

THE STATE OF THE UNION

On Saturday May 25th., the Institute of Archaeology was the scene of a meeting to discuss the possibilities of forming a Union, in the presence of Mr. Miller of ASTMS, Mike Rhodes, who we know well, Mr. Clear who represented the CBA until he walked out, 'an observer from the DoE' Mr. Hurst in person, not to mention a fine cross-section of diggers. Nothing irrevocable was decided, as it was more of a discussion session than a policy-making occasion. However, the main achievement was the formation of a committee to sound out digger opinion, and report back in six months time. It consisted of:- chairman Tony Sumner (York); sec Pam Clarke (DoE); Howard Pell (Lon); John Lucas (Leicester); Anne Hayes (Durham); John Schofield (Edinburgh?); John Walker & Mark Brisbane (Soton); and Mike Rhodes was co-opted.

At their first meeting, future areas of discussion were hammered out and a list of 8 characteristics required by a Archaeological Union, (Non-political, mobility of it's members, etc etc.) which will be published in the minutes. The next meeting is on June 8th.

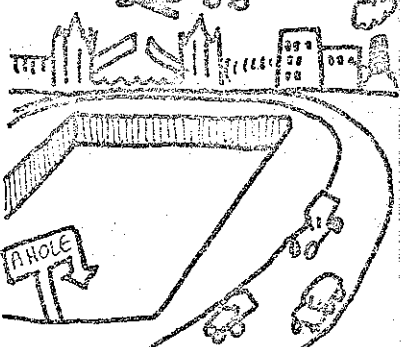
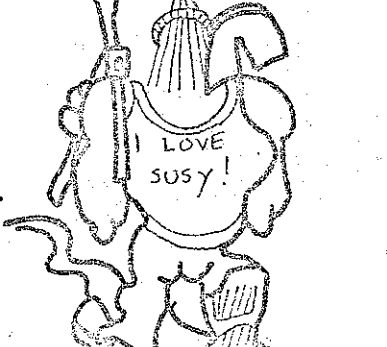
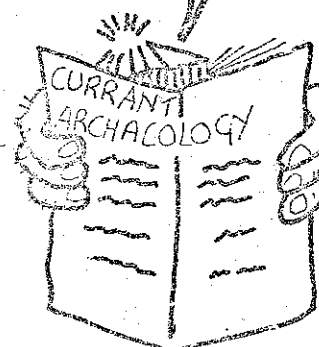
~ GASTON - le - JOBBE ~

I DIG THIS MAN!

AND THINK OF THE BREAD

AND SO OUR HERO SETS OFF.....

AND REACHES LONDON

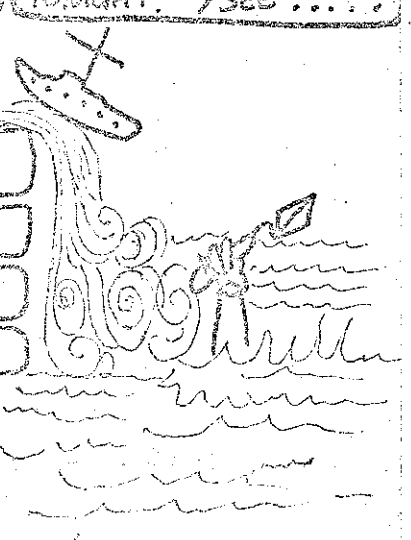
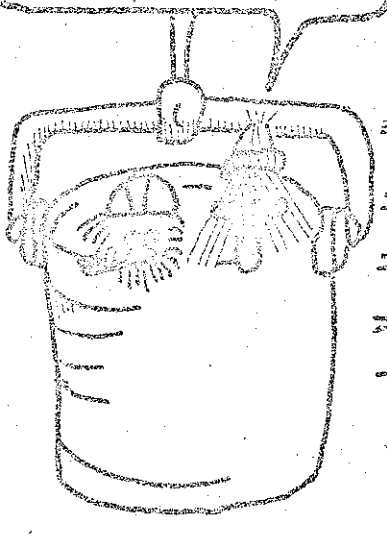


WELCOME MR JOBBE THIS IS MEDIEVAL WRAPPING.

