

the WEEKLY WHISPER



THE DISCREET WHISPER

June 21st.....week 25.....MCMXXIV.....PRICE.....11d.....
.....THE TENCENARY NUMBER.....

We do here proudly present our issue the tenth containing tidings glad and sad: a continuing saga: some pretty pictures: a song: and by way of celebration, a Wondrous Three Gift.

In Which We Reveal A TRAGEDY of TITANIC Proportions.

It is with deep regret we must inform our vast readership of the recent TRAGEDY that has overtaken our most unfortunate brethren at the Bonhill St. premises. Seldom has a humble reporters lot been so loathsome- in truth, how much more would he have preferred to leave the stricken inmates to the meagre consolation of the privacy of their grusomic grief, but, gentle reader, for you did he draw from their tears the terrible tormented truth, witnessing Master Howard weeping openly, uncontrollably, and poor Misstress Pamela distraught, tearing her hair and beating the very ground with her clenched fists. H.M.S. CUSTOM HOUSE, THAT WONDROUS SPECIMEN OF CLINKER CONSTRUCTION, HAD BEEN BRUTALLY SAVAGED BY NICE. The noble door-keeper rose to the occasion and made telephonic arrangements for the Min. Ag. and Fish to bring salvation, which they duly did, in the shape of a Mr Strigwort, who tho' standing but 4' high was nonetheless the Chief Infestation Control Officer. He was shewn a footprint in a nearby sandtray, which he identified as belonging to those rude rodents and not sheep, the belief held by the deranged and broken young man to whom we have previously alluded. Mr Strigwort explained that the little blighters was after the moisture see, and promised to put some bait down, leaving that House of Shadows soon after. We shall naturally advise you of any developments.

GASTON No 4

GASTON, WANTING TO HELP E.B.E.F.T.P.A.S. GOES ON HIS SECRET MISSION.....

BUT ON SITE... ITS LUNCHTIME

HEY GASTON, COME TO THE RARE SQUICKER

INSIDE THE PUB.

DRINK AGAIN

SORRY - NO FOOD.

LIKE, WHO'S THE GOALIE MAN?

AH, GLAD YOU ASKED..... YOU ARE!

OH NO! SEE NEXT WEEK!

PREMISE

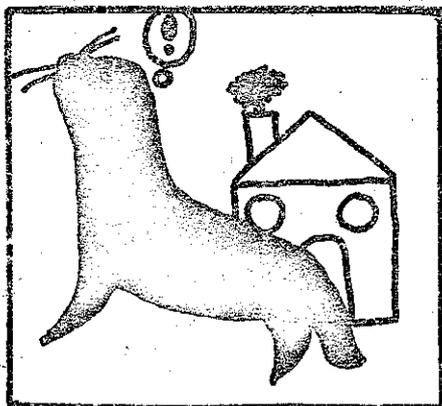
The Thoroughly Modern Minorities Whisper

The finds from Mins I included a potsherd from early 1955 and an old packet of Embassy, but Mins II is looking far more hopeful: in spite of drains, manholes, broken down JCBs, lashings of concrete laced with generous proportions of brick rubble, a level has been reached which is not natural, but is datable as the 31st ~~1969~~ December 1969 or later. An unplumbed was basin has been installed even tho' the site has no loos or water supply- nothing but the kitchen sink, like the man said. Eva, who is gorgeous, has dug at ST. Råby which is in Sweden and Appleforth, which isn't, owns a new face, as does Simon Timberlake. Ian, who got stopped by the Police for having long hair and a Praktika, (WW 9/4?) has not been seen since, and Peter Taylor has also disappeared without trace. Joes No. One is sorely missed by those who knew him well, and we understand that our very own David Browne helped eva pickaxe. Morale is high and Alan is confident that WW 11 will be able to report the real thing.

