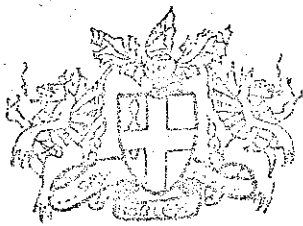


THE WEEKLY WHISPER

The Diggers Friend

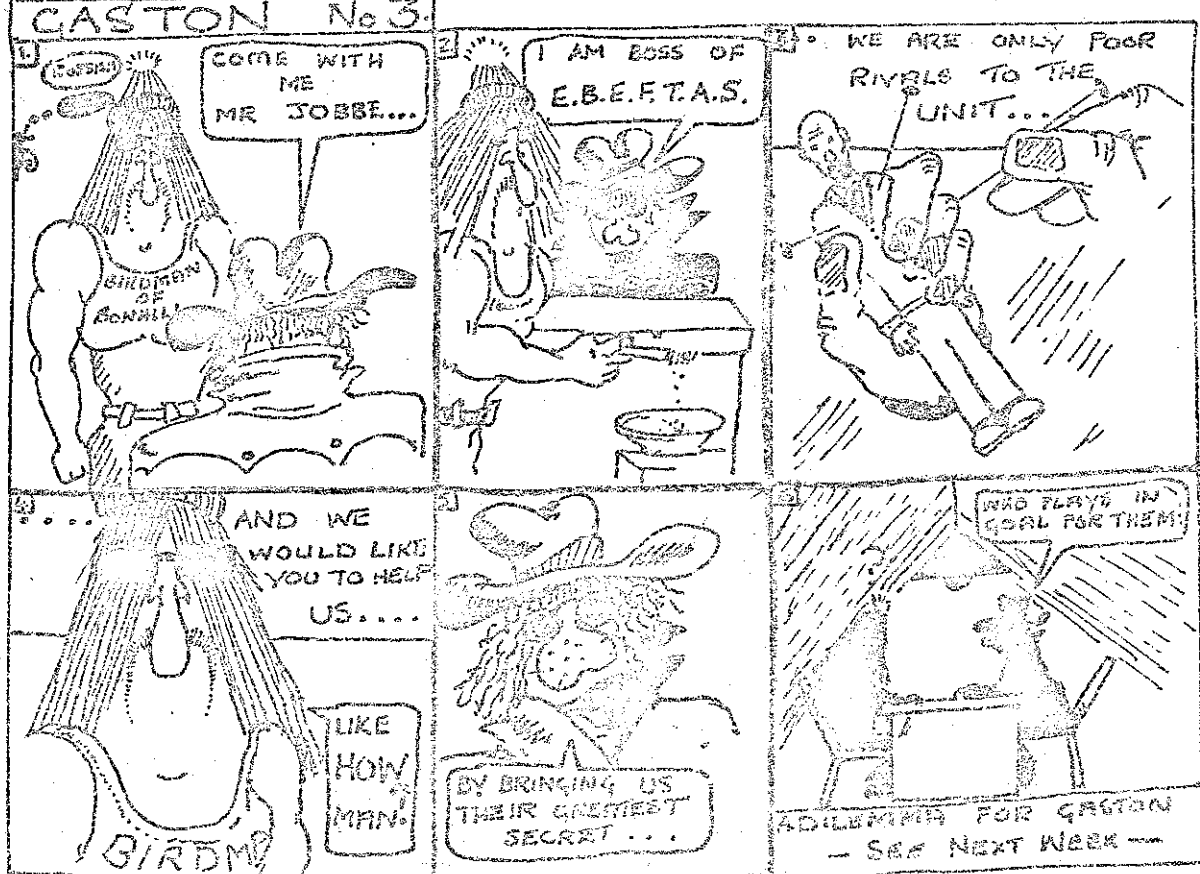


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 WHISPERING HEIGHS-10 OFFORD ROAD-ISLINGTON-LONDON N.13DL 01-609 2760

The Mus Lon Whisper 1) COLD STORAGE.

