

# the WEEKLY WHISPER



THE DIGGERS' MAGAZINE

ISSUE: THE FIFTEENTH..WEEK 30..FRIDAY JULY 26th..MCMXXIV..ADMISSION FREE.....

## IN WHICH WE WITNESS THE END OF AN ERA

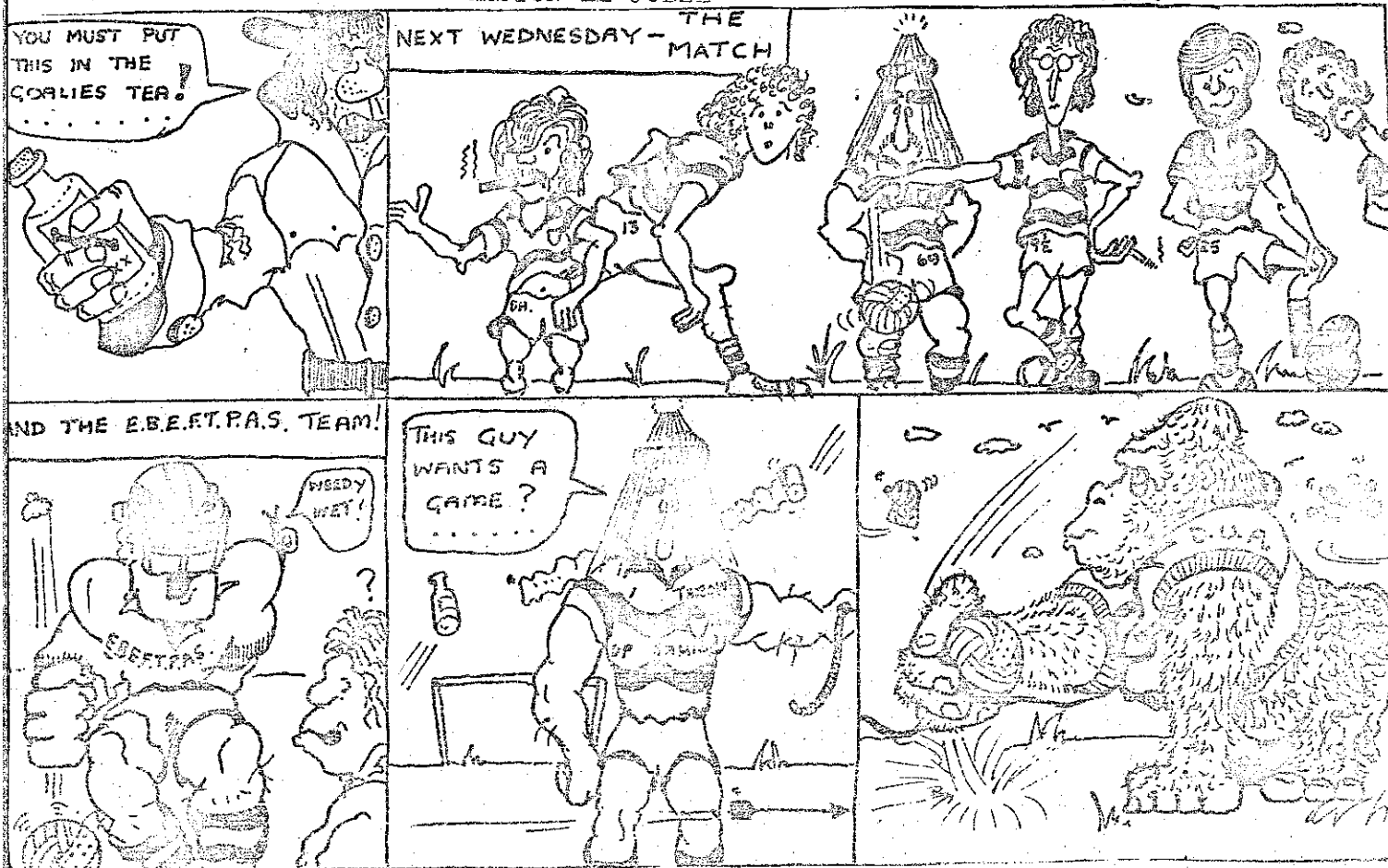
Friday July 26th: the day the digging had to stop on Trig Lane 74 A, the site that produced the finest waterfront, the prettiest spoilheap and more gold and silver than Mike Rhodes cares to credit. The superb structure has now been fully exposed and is resting on a series of piles driven into the gravel: all supporting baulks have been removed so you may now view the construction in all its free-standing glory, and its quite a sight! The Fire Brigade return on Saturday with their 100' ladder so our Mark will be performing his photographic tricks again, which should also be worth a view. All that remains to be done is to trace the residue of the bank, and then its all samples and levels etc., till TL 74 B opens up next door (alas poor Trigurat; I knew him well). "A" trench is not being backfilled till May 75: instead it will be flooded to preserve the timbers until such time as the full stretch of 200' of waterfront has been exposed, a major achievement.

