



the WEEKLY WHISPER



THE SUCCESS STORY

ISSUE: THE SIXTEENTH WEEK 31, FRIDAY AUGUST 2nd, MCMLXXIV, ADMISSION THREE.....

A SPECIAL REPORT by kind permission of The DAILY EXCESS

Three young people who literally have a lot of "drive" are pint-sized Andy Murphy (everyone agrees he's very helpful!), litre-sized Howard Murray (20), and 5 litre-sized Chrissie Milne (21). These go-ahead, dynamic youngsters were racing their souped-up Guildhall Formula One van around the Tower when they met our man on the spot, P.C. Wheeler. "Lots of people think driving our van is boring and technical" says cheerful Andy, who comes from somewhere up there, "But its just not true: its downright illegal!" Our Mr. E.354 was only too ready to agree, and, having cautioned Andy, charged him with driving a vehicle that was not properly maintained. "In our first one and a half hours of checking up, we found a bald tyre, a faulty clutch, no wing mirrors, a cracked indicator light and tyre pressures ranging from 14 to 40 pounds, some 15 faults in all!" said Howard to Mr. E.354, who became so carried away with youthful enthusiasm that Mr. C.404 saw fit to apologise for his comrades misconduct-"I have to put up with him 6 hours a day!" laughs he laughed. The Corporation, although refusing to send a dust cart as requested by the ever jovial Mr. Wheeler, eventually towed the rusting heap of Guildhall responsibility away, still with all our lovely finds more or less securely stored inside, leaving Andy with a future packed with thrills, fines and endorsements. "This is great!" said Andy: "It beats playing with my bike or watching tele any-day!"

GUYTON LE FOBBE!

No. 9



The BEDFORD BANNER , from our Foreign Correspondent

Caroline is doing fine in sunny Beds., revelling in pastoral solitude and Bronze Age ring ditches. She's most kindly sent us a song entitled "LOVE AMONG THE RUINS - A TRAGEDY IN FIVE VERSES" to the tune of 'Waltzing Matilda', which we are requested to sing out loud on the count of Three. Ready? One..Two..Three:

Once a jolly hobble came seeking his fortune
To London's City from Coventry
And he sang as he sige-saw and gazed upon the Triggurat,
"Who'll come a digging up London with me?"

CHORUS: "Digging up London, digging up London
Who'll come a digging up London with me?"
And he sang as he site-saw and gazed upon the Triggurat;
"Who'll come a digging up London with me?"

The call went out far and wide, the length and breadth of England,
And diggers came with alacrity,
But the hobble lost interest, and now alas no longer sang:
"Who'll come a digging up London with me?" CHORUS:-

For the hobble was smitten with love for Deidre Cattermole,
(Known as the Belle of Archaeology)
He would empty her buckets and propose behind the spoil heap,
"Will you come digging up London with me?" CHORUS:-

Alas! She was fickle, rejecting his advances,
"How can I live long without her?" cried he.
And his cry could be heard as he plunged into the flowing Thames:
"Who'll come a digging up London with me?" Chorus:-

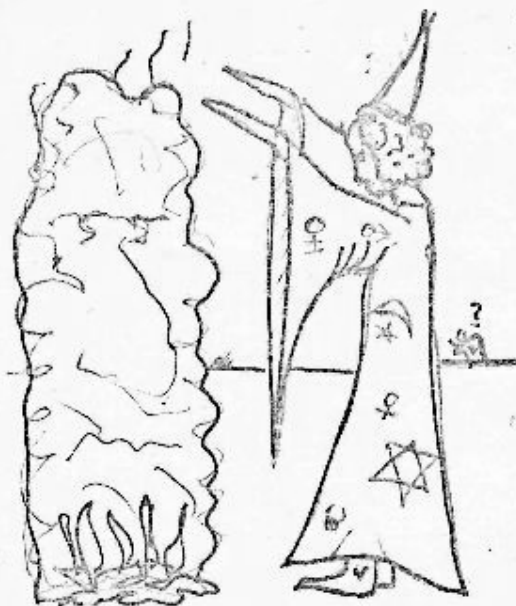
Filled with remorse, for she felt she'd caused his suicide
She said "In the grave we'll united be!"
Now their ghostly cries mingle with the river breezes;
"Who'll come a digging up London with me?" CHORUS:-

