assaulted by D.W. in a cafe, and found guilty of using the levels book for jotting down Whispers. (Mr. Woods has since been liquidated-ED.), and a visiting Maloney, while being attacked by a large spiked object, said: "Why pick on me?"

The TRIGGERS WHISPER (please note that is not spelt with an 'F').

Trig Lane digs on 'neath its very own banner which looks not unlike a Union Jack in distress. The non arrival of the promised larger crane has led to countless corrugated additions to the Triggurat to contain the spoil which pours forth from the central area, now 1.5m deeper. The terrifying overturning of the present, on wednesday only underlines its shortcomings: fortunately, nobody was injured. That was not the best way to round of a day which began with Old Father Thames breaching the sump wall in no uncertain fashion. Still, if you ignore the break in last Thursday, its been a very good week: Steve has gotten himself a daughter formed a Daddys Club with Mr. Ellis, and found more gold pins than most; 27 people turned up on Tuas; morale is unquenchably high, come Hell or High Water-and it usually does; Handy Andy made some superb drawing frames; Margie might be staying on, and the recent rain did wonders for the timbers, not to mention the night scented stock.



The SH WHISPER

Elizabeth Eames, authouress of the Brit. Mus. publication "Medieval Tiles" arrived on Monday to rescue the only late C14th domestic tiled floor ever found in situ in the City. She dug, her companion Anne Kellock bagged, our own Mr. Blurton labelled, Mr. Parnell planned, and Mr. Dehn lifted. Thus was the justly famous floor well saved. Paul was sent to the Lon Mus to fetch two sign boards, which on his vanless arrival, proved to be somewhat larger than anticipated. Only the timely intervention of £2.50 worth of taxi saved the day.

High above the site in the rotting walls of SH sparrows have given birth to 3 adorable chicks, who are the envy of the excavators as they seem to enjoy a permanent tea-break. Elsewhere Frances claims to be a Sex Ass. 1, and Geoffrey found a bone pin in Richard's finds tray. Ron has bought a new shirt, is saving bits of the old one, and serves x tea cocked in a Fanta can @ 1.5p. The Fishmongers have supplied a plan of the site in 1686 which shows what happened above the concrete, and we are assured by Mr. P. that the sherries he enjoyed while copying the document did not affect the quality of the said copy whatsoever. We now want to go back to Imperial Measurements as the wells are laid out in 14' units.

BONHILL BANTER

from our very own CAROLINE (spelt with an X I not a Y).

MICHAEL RHODES SONG (ghost written by B. St's answer to W.S. Gilbert!
For tune see Major Generals song from the
Pirates of Penzance.)

I am the very model of the very model of the modern Archaeologist,
(I don't blow my own trumpet so I've need of an apologist!)
I have my own department and I run it with efficiency
Omniscience supreme gives me unequalled self sufficiency.
In private life I'm faultless, I'M a model of sobriety,
I do not gamble drink and drive, a pillar of society;
Residing in St. Albans, stronghold of respectability,
I always reach perfection to the best of my ability.

Chorus of bribed or terrorised finds assistants:

Always achieves perfection to the best of his ability.

My findssystem is faultless, and it is of course all my own work,
(When praise is in the air responsibility I do not shirk).
I'm statesman and trade unionist, pot expert and philologist,
In short the very model of the ~~modern~~ Modern Archaeologist.

Chorus (as before) He's statesman and trade unionist etc etc.

I'm very well acquainted with the City's archaeology,
And no one else has seen more holes (my hobby's speleology)
~~I~~ I'm also very skilled at sticking our best saxon pottery-
It's coming on quite nicely but still rather weak and tottery.
To all my finds assistants I am pleasant and agreeable
They bow and scrape before me (mostly female so malleable).
With this catalogue of virtues I shall not much longer pester you
But there is just one thing that I must really now confess to you.

Chorus: But there is just one thing that ~~he~~ he must really now confess
to you.