And what of the diggers who perform these Herculean tasks? Mark, who led us so splendidly through rain and shine and even more rain, has been yielding his pick-axe amongst us whilst Andy and Howard have been sumping and pumping: Chris left Jane (call me "Piglet" cos I burp a lot) for Liverpool, Chrissie does the First Aid Thing and we have been told to inform you that Gustav is mortally afraid of TCP. Sisters Sue and Rosemary departed for France, Ireland, Wales and Reading, John M. returned from the Emerald Isle with happy memories and the chance of a bath with Amanda; our newest volunteer, Tuff, ("I'm not crazy really, I only smell strong") found a unique and beautiful brooch. We regret the transfer to the new site of Steve (Mark would like to thank you for all your hard work), Calaway and Nick; Peter Alton and David are also disappearing, the latter to the States. John F. and Mary are not to be forgotten and Mr. Ellis is often to be seen giving a quiet word of advice to his two proteges Antha and Diane. 3 bottles of wine were most kindly donated by a friendly Frenchman (bon chance, Amigo) tho' we only recall seeing two of them, and Jamie likes ingrowing toenails and exposing himself to passing pleasure boats.

So, come sad Friday, the diggers will gather round the Trigurat for the last time, as a chapter of archaeology becomes a page of history...

GASTON-LE-JOBBE

No. 8



## The SH WHISPER

A report by Master T.



Apart from the Nicholas Pevsner Mercy Dash Shock Drama Boob (which we wont mention), its been a quiet week down among the dead men. Apart from Frances, whose on holiday, no-one's come and no-ne's went. The upper echelons of SH have been decimated by a deadly disease; the vicious virus having left Geoff a mere shadow of his former self, passed via Hilary to our leader Schh, you know who. John now has cards marked "Yes" and "No" in order to reply to diggers questions, blackmail~~thx~~ threats etc.

Thos. has metricated his staff and feels a better man for it. Machismo freaks Paul, Mark, and Mick do deeds of derring-do on the dumper, watched by Rih Richard, whose Chunkarella charm keeps everybody happy. The Eminence Browne came to see us on Tuesday, but was prevented from getting into the trench by the constricting nature of his trousers. The day was saved however, when our hero leapt into action clad in a bijou Mowlem's boiler suit number. And ~~was~~ we've discovered the Great Fire of London: its a layer of charcoal 1cm. thick which Merry failed to notice in her section drawing. Weather here, wish you were lovely; the Porky Silk Purse Co. ltd.

## The MERMAID WHISPER

by Master C.

