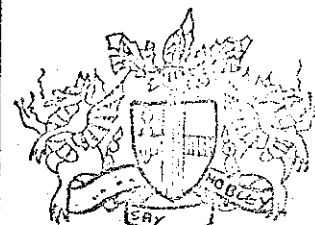




THE WEEKLY WHISPER



" THE DIGGERS FRIEND "

ISSUE: the sixth

MAY 24th. MCMLXXIV

price: 1+d

ON OUR RECENT INCREASE

We are pleased to report that our readership is growing at a rate which is as welcomed as it is widespread: copies have recently been read in such places as Aberdeen (Alison sends us all her love) and we hope to include contributions from the impending sea-cruises of such W.W. All-Stars as Charles Hill and John Harmer. Mr. Peter Ellis has also made some excellent arrangements to increase our readership, : we are more than overjoyed to announce that he has gone forth and multiplied- with, we are led to believe, a little help from Fiona. Warmest congratulations to all three of you!!! Our newest reader is a boy, just as Graham predicted, and answers we hear to the name of Benjamin, and NOT Mortimer, as previously reported. A requisition form for 1/4 sized Mus. Lon. yellows and W.Bs is being prepared, and Mr. Ellis Jnr. will start work at Trig Lane on Thursday week, at the usual A.S.S. rates.

Our reading this morning was submitted by the Very Reverend Des-confession-is-good-for-the-soul-but-Guinness-is-better-Woods, and is taken from the Gospel according to St. Botolph:

Psalm of the City

The Unit is my guardian; I shall not back sites.
 It maketh me to dig down in deep holes;
 It taketh me to flooded trenches;
 It straightens out my section.
 It leadeth me to sherds of pottery for Archaeology's sake.
 Yea, though I work in a trench which is wet and muddy,
 I shall fear no loss of finds:
 For my trowel is with me, my pick and shovel they comfort me.
 Thou preparest a spoil-heap for moving in the presence of a J.C.B.
 Thou pourest Thames water upon me; my finds tray runneth over.
 Surely coin hoards and Mike Rhodes shall follow me all the days of the excavation
 and I shall dig in the ranks of the Unit forever.

AMEN

EVENTS	EVENTS	EVENTS	EVENTS	EVENTS	EVENTS
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FRIDAY 24th: Justbtime for a quick 'Skinners'.to celebrate the population increase, before Charles Hill entertains us with his illustrated & informal lecture at the Institute, Gordon Sq., at about 7.30. Please check for finalised room details etc. though.

SATURDAY 25th: Institute again; this times its for that Union meeting youre all going to. Get the facts straight from a soldier, so to speak.

WEDNESDAY 29th: Football training- Regent's Park of course.

FRIDAY 31st: Friday Night is Diggers Night again! Hopefully a party somewhere nice and alcoholic.

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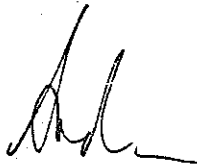
13th May 1974.

Brian Hobley,
55 Basinghall St, EC 2.

Dear Brian,

The Weekley Whisper is splendid. Do reserve a copy for me if possible.

Yours ever,



Brain Hobley has kindly allowed us to print the above: we are always gratified to learn that our W.W. is being enjoyed, and with the continued support of your articles, ideas, information, time and encouragement, we humbly hope to perpetuate your pleasure. P.S. We think Current Arch is splendid too!!

Barbara Scamel, who would like to be known as BARBIE, should be complimented on many things, and especially for the sterling P.R. work she does for the W.W. Such is her power that she may be quoted as saying that not only could she cut my circulation by half, but she could also cut the circulation of our beloved periodical by 50%.

Although full and final details are not to hand as yet, we are working on a report that the new improved D.U.A. offices will live in a block near the Mint. Even more exciting is the rumour that there are flats and a possible hostel associated with the building, but don't start counting too many chickens; we'll tell you mre just as soon as they hatch.

Big Question at the Museum this week was of course: what was that nasty smell coming from Wendy's room? Your answers, on a postcard please, to the usual address

Miss Diana, Mr. Browne and Mr. Rhodes are all being inducted this week.

We wish to state that there can be no possible connection between a recent editorial (W.W.5) demanding site information boards, and requisition forms ordering the same, spotted doing the rounds.

Whit Monday, at time of going to press, is a holiday for all Musuem staff, but NOT for diggers.

BOOK OF THE WEEK:

BALLISTA BOLTS

by Ivor Bigun

The Lecture coming shortly is on the subject of Cess Pits given by I.M. Smelly
Commenting will be the Right Hon. O.U. Stink.

The CITY OF LONDON ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY WHISPER

I have been invited by Des Woods to write something about C.O.L.A.S. for The W.W. How could I refuse, when Des had gone to the trouble of engaging me in a half-nelson ?