From an interview with our favourite Hugh

As we all know, the Guildhall Museum as such has ceased to function (WW 8), and the London Museum will do likewise later this year; the two collections will not be seen again until they finally amalgamate in 1976 in the new Mus Lon premises at the Barbican. The final collection will be much richer rather than merely duplicated by the union, as the constituents were decidedly dissimilar in many respects, the Guildhall emphasis being on 'archaeological ware', tending towards the domestic, with a fine Roman section, whereas the London favours later periods, finer quality ware and costumes and so forth. Until the big day, the problem of storage rears its ugly head, and not for the first time. The Guildhall has its own shelved area, a store in Southwark which is full of architectural fragments and will remain so, and access to the Mus Lon premises at Spitalfields. The London owns Eonhill and allows us to use some space therein, but can afford to give us no more. The basement at Condor House in which lives a Blackfriars Barge will soon be non-existent. The problem has been solved by carefully distributing the goodies within the space available, and returning the leather craft display to Walsal, thus freeing another area for storage. It is agreed that there is at present sufficient provision has been allowed for future expansion- once an archaeological report is published, the finds are no longer the responsibility of the DUA but of the Mus Lon. As we're prolific diggers, at it 52 weeks a year, a steady torrent is envisaged. Still, we feel confident suitable arrangements will be made before 1976.



the MINORIES WHISPER

Phase Two of this infamous dig looks somewhat more promising: Alan has ripped open a new trench further down the road sided by his two J.C.E.s, one mechanical and one looking not dissimilar to a Mr. Des Woods. A cobbled surface with an inlaid stone block has been revealed, and the site should now be in possession of a site hut complete with well cleaned tools. Those merry Triangle Diggers Ian, Andy, Dave T. and "Tay-lor" have been duly ordered, and should turn up sometime. We understand that this site was one of the first to adopt the new D.U.A. Measurements: a DES denoting a large object, a HALF-HOBLEY ~~XXXXXXXX~~ denoting a small, thickness being measured in D.B.s and something else by the STANDARD TAYLOR. We are pleased to observe that their crater lacketh not data (W.W.5) for Howard has done a fine job on an information board, and Salvador last spoke to Mr. Howard whilst they were Transatlanticing. Anyway, we wish you the very best of skillies and conclude with this contribution from an unnamed source: 'Overheard near Mansell Street: "Is that compressor mine-or-his?"'

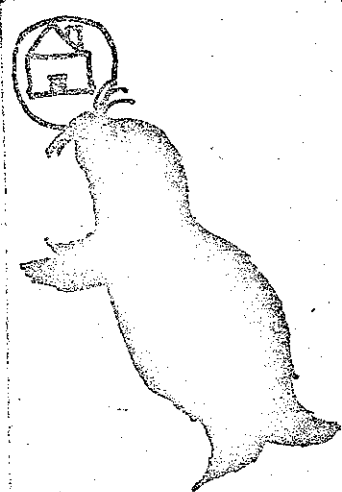
the TRIGGERS WHISPER inc. the MERMAID MUTTERINGS

The second half of the above title refers to the trench that the Triggers are digging in their spare time near the theatre of the same name. The hazards are electrical, gaseous and aquatic, not to mention Irish. The tall light stranger loves the pneumatic for the most unarchaeological reason. Messrs. Maloney and Muir received, amongst other things, offers of assistance, which have been forwarded to Mr. ~~Q&Q~~ O'Browne.

