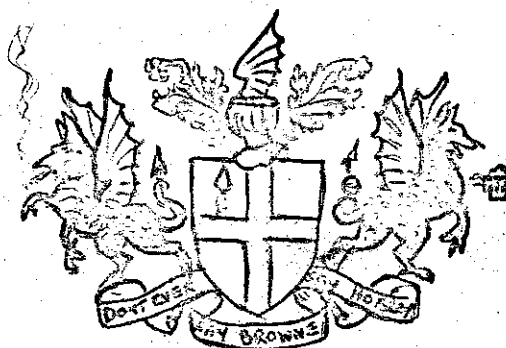




# Weekly Whisper



THE DIGESTS FRIENDS\*\*ESSAY\*THE\*SEVENTEENTH\*FOR\*NOVEMBER\*LOCAL\*NEW\*\*PAPER\*\*

## IN WHICH WE ANNOUNCE THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL PERIODICAL

LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND MIKE RHODES: may we both humbly and heartily crave your best attentions for the document on which your "piercing, soul-like eyes" (W.W. 12) now alight? Phirstly, let us set down a confessed apology for an unpublished past, and secondly, a statement of our future good intent: each month shall we strive to provide INFORMATION, COMMUNICATION, and JOLLIFICATION. The PHIRST shall be of news that needs to be known: the SECOND shall be of your questions, with HIS answers matched: the THIRD shall depend upon your just and judicious judgement: to be honoured by our gentle reader's pleased and pleasing patronage is honour surely satisfied most satisfactorily?

Since WW 16 in August, much spoil has been dumped on the heap of life: The two trenches in Upper Thames Street have ceased to vibrate with the merry tinkle of rock drills: the Harp plays no more: Aldgate has been restored to its former car park shape (Alan was presented with a bridge to put over his troubled water, not to mention the Spaghetti Hoops in sunny Soho): and, having satisfied the curiosity of the Thunday Times and contracted numerous diseases and a twisted tarsal, even Mr. Hill's Bargain Basement has ceased trading. Our ranks are much depleted: of the many Dear Departed, Martin has been Institutionalised, Margie went down Hambleton way Heather (38 Upper Eagle Street, Soton) had a nice one in the Channel Islands while Andy B. (203 Fullingdale Rd, Norton) is still returning for treatment. Frances is not only 703th. in line to the throne, but very partial to the world of Insurance and knows all about John (and we dont mean Schofield either, wack), while Steve Edson is emigrating to a delicatessen in New Zealand. He will be especially remembered for the woolly hat, jumper and wellies which he kindly donated to Seal House, where they can be viewed on written application to the CUA.

But now, your Warmest, if belated, welcomes please, for Leslie who met George the Thirst at Lincoln; Jane, who attended to Grave matters in Dorchester; Jackie, who we all know anyway, but doesnt she do a fair champion egg buttie; and Dave, who dwelt in a site hut in Cirencester, before probing our City's east and West gateways.

Welcome, then, dear reader old or new to the Establishment Whisper:  
God bless us all, Amen.

## MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE BARBICAN...

17/2

Our new Museum of London grows on apace, and will hopefully arrive by October 1975. Although little provision has been made therein for the DUA- the building was designed in the Dark Ages of pre-Unit London- the exhibition galleries themselves will be most impressive, with a strong emphasis (and rightly so) on life size reconstructions of everything from a Roman room interior- incorporating the Bucklesbury Pavement- to medieval timber houses and Selfridges lift. The galleries are arranged in a quadrangle ~~in a quadrangle~~ ~~so~~ so one may trace Londons history chronologically, easily and visually: it was interesting to note that structural provisions had been made to allow for views of the Romano-med City wall and bastions to be seen in situ from inside the appropriate galleries.

It is very much a living museum in that ALL aspects of human life and London's development will be displayed, and, in keeping with the excellent traditions of Ye Olde London Museum (Mary Quant et al) your visit does not end at the C19 or even the Second World War, but includes a Current History showcase also: thus a vivid and arresting continuity is provided.