Where do I begin ?

C.O.L.A.S. grew out of the City of London Excavation Group, which was set up in 1964. Since that time we have dug our way through Huggin Hill, Billingsgate, St. Michael Bassishaw and Milk Street, to name but three excavations - four excavations.

Our membership comprises all walks of life, tramdrivers, shepherds, sagger-maker's-bottom-knockers, grannies and other alcoholics. Six times per year we issue a Newsletter, which keeps members informed of current archaeological events. Previous issues have included such subjects as the studies of bones in archaeology and pottery types. Future editions will hopefully include place names origins, City churches, black leather underwear fettishism, etc.,etc.

In addition (yes, there's more) the Society is at present engaged on a D.M.V. site at Netherton, near Andover, where archaeology is combined with the pleasures of camping and sheep-frightening.

With the establishment of the D.U.A. we hope to see City Archaeology go from strength to strength and a D.U.A.- C.O.L.A.S. partnership grow into something beautiful.

Bill Brown

Vice-Chairman, C.O.L.A.S.

(to whom enquiries/alms should be addressed).

Another NEW FEATURE***

Introducing, with the greatest of pleasure:

The SH (YOU KNOW WHERE) WHISPER

And in case you don't, our newest site is just west of London Bridge (the modern one) abutting the elegant edifice which delights in the appellation of Seal House. The wonderful things that will come to pass there, will do so 'neath the laughing eyes of Mr. John Edinburgh Schofield, ably assisted by about seven others whom we are obliged to leave un-introduced until the next issue as sudden personell changes seconds before we went to press render the accurate compilation of the diggers register impossible. We do recall however, that Stirling Woods was driving the dumper truck and teaching Paul the noble art thereof; that Alan was digging a hole to keep his wheel-barrows in, and that Miss Karen, who came from Chicago a long time ago, looked very fetching in blue.

The area to be explored academically for a comfortable couple of months, lies under a 26 x 3m cap of concrete, which is being removed to the delight of all noise and pollution lovers and the chagrin of the T2B.O.T. Offices, who, we understand, would rather pursue their TBOTing in peace. The spoil is dumped next to the loo, and, incidentally, SH have the distinction of being the quote only site to have running water in the gents unquote. In keeping with the times, the site is fully mechanised, boasting not only of a compressor, drills, dumper truck and portable site-hut, but also of a crane whose hook is just small enough NOT to fit over the skip handle, thereby saving on fuel, wear and tear etc. for the aforementioned crane.

The purpose of the dig is, apparently, to establish the non-existence of saxon and medieval occupation on the site, and finds include the skull of a cat and the skelly of a mouse (Tomo Geriatrics), a semi-detached drain, a Czechoslovakian tea set and a joke about Irishmen.

The TRIGGERS WHISPER.

The Triglodites are doing fine, and even though their numbers are dwindling, they are still three-tons-a-day people. And with the old firm of Mark, Steve, Richard Pete n' Peter, Margie and Amanda still in residence, we are not surprised. Able support is provided by John Maloney, Andrew Murphy, Graham Cadman and Francis (Wandsworth Hysterical Soc.) McLaren. The sights to go and see include Pre-Cl5th. water fronts and a spoil heap of Babylonian proportions, designed by Messers P. Muir and Troilett Manufacturers of fine Ziggurats since 2000 B.C., utilising some corrugated that fell of the back of a bath house. There is no substance in the wicked rumours that the site was flooded by Old Father Thames in the face of Mr. Harrison's Cnut-like safety precautions. We will concede that the pump may have had a relapse, however but Mr. Murphy ~~X~~ who majored in Diesel Engineering lost little time in laying his healing hands upon the infernal machine.

The other big news story is of course the Patter of Tiny Ellis', to which we have already alluded: we are confident that additional good wishes would not be amiss., however. Nice one Fiona!!

The TRIANGULAR WHISPER.

It was, you may say, an eventful week down Lower Thames Street. Last Thursday for example, was spent in the company of the friendly television people, who came all the way from where they came from to film our antique oyster shells and Mr. Taylor's right arm indicating the present level of a C20th. pavement, which we admit makes a welcome change from sex violence and sport. So fans, tune in sometime in the middle of February to see a documentary on Billingsgate featuring the kind permission of the D.U.A.

Monday and Tuesday were spent cleaning the site for a camera that never arrived - Thank God for Ian Nichols, who leapt bravely into the breach with nought but his paters praktika, and performed with the lens-cap off most of the time.