The arrival of a crane and site hut has made life on site more comfortable as have the arrival of three schoolgirl (say no more) volunteers, Mandy, Brenda and Bettina, who just turned up on Saturday morning. Only one of them has dug before, (Brenda at Greenwich) but the others are learning fast! Margie took Sat. off to buy a NEW DRESS: unfortunately she couldn't find one to suit, so spent the afternoon baking us a chocolate cake which was much enjoyed at tea break. On Sunday, in the blazing heat of the desert sun, two weary archaeologists who had spent weeks searching for the legendary tomb "Sewerus Victoriam" finally broke through the last barrier dividing them from sights only to be imagined before this date. This dramatic event was only spoiled by the inane comments of the S.S: "I always said that Catling would go down the drain one day". The latest news on the bloodletting cup is that it was placed with the open end over the suitable wart, cut etc., secured by means of a leather thong passed through lugs on either side of the neck, and heated. When allowed to cool, the vacuum ~~x~~ so caused sucked upon the wound, and anybody with an appropriate blemish willing to test this theory should apply to the GM at 9.50 on Monday morning.

## The LUDDITES WHISPER

Wonderful things are happening in Mr. Hills Bargain Basement: the hopeful news is that evidence of a possible City wall bastion is being sought, as suggested by Hollers print of 1666 vintage, which has entailed the drilling out of the subtle variations of concrete around trench B, extending it by approx. 10m. The hardworking team, depleted since Sue and Sarah took their cream-caked leave last week, forges ever onwards. Beverley, who is the nicest girl on site, savegly attacked a member of staff twice, did some drilling and also had a go of Charles's legs. Randy Iley is demanding more girls and has found 2 cash registers which, tho empty, were described by John as "adaptable". Trench D has revealed a built up bank and Trench F the butt end of a ditch which just might be associated with the wall or even a gate, perchance. Only time, industry and the lovely new spotlights will tell. Spoil is transported through the ~~ancient~~ Passage Tomb called Lud Grange, famed for the evocative pictures and poems carved upon its subterranean walls sometime between 1848 and last Tuesday. No rodents have been located, the ghost was an old door, and Charles was last seen eating something very fattening purchased from the A.B.C.

### THE BONHILL BANTER

An anonymous letter was received at Whispering Heights t'other day lamenting "the Migration of a Bird", a poetic reference to Caroline, now departed, the "Fairest bird on this earth sweet flautist of the sky, Come again and whisper weekly your joys for aye".

So, Mr. Anon of London E.C., for you and all her other fans, here is Caroline's

### BATTLE HYMN OF THE UNIT

A song full of martial vigour to inspire you all to fight the good fight and not to yield. To the tune of "Bonnie Dundee".

On a site up in Coventry Brian Hobley spoke,  
"Ere the digging be done there are trowels to be broke;  
So come all you diggers, I'll lead you away  
To the City of London and the new DUA".

CHORUS: So come to the G.M. and leap in the van,  
We'll work in the trenches and dig while we can;  
Oh bring me my trowel and let me be free  
To follow the standard of Brian "Planks" Hobley!

Though few of them followed in London he found  
There were quite a few diggers just digging around;  
Mr. Hobley said "Though you're all in a fine mess,  
If we all work together we'll be a success". CHORUS:-

"To dig and then publish is our main concern  
Its the DUA's motto as you'll quickly learn;  
We'll dig lots of holes just to prove we are here,  
And I think we'll make Seal House show site of the year." CHORUS:-

And so metaphorically take up your shields;  
Inspired by these words we will fill Spitalfields;  
In the trenches we'll fight in fair weather or foul:  
We'll return either bearing or borne on a trowel! CHORUS:-

Now all of you diggers so gallant and brave  
'Ere I finish this song your goodwill I must crave;  
I appeal for this cause to your sense of duty  
that you stick to the banner of valiant Hobley! CHORUS:-