As for the Triggurat, its doing very well for itself and is soaring nicely: an extra large crane should appear on Thursday to cope with the most amazing herbaceous border since the Garden of Eden- to assist the Vultures of Horticulture, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of hose-piping was specially flown in on Tuesday. Mary is new, Master Riley is working very hard not a barrows-throw from Steve's trench and Margie is off to Ireland sometime. Saturday morning at 10 o'clock is the time to see Mark doing his 100~~0~~' 30mph. ascent of a fire brigade ladder to take a quick snap of the post-med anglo-scottish super sump wall. Chrissie and Gustav have now taken up residence on the site where Mr. Harrison is still captain, so there.

the VERY (sob sob) PHINAL TRIANGLE WHISPER

Like the man said, 'it's all over now': congrats to Davy Crockett, who has been banned from entering the G.M. in spurs, for finishing on time in style, urging his diggers ever downwards with a cuss here and a can of beer there. The team has now been split, as reported elsewhere in this mighty organ, but the memories of this dig will live on. Never in the field, has so much pot-washing (Mr. Nichols is know known as Same Ian) been done by so few to the accompaniment of such songs, laughter and torrential rain. Our thanks go to Chrissie who drove everything everywhere wonderfully, give or take the occasional Transit (seriously tho' she's doing a grand job!), and Chris Jessel, our loyal volunteer. A controlled excavation was carried out on a mysterious mound due East of the trench, the results of which may be published shortly: this particular dig was done at breakneck speed, a ton was being moved by three people every 10 mins at one stage, and the spoil thrown into a convenient hole. Finds included several interesting measurments and a trout, which was duly buried with full archaeological honours.



Apart from people being approached in various ways- we shall not mention the very friendly security guard's name for fear of embarrassing Paul- SH has trundled on with the addition of four new inmates: Sally, who is leaving almost as soon as she came for the excitements and dramas of Civil Service life (happy Birthday to you) Frances, Geoff, who digs in the Tower on a Two-Man excavation, and Ed the mighty Inside Right. The site Hut now boasts a resident night watchman who sleeps under the table on the plans for the new London Bridge wot Graham rescued from a corporation dustbin. The DUA only charge Ron £8 pw too! Frances claims to have worked 40 days this week, and Ivan has had his hair harvested for a fee in excess of £1.99. A young and pretty journaliste with 6" eyelashes, to whom John divulged his age, came to watch Hilary~~x~~"Exorcist" Kent doing her aerial photography, and some bakers provided a box that fitted the

tiled floor a treat, if they did but know. All SH finds are destined for the dustbins of Spitalfields and we can't begin to tell you how much fun the dumper trucks have been, tho' one could lose one occasionally. A lady asked the Diggers to find something spectacular to show to the real Seal House executives, but we have no record of the answer she received. Ivan and Graham highly recommended Saturdays Custard A LA Mowlem....

The BONHILL DANTER

-Mike Rhodes' noble crew are working in conditions that could almost be described as 'intolerable': we fear their problem of space is as grave as it appears insoluble, at least for the immediate future, while excavated material pours into a confined area faster than it can be processed. Hopes of the Mint Building (W.W.6) bring some sort of salvation rest on the feasibility of spending 1 year and approx. £110,000 on doing it up for a 2 year lease. Anyway, Bonhillians, be not downcast: we love you, and think your songs are jolly super! -

THE CONSCRIPT or HELAS, PAUVRE NICK, JE LE CONNAISSAIS.

(To the tune "Au Clair de la Lune")

Scouring the whole world from Blackpool to Beirut
French Army Headquarters sought a new recruit.
"Bonaparte is dead now, so is Charles de Gualle;
We need a new commander, so lets call the roll".

But quite soon they found Nick
Who they thought would do.
First had to entice him from potsherds and glue.
Tho' he was unwilling finally they won.
Now he's bound for drilling with jack boots and gun.

When they make our own Nick General Freidin
He will get those froggies digging themselves in.
Trench warfare's in favour with this new recruit;
Digging Channel Tunnels, he'll find old ships en route!

THE GREAT MICHAEL RHODES (tune: the Grand Old Duke of York).

Oh! the great young Michael Rhodes
He has conceived a plan
To live in diggers' memories
For ever if he can!
He calls for better rates of pay,
And for safeguards against the sack,
And he rallies all the diggers under one flag,
Which he calls the Union Jack!

SING A SONG OF UNITS (tune: obvious!)