Off spelling things correctly I regret I'm quite incapable
In this respect my noble steadfast characters not shapable.
I'm none the less a genius, (and brilliant musicologist!)
In short the very model of the Modern Archaeologist
Chorus: He's none the less a genius (and brilliant musicologist)
In short the very model of the Modern Archaeologist:

MODERN ARCHAEOLOGICAL METHODS or how B.St. found that capitalism
does pay and solved the current space crisis at the same time.
(to the tune, the Vicar of Bray).

As DUA dug on apace Mike Rhodes finds assistants
Were running rather short on space- the end at no great distance.
Then somebody conceived a plan to beat the situation;
"We'll each one flog what finds we can- reward our dedication!"

CHORUS: And so our finds wont stay and rot
Here till the end of time sir;
We've lots of reconstructed pot
At just a quid a time sir.

They thought about the scheme and swore that they would never drop it;
The Bonhill Finds Department Store would make a tidy profit;
The Dexion shelving was tastefully hung with Baynards cloth and leather
The opening had its praises sung by Howard and Mike together.

CHORUS:

At selling boats the Bonhill crew is unacknowledged master,
They've antique vases, and they do a nice line in wall plaster!
The other stores cannot compete as Bonhill pulls the cash in,
So Harrods now admits defeat and Selfridges is crashing!

CHORUS: And so our finds wont stay and rot
Here till the end of time sir;
We've lots of reconstructed pot
At just a quid a time sir!

SMALL FINDS

- *** Workmen digging a whole in Ludgate Hill were terrified to discover about 100 skellies last Thursday. They appear to be a Cl9th redeposit number and were disarticulate, which we are told means that they didn't have much to say for themselves. One skull examined appeared to have had the top half chopped off. The DUA who were quickly summoned to the scene, assume that they were from the nearby vault of St. Annes.
- *** The Tencenary Phree Gift proved very popular- three cheers for Mr. Peter (Spoil is Beautiful) Muir .
- *** Mark Harrison, York Junior Chess Champ 1969, challenges anybody to a duel by chess matches anytime.
- *** Museum Ruth is a-touring Scotland while Tony Dyson has gone somewhere Northwesterly.
- *** The Trigmatrix system of diagrammatically denoting context relationships with coloured stick-ons evolved by brain waving Mr. Harrison of Upper Thames St. is undergoing interesting treatment on the other sites: Seal House uses red for destruction levels, orange for structures and gold for layers, but John's pen refuses to write on the gold ones, while the Minmat. is into circular stick-ons and the Boddington Colour Code.
- *** Mr. J.F's spot of bother with the law resulted in a mere (?) fine and a drink with both the prosecuting and defending lawyers.
- *** The 'DIG FOR VICTORY' campaign threatened in WW5 is like to be launched as tee shirts @ approx 90p a throw. It may also be possible to get your own fave rave pyjama jacket, string vest etc. stamped with the beautiful design for a fraction of that cost- more news next week.
- *** We hear that the precautions taken to fight the plague of B.St. (WW 10) have already claimed at least one victim..Howard has solemnly sworn to keep us posted.
- *** Vanessa is finding her life as a Finds Illustrator I in the G.M. a ~~xxx~~ little lonely now that the infamous Miss Scammell has quit the conservation labs for the glories of the field. So, if your'e lucky enough to see her wandering around, ask her if the disused railway station which her family reside in in down town Bartlow (popn. 68) is really called "Booking Hall".
- *** The position of Unit Photographer is currently being advertised: we believe some of our readers are more than a little interested in this job, if so do the right thing and good luck!
- *** Is the newest reader of the WW really Brian Davidson?
- *** Martin and Val wre last seen digging on a site East of the Tower.
- *** The search for new premises continues: a superb little number near St. Pauls is currently being considered by Brian Hobley, which would fit the bill nicely, if we can but get the rent together.
- *** Messrs Jones Biddle and Webster are rumoured to be ~~in~~ imminent.
- *** David Browne is going to be a Birthday Boy on Sat: looks like a clear case of Skinners, wot with Miss Edson and everything, on Phriday.
- *** We are all agreed that Hilary was very very brave not to mention clever cos she drove our endearing little van for the first time on Tues even tho she'd never driven anything nearly as big in London's fair City before. The Corporation men were most helpful when she and Chrissie went to fetch same from mts little home on the top floor of the garage, and offered ~~many~~ many things including a wing mirror. Her performance behind the wheel, we are proud to report, was superlative, and she was only in trouble once, when she ever so nearly missed a black and white thing that flashed a lot, which some foolish policeman had left in a silly place. And while were on the subject, the little round thing stuck on the windscreen says JUN 74 which is a pity cos Monday's July 1st.