THIS IS MY TEAM!

BUT WHY DO YOU ALWAYS SIT UP HERE?

TIDES A BIT HIGH TONIGHT. Y'SEE.....



the DUA DRIBBELES

THE BAD FOOD GUIDE

Nowhere nearer the GM can one find a more mundane nondescript place than the Pluff Pub: here in the warm intimate atmosphere of the podiums local, one easily appreciates the meaning of grotty grub. Most eye-catching are the waterlogged timber structures resting on a heap of exorbitantly priced potatoes, patiently waiting to be gobbled up by the Guildhall Gourmets. But the creme de la creme must be the shepards (you need a spoon) pie. Talentedly burnt to a crust, these-worth-every-penny-of-the-rip-off-mixtures of edible starch, wheat flour, caramel, dried yeast, monosodium glutamate, hydrolised protien, lactose, carbon tetrachloride, flavouring and of course colouring, show just what you can get for uhdre ten pounds. Indeed a meal to remember- the constant tearing to the loo dosent allow you to forget. We must mention the dramatically dried sandwiches, which when sectioned reveal traces of possible cheese or tomatoe lensing- they not only finish off the meal, but the consumer as well.

Howard Hughes found the price of drinks reasonable, and we found the barmaid eventually.

Your Friday Night Viewing on BBC 2:

Live from the Refreshment Rooms, Bletchley:  
"COME BOATING" with your compere, Peter Marsden.

For the next competition run by the W.W., Mr. Brian Hobley (43) has kindly offered to donate a first prize of one credit hour.

The big question this week is what does our zebra with jaundice want with a pair of gynaecological gloves?!!

The CUA gave a fine lecture last Thursday on the Lunt Front, but alas it was not advertised in the W.W. The result was that only eight faithfuls turned up, and half of them came from the Shadwell site. Still, he's promised to run a repeat performance (with a projector next time) date and venue to be arranged.

I thay, ~~is~~ d'you know, that according to Mithter Browne, Homer's brother was called Thexual?

Congrats .to Master Ellis for providing us with the Play OF The Week:

PETER THE GREAT part two.

Although the ~~maxx~~ ~~xxx~~ full details of the story have as yet ESCAPED us, we have not been BARRED from conspiring with person or persons unknown to reveal the following:

Mr. Hobley has admitted he has a strong affection for Her Majest-ies Pleasurable Detainees, although he can be quoted as never having ~~xx~~ been inside himself, and so their is the distinct possibility that some genuine prisoners may be spending theire TIME on your sites, folks! We'll bring you more news as it BREAKS OUT.....

B.S.

OBITUARY

As widely reported in yesterdays National Press, Mr. Michael Rhodes has died at the early age of 26. He had been ill for some time.

Michael Rhodes will doubtless be remembered as a man of outstanding initiative and foresight. His short and eventful life began in 1948 in the terraced houses of Yorkshires mining belt. His genius first showed at the age of three, when he redesigned the Davy Safety Lamp.

At the age of five, his musical abilities were realised, and his 1956 European Tour culminated in a Royal Command Performance at the Albert Hall. That was also the year in which he won four gold Medals at the Melbourne Olympics, in the Pentathlon and Formation Dancing events. But he concentrated on his musical career, and in 1958 received the first of his twelve gold discs for his version of "Singing in the Rain" which sold 17,000,000 copies.

His first book was published in 1960, when Rhodes was twelve, and was a seven-volume biography of Napoleon. By the end of that year, he had written 15 novels, two operas and scored 17 goals as an England International. But two years later, a broken leg prevented him captaining the England World Cup Team, but in no way hindered his Wimbledon performance, in which he won the Men's and Women's singles.

In 1965, he began ~~in~~ a career as a neurologist and carried out the first brain transplant the same year. Shortly after, his interest in Archaeology arose, and he completely excavated a seven acre Roman Town over Christmas 1969, and published it in the Spring following, only weeks after his attempted Atlantic swim, which he abandoned after hitting an iceberg only miles from the Newfoundland coast.

