

the WEEKLY WHISPER



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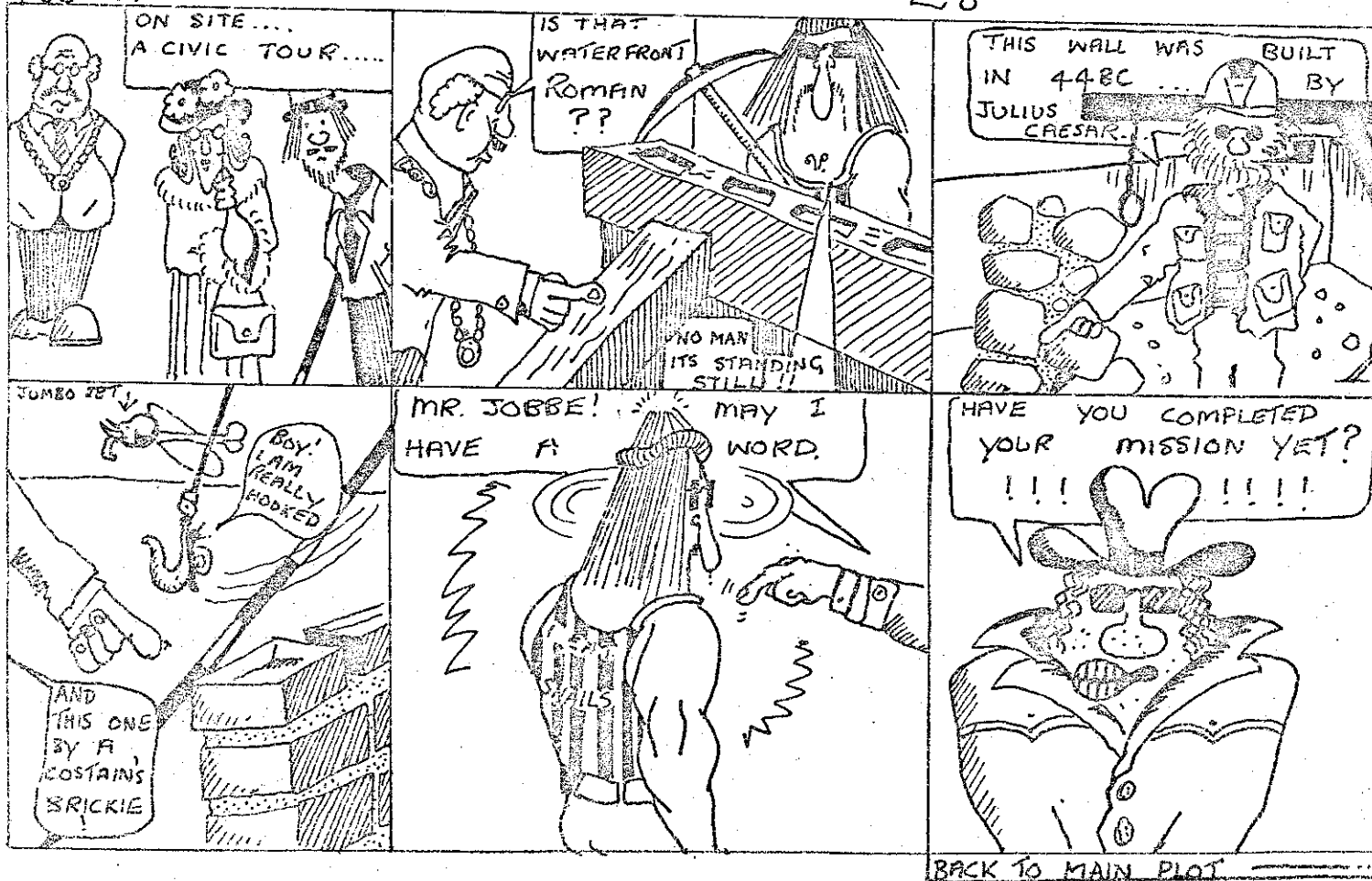
FRIDAY JULY 19TH.. FOR WEEK 29..

