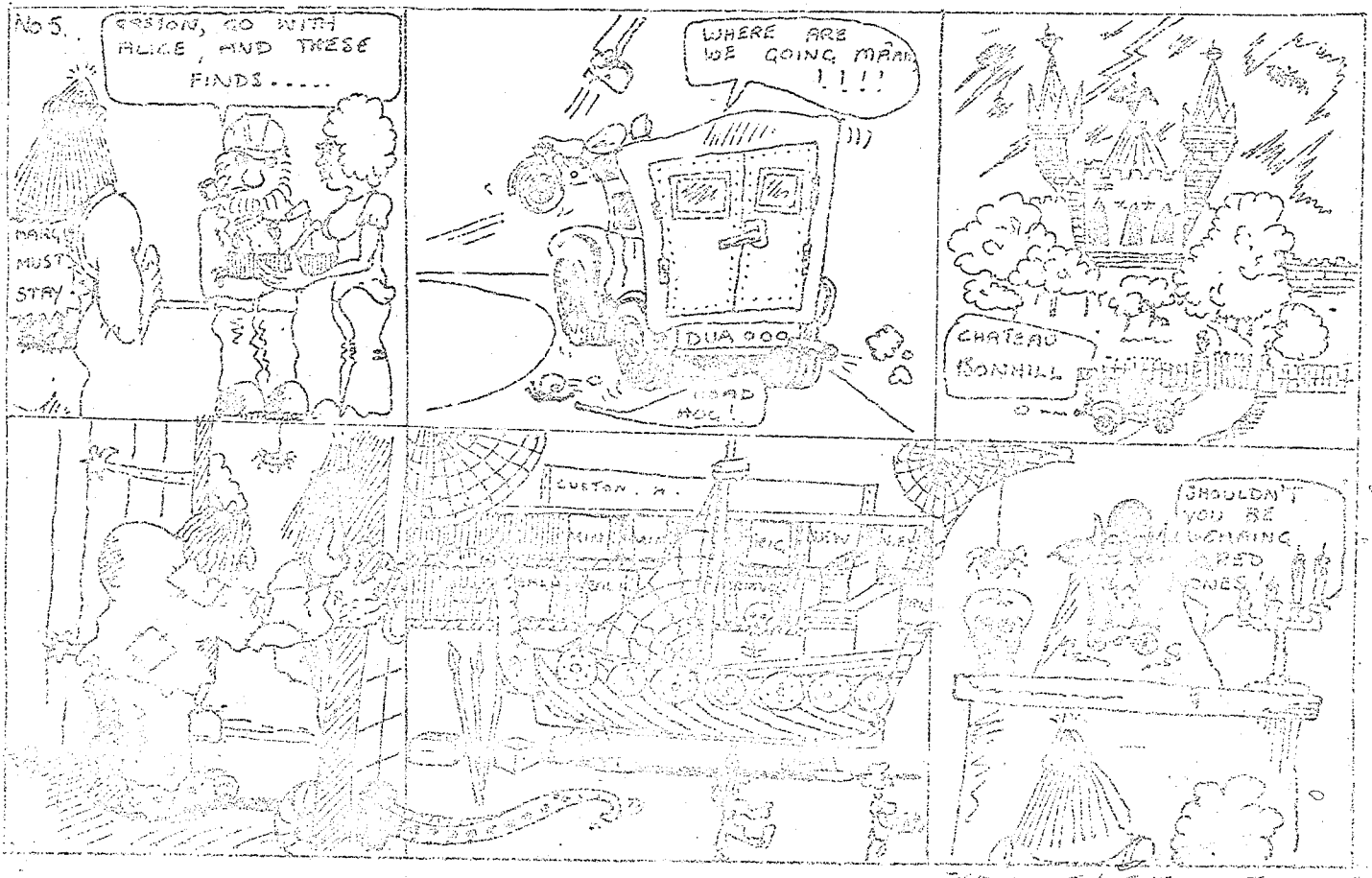


AN ELECTRIC LIGHT FACSIMILE IS ATTEMPTED.

