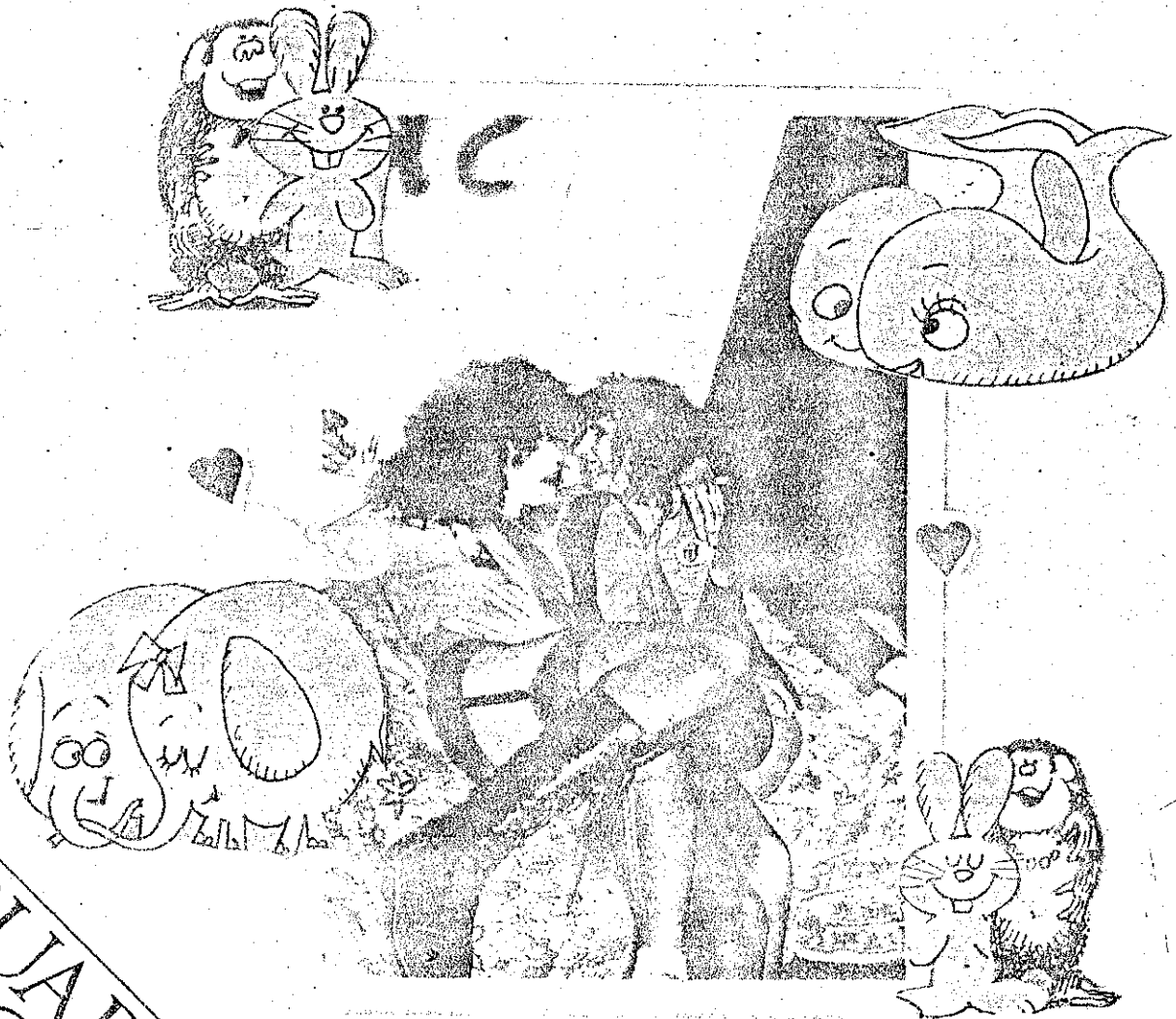


Radio Carbon

HAPPY
VALENTINES DAY



FEBRUARY
PROGRAMS '79

SO WHAT IF WE'RE NOT
THE SAME RELIGION.

UNION MATTERS

The Management's document on the Staff Review was found to be inadequate by the Union meeting of 1st February, 1979, since despite the lip-service to "the appalling job insecurity and below average pay" of the DUA, it does not greatly rectify the situation.

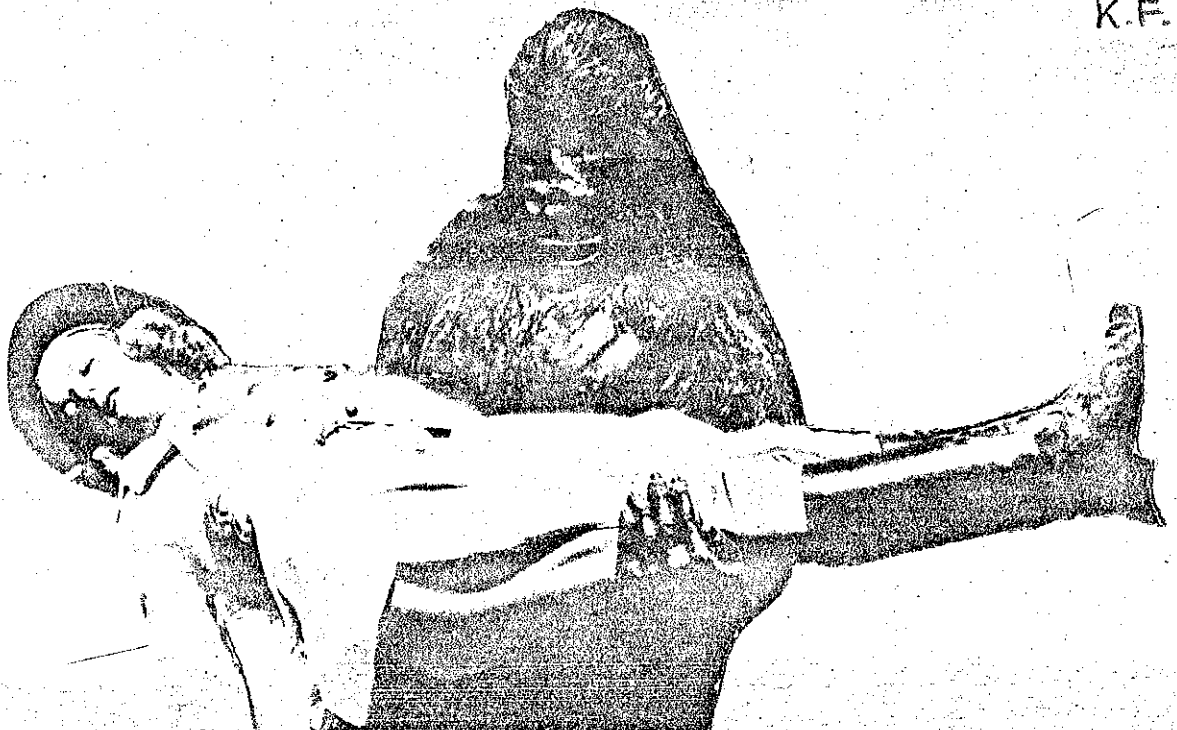
There was, indeed, feeling that the Union's own proposals, made originally a couple of years ago and therefore not necessarily representative of the present staff feeling, didn't themselves go far enough to improve the staff working conditions, so there was little chance that the Museum of London's almost niggardly proposals would be accepted.