Wednesday began with the discovery of a break-in, the previous night. The window pane had been removed from the side of our site hutch, and chaos reigned inside. The thief- or thieves- had carefully removed 35 of our choice small finds - about one third of our hard earned total, including a first century flask which was almost complete, ten stamped samian bases, leather shoes, a brass ring and some ear scoops. Our 'ordinary' finds were disarrayed but on the whole undamaged unlike Andy's bike, which was vandalised. All other sites be warned- lock up your daughters etc. Dave T. and Andy stopped a passing constable at 9.00 hours who condescended to pass the message on, but wouldn't investigate himself: at 10.00 hours the law was phoned, to no avail, and finally at 15.00 hours we tried again. Such is the staff shortage suffered by the boys in blue, that they couldn't even rustle up a traffic warden ~~x~~ to come and see us. We'll try again tomorrow, though we suspect the guilty party will have left the area by then, if not the country.

Our depression was hardly raised by the arrival of the shoring brigade, but our spirits did eventually soar with the arrival of five girls from Walworth School who washed our pots and things. Charles was very upset though, as not one of them laid a finger on him, and Davy Jones showed them the Roman Garbage Layers.

~~Mx~~ Mr. Hill was off the other day, suffering from would you believe, a quick dose of cholera, small-pox and typhoid, a pre-cruise present from his local G.P. (And talking about injections, you have all had your tetanus jabs, haven't you?)

****The Serious Phootball Whisper. The practice on wednesday between Miss Tallmans team and Miss Scamel's was very interesting: such was the high standard of D.U.A. dribbling, that Southwark have pulled out of their fixture, which means that your fave ravr team is through to the second round already, and will play York on neutral ground at Euston Station in about a fortnight's time. The team will be selected from the following: Mark Harrison; David Browne; John Maloney; Gustav; Peter Ellis; John Allan; John Schofield; Graham T.; Dave T.; Des and Charles. Twelfth Man will be Andy, Benjamin, Margie and Babbara. Amanda was volunteered to do the Teas and Sympathy, the magic sponge will be administered by Miss Scamel (what a funny place to twist your ankle), and tactics by Peter Ellis who knows about these things. And Mark says he's captain so there.

****Virginia, Bonhill St's newest recruit, will be featured as a pin-up in a future issue of the "London Archaeologist", the diggers answer to 'Playboy'.

****Crampped conditions on a site noted for it's three sides spawned the following comment which dropped pearl like from the lips of an anonymous digger: "We're working cheek by trowel.."

****Amanda hath returned, full of tales of her recent exploits over the sea in the Emerald Isle. During her 10 day stay, we hear that she was sorley bitten by gnats drowned, lynched and the rest of the time was passed in hunting mink, all of which sounds furry interesting.

****A Wroxeter Whisper: Two old ladies looking down on the impressive structures being revealed before their very eyes: "Well,well! I never knew the Romans lived underground..."

****Should a digger need a room just for July, why not see Charlotte Harding at 76, St. Paul's Street, Islington N.1. Phone 01-226-2386. today!!

****We hear that Mark and Peter M. were tortured, terrified and tormented beyond measure last friday. With a courage that's all too rare in these dark and BW dwindling days of Empire, they valliantly cowered their way thro' most of "Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell", the celluloid shocker that almost took Camden Town by storm.

****Martin O'C.: gone but not forgotten. No, wasn't it Graham O'C.?

****Not for the first time our switchboard has been jammed by rumours circulated about a certain young lady's armaments. We wonder how proper it is to reveal that we write concerning Miss Hilary and her ever-present carving Knife, but feel obliged to bow to public pressure. Although we all agree that the latter article is itself too horendous for words, we admit absolute stupefication when considering the notches evily engraved upon that hideous hilt...

****Graham T. would like his name standardized as Troilett, if you dont mind.

****Here is a joke sent in by SH you know who...

A. How do you tell the age of a Trigger Digger?

B. I don't know; how do you tell the etc etc?

A. Cut his head off and count the rings!!! ???

***Ivan & Dave (not to mention Steve) have promised us an article on 'Les Memoi-ries d'un Archaeologiste' which roughly translated means: We're going to Lezoux zoux, zoux, How about you, you you.

****With reference to a short story last week (Grimes Fairy Tales W.W.5) a ~~xxxx~~ certain young gent would like it known that he dosent scrub all the decoration of pottery and wall plaster, and has given up dubious mags. for the Farmers Weekly.

****We do hope our creative Bonhillians will perform their didactic ditty live for us soon. Theyre arranging a trip to see the how DBoyle Carte sing Carolyn's number So anybody hoping to join them should hurry. They also won the poetry competition by the way, withthe following gem, for which much applause:

THERE WAS A YOUNG DIGGER FROM STREATHAM

WHO DUG UP OLD TIMBERS AND ATE 'EM

A BUCKET A DAY

MAY KEEP DOCTRS AWAY

BUT THE WOODWORM WILL CERTAINLY

SWINGING LONDINIUMchapter one.....