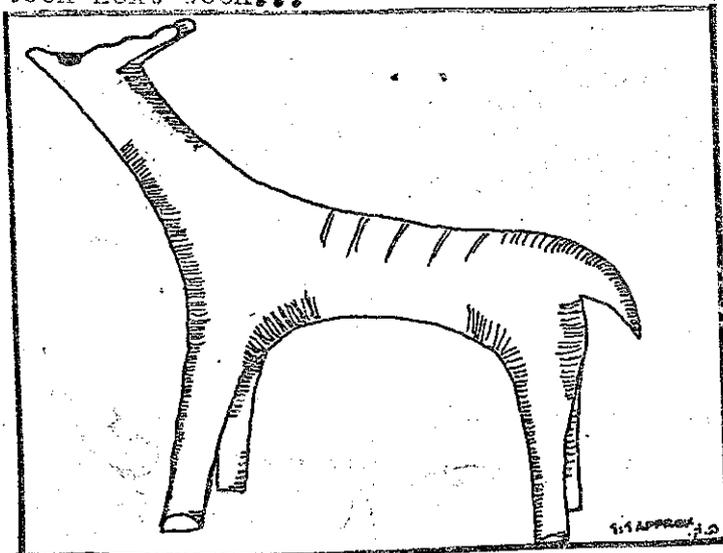
The Kew Gardens Whisper

Saturday was a good day for performing supervisors: Mark (Vertigo) Harrison thrilled the assembled multitudes with his mastery of the 100' extending ladder, kindly loaned by the local Fire Brigade. Radio contact was phun, and so was the bitxxxx when the whole machine tipped off its jacks to a clanging of alarm bells, after our hero leant too much to the right, in an endeavour to film the Triggurat. (consult phree gift). All was well however, and Marc spent a profitable morning with his Instamatic set on 'sunny' 70 to 100' up preparing Trig for posterity. Special thanks not only to the patient Brigade, but to all who supported and helped clean up the site on their day off etc. As we now have 3 Andys, 3 Peters and 3 Johns, to avoid confusion everyone will be known as Bruce. Kathy's last London dig was a mere 400 yds away at a place called Baynards Castle.

Only 6 weeks to the end of phase ~~IX~~IX: the pressure is on. Will the roar of trowels be heard no more in our Land? Finds include a rare lined dice, buckles, rings, three knives, gold pins, a key, many shoes, redeposited Saxon pot, half a spoon, a complete pigs skull (boring) and a ducks egg. Meanwhile further West, some experimental archaeology it taking place. Medieval horse manure from 306 is being used as a growing medium on the Trig Plantations. (see enclosure yet again) Your quick guide to the herbaceous borders: (this is all true) Level I: Bedding Dahlias, Calendulas and night scented stock, LEVEL II+III: Sweet Peas, Broccoli, Cauliflower and lettuce, and on Level IV : a magnificent display of sweet corn. Steve starts on the livestock next week...



The OTHER WHISPER... featuring A Stag Called Albert



The site of the seventies (not to mention the site of the Black Raven Pub and the sight of the spoil heap) began last Friday Afternoon to spew forth goodies. First came a decorated tile floor with Knights on horseback- the Brit Mus lady in her book on tiles says she dosent know why people ever bought such degenerate horrible things, and after 3 days of cleaning them Richard just couldn't agree more- 7 knights in a row (A week part of the floor this) on one side, and alternating tiles of a knight fighting either a dragon or, more likely, a ckicken, on the other side. While Trig was echoing to the screams of high rise Harrison, a stag called Albert appeared. He is in 3-D, bronze, about 3" high to his horns, and has a snooty expression. Talking of Hertfordshire, Ivan leaves us this week for what may be a cushy job in the Iron Age, far from the bomb hoaxes of L'pool St. Station. Hilary caused consternation and the almost constant use of a strategically placed suntan oil. Steve was gassed on the job by crane fumes. A mouse joined the dig on Sunday, and Graham thinks he comes from the Bahamas. With a skin that colour, he could.

From Beware!

A Cautionary Tale

to the tune "Jerusalem", with apologies to
Blake and Parry.

"Bring me my spade of burning gold,
Bring me my pickaxe of desire,
Bring me my trowel, oh clouds unfold!
Bring me my wheelbarrow of fire.
I shall not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall those boats rest in the sand
Till every single ancient ship
Is stored in tanks throughout the land."

Thus Peter Marsden bravely cried,
Daring his foes to answer "Nay."
"They shall be saved, this is my stand
'Gainst D.O.E. and D.U.A."
At Custom House and New Fresh Wharf
Two boats were found and carefully stored,
And washed and drawn by Peter's staff,
(Tho' he was happy, they were bored!)