The LUBBETS WHISPER

London's wonderful Police force seem to find Hope Bros a most attractive place to raid (WW 14): they were at it again on Sunday following highly irregular activity by our diggers. Still, Graham held the Officers hand and showed him around, the latter finding everything in order and quite Esoteric unquote. Pint-sized Randy Iley, the proud owner of 6 CSEs, a medieval goats skull and an incredible Roman central Heating unit, was stopped by a policeman as a likely bush-ing suspect as he sported his guitar over his shoulder. "Its alright!" declared our hero: "I work at the Old Bailey." And again, later that same day, a constable with an acute sense of hearing saw fit to investigate the sound of trowels though the earlier noise of the compressor had escaped his attention... And what of the archaeology? Trenches have been extended (PLEASE take extra care when going below stairs, 'cos theres a big hole there): ditches have disappeared but bits of ragstone and mortar look promising and Bev thinks drilling is good for the male figure. John is doing well, the compressor is trying tow, and Ches is still waiting on the ~~the~~ Head Co.

The MERRIAD NUMBER

The dig for Old Coriniumians continues, and has been joined by Davy "Garbage" Jones and a summer holidaymaker Doug Pirrie. Poor Steve impressed a visiting Andrew Saunders by demonstrating how dangerous a 14lb sledge can be and has just returned after a relaxing week swathed in Bert's bandages, not too much the worse for wear. Knowledgeable gents, apart from confusing the site with Triggers- an easy enough mistake to make- see bits of Baynards, towers with windows and Roman walls in the trench which actually boasts a superb mid 19th. sewer. Monday morning saw the approach of two gentleman who said: "To be sure we'll shore your trench soir!", and Tuesday night a drunken debauch to wish Mr. Catling a fond farewell- he's working on his new novel- . Such was the success of the evening that light trowelling was all that could be managed the morning after. Some copper pipes went missing, but the find of the week was a very shapely Bna Stubbs (plus less shapely alsatian): all agreed the article was very datable.



Trig excavated, Seal House having become the Senior DHA site, Mr. Schofield celebrated this new estate by retiring to Caledonian climes; during whose absence Mr. Parnell was an able guide to parties from Her Majesties Government; Enissaries from the Baltick shores and a weekly journal for whom various carefully arranged mix pictorial prospects were staged. Headgear having been savaged, which caused her no little distress Mistress McLaren took ill of a tertian fever and was seen no more; Mr. Herbert was reprimanded by a Security Engineer, who by chance was journeying that way, for indulging in pyromania on the chthonic excretal mound. As when the Castalian Spring gushes forth on the slopes of Poarnassos swelled by winter snows, so did Paul pour forth upon the smoldering embers; wheret a colossal pillar of smoke rose heaven-ward, defying the elders ivral decree, which posits our zone to be smokeless.

Mr. Blurten's modest pen will not describe his aweful discovery of vulgate ceramics of Transpontine, nay Gallic manufacture, of thirteen centuries subsequent to the Holy Conception in the Virgin Womb. Here we terminate Miltonic prose. In seven times diurnal round- V.W. from Bloomsbury.

Yet another FINAL BRIGGERS WHISPER (You cant keep a good site down)