IN WHICH THE LUDDITES ARE BUSTED

Last Thursday seven custodians of the law burst in on the Hope Bros. suite, following a tip-of from a friendly neighbour living above the pub next door that suspicious characters had been seen on the premises. Charles-its-a-fair-cop-officer-Hill came clean and admitted dishonestly handling 4 cubic metres of building rubble, and asked for 15 previous excavations to be taken into consideration. The fuzz departed after professionally flashing their torches hither and thither, well satisfied with another hard days work. (Dull & it isn't). Seconds later, the Daily Express rushed in to cover the Police raid, and was met with cries of "no comment" mingled with the occasional pick axe. Other visitors brought electrical light on Monday, but alas, not bright enough. Still, work continued; one hole has been completed, three more nearly so, the fifth has produced a ditch and the sixth is to be extended to find a 600 Medieval ditch which is in there somewhere. Beverley found some painted plaster and a human toe-nail, Sarah and Sue are leaving all to soon, John & isn't, Andy, back from Manchester is a-learning of the guitar, Malcom and Colin H. from Nottingham send Graham their love and Charles enjoyed the waitress almost as much as the meal at the Luddite Luncheon at which 7 persons devoured 12 puddings.

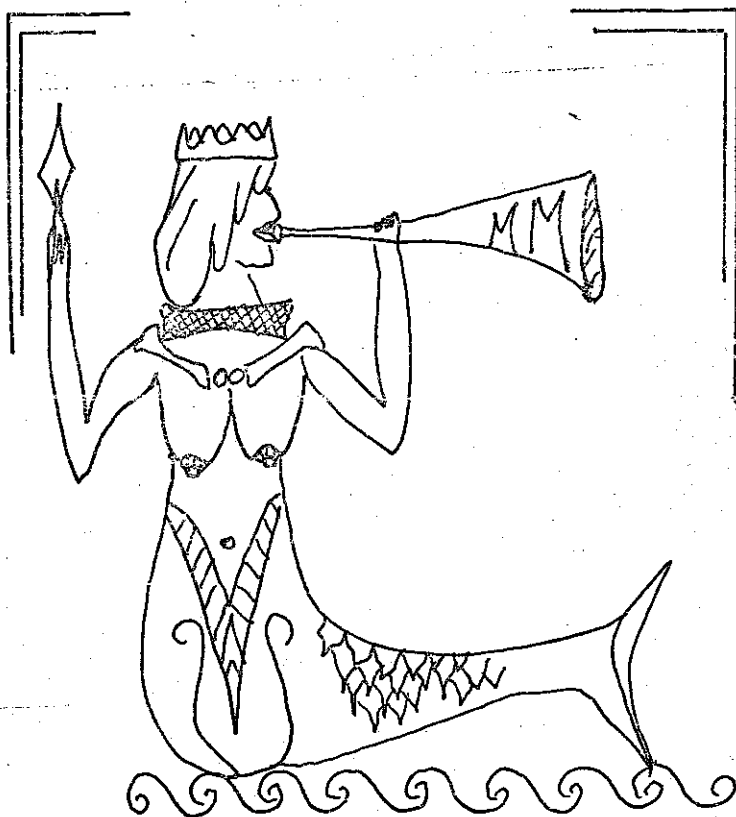
CASTON - LE - JOBBE.

No 7.



BACK TO MAIN PLOT

- ARCHAEOLOGY (Ah! key! -ology) : relief on finding that which opens the door
to discovery: a hirsute pursuit: the young
and hairy in search of the old and hoary.
- ARTIFACT (Arty fact): a Bohemian truth.
- DIRECTOR (Die rector): an impressionable cleric.
- EXCAVATOR: a prime mover.
- D.U.A.: Department of Underground Anarchists
- CURATOR (Cure 'ater): a masochist
- FILING: the art of concealing current correspondence and providing papers for
posterity
- CONSERVATION (Conserve-ation): the science of making jam
- ACROW: a jack-bird.
- SITE SUPERVISOR: an optically brilliant protective helmet.
- SITE ASSISTANT: a pair of spectacles.
- DYELINE: "The rest is silence".
- SHORTHAND TYPING (Short hand Teiping): a small Chinese worker.