Sing a song of units
Down upon the site,
Four and twenty diggers
Dug with all their might.
When the trench was opened,
A boat, from stern to stem,
They found, and thought 'twas just the thing
To give to our P.M.

Now Marsden was at Bonhill Street,
Playing with his tanks;
And he and Browne and Michael Rhodes
Were summoned their by Blanks.
The gallant four rushed thither-
"We'll save it!" was their boast;
But just too late! -a J.C.B.
Had pipped them at the post!

"Extracts from 'THE JUNIOR DIGGER'S COMPLETE BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES' with apologies to Messrs. Trad and Anon."

Small Finds

*** PHOOTIE: Athletico Trig-8, the Rest of the World-5. Considering that the Rest were two men down at the end etc., they put up a brave show against a constructive A.T. side that always looked dangerous. Sally, in her first run out, was unanimously proposed for the Man of the Match award, for her superb midfield work backing up the devastating attack of Ellis, Maloney, Cadman and Harrison, who was floored the usual number of times, with the assorted sized Andys and the large sized Peter. For the R.W., Steve and Ed ran respectively round or over the opposition, supported by Howard, another Andy, Gustav, Frances, Hilary, Barbara (look out its the Scammellisor) and John Skcofield, who saved a penalty. Thanks to the purchaser of the ball- it would not have been the same without you- and next week we select a team to play Guy the Gorilla.

*** Charles Hill reached London the same day as his postcard, after his Mediterranean cruise. He tells us that he has seen "many wonderful things, Acropolisises, Temples and young American divorcees", and sends us his "love and kisses and all that" for which we are truly thankful.

*** We hear that Inter-site Tours, including our friends from Bonhill, will take place on the first Friday of every month. An excellent idea that will meet with everybody's full approval.

*** Did you know the Skinners boasts a genuine Louis XIV ceiling, and marble walls so valuable that they were buried in a forest in the last war for safety? Well you do now.

*** Amy Dubois quits our green and pleasant to dig up some celts on an island in the R. Shannon, on July 22nd. Since her Unit days, shes dug downwards at Lincoln and upwards at Chesterfield, where the standing walls of a med. house have been exposed within later additions. She sends her warmest greetings, and may be contacted at either 14 Pennore St., Hasland, Chesterfield Derbys., or 159 Adelaide Rd. London N.W.3. The aforementioned upwards archaeology did wonders for the young and ailing Alison Frances Graham, of NFW and Huntingdon noteriety, who has staggered home to 32, Park Road, Edinburgh 6, in an effort to steel herself for the Trondheim story- see W.W.8/4 for address.

*** The Union Whisper: the steering committee met somewhere in Central London on June 8th., and decided that, since ASTMS had had their say, ACTS, the white collar branch of the TGWU should be approached for consultation. Minutes of the May 25th. meeting are available from Pam Clarke, DoE, Fortress House, Saville Row London W.1.

*** Kareen and Marc G. have both defected to the East. Shadwell E, DUA O.

*** It is rumoured that one P. Marsden will dig up a boat in Rye, Sussex this Summer. Presumably the Unit aren't finding enough...

*** All are warmly invited to the Trig Lane Circus on the 15th. Main act is the Performing Supervisor up a 100' ladder.

*** The first monthly meeting of S.Ss, Mike Rhodes and David Browne last Wednesday proved most fruitful: good sense and unanimity were the order of the day. Standardised procedures and recording systems were discussed, as while the introduction of the abacus was suggested as were secretaries and lm ranging poles.

*** Are all you good people saving hard for the new literary sensation: TEACH YOURSELF ARCHAEOLOGY which will appear in June '75. Written by the highly respected authour Mortimer Browne, it will be available in hard or paperback, and it has been confirmed that it will cost well under £1,000. This bargain intro to archaeology covers everything from excavation technics to organic analysis, and we hope you'll all dig it.

*** Reports have reached us concerning the residence of 4 tons of soil samples at an address in Bonhill Street. The theft of a spoil heap is also being investigated.