The Thameside Resort of Costa del Trig has been most popular of late, being patronised by the Royal Photographic Soc., Central Office of Information (for a film for our colonial brethren in the Americas), the L.B.C., brother David Harrison, the Fire Brigade, the Sunday Times Colour sup., Graunied, Telegraph, Times, Financial Times, Evening News and Standard, Daily Express, Yorkshire Evening Press and the Keithley News, not forgetting a very kind courtesy call from the wine and goodwill laden Luddites, on Friday. Twas on that very day that Jamie Warhol shot the DUA's first movie in his tea break, with a cast of several. To avoid disappointment, book your seat for the Premiere now!! The dig is lensing out as final sections are drawn by paddling draughtsmen such as Lady Faulklender and Jamie (We're just good friends) fight the unpumpable floods. Ros and Juliette have arrived but ~~are~~ ~~and~~ rumours of Amanda, Anthea and Jane leaving are rife. Mark took some pics from the Brigades Turttableladder on Saturday (Mr. Muir went up to 96') and John Maloney is to be warmly congratulated on landing the No. 2 job for TL 74 E., and Peter Ellis for giving the Gaurdian a Black Mark.

The MINIONS WHISPER

Alan Thompson has become the first tourist in Lybia for six years, leaving the Mins Miners to pursue a new Line of excavation slightly of the beaten Track. Still enough of Context 3, which proved to be modern, not to mention disturbed, Trench A has revealed a substantial wall 2 courses of faced stone high which could possibly be the Priory; trench B, a chalk wall running N-S on flint footings; in trench C (for Coldits) 2 features outside the edge of a pit and an E-W trench. The other WCP site is somewhat spoiled by a 45° revetment. Welcome to Roger- a teacher from up Norf-Geoff, Virginia, Jane, Peter and Judi, not forgetting that seasoned veteran and star of a recent Northern Echo, Charlotte Harding. Little Richard disappeared shortly after relating his wizard school wheezes. A big crane is on order, much to Andys delight; Barbie swept the hut out and Sal punched holes in poly bags. He also suffered a terrible accident while acting naturally behind the spoil heap one day: he was attacked by rubble shovled over the top by Des back-on-site-please-Woods. Sals roar of pain and abuse did wonders for the J.Job Co.'s vocabulary and he raised his staff upon the hill, demanding that the sinner repented and attend the Church of the Presumptious Assumption. Finds included a piece of DR.45, some Lézoux ware and a red face.

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The DVA Day School has been provisionally booked for Saturday, September 20th., and will deal with "Recent Developments in Recording Technics for Rescue Excavations."

If you normally work on a Saturday, by the way, you'll have to change to some other day for that week.

RECENT APPOINTMENTS:

A Unit Photographer (we'll tell you who the lucky person is next week) and:

Our new Environmentalist, George Willes Hello, good evening and welcome to you both!!

SMALL FRIENDS*****

*** Rick Rick Jones has begun his Monument Site with Steve-Gold Fever-Edson and Nick drilling out the top soil while Callaway waits for some finds to label. They enjoying themselves immensely even though they have no site hut -they borrow SH of an evening- for they have been blessed with some fine new equipment, including some tasteful white buckets and two splendid wheel barrows which (David Browne please note) were manufactured in Tai Wan...

*** The doorman at Gillet House once went on a dig with Sir Mortimer in Lybie, and there, on one morning alone, they discovered 10 whole amphorae, which was not bad really, cos they were all full of coins.

*** We regret that even ~~though~~ ^{though} the site information boards were placed on order the week after an editorial demanding them WH~~at~~, appeared in WW.4, our trenches our still naked, 12 weeks later.

*** Following Trig Lane's Press Release, the Sun Newspaper went on strike on Wed.

*** That well loved gun slinger Davy Jones has hit the field now has completed his Triangular paperwork, and will shortly be opening up a new site down Baynards way which could pick up the Roman docks there.

*** Andrew Saunders was very pleased with us!

*** Coming soon: visits by archaeologists from Poland and Hong Kong, and also a bridge, for which we can thank the Royal Engineers- just a little something to enuse the Trig Lanians.

*** Current Archaeologist Andrew Selkirk, commenting on the Unite press Exposure suggested that "something should be done on the blossoming Triggurat". Actually, many things have been done on it, but we're sure she'll never tell.

*** QUOTE OF THE WEEK from Jane (Sun worship) Eddy: "Wotsa difference between PeterKuire nipples and mine anyway?"

Your answers, on a postcard please, to the usual address.