His chronic alcoholism and depression began when he failed to win his third Nobel Prize in 1971, and he appointed himself to the Guildhall Museum when his term as Lord Mayor finished in 1972. He never completely recovered from the fever contracted in the Amazon the following year, when he found a previously unknown tribe. He retired aged 25 to a geriatrics home near Finsbury Square, where his fame died with him.

And Now, Another Super Song:

THERE IS A HOBLEY IN THE TOWN

There is a Hobley in the town- in the town,  
And now there's also David Browne- David Browne;  
Computer codes they both enjoy  
To vex the people they employ.  
New Fresh Wharf, Triangle also,  
Custom House, Trig Lane must all go  
They have all been given codings- are there more to come?  
Goodbye St. Paul's (two four nine three- two four nine three)  
Computercodings are for me- are for me;  
What better way of saying "Billingsgate"  
Than E.C.I. stroke two six eight- two six eight?

EVENTS    EVENTS    EVENTS    EVENTS    EVENTS    EVENTS    EVENTS

The SKINNERS this FRIDAY for Pam's Happy Birthday

In a mere 6 weeks, (W.W.12) Mrs. Steve Edson will be producing another digger for us. We're very grateful, and wish you all the very best.

I may not subscribe to fantasy, nor quite believe in fate,  
But here's a tale I once heard tell down by my garden gate.

Once upon a dead of night while all good diggers slept,  
Three Phantom Archaeologists out of thier trenches crept.

Said H. to B. and Mortimer, "How far be Trigs from here?"

Said Mortimer to H. and B. "Tis many miles I fear!

- But what a night for travellin' - the storm doth make I scared;  
And we mun' head for Lemuel Pepys, in the Land Where Noone Dared!"

Trigs was a site magnificent, in medieval vein,  
With the Biggest little spoil heap, and the Little biggest crane:  
But a murky muddy monster who was known as Father Tems,  
Had covered up poor little Trigs with a wet and weedy lense.

But Trigs had cried for Help! while the grim water level rose;  
-That cry was heard and heeded by the noblest of heroes.

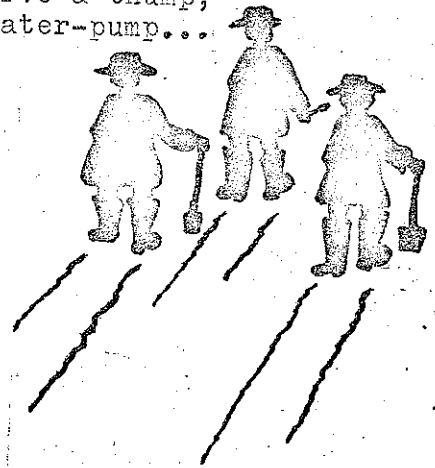
And when they reached the Lemuel, do you know what they did see?  
Foul Father Tems was surging up to 4 above O.D!

H. and B. just trembled while Sir Mortimer turned green  
When they realised the site was nowhere to be seen.

But Mortimer recovered first, and Bravelly came the call:  
"All three Bucketees for one!" They answered: "One for all!"

They say 'Alls well that bends well', and Trigs was truly saved  
By actions Great and Glorious from Heroes strong and brave:

They deserve the highest honours, although I deserve a thump;  
Cos really it were little me ~~waz~~ screwed up the water-pump...



Work on the disused tube station continues; all th equipment at Seal House is now in working order, except, we understand, John Schofield. Thank Heavens he can rely on Graham to wash the pot, Paul to drive on air and Des, the human J.C.B. to get things done. Hilary still likes a shot of Bells with her cornflakes, Richard is into Kew Gardens, Ivan has confused many people and Liverpool Street Station with his dissappearing trowels, Steve hopes to stay on through June and has resolved to stop losing his wage packet, Ron was at Puckeridge with somebody, and Cantab with somebody else, Karen is not to be missed and Alan felt very Pnuematic

The site cat feeds outside the gents, although the diggers prefer the canteen inside London Bridge. The Triggers Spoil, Heap has been challenged, and the dumper crashed in the presence of the Cheif Urban Archeologist, who was unhurt, thank God. A christian graveyard containing 8 east-west burials of headless articulated fish skellies suggest that ~~z~~ the site was once a very Holy Plaice.