But reconstruction time came round;
And Peter's staff were not too keen;
For tho' the project fired him so
Giant jigsaws were not quite their scene.
With rubber gloves and polythene,
With killaspray and panacide,
Both Pam and Howard spent their days,
Near to the verge of suicide.

Then Pam and Howard stopped and thought,
"Its him or us! Let's chuck it in!"
Then Pam went out - Marsden beware! -
She's bought a quart of paraffin!
The wretched pair, at coffee time,
The drying timbers st alight,
And gazing on the dancing flames,
They madly laughed to see the sight.

Now archaeologists, take care!
If rotting timbers catch your eye,
See if a boat is buried there,
And if it is, there let it lie!
For Peter Marsden will come down,
And ask if you your help will lend;
Before you know it you will be,
Like Pam and Howard, round the bend!

SMALL FINDS....

*** Your Tencenary Three Gift is a trew and accurate representation of the world famous TRIGGURAT M~~M~~ost specially engraved by the gifted Mr. Peter Muir of Kensington, to whom our praise and gratitude are directed.

*** So many of our friends have left us, tis a sad sad thing. Wendy & Liz from the G.M.: Sally of Seal Ho. and Civil Servive fame- 72 Moreland Court, Finchley Road, London N.W.2 -who has earnestly expressed a desire to return to us as soon as possible (we for our part shall raise no objection to that) : and Graham Cadman of 13a Shore Rd. Ainsdale Southport Merseyside, departing shortly for the Falkland Islands to teach and export penguins to for the aforementioned Sally: and Mary left on Tuesday as well.

*** We understand that Carolyn, the song writing miracle from Pam and Howards Wonderful Wet Wood Ware House, is contemplating a recital of some of her pieces performed by the massed choirs of B. Street.

*** On Monday a Mowlem JCB driven by a Mr John Watt unearthed two pots while digging holes near St Pauls Choir School. Mr watt spotted them and placed them out of harms way on the school window sill, where they caught the wandering attentions of the pupils and eventually, the teacher, to whom the driver kindly bequeathed the goodies. Recognising the possible significance of the pottery, the teacher did the right thing, and phoned the GM. The outcome was that Messers Muir & Faulkner were detailed to investigate and draw the appropriate section, which revealed a Roman Pit. We think that Mr Watt deserves praise for his thoughtfulness, St Pauls School for their timely phone call, and Mowlem for their cooperation.

*** Beware the Infiltrations of the Wandsworth Hysterical Society.....

*** We are grieved to learn that Joyce has been attacked by Formic Acid yet again.

*** In a fit of pique a Mr Rh*d*s is rumoured to have emptied a dustbin full of apple cores over a Miss C.

*** Is that veritable diggers friend the 'Skinners', the last genuine victorian pub ink the City, to fall -home cooking historic decor et al- 'neath the developers plastic hammer? Can't we get it listed??

*** Mr Hill, our Man about the Mediterranean, is back after an unforgettable cruise with Sir Mortimer himself. Charles will now turn his talents to the basement of 5, Old Bailey, for some indoor excavating. 6 3m x 3m holes will be dug by the DUA at the request of the Corporation, to check out the subsoil for them and the archaeology for us. They arecfooting the bill and also sitingg the trenches. Altho' we miss the wall, we could pick up the ditch or possibly an early cemetery, and though tis dark n'dusty, there id a pub next door. Good luck on your new site boy-o; we love your site hut, all 4 stories of it, and hope the DUA/Corporation cooperation will blossom as a result.

*** Overheard ~~xxxx~~ on the occasion of the call to another Union Meeting: "All Rhodes lead to Revolution"...

*** An informal social evening will be held somewhere for all on July 12th.

*** The Mermaid trench is 1' below the concrete and into a rubble story.

*** On Wednes, John Faulkner was watching the JCBs playing with Angel Ct.

***X Trig's Film-of-the-week: Clint Eastwood in "Dirty Harrison"

*** ~~Mac~~Quick Ad Dept: Mungo Jerry play Barts on June 28th.

*** The name HOBLEY is derived from the Saxon word HOB meaning 'the Devil' so Brian was telling us. Wonder what Browne means?

