



THE WEEKLY WHISPER



ISSUE: THE THIRD

THE DIGGERS DIGEST/HEART RENDING STORIES OF TROWEL & ERROR

PRICE 1½d

We dispense with our editorial this week to bring you a detailed account of the C.B.A.-Units-D.O.E. meeting on April 26th., called to discuss pay and conditions, and which finally agreed on the principles of a nationalised pay structure and unionisation. Here then is a summary of the ELLIS REPORT, another W.W. exclusive.

Tom Hassel (Oxford) started by saying that the basic problem was either to pay a living wage to the few, or to continue exploiting the goodwill of the many as at the moment. J.Hurst(D.O.E.) said that it was intended Government policy to establish permanent teams with a proper career structure etc., but that present progress was slow. The Govt. grant to archaeology in 1972 was £400,000; in 1973, £800,000 and 1974, ~~£3x000~~ £1,005,000. The present economic climate rendered the future unpredictable. The DoE. does not want to lay down conditions of employment, regarding independent trusts and local authorities as the employer. He did state, "off the record" that he was fed up with some local authorities obstruction of DoE. plans, however.

The C.B.A. reported on its plans for a professional archaeological body, to be launched this autumn: there would be an associateship, roughly degree standard; a membership, degree-plus standard; and a student membership. The qualifications would be as much practical as academic.

To Mr. Hurst's claim that permanent staff would mean fewer digs, Mr. Hobley pointed out that anyone employed temporarily for more than two years would be thereafter employed on a permanent basis.

Several Units revealed their present pay structure, as follows:

YORK: fees & subsistence abolished, all staff employed annually on local authority AP and Technical scales.

LINCOLN: down to site directors, contract sick pay, paid holidays etc., subject to NALGO. Site supervisors, £27.50 p.w., area supervisors, finds assistants and photographers, £22.50 p.w., all having their cards stamped. Semi-skilled, £20 p.w., experienced, £17.50, inexperienced, £12.50, no stamps. 4 week qualification period; all expected to pay tax.

DOVER: area supervisors, £15 p.w., skilled volunteers £10, experienced volunteers £37.50. No stamps.

NORTHAMPTON: 3 months minimum £16.20 plus free accomodation. Inexperienced volunteers £1.50 per day. All are self employed.

WINCHESTER: 6 months minimum, supervisors £14 p.w., photographer £12 p.w. plus free accomodation.

BEDFORD: supervisors £1,416 p.a. less employees deductions.

A nationalised pay scale was agreed on. For 1975-6 the DoE. would be asked for funds to cover the following rates: Volunteers (casual, short term summer diggers) Skilled @ £2.50, Unskilled @ £1.50 per day.

Site Workers (all making a living solely from archaeology) to be paid on a scale from T2 £1242 p.a. to T3 £1,500 p.a. All would be regarded as being employed and have sick pay and holidays, but stamps and tax could NOT be avoided. Contracts would be offered to all who stayed for more than three months, all rates would be pegged to cost of living indices, a London weighting would be allowed. All Unit directors were asked to get insurance cover for all diggers and third party on site. Employers could be requested to pay superannuation by employees, and this would be law anyway in 1975. Supervisors would be on A.P. scales.

It was agreed in principle that a Union was required, but exactly which one has not been decided. NALGO would not, apparently, accept the diggers, and some local authorities don't recognize ASTMS. Also, the diggers themselves must be consulted, which is what May 25th. is all about.

WE ARE GETTING IT TOGETHER.

a Trig Lane SPECIAL FEATURE:

FASHION PAGE by Feather Boa.

Hello! In this the first of, I hope, many articles, I'm going to tell you just what clothes we diggers are wearing this season.

First of all, I'd like to say what a breathe of fresh air Hilary has been. She really has shown us how drab and dusty our clothes are by comparison. Hilary is sporting a lovely Milton Green or Vert Jardin-Cité boiler suit. The cleverest thing about this ensemble, though, is its kangaroo style pochette in the front. A useful hold-all; all those pencils and rubbers and nails and string, and that sausage sarnie you couldn't quite bring yourself to finish. Congrats Hilary- you can dress my section anytime!! Alice from Gypsy Hill has turned her back on all those drab museum stencilled wellingtons, and has got into a pair of Dr. Bob Martin's ergonomic, no odour bootlets- just the thing for taking that random sample.. Attractive Chelsea Girl Mandrax McIlwain chose as her theme this week the sort of set Simon Signoret wore in those existentialist B picture films, chunky knit Arran Isle sweater in luscious strawberry, and pencil-creased jeans. "Mandrax" is interested in North London and biological research.

Mark Harrison, looking very casual in a sweat shirt advertising the tourist potential of some Mid-West American town- his wife, rosy cheeked Mrs. Harrison in blue bomber jacket and hand knitted tea cosy. Richard Montague Blurton also likes to top of with a similar number. The Dionysian Mr. Blurton also digs djellabas and anything Katmandu he can do better. Sadly his tea-house of the August moon parasol was kyped on the Bank to Waterloo Drain. Margie is looking lovely in a Suttons Seeds splash of colour. She is the only lady to wear long for the site, and she is doing stirring work; not weeding.