## SMALL FINDS

~~\*\*\*~~The Triangle is being rounded off, so to speak. The last hectic days of feverish digging under the iron direction of General Pitt-Rivers have thrown up a perfect bone dice, 37½ pairs of shoes including some kids boots- Daniel please note- a sherd of marbled Samian and a mint condition coin belonging to a chap called Nerva, and over two skipfulls of assorted potn'bone, all from layer 412, for which we are truly grateful for chrissake. At Charles hill's farewell concert which took place some distance from Finchley Central and even further from Woodside Park, Chili con carne was eaten, especially by the chef. Any resemblance between the cooking pot and a N.F.W. fire bucket should be hushed up. Mr. Hill will be sending us some Home Thoughts from Abroad, and Mr. Taylor would like to send him a broad thought from home. ~~\*\*\*~~Trig Lane are without problems: the waterfronts are genuinely magnificent finds include gold bronze and jet pins; shoes; coins and amber beads. Under the supervision of our Mark and Peter, what could go wrong? Oh, and the Spoil Heap, like the morale, is soaring, and is at present on the fifth floor.

~~\*\*\*~~Our Friends from COLAS appear to have joined the Mortgage Market- they ~~xxx~~ were spotted viewing a property in Chedworth, Glos.

~~\*\*\*~~Phootball: We play on next Wednesday, when Triggers challenge the rest of the World. This week was very close fought and the final score was just in favour of Hilary United, tho' Barbaras lot came second. Everybody played jolly well and our special guests from Shadwell were no exception. Gustav would like to thank the ladies for the safety pins, without which his trousers would have been impossible.

~~\*\*\*~~Lee Gilebrand, who was last seen on the front page of the SURREY COMET holding a microlith in one hand, and a clay pipe in t'other, has run into a spot of trouble with the Law, along with Eohn Faulkner. Prior to that mishap, Mr. G. was excavating vast oodles of grass tempered saxon pot by machine at a site in Eden Street, Kingston.

~~\*\*\*~~Overheard on finding a bone comb "Do you comb here often?"

~~\*\*\*~~The Shadwell Team are doing very well and at least it isn't waterlogged. The Riverside Property Co. have given them £7,000 with which to excavate the bottom half of a leather bikini on a Roman Military Site. Traces of Mercury, that famous clap-cure were also present. We were considering a joke about Romano British Coarse Ware, but shall refrain.

~~\*\*\*~~Ricardo, who is still writing a wonderful article for us, had a happy birthday, and Margie bestowed a special favour on him.

~~\*\*\*~~A Mr. P.Muir reports ~~xxx~~ the following unsavoury incident concerning a Miss McI. "I got Ur on the Ziggurat but she pulled my hair, and the match was postponed." Later, in the Piccolo, knees touched under the table, a bottle of ketchup was raised in anger. Mr. Maloney thought it saucey, but we for our part, are not sure what it all means, and pray we may not be enlightened.

~~\*\*\*~~Louise Miller, who drew most of NFW, got the tea and lent Peter "Roman Antiquities" months ago, is living at 6, CRANE St., CHICHESTER? Sussex., Misses us very much and is digging out rubbish pits. Why not drop her a line?

~~\*\*\*~~A HAIRY LEGS competition is apparently being organised, with bonus points for natty underwear, as well as a Miss DUA contest. Nobody may hold both titles for longer than three months.

~~\*\*\*~~The Dulwich Hospital Whisper: When the nurse saw the Infant:Ellis Sex:Boy she was heard to say: "Who is Fiona of this child?" who is the owner, see???

~~\*\*\*~~Rescue News 6 has an article by Mike Rhodes, a letter from out Brian, photo of Howard Pell and also of NFW. Well worth waiting for, you might say.