Tune into future issues for more News of the Muse!!!!

## A SIGHT TO REMEMBER

Regular connoisseurs of Upper Thames Street will have noticed that since 1st. October, Trig Lane has been basking in the glories of Rescue's SITE HUT OF THE YEAR award, and is suitably adorned with David Stuarts impressively designed info boards, Marks scale model, Muir (Scaffolding to the Gentry) and Maloney's soundly constructed long house, and the much discussed Gay Bunting. Figures for daily attendance vary from 200 to 47, and trade on the bookstall was exceptionally brisk, with over £20 taken on a good day, not to mention the pesatas in the donations box or the quid for the piece of you-know-what. Asking price for Sorrel's aerial photo of 3rd. century Londinivm was a mere 2½p, while "Roman London" went for a giveaway price of 4 bob. Among the many impressed guests were Barry Jones and Doctor Dendro Fletcher, not to mention the Womens Institute, whose dawn swoop the tall chap with braces will never forget. The media have also taken note and a live LBC broadcast was indulged in by Chrissie Mark and John: Rescue's Official Guides did all an Official Guide should, and Pete Ellis and Pip Thompson also ran.

All in all a great success, although the gentleman who enquired about the ecclesiastical feature over there was disappointed to learn that it was but a C19th. drain.

STOP PRESS: TRIG DIGS ON: Chrissie, Jackie, John, Jane and Jamie will see the Triggurat rise again, sure as stack heels is stack heels.

## BONHILL BANTER

And what of Chateau Bonhille? We are reliably informed that Mike Rhodes is treating everybody, and Ann, who did not describe the Seal house leather collection as Wonderful or Odourless, would like to present her taxed till the end of last month mechanically propelled facsimilie of a Phord Anglia absolutely FREE OF CHARGE to anyone who can start it. An anonymous inhabitant of Tooting made reference to a novel way of spelling City Dig, which common decency prevented us from publishing, and a drinks cabinet was requested. Vanessa has now moved in to do St Milldews. Howard Pell has spent 6 weeks supervising, digging recording and writing up the Billingsgate Bath House site, with a little help from Wimpeys and a Hi-mac or two. So successful was he that the report has been accepted as the Units 12th. official excavation, not to mention the cheapest! Finds included well preserved organic debris for George, wax bearing writing tablets, glass flacons and much pot, some of which was stamped, one complete with writing exercise, and a favourite piece of Black Diddy Ware. Mr. Pell has now been offered the 70 yard matching brief 'neath Upper Thames St., a return to the bowels of Baynards, the site on which the aforementioned Mr. P. posed for the stirring photo currently being displayed on the first floor at Bonhill, in the absence of a dartboard.

Mr. Rhodes- whose taste in tank tops coincides with Mr. Chapmans- wishes to add his kind regards to the passions that Ann and Sue would like to send to their comrades in the field.

Apart from the usual collection of Heads of State, Photographers and CUA's, this month's meeting was graced by the grass-roots of Hilary Kent for Seal House and Gustav Milne for the W.W. (the first weekly magazine in the U.K. to be published monthly). A long session ensued, of which the following is a precis.