### THE MINORIES WHISPER

Like so many other sites these days, the Mins has been struck by a plague of exiting diggers: Jill id of to Chesterfield, Alison to Israel, Lee to the Tower (!) and Dave T. to Viroconium (Flash b\*rst\*rd). Even Little Eva the Scandinavian Beauty has handed her responsibilities over to Barbie and become a tourist in London, a town not far from Aldgate tube. This leaves only Michelle Susan Valerie Natalia and John and Simon ~~to~~ for Sal the Duke to entertain with his amazing Tuereg costume, in a dazzling show produced by Alan with choreography by Des, whilst Andy watches the Hy-Mac ripping off bits of the Other Mins site and building a ~~big~~ big spoil heap. However, the archeology is definitely looking up; a quite delightful C12th. pot handle has turned up for example. Oh, and its all over for the Swan; as the diggers, not partial to snubs and insults from igerunt publicans, have taken their custom elsewhere, viz., the 'Hoop and Grapes' (Estd, 1782) which is much nicer, and besides, Miss Scammell dosen't like coke anyway.

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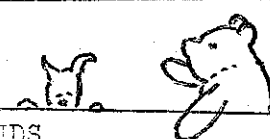
Only a fourth person needed for the small private game advertised in WW 14. Contact Macon Fallon at the GM or the Skinners on Friday.

Andy Riley is still itching to lay his hands on your unwanted Beatles records.

Feel like a Disco-bop after your Friday Skinners? Contact A.E. and see what happens!!

Kulture Korner: Mermaids Martin and Chris are off to the Prom on Friday 26th. July and if you'd like to ~~indulge~~ indulge in Wagner, Stockhausen and much more besides, see the gents in the pub tonight!

Regret: no further news of Hilarys party on Aug 2nd as she's ailing: however, keep this date open if you can, could be the Big One.....



SMALL FINDS

\*\*\* The new site opening on Monday is in a small car park nr. The Monument of Fish Street Hill, and will be led by an Institute Archaeologist called Rick Jones who is, by all accounts, a fine fella. Steve, Callaway and Nick will be lending their trowels in their able and amicable fashion, and may we recommend 'Joes No. One' for morning tea break and Oliver Hockey's bread pudding for afternoons?

\*\*\* Tom would like a revival of the Phootball Story, and Lee of De Casual Life

\*\*\* The Shadwell site, which began in Jan, is scheduled to finish very soon: Tony Johnson will then do the Right Thing at Cardiff University.

\*\*\* Mike Rhodes observed eating out in Clapham.

\*\*\* We hear from an unnamed source that Brian Davison tells a good story about barking dogs, while Margaret Woods wont comment until she materialises.

\*\*\* The Brewers Company have seen fit to present the GM with the plaster cast of a ~~skinned~~ dead hand, for which we are truly gratefull.

\*\*\* Following last Fridays adventures with the pay, Ruth has taken a week off, and all save Bill and Anne from the Labs are a-holidaying. Diana has returned and is working hard, while Vanessa has had her figure discussed in public, and very nice too.

\*\*\* Lee and Geoff, that famous small and neurotic team, are off to do the Governors safe room in the Tower of London (archaeologically speaking) following their recent success under Traitors Gate- it'll all be over in 3 weeks though!

\*\*\* Brian Hobleys recent digging holiday was rained off: no waterproofs in that part of the world obviously.

\*\*\* Investigations are taking place into why Salvatore is known, among other ~~tk~~ things, as "Hotlips".

\*\*\* We are indebted to John Clark for the following: "Rumour has it that a 550 year old iron chest has come to light in the Guildhall Library basement. In October 1427 the 6 keys of the chest which contained the City's plate, property deeds and Common Seal were placed in the care of 3 Aldermen and 3 putable men of the Commonalty: William Estfeld, John Coventre, William Milneth, John Reynwell, John Higham and Richard Barry are asked to contact the Town Clerk urgently if they still have the keys".

This paper comes to you with the W.W. Guarantee of Satisfaction. If, however, you feel you have cause for complaint, return this copy to: Gustav, c/o Whispering Heights, 10 Offord Road Islington LONDON N.1. IDL... ..and we'll never speak to you again.