THE MERMAID'S MURMUR

The great gas pipe saga finished on Monday when the culprit pipe was smashed out with a compressor drill. As stale gas exuded from the pipe, the S.S. was heard to mutter "Goodness gaseous me". Sian Whittackers stay on site was short lived as she moved to Bonhill after 2 days- her Dublin friend Rebecca remains, a great hit with the local Irish, home from home. Another addition is Stephen (275 $\frac{1}{2}$ barrows a day) Boniface, also ex-Corinium, who defected from Roman Britain's 2nd largest city to the Capital. There are now 2/3 of the notorious Al star Superbarrow gang in Londinium. Keith spends his last day on site on Thurs: reputed to be an IRA Provisional in hiding, he moves to the Castle, North Wall, Barnstaple with Sarah to dig with Trevor O' Miles black beret and all. Since the weather has recently been unsettled, our Sight Supervisor has

come out as an alternative to the sun, his colourful clothing blending well with his ranging rod. The site is developing and shored; the site hut, furnished by Hope Bros, arrived on Tuesday. While some have impressive Triggurats the Mermaid's spoil disappears each morning as bedding for the new Upper Thames St. At last we boast a mouse: it ate bread from diggers fingers on Friday, and slept in Keiths bag on Saturday ~~xxxx~~ ran round the lunchtime Baynards Castle pleasing women drinkers before recapture. The Guildhall Museum purchased a pear shaped lead-bronze vessel 4" high from a labourer here: it has two lugs, on each side, for a leather thong presumably. One theory is that the vessel is a blood letting cup, but we're open to suggestions. (Thanks to Chris C. for the above article)

THE MICE'S WELSPER

Two mice have now been observed, the newest answering to the name of Minky. The site now owns a wonderful multi-doored hut, a Murphy-boddington-Big D composition. A gravel area 4.5m x $\frac{1}{2}$ 6m was beautifully cleaned and a car park tastefully levelled. Alan tried his hand at drilling and Ciaran (now lost) bust his sandals and revealed his feet yet again. The crane broke down and Paul Stamper and John Munro reckon Andy B owes them a letter. The small N.C.P. northwards (directly above the tube) starts early August, but the Aldgate Hi St. N.C.P. begins Monday! The Minerat has an elegant stone rampart and picks and things have upset Simon Howard Andy and Barbaras feet.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.....

A certain gentleman of sporting inclinations is desirous of knowing if any persons would be interested in joining a small private game, on a date to be arranged. House rules will be established before commencement. Contact Mr. Macon Fallon at the G.M. or at the Skinners on Friday.

Richard Blurton welcomes visitors to his new flat 39 St. Quentin Ave London, W.10. Please ring 969-8887 first, though!

Andy Riley would love to hear from anyone with an excess of unwanted Beatles records.

Elaine Edson of Steve & Sarah fame (WW 11) would like to thank all of you lovely people for the beautiful bouquet you sent to the hospital when a lovable 5lbs 9½ozs. arrived. Its really good to know everything is fine Mrs E, and thank you for letting us have Steve back.

Fri. Aug.2nd: Party at Hilarys in Milton Keynes: Breakfast, baths, sleeping space etc. provided: more news next week!!

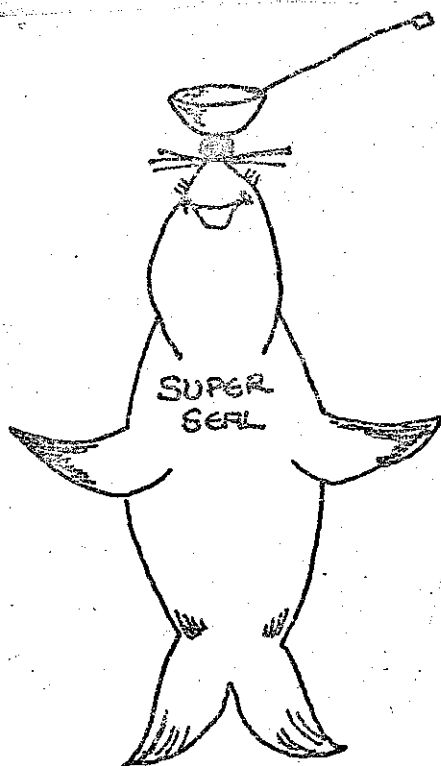
ODE TO ANNE- NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE! (tune: Sweet Molly Malone)

In Londons fair city where the sites are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Anne Edmonson
From Bonhill migrating, she is now conservating,
Crying: "Where is my scalpel, oh where has it gone?"
CHORUS: Oh, where has it gone- oh where has it gone?
Crying: "Where is my scalpel, oh where has it gone?"

Caroline- now sadly departed to Bedfordshire- was the writer of the above, and her "Battle Hymn" appears next week. Last Friday she speechlessly received a Parker pen, a felt tip, a waste paper-basket, 2 copies of Miss London, and 8 Granny Smith's. (Mike Rhodes' mum liked the song about the Modern Archaeologist in WW 11). Mr Rector is very pleased with Annes progress and though she misses all the wonderful Bonhillians, she's enjoying her new job.