The time is Monday afternoon; the place an archaeological trench near Eywards Castle. The splendid team of Millet, Ray, Catling, Welch and Kattenborn had just been joined by an Irishman eager for a quick penny as the side. The financial proposition in question was the lead pipe just exposed. He was gaily hacking his way through it when his treasure hunting was arrested by a violent electric shock. "Begod tis live" declared the gentleman bitterly disappointed, cos you are'nt allowed to take that sort of pipe. Meanwhile the Mermaid Theatre next door was plunged into darkness, which rather ruined the dress rehearsal for their production of "Cole" due to open that very evening. An irate stage manager and the terribly efficient LEB soon got it together again, we're pleased to report. Other happenings on site include a copper-wire soaking JCB extending the trench a little while noone was looking, the compressor falling down a manhole and the smallest site hutch in in N.W. Europe, which could easily be mistaken for an up-turned tea-chest. They also found a tin mug and formed a Union comprising of one management, one shop steward, two members and a black leg. Talking about LEB which we were but 7 lines ago, Mr. "Ludgate" Hill has been compressing by candlelight in his basement as both he and the Corporation man Mr. Trevor Treble have had some trouble trying to get power for the Hope Bros site, which is still in dusty darkness. Charles Andy John and Graham have been working very hard indeed and have opened all 6 holes without the aid of the Electric Light. Their well deserved tea-breaks are spent in the ABC terrifying the cashiers and having 6 sugars in your tea if your names Riley, whereas that pub called thimble under Blackfriars Bridge is favourite for dinners, cos its got jazz and stuff. Andy's bought an electric guitar and found a stage with scenery and we hear that Graham got a first in Archaeology. Women are in short supply and when it comes to drilling, G.M. prefers small bits.

GASTON'S STORY SO FAR: Gaston, approached by the boss of the Unit's rival, F.E.F.F.P.A.S., is trying to help by finding out who plays goal for the Unit. He finds out it is himself. Meanwhile

GASTON - LE - JOBBE.



Nestling beneath the lofty tower of Christopher Wren's St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe is the Piccolo Snack Bar. For some reason the Triglerian choose to call this delightful bistro the Pick-olo. It is obviously run by an established family firm, but a small prize is offered to the first to discover their exact relationship: father-son, father-nephew, prematurely aged son and ever youthful father, orphaned brothers, brother and exaggeratedly masculine sister, sex changed mother and daughter dressed as a man, the guess is anybody's.

The Pick-olo offers a wide ranging-litany of cooked food. Particularly recommended is the Spick omlette and chips at a modest 26p. Also the usual sausage bacon egg trio + chips. The trick is to rush in repeat your order to the elder of the two chefs 3 or 4 times, and then launch into the banquettes. There is a 50/50 chance of getting what you ordered. Requests for tea are met minutes later with a plateful of chips, but a demand for a plate of chips will bring you a rum baba.

Much of the preparation is done beneath a trap-door in the floor. I am slightly worried by this, because technically speaking the vaults of St. Andrews should be there. Perhaps we are actually eating Cityburghers with the chips. Tony Dyson could probably put our stomachs at ease on this. Other attractions of the Piccolo include eating in the company of the Mermaid nancies rehearsing "Cole" across the road; mirrors for keeping a watching brief on deep trench acne and the games of Happy Families as the plates are offered up.

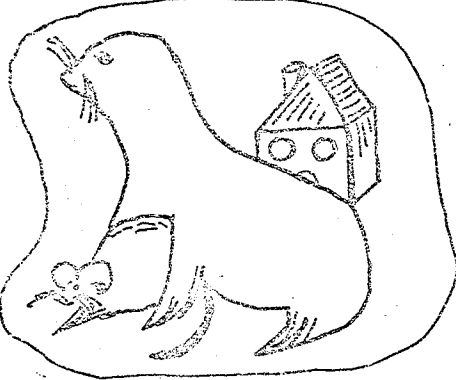
The Piccolo also does a nice line in Sausage Sarnies. Remember to chew well though-otherwise it could be the Barkham meal whisper. To be recommended too are the apple pie and yet more Baroque apple and strawberry. Dont bother with the mille feuille (Brylcream not fresh cream) nor with the bread pud, which tastes like savoury putty.