Graham Troilett looks ever more like Mr. Polly and was heard in full cry yesterday singing his celebrated cakes and strong wine piece. Julia, his close companion, is also into Arran sweaters. Nice.

Peter Muir has asked me to let x yz all his friends and admirers know that his white boiler suit has not disintergrated, but has merely been laid up prior to a re-bore de-coke and respray job.

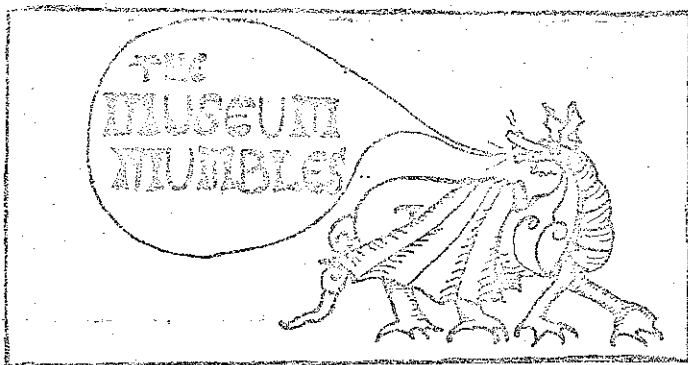
Finally young "Chanson" Roland the hard drinking Ware wolf; a man who likes to look like a man. He thinks big- about 2½ sizes too big. Nevertheless he has provided us with a very useful fashion hintlet. Slough your trousers at the same time as your boots so that in the morning rush you can climb into them with the minimum of fuss. Roland is clearly someone who knows WAREKits all at. Keep young and beautiful!!

ERRATA

We regret to say that we have at least 200 years of errata this week, following one or two slips of the quill in "The Big Dig at Trig" (W.W.2). A furious, and rightly so- site supervisor has pointed out that the waterfront was C15th for a start, not C17th. as reported. Please amend your copies accordingly- we're all apologies, really..

It is with deep sorrow that we have to announce the untimely death of our T.L. reporter, Peter Ellis, whose dismembered corpse was found crammed in a wooden drain last Friday. Pottery sherds related to the inhumation have enabled Mike Rhodes to date the time of death somewhere between c.1450 and c.1520

Heres a recent photo of the deceased, taken shortly before the murder by Mark-Mad-Axeman-Harrison himself.



Our beloved Museum is disappearing fast; the last galleries close on May 31st and won't be seen again till 1975 at our new high rise address. Already a large hole has appeared in the old leathercraft room, but we understand the archaeologists are looking into it....After a huge row, Marc (Ballista Bolt) Gutteres (age unknown) was quoted as being "Browned off"....Stay as sweet as you are, Bill Rector;- a certain someone thinks your specs are "nice and duckie"....Prepare for RUTHLESS- the Super Sec's column....Theres no truth in the rumour that Gerald (21) Clewley's frequent visits to Bonhill are because he thinks Mike Rhodes is the finest hunk of manhood in town....The very urgent medieval coin cleaned recently was a button in disguise....A certain Field Officer has promised to write an article entitled "Archaeology and the Single Girl"...

The TRIGGERS Whisper

P.Muir, a devout believer in clean socks rather than ecology, used to leave his dirties a dangling in the Thames, until the morning when he pulled his washing ashore only to find it had been replaced by a brick. We hear that Roland's life was saved only by the timely confession of Steve Pommie Basher Edson. Following the recent success of Grahams Samian Ware Party, a more daring Coarse Ware Evening has been planned, followed by a series of Slip Ware Spectaculars. Aprial photography looks phuz, and so does these Olympick-and-shovel Games we hear so much about. Gone are the days of 11-1p specials, as the Lepers would like their canteen back, please. Oh well, there's always curiously strong mints I suppose....