*** Can it be true that the highly suspicious, not to mention irregular, character of John Schofield was searched and questioned by a spot-checking policeman in clothes? out side our beloved Skinners? Did he really show him his dirty jeans and his A-Z while pointing out that he was an Archaeologist and he was O.K? Was his 20lbs of hash undiscovered? Was he a member of the Institute of Revolutionary Archaeols.? Could it happen to you?

The story so far: His Amazing Grace the Very Important Emperor Vespasian has decided that Disgustus, of General Potters Inc., should embark forthwith upon a sales drive to Londinium to sell Central Gaulish Ware to the R.B.s. It was decided that our hero of long standing and fine potting the incomprable Terry Sigillata should go to, with Tina Boppa for company of course. Having reached the city, they have now been granted an audience with the Governor, The Right Hon. D. Whittingtonius, in his palace.....NOW READ ON!!

The men got down to business while the lady befriended Astrophe the Cat, who had been specially imported from Deva. The Governor proved to be a very likeable oldman, and was very taken with the pottery: in fact, he issued an order that all Corporation tableware should be sent to the Army Surplus Stores just as soon as Beatrix could supply them with replacements. Terry leapt up overjoyed and almost suggested they drink to that, but with due deference to Whittingtonius's tee-totalling, checked himself, and kissed him warmly on both cheeks instead. The whole party was invited to stay for a lavish dinner, which they gladly did. The meal was superb: roast beef and Ebvraevanian pudding made a most welcome change ~~frx~~ from grapes, truffles and boar. Disgustus enjoyed it immensely; Terry insisted on a third helping, and Tina asked for the recipe.

Once the finer points of the commercial transactions had been amicable settled, the old gentleman told them all about what to do and what to see in the city: there was the Forum, the Temples, the terraced Riverside Gardens, the night clubs, not to mention the show at the Amphitheatre that very evening. He insisted that they share the Imperial box for the performance. His guests were most impressed and felt very honoured. Terry, who had forgiven him for his eccentric drinking habits hours ago, declared that, next to Beatrix, Londinium was the finest place in the world. The Rt. Hon. chuckled. "Why thankyou dear boy, thank you! we're all terribly modern and with it here you know!" He paused for a moment and reflected sadly: "None of the old place left at all...the enemy action in 60 destroyed all visible traces of it, and these confounded new oak-piling technics have ~~ruined~~ ruined all the archaeological evidence now..very sad really. Oh well, we must move with the times--can't live in the New Stone Age forever, I suppose. Anyway, heres to a jolly happy stay in our little City!"

While Tina rushed back to their hotel to change into something more suitable for going to an amphitheatre in, Terry wrote out numerous post cards for the folks back home. Then the happy party boarded the Governors six-seater chariot for Extra Special Occasions and were whisked through the clean bright streets to the ornate edifice called the Albertus Hall, where all the big events where staged.

"Its All-in Wrestling tonight!" pointed out Sir Whittingtonius to his guests; "Its a terribly popular sport with the locals you know. They come from miles around to see it. Look over there: those men are from one of the richest tribes in the country, the Rentrebates: they are here practically every night. Down there, we're blessed with the presence of the Duavadubonae, our resident alcoholics, and to their right..." His knowledgable discourse was cut short by the appearance of Edivarin, the Master of Cerimonies, who strode purposefully into view to deafening applause. The stocky smiling figure reached the centre of the arena bowed to all sides, then raised his right arm. An expectant hush fell on the spectators, as his heavily accented voice boomed out the preliminaries to the first contest, The bout they'd all been waiting for was apparently between Hoblian, in the Blue corner, the military muscle man from the Lunt, and in the Red corner, Bruno, another popular figure, who came from Dyrolipons..The latters entrance was preceded by a small brass band and a procession of his supporters in cloth caps waving red flags and a banner tastefully emblazoned with the legend "Diggorum Collegium FFabrorum".....

And there ~~X~~ we're afraid we must leave our friends until next week!