~~\*\*\*~~ERRATA: I) For Benjamin, please read DANIEL cos Benjamin Ellis soundds too much like Liza Minelli..II) Barbara says she is spelt with a double M and a double L, and she should know..III) All spelling misstakes in your W.W. are due to missprints in our dictionary, in case you were wondering. IV) There was something else, but I've forgotten it...

SWINGING LONDINVM

chapter two.....

The story so far: His Amazing Grace the Very Important Emperor Vespasian has decided that Disgustus, who had done very well for himself with General Potters Inc., should embark forthwith on a sales drive to Londinivm to sell Central Gaulish Ware to the R.Es. It has been decided that our hero of long standing and fine potting, the incomprable Terry Sigillata should go too.... NOW READ ON!!!!

No sooner had the Imperial request been duly delivered into the hands of the noble citizen of Beatrix, than the whole township bubbled over with excitement. News tends to travel fast in small places, and moves even faster if you've a postman like Mene Letus: he was a fine, jovial fellow who always memorised each single tablet he had to deliver, be it a love-letter or a charcoal bill, on the grounds that the mail could well be hi-jacked between the sorting hut and the intended destination: besides, many of the townfolk were not too keen on reading as they'd been brought up amidst great oral traditions, and spectacles hadn't been invented either. Many of them preferred to have their mail read to them, which gave the poetic postman ample opportunity to elaborate upon even the humblest of tidings to good effect, delighting the intended listener almost as much as anybody else who just happened to be passing. Thus it transpired that, although Terry was amongst the first to know of his forthcoming adventure, he was by no means the last. No sooner had he decided that a new suitcase would be just the job, than he was inundated with requests of how best to fill it: the trouble was that most people in Beatrix had in-laws or out-laws in the Londinivm area, and felt sure he wouldn't mind dropping some camembert off here, some wood-scented bath salts off there, and a pair of green socks somewhere else. Needless to say, Terry was to public spirited to refuse, so he didn't, and purchased two new suitcases instead.

Tina Boppa, for her part, planned to take sufficient clothes to fill five cases, arguing that the wife of the most important potter in all of Gaul should be dressed to impress, a habit of hers for which she had always been noted. A chance to flaunt the latest French Fashions in the cultural backwater beyond the Mare Britannicvm was an experience to be made a meal of: she was determined to set the Via Regi alight, metaphorically speaking of course.

The great day of departure, the following Tuesday, came around at last, and what a send off our hero and heroine had. The whole town lined the High Street to wave them goodbye and wish them good luck. Even the Mayor of neighbouring Lezoux and the Head-keeper of the Menagerie were there, such was their popularity. Terry stopped to make a speech, and everybody clapped. "My dearest friends," he declared, "Today is the start of a new Tomorrow! (applause) My mission is for Beatrix, and for Posterity!" (even more applause, mingled with cries of 'lets drink to that' which they were doing anyway). He concluded by giving three cheers for the Emperor, and turning over the upkeep of the pottery in his absence to Vitabix, who was quite overcome by emotion and red wine, but assured Terry that everything was in safe hands, before slumping in a gentle heap on the floor.

The happy couple set off by cart to Portus Itius where they had arranged to meet Disgustus at the ticket office next to the pharos. Sure enough, on the appointed day, they drove into the busy port, a little tired after their arduous journey, but no less excited ~~xxxxx~~ by the ~~xxxxx~~ thoughts of the adventures to come. They recognised the sales manager as he had a red carnation tucked in his toga and a copy of the 'Tempus' under his arm, as had been arranged. "All Hail, Disgustus!" declared Terry, jumping down from the cart, "How's tricks?" "I say, you must be Mr. Sigillata- jolly glad to make your acquaintance, old boy. I have your tickets here: we leave on the night boat, departs Portus 24.00 hours arrives Dybris 09.00 hours. I have therefore some time to kill: might I suggest a visit to the local ~~xxxxx~~ teltry?"

Everyone thought that was a very good idea, so all three headed for a quaint little inn called 'Bonjour natelet' ordered a large meal and got very drunk, which was to be expected...