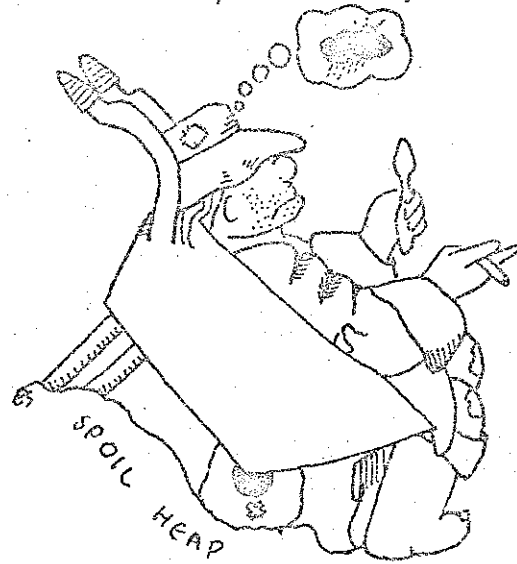
The TRIANGLE Whisper

N.F.W. is now back filled, and the warehouse half demolished. Faced with an eviction notice, Davy Crockett has sent in an urgent requisition for a site hut. The medieval well -the 'house' reffered to in W.W.1 (to err is human-ed.) has been well sifted under the direction of Andy Brown Bread Boddington, the thoughtful soul who, wishing to spare the landlord of the Mitre the indignity of his muddy W.Bs, entered the hostelry in stockinged feet instead. After a recent 17th. century Pike Drill lecture from Lover Boy Ian, such vulgarities as "shovel up" X "clear up your lose" and "below!" have been banished from Lower Thames Street, for now the site moves to the far more genteel requests of "Port your Pike", "Open your Files" and "Have a Care!". Charles Hill is back again after a recent industrial eye injury, looking resplendent in yellow hat and dark glasses. How much longer must we wait before we get that infamous life story we've been promised? No prizes for guessing who was wrukt spotted going to church elegantly attirred in a bright yellow Museum of London number, but he did tell me not to mention the erotic dream he had the other night, starring most of Trig Lane and a naked Peter Muir. We' haven't told Mr.ls.8d about the new girl from Cardiff either.

Late Arrivals at the Archaeologists Ball:

Mr. and Mrs. Clip, and their pet, Bulldog Clip.

THE DEFINITION OF AN ARCHAEOLOGIST:



ONE WHO'S CAREER IS IN RUINS!
(SOTV)

The potters at Beatrix worked very hard indeed- everybody in the little village said so. And the standard of their work was very high too, so much so that it soon became the in thing for all the discerning trendies to have a complete set of matching tableware from Terry Sigillata's officinae in ~~the~~ their villas. Nobody, but nobody else's would do. In short, business was booming, especially with the pre- christmas rush on. Now Terry was a good boss, and looked after his workers as well as he looked after his DR.30s, his particular speciality. He'd had a special hostel built for his men to live in, a splendid structure with a lovely mosaic floor in the vestibule and the words "The Potters Rest" tastefully painted on the wall plaster. There was also a well equipped canteen which had numerous excellent gadgets such as the charcoal fired french-toaster, and all the food was supplied by a firm called Christopher Robin Catering Co., who hailed from Lyons. Unfortunately you can't please all of the people all of the time however hard you try, and our story begins with the potters complaining to Terry about the food.

"Day in day out, it's the same old story" moaned Vitabix, whom they had elected without much difficulty to be their spokesman, "Fried boar garlic and chips, boiled boar garlic and chips or boarburgers garlic and chips. We don't mean to appear ungrateful for all you've done, (which they wern't) we just can't go on eating like this!" Terry was most upset to hear these accusations for he was only too well aware of one of the local oracle's wise sayings, "A hungry potter throws a bad pot!"

"Gentlemen" he declared, "You have done the right thing by bringing these grave matters to my attention- I did not for one moment realise that your diet was so boring, (Terry never ate his dinner in the canteen you see, he always took some sarnies and a thermos of wine to eat by the river), I shall speak to the cook immediately!" With that he turned on his heel and stormed straight into the kitchen, where Cook was mixing some batter in a 45 for a boar in the hole. "What do you mean by serving my men this pig swill?" He exploded, "How do you expect them to produce high quality pottery when their bellies are filled with ~~xxxx~~such rubbish? How dare you..""Don't come the high and mighty with me dear," retorted the cook, deeply offended. "I'm sure I do the best I can with what I'm sent- if I'm sent boar I cook boar. ~~If~~ me best's not good enough, you can always do the other- ther is a war on you know!" Terry had forgotten about the war, and apologised to Cook for flying of the handle. Nevertheless, he thought he'd have a word with Christopher Robin in person. Mr. Robin, for his part, explained that if his hunters could only catch boar, then what else could he supply his kitchen with? But, either because Terry was such a good customer or because Christopher was afraid of his firey temper, we're not sure which, the catering cheif agreed to have a word with his hunter that very day, ~~xxx~~ and so he did.

Now the hunter was living in the Ded Woods, a forest near Lezoux, like his father before him, not to mention his mother and brothers, who were still alive, and as he would often walk around naked, an ancient Gaullish custom, he was known as Dedi Bare, although his real name was Vini Lezoux.

"Tell me Vini Lezoux," said Christopher Robin, a little breathless after his long walk to the woodland hideout, "have you ever thought of hunting anything besides boar?" Vini, who was not a little puzzled by the surprise appearance of C.R.2 thought for a moment, then nodded his head vigourously.

"Excellent my good man, excellent. What particular specie have you in mind?" "I'd love to try my hand at mammoths." replied the other, to the noticeable dismay of his listener. He explained that, as the greater woolly mammoth had been extinct for several millennia, it was a particularly tricky number to hunt, and did he have a second choice? The hunter who was not sure who Extinct or Millennia were anyway, suggested piglets, and his boss, who had a long walk back, agreed, dispensing a final word of advice to his colleague. "When hunting piglet, the time factor is crucial, for little pigs grow bigger every day." Vini interrupted to say that he thought there was a song there, and Christopher Robin was feeling too tired to argue.....

MORE NEXT WEEK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!