Our story begins in Rome, in the drawing room of Tiber Towers, which was, as you will recall, the stately home of His Amazing Grace, the Very Important Emperor Vespasian, who was getting on. His wife Gloria Vespasian had just informed him that a gentleman by the name of Disgustus had just arrived. Apparently he was the sales manager of General Pottery Inc., the consortium to whom His Highness had sent a very angry letter only the other day. "Disgustus?" queried the Great Man, "Now that name rings a bell...no, can't place him though...Oh well, if he's from General Patters, you'd better show him in I suppose". Which is precisely what Mrs. V. did. They were only halfway through the bowing and handshaking bit when it clicked: "Disgustus!! Of course! Never forget a face...Goddam me Delphic Oracle! Sit down my boy, sit down! Gloria, open a new packet of custard creams, and lets have some wine to celebrate....Disgustus served with me in the Second Legion! Those were the days, eh what?I say, do you remember when we were in Albion?"

"How could I forget it, Sir?"

"What glorious days they were to be sure-

Maiden Castle! What a scrap that was! " "I should say so..plucky bunch those

Celts!" "I don't mind telling you, Disgustus, I admired the old Dvrotiges:

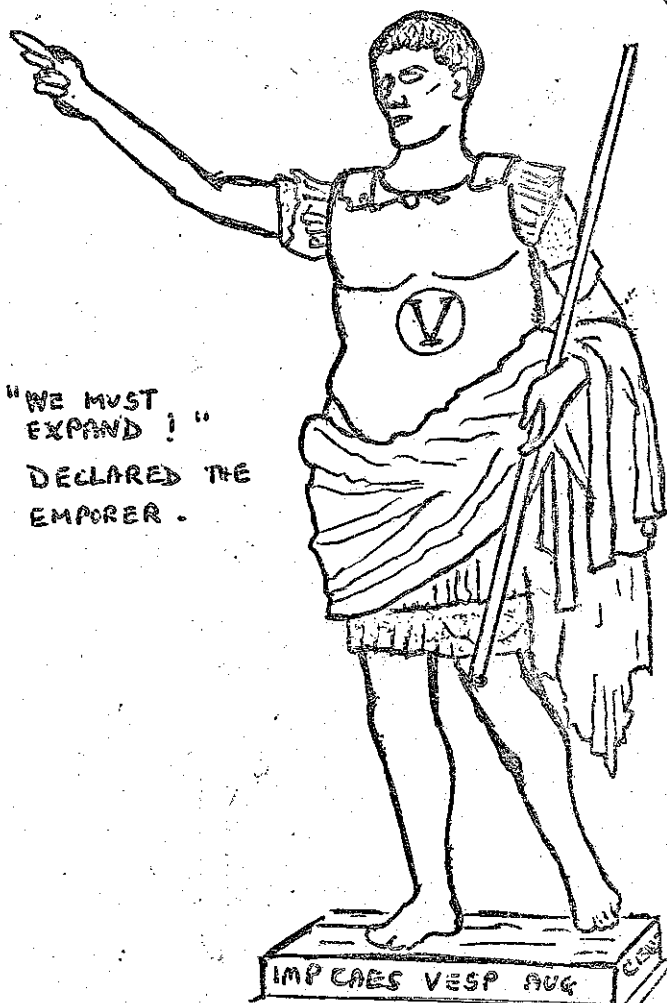
gave us a jolly good run for our money and no mistake!" "Hod Hill..."

"...Hambleton..." Gloria reappeared at this point with the biscuits and the wine, a large flask of V.P., which stood for 'Vespasians Phavourite'.

"I don't mean to interupt you old soldiers" she said, interuptting the old soldiers, "but could you possibly discuss business first. After all, there is a Second Legion Reunion on the 23rd., and you have got 114 crucifixions to authorise this morning." The General, realising that Wednesday mornings were always a busy time for Emperors, shrugged his shoulders and proceeded to discuss business. The trouble was that G.P.s sales figures for last year had not quite matched up to their forecast, which had upset one or two shareholders a little, and 48% owning Vespasian a lot.

"We must expand!" declared the latter, "Reach for new markets! Try a backward, out-of-the-way place like Albion.It's in these developing countries that our biggest market lies!" "Undoutbedly !!" replied the other, capturing his old general's enthusiasm: "I'll take a market research team to Londinium....I'm convinced they'll go overboard for our Central Gaulish Ware! Now let me see; I'll need a real expert, someone who knows the trade, is a highly skilled potter himself, and can speak the lingo.."

"Disgustus, I know the very man- observe yonder superlative DR 30: 'twas thrown on the wheel of the greatest pottery in all Gaul.." Disgustus, who stood transfixed staring at the pot, stuttered: "But..but..that surely came from KX B-Beatrix -you can't mean that.." "I do," smiled Vespasian, "I do: the improbable Terry Sigillata shall accompany you to Londinium!!"



"WE MUST
EXPAND !"
DECLARED THE
EMPEROR .