The Breakfast Serial

THE DIG AT POOH CORNER chapter two.  
(Dedicated to A.A.M. and E.H.S.)

Story so far: Winnie the Pooh has just composed a New Song to celebrate the unusual event of an archaeological excavation at Pooh Corner (where Eeyore lives) and has just sung it to his little friend. NOW READ ON.....



Piglet the Pig squeaked with delight as he'd been mentioned several times, and the rest of their journey was spent in arranging the opus for two voices, till at last Christopher Robin was treated to a definitive performance. "I see you've heard all about the the Ologists!" he laughed.

"Oh.." said Pooh, taken aback by the Long Word, "and about the Grown-ups funny hole too." Christopher Robin laughed again, and they all set off to see what they could see. Piglet insisted that they approached the field from the cover of the wood just in case the Ologists turned nasty, as you never know these ~~xx~~ days. So, from behind a large oak tree, right on the edge of the meadow, they surveyed the scene of the Grown-ups, their tents and the long shallow trench. "Look Pooh!" said Christopher Robin, "ther's the hole the're digging. They're looking for Romans you know." "Oh!" said Pooh, "that's nice..Are Roma~~ns~~s dangerous, I mean do they bite?" "I shouldnt think so, cos most of them are dead, which is why people have to look so hard for them. Under the ground is the best place to find them." replied his elder and better. During the course of this explanatory speech, Eeyore had spotted his friends and walked over to join them. "Pure carelessness that they lost them in the first place in my opinion" he grumbled by way of a greeting, "Not so much as a 'by your leave' or a 'would you mind terribly if'. Just walk straight in, make yourself at home, and its Au Revoir to me experimental Thistle Breeding plot." And off the highly agitated donkey went to lodge an official complaint.

"Excuse me," remarked Eeyore ~~xxx~~ casually to the grown-up who looked the most important, "How long have you been so positively anti-thistle?"

"Oh! I do beg your pardon" replied the learned gentleman a little startled to be addressed by a donkey in such a manner; "Anti-who?"

"Nothing really," shrugged Eeyore, "Just me being self-indulgent as usual; you'll be staying till well after Christmas presumably?" "Good Lord no!" chuckled the Professor; "I regret we only have the resources to donate three weeks to this site". "Now isn't that a shame" replied the other, brightening visibly, "I must tell my friends the sad tidings!" "Your friends, eh? Would you like to bring your friends down to the site? If they are willing, we could most certainly find them some work to do, should they feel iaclined to volunteer their services." "I shall consult them on that point, but I must warn you that they are not renowned for their industrious natures. However, that being said, I shall depart to the shadow of yonder spreading oak".

Which he promptly did, and finding his friends quite struck with the fearless manner in which he had confronted the Ologist singlehanded, he related the conversation with but modest embellishment.

"He wants us to help Him?" said Christopher Robin. "So he said: as you can see, there's plenty more thistles to destroy: I'd be only too pleased to assist myself, but it does go somewhat against the grain to destroy ones lifes work, so I'd rather just sit and watch if I may."

"Poor old Eeyore: we must tell them to leave your thistles alone! We cant let you starve!" So Christopher Robin, ignoring the Donkey's protests about being overweight anyway, took a Pooh Bear in his right hand and a Piglet in his left, and stormed over to set matters straight. Its quite difficult telling a Grown-up off, specially when its an Ologist and youre ~~xx~~ scared and dont want your ~~fx~~ friends to see, but Christopher Robin managed.

"Dear me, so we've been digging up your poor friends thistles, have we?" said the Professor, who quite understood. "Dont worry, we'll soon sort that out: we archaeologists are noted for our botanical leanings- why, only the other day, our London Unit won a First when they entered a spoil heap in the Chelsea Flower Show!"

.....MORE NEXT WEEK!!!