WHISPERING HEIGHTS 10 OFFORD ROAD ISLINGTON LONDON N.1. 01-609 2760

The story so far: Terry Sigillata, the famous potter from Beatrix, has been sent to Londinium with Tina Boppa and Disgustus (of General Potteries ~~Inc.~~ Inc.) to sell Central Gaulish Ware to the R.B.s. They have secured ~~xxxx~~ contracts with Sir D. Whittingtonius, the Governor and we join them at the breakfast table of their hotel the morning after they pulled of the big one with the Marcus and Sparcus Organisation. NOW READ ON.....

"Good Morning Disgustus! And what a glorious one it is for this part of the world! Come along, your egg will be freezing." Disgustus grunted by way of acknowledging Terry's cheerful greeting and shuffled over to his seat, muttering ~~xxxxxxx~~ that he'd never drink again.

"You had a good time last night?" suggested Tina, who had not done so badly herself. Ignoring her cheerful perception and his stone cold breakfast, the suffering Roman poured himself a black coffee and wished that Aspro, his private physician, had been there. What was the Gaulish secret, he wondered: how could they drink all night in such colossal quantities and still remain hangover-free the day after? Unless Rome could fathom that one out, he didn't reckon the Empire's chances of Immortality: after all, what's the point of wiping your enemy of the battlefield if they can drink you under the table during the Victory Celebrations? There was more to these barbarians than meets the eye. His fittingly classical philosophising was gently interrupted by Miss Boppa, who pointed out that as this was the last day, would he like to accompany them on another little sight-seeing tour of the City? Her warm invitation was not accepted however, as the go-ahead sales manager was in no fit state to stand up, let alone walk, so our favourite twosome ventured forth into the street without further ado. Tina had bought an official guide scroll and set about pointing out the places of interest to Terry, who would have been quite content merely checking out the standard of such edifices as 'the Skinnus' and 'the Vomer'.

They thought the Forum was quite nice, if a little garish, but Tina was disappointed with the Church of St. Mithras the Martyr, as it appeared somewhat different from the artist's impression in the guide, for it was not an open air job, neither did it have all the nice crazy paving she'd been looking forward to, but was merely floored with timbers. They were both very impressed with the dockland area though: the new extension to the quayside which they watched being constructed by the Vimpil tribe under Imperial Supervision, looked so substantial that Terry swore it would still be standing in 2,000 years time. "A quick votive offering is called for!" he declared religiously, throwing a coin into the river. He watched it drop into the natural gravel, where it would remain protecting the waterfront from harm until the day that somebody dug it up. "That's your celtic craftsmanship milads" he continued rhetorically, "What would His Greatness do without us to build his roads and towns and docks?" His impromptu speech met with loud applause, and in next to no time he was being plied with drinks from all sides and was too much of a gentleman to refuse. Luckily Tina was at hand to remind him that Tempus Fugit as Disgustus would have said had he been there, and they just made the Victorious Cart Station in time to catch the Through Wagon to Dvbris. The representative from Gen. Potts, Inc. was feeling a little better and recovered sufficiently to buy a round of drinks on the boat to celebrate the success of their mission.

"Ladies and gentlemen pray charge your glasses" proposed Disgustus, "Let us drink to the Beatrix Pottery!"

And they did too.

-----TERMINUS-----