The Union meeting produced a formulae which went some way to effecting a compromise between the maintenance of the integrity of Union negotiations and reflecting the changed conditions since proposals were first made. Therefore Union recommendations were kept to but with certain additions that suggest a possible strategy for the future.

Briefly, the Staff Review proposed more restricted grade ranges while the Union wanted longer grade ranges and better pay. The Union also felt that current differentials overrepresented the difference in level between different jobs in the hierarchy. GA's were felt to be particularly badly paid and should be appointed at Grade D if experienced and Grade C should be restricted to inexperienced staff as a training grade. Incremental points, it was decided, must be kept an assimilation to the new grades as otherwise the Review would make very little financial difference to the badly-paid staff. Among other resolutions passed an important one was that the present job descriptions should be included in the Review to enable staff to see the basis upon which the review was made.

One problem which arose was the relationship between the Union membership and Union representatives. A letter from Ardene Hilton to Max Hebditch contradicted a recently passed motion which urged the appointment of short-term contracted staff. Hopefully we can solve this problem when Ardene Hilton comes to a Union meeting on February 19th.

K.F.



Troubles in Tehran. Natalie Pobart (ex DUA)

Staying in the British Institute of Archaeology, situated as it is on the main Street of Tehran we could see all the processions and demonstrations that began the present troubles of the Country. The first demonstration was peaceful with the Women all wearing the Black Veils or Chadur which are traditional in the Country. The contrast with the men who wore high-heel shoes and tight white trousers was marked, and in its self seems symbolic of the stresses that have produced the current crisis. The crowds called for the return of the Ayatollah Khomeini. The troops were in fact stationed in the British Inst. gateway with their Tanks much to the consternation of the Director, David Stronach.

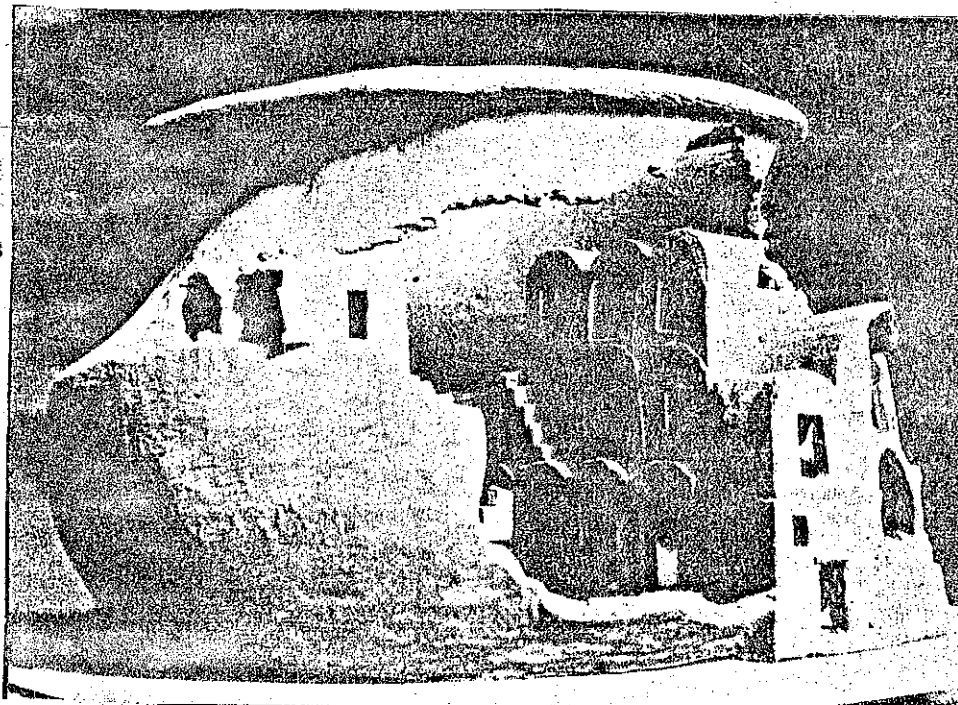
The second demonstration produced riots down the street and a man was killed next-door outside the British Embassy, the Military responded with machine-guns aimed ready to fire, and two canisters of tear-gas was thrown into the grounds of the Institute.

At the Institute no one was allowed to go out during the demonstrations and so we lived in a state of near siege laying in a supply of tins beforehand. To be safe girls had to at least wear headscarves and some bought Chadur to pass unnoticed in the street, where men sat around playing tape-recordings of the Ayatollah. The atmosphere was very tense.

During the riots a group of people entered the British Embassy Administration Offices to ask them to leave the building as they wanted to burn the building down. Which they did and it was.