- i) As from the next meeting (Dec 2nd.) the Diggers will have elected one person as Liaison Officer to liaise between them and the CUA, and not one per site, as previously envisaged.
- ii) Gustav was enstated as the General Entertainments, News-sheet and Information Unit Secretary.
- iii) The Publication Program for May 31st. 1975 : The Roman Palace: St. Mildred's: Africa House, and hopefully, Seal House?
- iv) Date for Xmas hols are being checked with "priority".
- v) Paid time off to attend the Young Archaeologist's Conference in Cardiff on Dec. 18th. was NOT granted, although "modest provision" will "perhaps" be made next year.
- vi) Your Xmas Teach-in/party will be pre-16/12/74.
- vii) All your ideas on a Contract for next years staff will be appreciated as soon as possible: it is envisaged that a Contracted staff of Permanent diggers will work alongside Short-term Non-contracted diggers, as from April: there will be "no Americans on the permanent team" because of permit problems. The CUA and the Liaison Officer will attend the CEA meeting on "Pay and Conditions" on the 14th. November.
- viii) Diggers are requested to adhere rigidly to their working hours wherever possible: teabreaks will be taken on site and not in local cafes, so there.
- ix) Pam Clark's Archaeological Placement Service is to be utilised by the CUA. "We'll try it for a year; it may fold up anyway."
- x) Applications for the new Field Officer, who will deal with "pure academic and archaeological problems on site" must be in by the 10th. Nov; interviews commence 13th. Nov.
- xi) Bonhill's future is still uncertain, but their problems, especially that of Finds Reports delaying publication through lack of space and staff, is being constantly worked on.
- xii) No specific comment on the financial position was forthcoming but the CUA was optimistic: Costains had, for example, eased our burden by £600.
- xiii) No new staff has been taken on since 27th. September except for Anton Dufort, part-time Small Finds Artist.
- xiv) A statement on the strategy for 1975-6 would be made shortly.
- xv) It is more economical and practical to hire plant, rather than buy it, and the Corporation have nothing they are prepared to lend us.

"Before or After the Other Great Fire of London" by Prof. Greene-Allerte.

The weather on November 5th. was not only fine, but positively hot down Trig Lane way, as the 14'- sorry, 4.628 m. high bonfire evilly consumed the superbly stuffed effigies, not to mention the grinning face of the Sus Scrofa Vittatus. The undoubted success of the evening was the result of some fine co-operation: Howard sent the wood via Geo. Wimpey, Messrs Muir Maloney, Milne and Costains built the fire, Barbie lit it- it was still smouldering at 5p.m. the day after- Charlotte provided the toasting fawkes, Chrissie the saucepan, most everybody helped fill, dress, push or carry the guys, our beloved leader ~~xxxxx~~ selected the winner, and Mr. and Mrs. Harrison loaned us their spoil heap. Several ships were nearly sunk by rocket fire and cries of AA, EE, OO, greeted the Silver Showers and Tropical Storms. The crumpets, soup and spuds had that unmistakable "smokey bacon" flavour, and Richard and Paul played with their Hot Rods whilst Vampire Bats wove explosive tapestries over their heads. Everybody had a sparkling time, save for the gentleman who, we regret to inform our readers, misread the instructions, and lit an Aerial Bomb under the mistaken impression that it was "to be held in the teeth".

\*\*\*\*OLD NEW FRESHERS CORNER: Mr. Hodgkinson was last seen in Trondheim, explaining away a runic inscription that when translated read "Erian Made Me": Ami Dubois returned from Ireland and is off to the USA via Scunthorpe: Alison Graham is in Gordon Square, having been accepted for the first ever B.Sc. course in Conservation, for which herty congrats: John Faulkender and Amanda-with-the-fringe-on-top are both Cantabising, (as is Old Bonhillian Caroline, of W.W Song Book fame) : Martin O'Jordan is lecturing to the W.I. in Cheam (and very nice too) Charlotte is back at LSE, Islington Mick has returned from Canada to N.1, and Gerald has been seen. By an extraordinary coincidence which was amazing really, Pete "Insane" Taylor was finally sighted in the Tate. We're sure we can forward your best wishes to Cumbrias latest aquisition, not to mention all our other friends.

\*\*\*\*Margret Woods and Sue indulge in skating lessons every Wednesday at the Sobell Sports Centre, London N.4.

\*\*\*\*An unhealthy precedent was reported in the Guardian on 29/10/74: "The Lincoln Archaeological Trust is to stop ~~xxxxxxx~~ work on excavations in Lincoln this week because it has run out of money. Further aid has been refused by the Lincoln ~~CITY~~ Council, the Lincs County Council and the DoE".

\*\*\*\*Jamie is now at 77a Lansdowne Road W.11, 727 3159., should you fancy a private viewing of his home movie (WW 15) , while Graham "Cod fisher" Troillet is back in Ealing.