THE TRIGGERS WHISPER

Somebody dared describe the excavation of the Century as a "smelly damp and dirty hole" : we wont reveal her name, but advise her to emigrate before Mark reads this paper. Actually, substantial and exciting headway has been made in spite of much rain and the breakdown of our crane and St. Pauls clock. Barrows are back and Jamie beat John F. by 1 sec. on the Trigurat Run. The ranks include Calaway and Nick from the USA, Sally Sarah, Diana, David and Scot, and if Sue Taylor wasn't beauty enough for one site, we now have to put up with her sister Rosemary too (but alas not for long); Old Father Edson made a welcome return from Edgeware as did Amanda from Paris. Daddy wears strange clothes sometimes Handy Andy has become the Unit Mechanic, base plates have appeared everywhere and our first Samian was a redeposited DR.30. Attendances ranged from 3 on Saturday (including our loyal week-ender Anne) to about 30 on Monday, and visitors included Fioana who enjoyed the floral display and Daniel Ellis -aged 9 weeks- who was much admired and cried when forced to leave.



SH was unofficially voted the most interesting site of last Fridays site tours, despite its rather mundane appearance after massive excavation of spectacular features that morning. Perhaps it was the large gangers ~~xxx~~ ladle from the road menders hut next door which Hilary labelled and John showed to all visitors as C15th and ~~xx~~ the Bonhillians said wasnt it in fine condition. Ron has left for Germany leaving his sandals and trowel ~~neath~~ Sealbury Hill (surely the Triggurats greatest rival?) Paul has moved into the Hermitage, and Karen Sue and ~~Sam~~ Sandea leave this week. It was to have been all hands to the pencils to draw 85m of sections by Sunday, so shoring could come, but £3,500 has delayed things. The Rescue scheme stut tered of to a start, stopped, and went into limbo. A layer of cysters over most of the site is the best thing thats happened to Mr. S. in 8 weeks, providing a base for the 6 periods of building from 1350 onwards. Frances is shortly off to Northampton then the rest of the Continent and Hilary has been offered a Bonhill number as one of three Senior Finds supervisors, starting Oct. 1st, which gives her time to do SH in Johns forthcoming absence. Merry, the talented section drawer is being trained to take over when Miss K leaves, and Richard went to a breakfast party at Bishop of Kens on Sunday, dressed divinely in nightgown and Parasol.

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SMALL FINDS

*** At the recent field supervisors meeting a "Dial-a-Date" service was discussed as suggested by the Units Finds Coordinator. Quote: "Just pick up the phone and get a date".

*** Alcohol and violence was indulged in by party goers at a Roman Signal Station last Thursday.

*** The CJA ~~thax~~ is on holiday, but we dont know where hes gone. Diana, on the other hand, went to Weymouth but we dont know who with.

*** Jim Thorn hard at work on NFW med pot.

*** David (smile please) Browne would like to organise a diggers site photo comp, so get out your Cooksons "Photag. for the Archael," and keep your Instamatics ready for further notice.

*** The tours last Friday proved most interesting and even Mr Robertson saw fit to compliment the young people on their respectabe and responsible behaviour.

*** Monday was a bad day in the Lab for Joyce, as she did unkind things to the microscope, hydrometer and desiccator.

*** Our van would like to be on record as hving started first time 2 days ~~xxxx~~ running, according to a shapely ASS from SH.

*** Museum Ruth promised to knit Davy J. a little something.

*** Judy Simon and Steve started their archaeological careers at Trig Lane, progressing(?) to SH and finally transferring to the Mins. And that was just on Monday...

*** The WW is now mailed to our good friends in the London Museum.

*** Alan Sorrel is working on 16 new pictures (from an Interglacial hunting scene to a Saxon settlement at Mucking) and 2 glass sheet dioramas featuring Ceasar crossing the Thames and the building of the Claudian London Bridge for the Museum of London.

*** We hear that Colin Renfrew sent David Browne a very interesting post card.

*** The Cambridge Folk Festival might possibly feature the golden voice of Miss Kent which hath been known to issue forth from the top of many a DUA spoil heap.

*** Terrible arguements are raging over the use of American in the Triangle Site Report, in which the Romans have gotten into garbage pits, like man.