Because of the feeling engendered by the riots the Archaeological Directors began to refuse work to women because the religious teaching is against this.

Natalie returned to the U.K. soon after the riots began to enroll at the Inst. of Education to learn to 'teach kids to make pots for Archaeologists in a 100 years time'. The pot shown here is one of her pot houses which she says are a 'tongue in cheek reversal of roles where she makes houses in pots instead of pots being found in Houses. The houses depicted are of Middle Eastern or N. African Houses and are usually places she has visited. Perhaps we can persuade her to bring one or two in as they are well worth seeing.



K.F.

Clothing Allowance

It finally arrived and looks very handsome. And we must all thank John Maloney for his tireless efforts. Now we must try and get a pro rata allowance for short-term staff, put into the estimates given to funding contractors.

WAT, WHYS AND WHEREFORES OR LOOK BACK IN LANGOUR

The story of a six month epic, with a cast of hundreds and produced at a cost of millions (as advertised on T.V.)

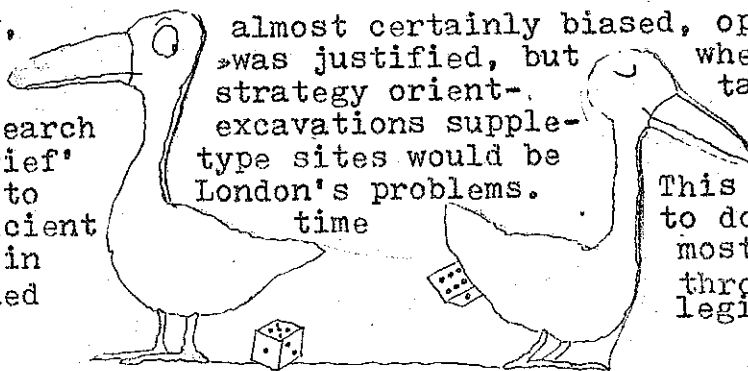
It is always hard to assess the value of an excavation so soon after its completion. The earliest stages of post-excavation work highlight the errors of strategy and thus detract from the achievements which may have been made.

The success of the excavation should, however, rest on the degree to which the various pre-determined objectives were achieved. At this junctive it may also be worth questioning the validity of those objectives, the appropriateness of Watling Court as the site on which to achieve those aims, the adequacy of the resources that were available and whether those resources would have been better deployed elsewhere. In order to answer these questions fully it would be necessary to subject the archaeological potential and results from the city to an analysis beyond the scope of this article.

Watling Court was excavated in the hope of finding a sequence of first and second century, (if not later), structures and evidence of the subsequent Saxon occupation. From this data we hoped to increase our understanding of the nature of Roman Londons growth and decline and to see how the Roman topography had been adapted or changed, specifically by the late Saxon urban renaissance, into modern London. In this the excavations met with reasonable success, although the earliest activity was not studied in the detail that it deserved. The wealth of structural evidence was perhaps greater than might have been expected, especially that of the late Saxon period. However little was learnt that had not been implied by excavations elsewhere (Milk St, GPO) and previous work in the vicinity of the site (Watling House, Financial Times House, St. Mildreds) meant that the local topography was already partially understood. This should not detract from the value of the site as providing comparative material, differing qualitatively, from that produced on the other sites. No single site, of this nature, will permit more than the most tentative conclusions. Also the size of the site permitted a far greater understanding of the development of and relationships between the various structures and properties studied, despite the perhaps unexpected lack of any major frontages.

There is no doubt that Watling Court was well worth excavating but was it possible to do justice in terms of resources, to both the Watling Court and the G.P.O. sites? If the G.P.O. north end has to be excavated too hurriedly, or left incompleated, this will be, in part, due to the work put in on Watling Court, (although ot other sites, such as the Priory have also absorbed resources, perhaps with less justification). Also was it reasonable to expect the excavations objectives to be accomplished within six months. Only through directing all effort into excavation and recording were the major objectives achieved and this has resulted in considerable disruption within the D.U.A.

It is my, excavation excavation few key research 'watching brief' appropriate to having sufficient thoroughly, in only be gained favourable



almost certainly biased, was justified, but strategy orient- excavations supple- type sites would be London's problems. time

opinion that the where possible an- tated around a mented by far more This depends on to do the work most cases this will through more legislation.

The mood at GPO is one of excitement and suspense as Context Number 10,000 approaches. The tension is increased by the hourly reports of the Great Chief, S. Roskams who announces the latest Number and pronounces whether progress is good or bad. The snow and sleet is no deterrent to the brave and hardy Roskams Clan as they trudge out into the blizzard, with one single-minded thought. Patrick keeps his cool in the corner for fear of diverting the march of progress. Simon and Chris maintain a nothing-has-changed attitude in their respective huts. Anne works on under her Polyspan, Clare braves the risk of soiling her bright Yellow 'Clothing Allowance suit, such are the sacrifices they are prepared to make, for the attainment of their Goal. Fredericke comes up from under her cover leaving Irish Mike to be the Housekeeper, to join the team of Jackie Rob, Amanda, Annie, and Marietta, with Marie hovering about in front. Watling Court Pete fresh from Tea making triumphs at WAT 78 does more of the same now he's on GPO.

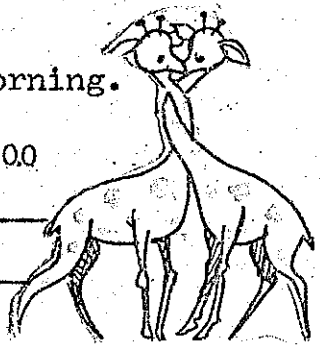
Ah!, but the tea-breaks are short! Then out once more into the Elements, to scrape, dig and plan ever pushing those numbers higher. But it looks as if the Great Day may never be! The pens are all spent, the workers protest! It should be a simple thing to renew the supply, talks follow with delicate negotiations, but yet no new pens appear.

Pens willing the day draws closer. Injured Monique lends her other helping hand. Bob and Karen put off their Mermaid Theatre. And even Mischevious blue-socked Mike casting his eyes at the Incredible Hulk, sees that the urgency of the situation (and the nudge from Alison) means that this is not the time for snowballing. He quickly returns to his house.