\*\*\*\*Ed Harris has been teaching the Unit the Matrix of the Trade.

\*\*\*\*The Polythene Scene at SEAL HOUSE grows more extensive, for John's Merry band has augmented by Congratulated Judi, Barbie (Who'd like to appear in the Loud Mayors Show), Lesley and Penny to name but a few. Richard discovered a Dr. Fitzscholl Spectacular, Toss a new use for the sump and Geoff the reliability of the Circle line, tho he and Derek ("Spoons" to his friends) have now moved to Putney and the Tower. Sal, who has a new face, is being drawn towards the Museum, Hilary is back from a 93 degree F Israel, Andy's little bag is always useful and George, whose mesh is under 300 microns, would like someone to sort his seeds for a couple of days a week in the Warm and Dry.

\*\*\*\*In a letter Dated 27/9/74 from the CUA to the Diggers, a "...budget for the year of approximately £35,000.." was alluded to, which, in the Sunday Times article of 3/11/74 had changed to "...a budget of some £100,000". Would it be premature to congratulate the CUA on raising £15,000 in only 37 days?

\*\*\*\*Scenes of unparelled Horror were enjoyed on a dark windswept Friday night in shady Shortlands, when vampires from Leeds, London and the Lunt fought over the cheese on sticks with Frankenstein's blood capsuling Monster, a witch or two, and sundry other revolting perverts, environmentalistsetc. Our sincere compliments to the chef and all who helped make the 2 1/4 hour train journey so worthwhile: fang you very much.

\*\*\*\*The cheapest draught beer in town , @ 15p per pint, lives in the Coach n' Horses in Clapham Road, and Duane should know.

\*\*\*\*If you like a laugh, try "the London that was Rome" a book by a certain M. Harrison, and while were on the subject of famous people, Audrey's Pentry, the well known supplier of Piechipsbeans to hungry diggers, has a most interesting picture on the wall entitled "Crazy Dream" by one H. Chapman.

\*\*\*\*Sorry to hear of recent illnesses suffered by Bill Rector, Pam Brodie and others.

\*\*\*\*Monday 4th. Nov. saw the publication of Peter Marsdens latest Opus, "The Wreck of the Amsterdam" anx CL3th. treasure ship that got lost in Sussex. And while youre in Dillions, try the Book of Kells, Thames & Hudson, £25.

\*\*\*\*Charles Hill starts work for the GPO in Jan for 6 months, and, with any luck ie.money, in April, Billingsgate may come under the trowel again.

\*\*\*\*Why did Parlo revive the joke "Fix me an alligator sandwich, and make it snappy?"

\*\*\*\*Trevor Hurst talks a lot about photography, but in his quieter moments hums portions of Beethovens Fifth, and a catchy selection of popular songs reliably dated to the early '50s, while that well known parent Peter Ellis is at present preparing Trigs pix for publication. We are pleased to report that Daniel is looking after Fions very well, and all are installed in the greener pastures of Brixton upon Sea.

\*\*\*\*Penelope much enjoyed her trip to Wessex, and while we're on the subject w of Wiltshire, wot happened to Sue, last seen imitating a chicken in the Mins site hut?

\*\*\*\*Following his experiences with the DUA, Alex joined the Children of God.

\*\*\*\*TOP OF THE POPS: "Browne Sugar" has ~~been~~ slipped out of the charts, and "Hobley Tonk Women" is now Number One again, followed by Dionne Wemrac with "My Guy" while the NUMBER Three position is held by the Mashed Chairs of Seal House singing "Reindrops Keep Falling On My Head", followed by Mud.

## no. 4: SIC ITUR AD ASTRA

Tina Boppa was just wondering what to have for breakfast when her train of thought was shattered by a loud attack on the door knocker. On opening the front door, she was confronted by the smiling face of the friendly neighbourhood postman. "Oh its you, Mene Lettus," exclaimed Tina; "Do you have to make such a noise? I was half expecting a marauding band of Visigoths".