Routing amongst the volumes of the Wren Society, I discovered this fascinating snippet from a letter dated July 3rd 1674:

"May, Hooke Pepys and I did venture to see my new church By-the-Wardrobe. Pepys admired my consoles. I am worried by him, perhaps 'tis the company of the Kings Navy that troubles him so. Luncheon but next door. A fine repast of homellettes cooked in the Spanish manner which did give poor Hooke the wind. May was sorely aggrieved when minehost ventured forth a plate of pigs meat cooked in entrails for he did not order this"

Wren Society vol xiii p.26.

The ScHofield Whisper



The mouse who used to come on Sundays came on Tues and spent the entire afternoon sleeping in the trench next to Mr. Bishop whose conversation obviously wasn't interesting enough. We have several new faces: Tom (Toss to you), Mark (Yes another one), Man, another fugitive from America, and that well-known foursome, Merry, Sandra, Sue and Karen. As reported elsewhere, we did have the daughter of the President of Costa Rica for one day, but trowelling was

too much for her. Frances has taken her exams, Steve and Ed are leaving, and plans are afoot to make the site a possible rival to Battersea Park More anon. Archaeologically, were into oysters, post-holes, saxon pot and bronze bowls. The site hut is now electrically lit: John was thinking of installing a colour T.V. until Scotland got beat in the Cup.

The TRIGGERS WHISPER

New faces belong to Janet Allison and Charlotte, tho the latter is not unfamiliar to us as she cleaned boats at NEW, opened up Trig all those years ago, and displayed her woolly hat at the Triagle. Mrs. Pritchard, who once worked at Bonhill, is now in her second week at T, while Eieran is back from ladders. Big news is that the circus eventually arrived on Thurs, but it was not exactly new. It also refuses to work for anyone except Andy, and then only sometimes. Steves daughter has been named Sarah, and the happy daddy has been rushing about finding gold pins, fish hooks & tokens - the record stands at 30 pins in a day. Following his recent exposure to social workers, Mr. E's trousers have been sewn up; Mr. P.M. fell asleep on his spoil heap; Margie (fingers crossed) and Chrissie looked after the food, drink, booze, biscuits, etc etc., John M. & P., Peter A. and Gobby worked jolly well erecting cross-braces and plates in spite of Amalga gold strings. Kathy didn't like the pollen count, Coctains built a camp wall and had an unenjoyable experience with a schoolgirl who called him "Billieo" "Billieo" "Billieo"

MATCH OF THE DAY

From Howard Pele

BONHILL UNITED: 1 BONHILL MICE: 0
H.T. 0-0 Att: 10

The vermin hunting season got off to a good start for the Bonhill United side in a fine local derby that they never once looked like losing. In the first half, the Mice showed more in the attack, hitting the woodwork on a number of occasions, but the introduction of Strigwort in the second half increased Uniteds fire power. The only death in the game came from a fine wind up: Pele noticed the Mice; Marsden, in a fine attacking role, nodded on to caretaker Robertson, who passed to Strigwort, who caught the Mice on the volley with a tray of poisoned seed, and shot it into a Mouse's digestive system, before finally flicking it into the back of the dustbin. A fine death and one Strigwort should be proud of. But Monty Strigwort, transferr ed from the Gestapo for a two-finger sum, never showed the flair he's famed for, such as his killing Plaster Method, where the Mice are fed plaster of Paris and grain: this swells and solidifies in their stome achs so that, as Strigwort himself said, "You can hear them crack when you treads on 'em."

Conditions: Sick and depressing Formation: Bizarre.

Teams: BONHILL UNITED: Marsden; Rhodes; Brodie; Pele; Bird; Edmonson; Clark; Wipp; Robertson; Spring-Trap; (sub. Strigwort).

MICE: Jerry; Jerry; Jerry; Jerry; Pixie; Dixie; Mickey; Minnie Jerry; Jerry; Jerry.

Ref: E. Hobley (Coventry).