It is nearing the final hour, the rain has stopped, the Sun appears from behind the the dark clouds. Suddenly there is an earth-shaking cry. On his distant summit even Mr Wright jumps in fright. There follows an overwhelming rush to the Ale Hut, Annie A.A. rumbles in first but the rest are not far behind! Cheers of merriment are still to be heard from the GPO and one wonders whether, after 10,000, another context sheet can ever be the same again.

P.S. The great event is scheduled to happen sometime this morning.

10,000 10,000 10,000 10,000 10,000 10,000 10,000 10,000 10,000

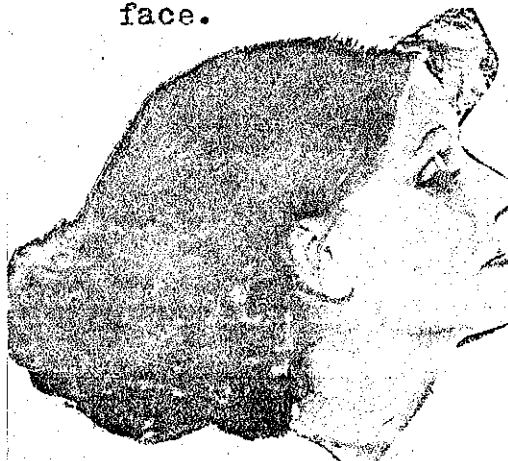


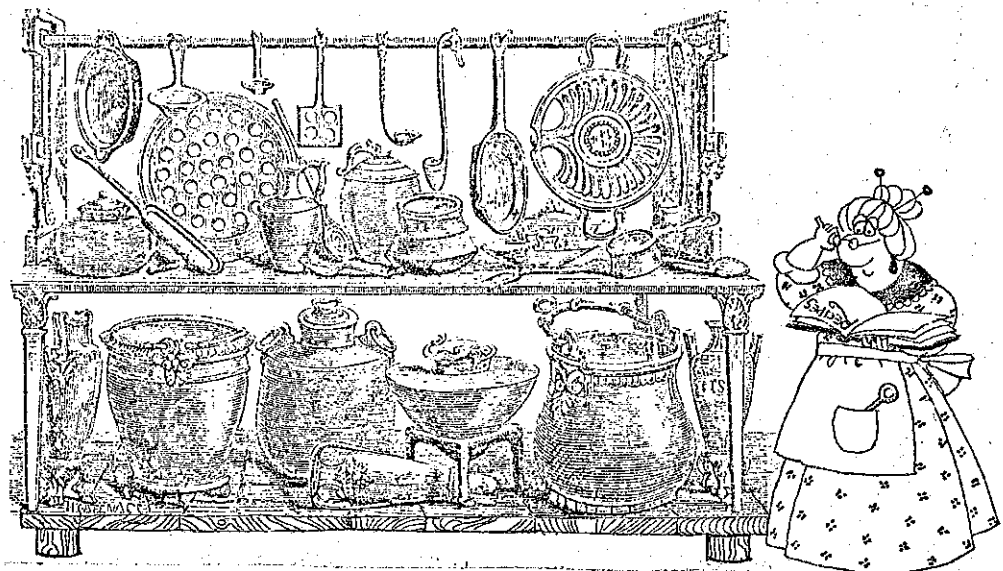
C14

You've seen the Professional Darts Championships, you've seen Rees being beaten 5-0, well now we have the one and only 'Amateur Arrows Championship', Yes Ian has gone over the double top and decided to unleash the DUA darts team on the Rest Of The World. But not until everybody who is interested has indicated so on the forms which will be appearing soon on your very own noticeboards. So don't delay, sign today (Or tomorrow) and don't get sand kicked in your face.

COMPETITION RESULTS

The Organisers and donators of 5 splendid prizes, feel the only true winner is apathy! AS only 5 entries were recieved, all 5 will recieve their prizes. Noone had the same opinion as the judges which was as follows: -1/CLOSE ENCOUNTERS, APRIL 2/ST. PAULS, SEPT. 3/ARTIST ON HOLIDAY, AUG. 4/SAFETY AT WORK, JUNE.





Well, hello all you starving hoards out there, now there is no use in trying to pretend to methat you haven't all got the most insatiable appetites and well defined discernable tastes in the culinary delights, oh no, you can't keep anything from your old Granny, after all you only have to take a look at how the membership of the Pudding Club has increased of late; I mean, I was only sitting in there the other day, relieving a splodge of delectable syrup roll from its abnormally firm grip on my back molars when a heaving gust of laughter sprang from the other end of the Hall; springing to life with a flourish of nervous tension, which isn't too good for me at my age, and certainly wasn't very good for the young Gentleman opposite, lovely man you know, slightly grey but wonderfully well placed rouge; well, ofcourse, my coffee went absolutely everywhere, although he was very nice about it all and did offer to pay me back sometime; but anyroad up; I must keep my mind on the subject in hand, I noticed that the laughter haderupted from the little vocal chords of all you dirty diggers out there, and, oh my, how many there were ofyou, I must say that I was rather embarassed by it all, not, ofcourse that I mind the odd dirty boot mark on the trays or the corruption of fruit roll into spotted dick, but its what you say to thase lovely ladies who cook with admiration for how they do it. But really dears, this will never do, I am quite getting away fromthe subject in hand, which is that I have decided that you all need a little education in Gastronomy, now don't think that I am being personal, but really, I think youought to understand that there is a little more to this eating lark than first-meets the mouth, for instance, eggs are quite a lot more than they're cracked up to be, you know;

So, without any more to do, I will take you straight into Chapter One of my brand new Cook Book which that lovely man, Stanley Baldwin has decided to serialise on his airwaves...

WHAT PEOPLE EAT, and how they cook it, are subjects that go far beyond the realm of the kitchen. Man's first major culinary invention, the discovery of fire, came half a million years ago, and one of its direct effects was to change even his physical appearance. For meat and the seeds of grasses were softened by cooking, so that our forebears no longer needed massive jaws and teeth to cope with them.