"Sorry pardon, I'm sure, but I has such good news, I has!" returned the jovial fellow unrepentantly: "Is the Master in?"

"He's in the frigidarium if you must know: can I take a message?"

"Oh well, I cant wait to tell him- he's got a memo tablet from Hoblian himself!"

"Not again! What does the Governor wants this time: a tax demand or a redundancy notice?" "Not neither m'dear: didn't you hear I say that it were good news? Our Terrys pottery has been selected by his greatness as the Kiln Of The Year: its to be opened to the general plebians next month for Imperial Pottery Week!" "There goes me fortnight in Herculaneum! Thanks anyway," replied Tina gratefully, "I'll pass on the glad tidings."

She mentioned it to Terry casually over breakfast. "Imperial Pottery Week?" he gasped incredulously, spilling his Kellox Einkorn Flakes all over the op. sig:

"Where on earth will we get gay bunting this time of year?"

"Alright, alright" shrugged Tina passively; "Don't get your subligaria in a twist; here, have a drink." Mr. Sigillata poured himself a generous '33 full, and felt much better for it. A moments careful ponder later, he decided that the display and advertising material was best left to Joli Postus, who was terribly good at that kind of thing, and Marcus from Eboracum would no doubt oblige with a scale model for demonstration purposes.

"In truth" declared the potter with ever increasing enthusiasm, "This shall be the finest show on earth! People will flock to Beatrix from every edge of the known world: our name shall be writ in the annals of history in letters six Roman feet high. Shall we not be well remembered?"

"Yes dear" agreed Tina, "Of course we will- pass the hot milk please."

All was hustle and bustle for the next few weeks, but somehow everything was ready in time for the Big Day. Adverts had been placed in all the Imperial newspapers from the Tempus to the Solus, and every town and vicus for miles around had been plastered with papyrus sheets declaring the delights of Open Week at the popular pottery. Topping the bill was the grand opening ceremony to be performed by the Governor Hoblian in person. A stage had been hastily erected in the forecourt, with the kilns on one side and a souvenir stall on the other. The financial success of the latter was assured as Tina Boppa sat behind the desk displaying her wares, clad in one of her famous leather bikinis, which she'd purchased on her recent visit to Londinium. The interested onlooker was confronted with a spectacular range of articles, including attractive "I'm Potty About Beatrix" brooches and some very fetching togas bearing the legend "We're Into Pot".

The long awaited Saturday morning dawned hot and sunny, and by 10 o' clock the taverns were doing a roaring trade; people were pouring into the tiny town from all sides. 'Gaulish Transport' had laid on special chariots and the ferry boat which plied the River Allier, H.M.S. Blackfriars, was attempting 3 or 4 extra trips per hour. Her trusty skipper Mars Donniss had never known anything like it: the money he'd make during the next week would go a long way towards realising his dream of building a complete fleet of his own.

And what a cheer went up into the summer afternoon sunshine when His High and Mighty Omnipotence rode through the festive throng swathed in yellow, seated upon his beautiful black charger called Muffin. An expectant hush fell over the assembled multitudes as their leader mounted the rostrum and turned to address them. His speech was punctuated with loyal cheers which reached an astonishing crescendo when he called upon the Olympic Gold Medallist, Victor Laudorum, to do the right thing. The bronzed athlete stepped forward and said: "I declare these kilns well and truly open, and may the Gods bless all who pot in her". Then, with a precise stroke of his gladius he sliced the ribbon that hung across the doorway, and the crowd surged forward, applauding wildly.

That the ensuing week was a mammoth success was only to be expected: orders for DR 30's flowed thick and fast and everyone drank non-stop for seven days. "The Gods have smiled upon us" beamed Terry to his pretty wife the morning after. "We've made ourselves a denarius or two and no mistake. Did I not prophesy fame and fortune for our native town? Did I not say that this week would mark the threshold of a new and increasingly successful unit? Did I not...." "Yes dear, of course you did," interrupted Tina, still dreaming about Mr. Laudorum, "Now sit down and finish off your grapes."