THE BREAKFAST SERIAL
THE DIG AT POOH CORNER

chapter three

(Dedicated to A.A.M and E.H.S.)

STORY SO FAR: Archaeological deeds are being wrought at Pooh Corner, to the delight of the locals. All that is, except Eeyore whose private Thistle Patch has suffered somewhat. However, botanical surgery has saved the day. NOW READ ON.....



Amicable relations having been restored between the diggers and the inhabitants of 100 Acre Wood, the way was now open for Christopher Robin and his faithful friends to approach the diggers with a clear conscience and offers of assistance. Winnie the Pooh had been well briefed on what to expect.

"The object of an Ological Dig " pointed out his mentor to "is, as we all know, a Hole. Now, once you've got a Hole you can tell if there's been any Romans there. Mind you," added Christopher Robin sagely, "it takes a lot of practice. We Now the Romans were soldiers who did lots of Very Interesting Things, and they are specially famous for living a long long time ago, actually in the Olden Days." "Oh!" squeaked Piglet who had been doing his homework, "That means they had Dragons and Dinosaurs!"

"Quite- and Loch Ness Monsters too, I shouldn't wonder." "Yes, but what do they eat?" said an ever down to earth Pooh Bear who felt that breakfast had been a long time ago too. "Oh, everyone knows what Romans eat!" he replied Christopher Robin, who hadn't the faintest idea, "the usual sort of things such as er..." "Honey?" suggested Winnie

"Yes, and things like that such as er..." "Malt Extract?" volunteered Piglet, recalling Tiggers great affinity for it. "Naturally, Piglet- thats how they kept so healthy: who ever heard of a Roman with a cold?"

Piglet hadn't for one; Pooh hadn't for another, and Eeyore wasn't really listening anyway. So Pooh suggested that, as it was Getting On, they'd better stop for lunch and everyone thought that was a good idea, especially Winnie. It was also agreed that ~~thxxxxxxxndxxx~~ for the rest of the day they'd become Volunteers.

"Volunteers" explained Christopher Robin, "are very important people cos they do all the Voluntary Work. Today for example, the Professor told me we could do some Voluntary Pot washing." Piglet thought that sounded most impressive while Winnie was also eager to begin, as he hoped that Voluntary Pots would be similar to Honey Pots, the latter topic being one at which he could fairly claim to be an authority.

The afternoon passed pleasantly and instructively: Pooh and Piglet tackled the pottery and were diplomatically spared the animal bones which Christopher Robin scrubbed with zeal. They were joined by Owl, who had done some reading around the subject, and he proceeded to give them the benefit of his wider education.

"The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire ranks as one of the most enthralling episodes of Man's history." "hahahah."

"The Climb and Fall of the Roman Who-pire?" said Pooh. "...the lessons of which we do not appear to have read, learned, and inwardly digested!" "Oh dear," said Piglet feeling most put out, "I'm sorry!"

"So am I!" said Pooh, more as a gesture of solidarity for Piglet than as a statement of his ignorance, which, as usual Owl did his best to ignore.

"Having constructed the Seven Wonders of the World, which were, er, Stonehinge, Spaghetti Junction and four Pyramids.." "That makes only six!" interrupted Christopher Robin who was terribly good at sums.

"Just testing, just testing- there were of course only Six Wonders of the world in Roman Times. Well, as I was saying, having constructed the aforementioned Six Wonders of the World, the Romans were obviously exhausted, and while they were sleeping were attacked by a marauding band of Goths and Visi Goths.."

"Fizzy whats?" said Pooh. "...Who proceeded to sack the City of Rome"

It was Piglets turn to look puzzled, so he did and wanted to know how you went about sacking Rome. Owl, with a degree of patience that would have graced any first A.S.S., sighed, and explained that if you're sacked, you're fired, so if you say a town's sacked you mean that its set on fire too. Piglet was very grateful for ~~xxx~~ this information and ^{made} ~~undoubtedly~~ Understanding Noises to encourage Owl to continue, which he was just about to do anyway..... EVEN MORE NEXT WEEK.....