By the time of what has been called The Neolithic Revolution, which began in the Near East about 12,000 years ago and reached Britain about 4000 BC, all of the basic cooking methods were known and exploited. Man had learned to domesticate animals and crops. He had pottery for storage purposes and for cooking. He cooked with dry heat (baking, roasting and grilling) and with moist heat (boiling, stewing and braising).

Probably the first experience with seasoning came from wrapping food in a leaf to keep it clean, or to protect it from ashes while cooking. Primitive man would soon have discovered that this imparted a pleasing flavour. By the time of the civilisations of ancient Greece and Asia Minor a flourishing spice trade had evolved between the East and the main cities of the Mediterranean.

The Romans in their conquest of Europe took their knowledge of spices with them, together with unfamiliar fruits and vegetables.

With the decline of the Roman Empire, the spice connection was broken and it was not revived until the Arabs began expanding in the 7th century AD. Spices became more common in the Europe of the Middle Ages, though very expensive. A handful of cardamom was worth as much as a poor man's yearly

wages, and a slave could be bought and sold for a few handfuls of peppercorns.

The great spice routes must also have been the routes along which were brought many of the fruits considered common in Europe today - quinces from Persia; plums, cherries and pomegranates from Asia Minor; oranges, apricots and peaches from the Orient.

Spices from the New World

With the discovery of the New World, new spices from the Caribbean - notably cayenne and allspice - were added to Europe's cuisine. From the Americas came beans, sweet peppers, the tomato, the potato (both the sweet and the traditional varieties), pineapple, chocolate and the turkey.

Through trade the seeds and knowledge of these new plants and animals were scattered to other parts of the world. Chillies and potatoes went to the Indian continent; maize, also known as Indian corn, or mealies, manioc, peanuts, beans and sweet potatoes found their way to Africa; and at a later date exotic fruits, such as the pineapple, were taken to southern Africa and Australasia.

Turkeys which had been domesticated by the Aztecs came to Europe in the early 16th century. From the Continent they journeyed to Britain, where they ousted the peacock and swan from the table.

It is thought that the turkey owes its name to the fact that it was confused with guinea fowl, which was originally imported to Europe through Turkey.

The tomato, originally called the love-apple because it was considered to be an aphrodisiac, arrived in Europe from South America at the end of the 16th century and was widely cultivated from that time in Italy for use with pasta. In Britain, its reputation as an inflamer of passions delayed its acceptability.

The story was circulated by the Puritans that tomatoes were poisonous, and until the 19th century they were grown, not to be eaten, but solely as decorative plants.

Enter the potato

The potato was introduced to Europe by the Spanish in the 16th century. However, it did not become popular in Britain until the 18th century. Like many novel foods it was at first reputed to be an aphrodisiac, and it is said that in Spain potatoes sold at one time for the equivalent of £250 a lb.

The Americas were not the only source of new foods. Cucumbers, or cow-cumbers as they were once called, came to Britain in the 16th century by way of the East Indies. Rhubarb had been introduced to northern Europe some 200 years earlier, from northern Asia. Grown by monks for its medicinal properties, it arrived in Britain in the 15th century and was at first used by apothecaries to make medicines. Later, it gained popularity as an ornamental plant. It is only in the last 150 years that it has been used for ordinary cooking.

Centuries-old search

Throughout history, then, the search for new foods or for new ways of making old foods more palatable, has led men to turn their gaze outwards: to cross deserts, mountains and seas.

The chief beneficiaries of that search have been the nobility and the well-to-do. For in most societies, the poor have had no time, no money and no energy for gracious living.

Ironically, apart from our own day and the egalitarian era of rationing, the time of least contrast between the quality and quantity of food eaten by landowner and labourer was during the early Middle Ages. And that was also the time when food and cooking methods were at their least appetising.

BASEMENT TAPES

Our overworked and undermanned photographic dept. were finally floated away by the Corporation, this month, leaving Fatman and Ribbon (no offense Trev) to give lens to lens resuscitation to the drowned microscope, unfortunately the carpet had to be presumed dead. It caused a great deal of disruption including keeping the fraught slide Scrabbler from his loved ones for several days which unfortunately caused his wonderfully defensive lecture to be postponed; despite the hazards WAT was finally put to bed and the best is being done for the rest of the sites in between work with the Milnes on the International Waterfront Exhibition. Heather Bird, our Oxford girl who came to lens a hand is leaving, maybe she doesn't like the new trim Trev; and so is our veteran Barbie Garfi, who decided to draw the line somewhere and is off on Friday after her new years resolution to give up all things bad meaning that she also gave up smoking.

Boudicca Twells did not like her fire being let loose on London, although in a heated moment, she did threaten to hold the City to ransom; but was finally all aglow when she heard about Nussy's banana and sardine sandwiches. Gus and Chrissie are keeping warm in the basement where their Fans are, except when Gus is being rushed off at the eleventh hour to the International Symposium on Boat and Ship archaeology in Bremerhaven (thats Germany to you).

Livia has moved into the Basement with her little art treasures, as has Paul who often gets mistaken for a few old soil samples, and Deborah has a passion for human skellys especially of the eskimo variety.

ONCE BITTEN, TWICE SHY

Two years ago, at the January 1977 Monthly Meeting, the subject of excavation priorities was discussed. The outcome was that a team would be set up to tackle this very important problem. It was decided that a cross-section of senior staff with a particular interest in at least one of the historical periods would be the best approach to a democratic decision. These were: Tony Dyson (Historical Research), Peter Marsden (Roman), John Schofield (Med.), Mike Rhodes (Saxon) and Brian Hobley (Roman and Admin.).

It was agreed on the historic occasion that "meetings would be held when and where possible, and if necessary at a moment's notice". Also, "there would be an annual meeting at the beginning of each financial year".

Comments made by minor staff later ranged from "Super", "I'm not a priorities person", "Priorities City Arizona" and "I didn't get where I am today from believing that crap" - or, at least, words to that effect.