*** Early one morning, just as the sun was rising, 3 senior archaeologists ~~xx~~ were seen staggering out of Raymonds Revue Bar..

Many thanks to all our contributors, reporters etc, especially Barbie, Chrissie, Mark and John S.

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

THE BREAKFAST SERIAL

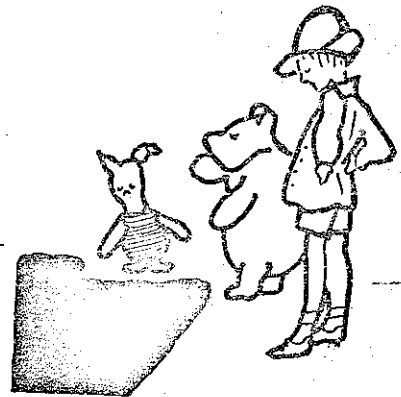
Starting Today:
Chapter One of a brand new story entitled:

ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXCAVATIONS AT 100 ACRE WOOD

or

THE DIG AT POOH CORNER by G.G.Milne
with illustrations by Barbie.

(Dedicated to A.A.M., E.H.S. et al)



Pooh Bear sat up in bed and yawned. It was either Tuesday or Wednesday morning he felt sure: there really isn't much difference between the two, and as you have breakfast on both days it doesn't really matter which one it is at first. Breakfast lived in the cupboard in the kitchen until it was lovingly taken out and placed on the table in front of the fire, and looked very similar to the honey pots Winnie the Pooh had for dinner tea and supper not to mention the ones for Special Occasions and the ones for When-you-feel-like-a-little-something-and-its-ages-to-Tea-Time. There are several different ways of eating honey: you can use your right paw if you're right-pawed or your left paw if you're left-pawed. (Pooh, who had no little experience at honey eating could use either which Owl said made him Amphibious, and when he used both together, Piglet said he was Very Amphibious Indeed). There was also the Direct Approach, the favourite for full pots, which merely called for the nose to be placed firmly and happily in the top of the pot, while the tongue began a fast and sticky licking motion. Once the meal had been done, Pooh then had to think of what to do next, which proved too hard a problem for a Bear of Very Little Brain, as he was still unable to decide whether it was Tuesday or Wednesday. There was a definite difference between the two after you'd had your breakfast - Wednesday had a lot more letters in it for a start (or was it the other one that did?). The Right Thing to do was obviously to make sure which day of the week it was, and who better to ask than Christopher Robin, who could not only spell them and most of the months too, but knew one or two years like 1066 and 664 A.D.

As he was carefully shutting the front door, he heard a small voice behind him which said: "Hullo Pooh!" Turning round, the well-breakfasted bear saw his friend Piglet. "Hullo Piglet! What are you doing in this part of the wood on such a lovely Thingmeday~~XX~~ morning?"

"I came to see if you were at home Pooh," replied his little friend.

"Oh dear, you're a little late I'm afraid!" came the sad reply, "I've just left and I shan't be back till I've seen Christopher Robin. Still," he added, "why don't you come too?"

So off they set in the direction of Christopher Robin's while Piglet explained that he had just come from there on a Special Mission to get Pooh as Something Very Unusual was happening at Pooh Corner.

"Well bless my soul!" declared the Bear, and immediately thought of all the Very Unusual things he could think of. Was it an Expedition, or a Birthday or a Heffalump perhaps? It wasn't, so Pooh gave up, and Piglet told him triumphantly that it was a hole.

"A hole?" queried a very puzzled Pooh. "Holes are not Very Unusual, not like Birthdays and Heffalumps."

"But Pooh, this one is, cos its being dug by Grown-ups and Other People."

This revelation caused the bear to stop and think things over for a while.

"Peculiarer and peculiarer? I thought only Rabbit and his Friends and Relations dug holes!"

"It's not like Rabbit's holes at all" exclaimed the excited Piglet, "Rabbit digs Down, but the Grown-ups dig sort of Along."

"Now I'm being to understand" said Pooh smiling: "very unusual indeed."

A few moments of creative silence followed, ending with the premiere of a New Song which was called "Digging".

"When Rabbits dig, Piglet the Pig,

They dig Down until they find themselves a home:

When big dogs dig, Piglet the Pig,

They dig Up, until they find themselves a bone:

But when Grown-ups dig, Piglet the Pig,

They dig Along, which must be wrong!"