~~OR, TO PUT IT ANOTHER WAY:~~

Lament For A Dead Mouse.....a tribute to a tiny anonymouse boat-nibbler, recently killed in tragic circumstances at 9-11 Bonhill St. No flowers by request. (To the tune of '3 blind mice' -what else?).

One poor mouse (twice) no longer runs (twice)
For Strigwort put poison upon the floor,
And one little rodent expired in mid-gaw,
And if it stays longer perhaps we'll kill more
Than one poor mouse.

One poor mouse (twice) lies in his grave (twice);
His taste for old boats laced with Panacide
Had started him off on a downward slide;
This fungicide addict's gone out with the tide,
One poor Dead Mouse..sob..sob...

The MINS WHISPER

We were all sorry to hear of the break in discovered on Sunday: luckily (?) only 3 hand tapes, pens, pencils etc.were taken and a mess made but its all very unpleasant, following hard on T.L.I.s heels. Still the show must go on, and a mobile V.W.-shaped site hut is now in use for valuables. Andy is going to save the Unit £250 by building another hut from approx 28½ doors which he found, the ramp is to be be-decked with ivy, and the patio will look lovely when finished. That popular singing group the Minorettes featured a guest performance by Dec Glitter and Dave and Howard drank 10 pints of...milk before rushing off to Bonnis S. Even though Sal bust his specs, he st still draws superbly, and does a fine Groucho Marx. Barbara and Eva tackled a section, Leo was very acrobatic on the drill, and a S.S. from a rival site was dropped from a great height for being cheeky. x The skips for the crane very nearly hold a barrow-load, and Miss S. had a go on it (We have been asked to enquire what clothes if any the aforementioned Miss S, sports 'neath her mellow yellows) The recent requisition that Alan sent in has been refused as Mr. B. is right out of whips at the moment.

- *** Steve Kiln, the over popular DUA veteran has thrown in the trowel for research on trieneic phospholipids in the neural membranes of normal and disseminated multiple sclerosis victims. If you don't believe us, write to him at "Silver Birches, High Holeywood, Hertford, HERTS., or ask him next time you see him in the Skinnies.
- *** While we're on the subject of our local, please remember to wipe your MBEs before entering, as the cleaners are not as keen on spoil heaps as P. Muir esq. Thanks awfully!!
- *** Now we all know what a pernod is, I'll have a half of Browne.
- *** We wonder if the RESCUE SITE OF THE YEAR will be anywhere near Howlens canteen in Lower Thames Street?
- *** It has been suggested that 2 drops of Tolulene in those random soil samples might arrest organic decomposition until the environmental lab opens.
- *** The DUA featured on Radio London on Thursday morning.
- *** We're sure that Ann de Bonhille was only too pleased to leave those boring latin & greek orgies on Corfu to get to work on the TL 74 basket.
- *** Happy Birthday to Peter Muir, the man who discovered a corrugated Iron Age earth work not a million miles from Trig.
- *** The DUA lashes out £53,000 p.a. on wages which works out at er um £1,127 weekly. Last week wages came to about £1,800...
- *** Radio 4 has lost the early morning Mr. Pell to Kenny Everret.
- *** The search for new premises has taken us from the Old Kent Road to Upper Street Islington.
- *** Overheard on a longboat leaving Jutland: "Runes help you read more easily".
- *** London's infamous Caledonian Road now boasts, apart from Chrissie at No. 249, the Treasure Hunters Association at No. 71. The price of detectors range from £16.50 to £122.20 and have recently been employed in finding Saxon coins in Blackburn and 2,000 Roman coins in Sussex. If you wish to join "the fastest growing hobby" in the country it'll only cost you £3 to enroll with the THA who, we are informed, number a great many "full time professionals" in their ranks. Phone 278 3006 NOW!!
- *** Hilary looked ever so posh when she performed at a recent City Festival Concert, with her num, an unspecified man, the LSO led by Daniel Barenboim, Johan S. Bach, & Mr. Bruckner. Princess Alexandria also ran.
- *** Not only has Mr. Rhodes gotten new filing cabinets, but a new flat too.
- *** More Police Brutality: Sweet innocent Amanda, that well spoken gal from the Kings Road, was wrongfully arrested and accused of all manner of things she never knew went on the other day, but following Mondays court case, is now a free man again, and I should jolly well think so too.
- *** This weeks guests included Messers Addyman, Webster and Biddle.
- *** A document from the one and only DoE which arrived on the CUA's desk made reference to a site called (and friends, believe me its true) "Frig Lane"
- *** Brian Davidson was puzzled by our Mr. Hobley's nickname (WW4), a nom de trencher that we understand the CUA no longer answers to. Oh well, as somebody said, "Planks for the memories.."