The first of these decision days was held a few days later at Milk Street. In some quarters it was heralded as a great success. The outcome was along the lines of "We must investigate the Roman Road", "The Med. building is very important", "The Saxon hut (not the real one) is vital" and "There's a plumb bob on the spoil heap".

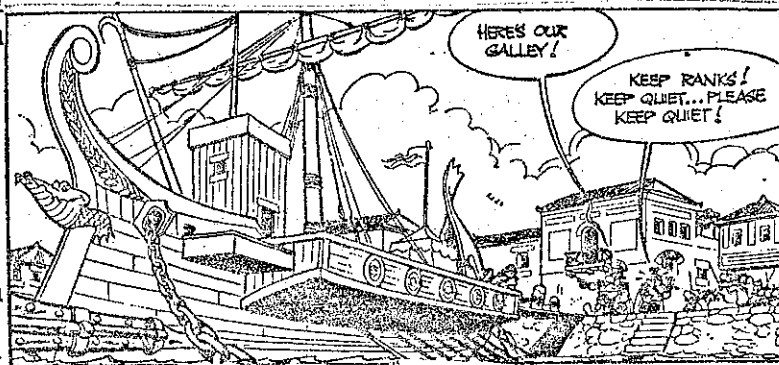
That was (surprise, surprise) also the last of the on-site get-togethers ! Isn't it about time that these giants of the DUA got together again and took the task seriously ? What I have been led to believe is that we are supposed to be tracing the history of London through the periods, using excavation to fill in vital gaps in our knowledge, not digging a building that's on half a dozen maps to prove that the cartographer was right. Surely without impartial meetings of people who are able to make these decisions and make sure they are adhered to a lot of money and time will be wasted.

J.B.E.

THAMES STREET TUNNEL

We could have been reconstructing World War One or perhaps reliving our childhoods by making Mud Pies, but our excuse for our wallowing in mud was to reveal for all the world (and John Bailey) the first Roman Quays to the West of the Walbrook River.

The GPO had
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Boyd sugg-
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The Box-type
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was the pos-
of the River-
and the height
level. Peter
ested that the
to which the
were cut, were
osits, consistent

with a river bank position. This hints that the Quays were built on the sloping foreshore, presumably with an increasing height of timbers as the Quay approached the River. The boxes formed a super-structure to support the planking of the working surface.

K.F.

In May 1973 my father and I went on a 'Don't blink now - or you've missed it' package holiday to Germany, Poland, Russia, Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Germany again and finally Luton, Bedfordshire, compressed into 14 days.

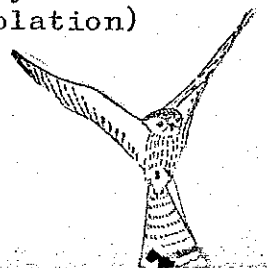
First the tour flew from Luton to Hamburg airport where, after a quick meal, we got on a coach which was our transport for the next 4,500 km. After having our passports thoroughly inspected we travelled on the Autobahn that cuts through East Germany to West Berlin. After an overnight stay we drove to the Polish border. As we were staying in Warsaw that night, we still had 500 km to go and hoped we could cross the border swiftly, but three hours meant we arrived at Warsaw about 1 a.m. and found that as we were expected about 8.30 p.m. our suppers had been simmering in the kitchens for four hours!

Next day we visited Warsaw. Father and I visited the old city, which is surrounded by brick-built ramparts, an early example of bricks for such strong buildings. Another interesting feature is they were entirely rebuilt after World War II as the Nazis had tried to destroy every aspect of Polish culture - even buildings. They had flattened the whole centre of Warsaw, but it was carefully restored, using old photographs, in the '50's.

After this very short stay the coach took us to the border with Russia. Again we hoped for a quick crossing as we were booked into a Soviet motel 700 km distant. Despite the fact we were passing from one Communist country to another 4 hours waiting meant another late night. Near Minsk we visited a huge war memorial - a giant mound of earth, crowned by a concrete structure impressively commemorating the almost incredible 20 million soldiers and civilians Russia lost in World War II.

Next day after another 6-700 km drive we reached Moscow late in the evening. Father and I declined the expensive 'optional extra' tour and visited the Kremlin by ourselves. Passing through the busy streets we thought it interesting how prosperous the town-people looked in contrast to the country people who always wore old-fashioned clothes and if any transport was available it was a rattletrap lorry that even Steptoe and Son would not have wanted on their junk collection round. The great advantage of road travel in the Soviet Union is that one can see the great difference between the country and the big towns.

The Kremlin is another early brick structure mostly 14th and 15th century. It is so huge there's plenty of room for various government buildings and a large area for tourists. Next day we visited the Space Exhibition. Outside the main hall is a rocket of the type that launched Gagarin and five more cosmonauts in the years '61-63 before two and three man launches became operational. Inside the main hall were numerous exhibits illustrating the progress from space achievement to the more recent space utilisation. One of the most impressive exhibits was a re-entry capsule, fire-blackened and charred by the tremendous heat cause by atmospheric friction (or ablation) during re-entry.



Next day we were on the road again to Leningrad. Unfortunately, the coach bypassed Novgorod and we reached Leningrad about midnight. Next day father and I declined the 'optional extra'. All the 'optional extra' tours were a bit overpriced, which probably accounted for the trip's low price. We got into the centre by tram for a few kopeks and spent the day in this beautiful city.

After this brief visit we left Russia for Finland where an extra delay was caused by several coach loads of drunken Finns. Since Finland is totally dry at weekends and Russia is not, boozy weekends in Leningrad are very popular and these people were returning to Finland. The trip only allowed about 35 hours in Finland before we embarked on a ferry for a crossing to Sweden. The 200 km trip included a bunk overnight. In the morning we looked around Stockholm where one thing we saw was an ancient Rune stone. Another interesting sight was the early 17th century warship Vasa. The party stayed overnight in Varnarno - a small town about 200 km south of Stockholm.