*** Apologies to the Bonhill Banterers, to Geoff and Lee, and anybody else who was kind enough to send in an article that lack of space prevented us from printing in this issue. Please address your complaints to: The Editor, c/o Whispering Heights, 10 Offord Rd., Islington LONDON N1 1DL.

EXX 01-609-2760

STOP PRESS: It appears that Trig Lane has suffered a break-in with a loss of many invaluable finds, sometime on Wednesday night/Thursday morning. 10/14

The story so far: Terry Sigillata & Tina Boppa of Beatrix Pottery fame have been sent to Londinium with Disgustus of Gen. Potteries Inc. to sell Central Gaulish Ware to the R.B.s. They made an excellent impression on the Governor, D. Whittingtonius, who treats them to a trip to the wrestling at the Amphitheatre. The first bout is between somebody in the red corner called Bruno, and someone in the blue called Hoblian.

NOW READ ON

Hoblian arrived in a chariot drawn by dozens of vestal virgins, who proceeded to throw flowers not only into the audience but also at Brunos band, which quite put them off. Terry's interest in the finer points of sport suddenly soared, especially when two of the slim, sparsely clad maidens started waving to him, while Tina, who had been unusually unsuccessful in attracting either of the contestants attentions, pronounced herself thoroughly bored: when a rose with an address on it landed in Terry's lap, she was overcome with a violent migraine and insisted that she be taken home. A discussion amongst the rest of the party ensued, and a compromise was agreed to. As the Governor was not terribly keen on wrestling as a rule- a quiet evening in his room with a good scroll was more in his line- and Disgustus and Terry fancied a little something to drink, they left the theatre and headed for a night-club instead. All agreed that a good sauna would be justb the thing after the hot and noisy atmosphere of the big fight.

So the party drove along the riverside road and Sir W. proved to be an excellent courier. "Just look at that splendid panorama over there!" he said, sweeping his arm with affection in the direction of the Fluvius Thames and the rich green hills beyond. "It's one of my favourites you know. They were considering building a wall along here the other day, National Interest or something they said, but I put my foot down: it would absolutely ruin the view."

They didnt stop at the 'Huggings' as it didnt cater for mixed bathing on friday, and besides it was rather expensive, but carried straight on past the Monument, a tall obelisk erected to comemorate the Great Fire of Londinium in 61, till they pulled into a multi-storey chariot park. "We dont encourage people to clutter up the streets with their carts and things," pointed out the Governor as they crossed the gravel courtyard, "I believe first offenders get a parking tablet followed by a light scourging, but repeated offenders are sent off to the Royal Navy to do a spot of rowing. They tell me its terribly good character training (actually, but oh yes, here we are, ~~xx~~ this is my club!" They stood at the pillared entrance of the superb building, which boasted the splendid title, "Supercalidifrigilistictepidaricosis". The doorman, like most doormen, was called George, recognised the ~~xx~~ party immediately and the V.I.P. treatment was laid on thick: the furnace was stoked so that the Caldarium would be hotter, and ice was dropped into the cold plunge to make it colder. "They certainly know how to look after you here!" commented Terry as he sweated his way through his fourth pint of red wine, to the portly gentleman beside him. Now this gentleman turned out to be one of the two brothers called Marcus and Sparcus, who owned a large chain of stores all over the province. As chance would have it, Terry just happened to have a DR.30 handy- he was especially good at DR.30s- and the twins discussed it eagerly.

"My life, the decaration is certainly quality stuff," "Never mind the quality, feel the fabric!" interupted the other- we're not sure who was who- "Ham, it's certainly got class my boy, real class. Hey Mr. Sigiloto what say you we talk business?" Mr. S. sailed, nodded and drank to them. "Look," continued one of the brothers, "We're just two poor men struggling to keep our 314 stores going: we've seen some pretty bad times, I don't mind telling you- why only last thursday our Pons Aeliys branch was pillaged by a load of Picts and Scots." "We'll have to take your first consignment on a sale or return basis of course," "We'll try Camulodunum as a test area- did you know the Trinovantes were thinking of bringing their own brand onto the market? This should set them back a bit!" Terry was too drunk to argue, Disgustus was too pleased to, and Tina had made friends with a Centurion...

EVEN MORE NEXT WEEK!!!!!!