THIS W.W. IS BROUGHT TO YOU LIVE FROM:

WHISPERING REIGNS, 10 OFFORD ROAD, ISLINGTON, LONDON N.1. TEL 01-609 2760

P.S. Don't forget July 12th....

Instead of your usual dose of Breakfast Serial we thought you might like some Sci-Fi instead. So, based on an idea by the very phuturistic Miss B. Scammell, we bring you:

PROBOLOGY FROM THE EARTH.

The nuclear war which followed Nixon's visit to Russia in 1974 wrought the destruction of the world as was. Many light years later, Intergalactic Man tries to piece the past together, with the help of a team of fully professional probologists. Here then, is Research Report 802/earth/341-000, especially thought-transmitted to us by Researcher 213.

"It will be recalled by all researchers of Pre-radiation Subcivilisations that London, a townism of some localised significance, has recently been the subject of a field-probe. (see Current Probology 87) Certain findings have however failed to achieve reasonification even after repeated computer programming, and an interim dataerial on this related information is presented below.

All sites and associated finds which were classified as Unreasonifiable were part of a cult known as 'dua' or 'muslon'. The focal point appears to be a suite of furnished rooms in North/Central/14 (records mention a guildhall in that area) which belonged to the controller. The last holder of this office was hobley the first, and though his habitation was modest by contemporanial standards, by comparison with his followers (slaves?) quarters, they may be considered palatial, for his minions appear only to frequent rude wooden huts and often holes in the ground. Each of these sites were identified and correlated by the presence of yellow plastic ware with a printed muslon inscription (the uniform of the cult's devotees) and were established as habitations by the incidence of a sleeping bag (with religious graffiti referring to a bishop) in one of the huts, South/Central/24. Dateification of pottery and coins from the HQ indicate continuous occupation from the romanoid to the nuclearoid era, and other finds include an empty safe, a black trench coat and 54 large cartons of paperwork. Evidence of human and rodential co-existence was established at East/North/3 wher so called 'bonhill man' had specially treated timbers fed to mice. The people who practised these strange rites were also notably clumsy: all the pottery collected from the site was either broken or patched up, with the exception of a few coffee mugs. Once again, dateification is romanoid to nuclearoid with a strong saxonoid presence. Sufficient material to construct a medium-sized spoil heap infers a possible soil fetish, which ties in with the triggurat worship noted at West/South/15.

Further field probes and improved computerizing ("No probation without Computerisation") should provide some of the answers as to what the aims and achievements of this penniless religo-manual cult were: why its members lived in huts and grubben hauser: why their diet consisted of draught lager, sausage sarnies and sheeps bones, and the ritual significance of the large cache of shovels, scrubbing brushes and black rubber foot-wear. Until such time, in the words of the controller himself, (WW4) "the mind boggles".

The following incident is entirely true.

The scene: Saal House, last Monday. The daughter of the wife of the President of Costa Rica is digging out a late fourteenth century hearth. The wife of the P of CR is sitting at the side of the trench. Around her neck is a golden frog pendant, circa 900 A.D., fax & from Costa Rica. Messrs Browne, Biddle, Hobley and Webster tour the site, exchanging learned words with Mr. Schofield. After they have left the site the wife asks: W Wife: "Who was that handsome man with the very intelligent, penetrating expression?"

Diggers: "Who?"

Wife: "The one with the piercing, soul-like eyes."

Diggers: "Pardon?"

Wife: "The one with the beard"....