We crossed over the straights to Denmark and spent a few hours in Copenhagen before returning to Hamburg. A Danish Customs Officer came aboard the coach to stamp our passports but halfway through his 'plonker' broke and some of us left Denmark on June 6, some on June 4 or 3 and some just left Denmark!

At Hamburg we left the coach and flew back to that jewel of the north - Luton!

HOLY TRINITY PRIORY

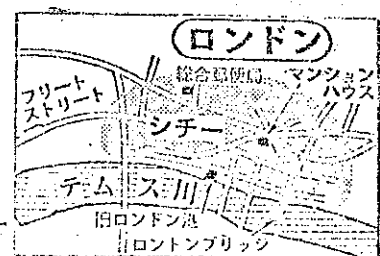
Baked potatoes are no longer on the menu as strangely-clad figures move slowly about in the ruins of London's greatest monastery. So far the west end of the priory church, the base of a free-standing campanile (bell-tower) and the prior's house have appeared. The bell-tower could be one of the earliest for a major church in the country, at around 1300, and the prior's house of 1108 seals Dark Earth with Dendritic Strands. Outside the west door of the church, where they could be walked on, were at least three mortar cists with occupants. In one a large gentleman lay on and under the bones of somebody else and a child. Could it be a family tomb on the cheap? Simon, Ron, Anne, Kit and David are into the developers' Refectory, where subsidised fish is served as it was 800 years ago on Fridays; and JS intends that access to Cheap Food is to be a feature of all DUA sites in the future.

Prior Engagement.

C14

On the 8th. January 1979 the well known Japanese newspaper MAI NILHI SHIN BUN published an article about an Archaeological unit based in the City shown opposite which ran a Site under the banner of SHICHEE HAKKUTSU (no wonder we decided to drop the name ed.) which was run by a DAUNI PERINGU for a BRAIN HOLBEI.

I don't know where they get their information from, unless, ofcourse FRANCIS ALDRITCH gave it to them...



VALENTINE CARBON CLASSICAL CROSSWORD

The first letter of each of the answers to the clues across will form the answer to 1 down...

1										1) Mother of Cupid and Wife of Mercury.
2										2) Greek Goddess of love.
3										3) Centre of Agrippa's road system in Gaul and birthplace of Claudius
4										4) A nymph, loved by Pan, who sent the Shepherds mad; they tore her in pieces and buried her, but her fragments can still sing and imitate other sounds.
5										5) A circular cloud of light which surrounds the heads of Gods, Emperors and heroes.
6										6) A Belgic tribe with possible relationships to London and Troy!
7										7) A special honour given to the Roman General by his Soldiers after a victory.
8										8) Son of Cephisus who loved nobody until he saw his own reflection; pining for himself he died and was turned into the flower of the same name.
9										9) The practise, common among Greeks and Romans, of sleeping inside a Temple in order to receive a dream vision of the healing God who would show him how to cure his ills.
10										10) Daughter of Marcus Agrippa, wife of Tiberius and Mother of Drusus.
11										11) Young mortal Daughters of Zeus, who inspire poetry and Prophetic power with their Dancing.

DOWN

1) Seemingly a follower of two Saints, whose Festival falls on Feb. 14th., but actually that of the Gnostic sect, formed by a 2nd. century Egyptian theologian.

ANSWERS TO THE JANUARY CLASSICAL CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- | | | | |
|-----------|----------------|------------|--------------|
| 1) ITALIA | 4) UXELLODUNUM | 6) RIDDLES | 8) UTICA |
| 2) ABACUS | 5) ARGONAUTS | 7) IDAS | 9) SALUTATIO |
| 3) NEMEAN | | | |

DOWN

- 1) IANUARIUS

So don't forget that if you have a crossword that you would like to contribute on any slightly related subject(s) then simply drop them in the Stanley tray at the top of the stairs at Broadcasting house.

Having bribed my way past the guards with black treacle sandwiches (apparently much favoured in those parts), I found myself outside a door with a crown painted on it in gold and below was a sign attached with tin-tacks, which read: THE KING IS IN. I turned the heavy iron ring-handle with difficulty and pushed the door open.

At the far end of the room King lounged on his throne, crown over one eye. On catching sight of me, he adjusted the crown and rushed down the dais steps, nearly stumbling on his ermine-trimmed robe. There was a wild look in the small black eyes. His crown slipped again to an undignified angle.

"WHAT can I do?" His eyes glazed over. He sank to his knees and began to sob, but changing his mind he rushed back to the throne turned on his heel to face me again, hands clutching a bunch of grey hair each side of his face, eyes black again. "I'm so BORED", he yelled.

I waited for him to calm down a bit, and then we sat down at a table to play cards. Half-way through the eleventh hand of whist, I felt the carpet begin to rise up; someone was coming up through the floor.

"It's only Grubgrit", said the King, thumping the flagstone back into place with one velvet-shod foot. Muffled moans could be heard from below. "He's part of the place really", he added absently. "Always trying to escape from the dungeon - never makes it."

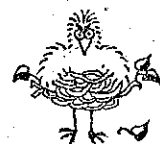
I stepped into the corridor: it was silent and long, with doors ranged along each side. Mergatroid, the castle spider, snoozed in his web hammock near the ceiling, slung between two candlesticks.

A sudden ear-splitting rending of timber, and approximately the middle third of the door on my left entered the corridor, followed by several ferocious-looking men with wild bushy beards, wearing horned helmets and bristling with weapons. Between them they gripped a battering-ram comprising most of a large tree. Their leader was the wildest and bushiest of them all: a mass of black fur, from which protruded limbs, helmet and one pointed tooth securing a curved knife: Black Eric himself. Within moments, subsequent to a second horrendous crash, the door to my right reflected that on the left.

The clouds of woody dust and splinters began to settle and, wiping the tears from my eyes due to much choking

I noticed what appeared to be a small heap of twigs on the floor.

A small angry-looking bird stood up in its nest (for such it was, having been built in the tree), pulled the twigs up around its waist, and stomped off disgustedly down the corridor, raising small puffs of dust as it went.



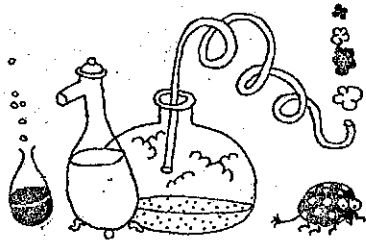
I arrived at the door to the kitchens; sounds of confusion from within. Cautiously opening the door and ducking a hurtling melon, I saw the rotund figure of Cook perched on a chair and laying about himself vehemently with a large ladle, to such effect that he was in great danger of tumbling off. His minions and under-minions were dashing and thrashing about with an assortment of brooms nets and long-handled pans, causing just as much havoc as the hundred or so small animals, which zoomed under table-legs, jumped on to shelves and in and out of pots, clutching in their paws and teeth anything which looked, smelt or tasted edible.



Nothing escaped their beady eyes. Opening the door a little wider, a yell went up from Cook who frantically shouted at me to shut it again. Six of the little creatures were approaching fast, allowing for the weight of a couple of plum puddings and half a Stilton. Hastily I pulled the door closed. There was a spludging noise on the other side then much irate squeaking.

Leaving the pandemonium, I wandered over to the East Tower, hoping to meet someone more co-operative. I neared a door with weird sign scratched upon it and filled in with red paint. I knocked and went in.

"You've got the job", said the odd figure in a long black gown spangled with silver stars and moons. He was sitting on a very high stool at a bench covered with apparatus of all types in which multi-coloured liquids and gases steamed and gurgled.



Books and charts scribed with odd characters lay piled everywhere. "Thanks" I replied, "but don't know what you're talking about". Zap the Wizard jumped down from his stool with a container in each hand, the contents of which bubbled and fizzed alarmingly. He poured three drops of purple from the fat jar, with a long neck into the small bottle of pink, and the result was an angry red with much effervescence.

"Funny!" he exclaimed. "It's supposed to go black with orange stripes. Oh well ...?" He made an entry in a large dusty volume with a scratchy pen dipped in silver ink. "Now then", he continued, smoothing his long white beard, "where are my spectacles?" He peered short-sightedly about himself. "On your head" I said. "Oh yes". He found his glasses but knocked his tall pointed hat off in the process. "Aren't you the new apprentice?"

"No, I'm a reporter," I informed him, hoping I was getting somewhere at last. "I was hoping for an interview".

"Would you believe that thirteen assistants have left in the past two months?" he asked, taking no notice and squinting at a small frightened looking beetle in a glass jar. "Ten by the door and three through the roof". He pointed meaningfully towards the ceiling.

Directing my gaze aloft, I saw three large holes from which a few loose pieces of timber and plaster hung, swaying in the draught. There were three corresponding scorch marks on the stone floor. Some aggressive-looking dark green liquid was hissing ominously in a large pot. I backed towards the door and made a fast exit.

The nursery was quite large, furnished in blue and gold. "I have to go out for a while" said Nurse, smoothing her crisp white apron with plump pink hands "Look after His Highness, would you?" And securing her large floppy bonnet with a terrifying hat-pin, she bustled forth before I could say a word.

'His Highness' was not very high at all. A small wide-eyed child with curly hair and jam down the front of his tunic, sat in the middle of a big woolly rug spread on the nursery floor, in the process of perfecting a strangle-hold on a well-padded toy bear, with a patient expression and no arms.

"Hullo, said the small child, and promptly flung the bear out of the window. There was a far-away splash.

"We're ever such a long way up!" he exclaimed, and ran to the window, jumping on a stool to get a better view over the moat. This being a somewhat precarious position for such a small person to be in. I lifted him down, and looked out.

Below us, a cross-looking gardener, angrily muttering as far as his sparse teeth and clay pipe stem would allow, was marching purposefully back to the castle with a soggy bear tucked under one arm. "That's fort -four times this week!" cried the small child delightedly, a mischievous grin on his face. "Can you count up to forty-four?" I queried, after a pause.

Crossing over the drawbridge to the far bank I turned to take a final look at the castle. On the ground floor, the silhouetted forms flailing arms wielding brushes and frying-pans and accompanied by faint shouts, could just be made out. A sudden flash of blue light was emitted from one of the upper windows in the East Tower, followed by wafts of orange smoke and sounds of coughing and cursing. A stuffed bear sailed out of another window with blue and gold curtains. "Forty five" I counted.

Something was splashing about near the edge of the moat. A door opened at the foot of the castle wall, and two guards ran out towards the disturbance. When they returned to the bank they were dragging what appeared to be a sodden clump of weed between them: Grubgrit had failed again.

C.U.

LLOYDS EXHIBITION

Having heard so much for the past five years of the importance of our accountability to the Public, I feel that full credit must go to Kevin and his merry band at the Lloyds Insurance building for finally putting the theory to practice last month with a three day exhibition around his site, during the lunch hour. The whole lay-out was set up specifically to give the layman an immediate interest in the subject and to allow him to understand the history at his feet, with the whole site being labelled. This took away the mystique which we undoubtedly still seem to give to these holes in the ground. This exercise was a must for all volunteers, after all, think how long it was before you were told exactly what to look for in order to recognise such things as beam slots, post-pipes or robber trenches or even how to recognise whether a wall was foundation or standing structure. Anyhow, this was by no means the most important or the most impressive part of the exhibition. An incredibly simple to understand display of finds, with descriptions of their function and method of construction was laid out with an equally simple to understand collection of levelly girls in the shape of Sandra, Hester and Jackie Alford who helped with any questions and elucidated upon the importance of each find and what information it can give us, while Kevin gave site tours.

The only part of the exhibition which I had a few reservations about was the photographic display from a past exhibition, superbly set up by our own photographic department, which, although it could not be faulted in our eyes, I felt was a little highbrow for the casual layman. However, it did represent a great insight to other activities of the DUA, and gave a professional finish to the exhibition and once read more than repaid the effort.

The exhibition was an undoubted success, and was a great help in cementing relations with Lloyds and the general public. It is hoped that it will be possible to do the same at the Mermaid with a display in the shell of the Theatre itself.

A big slap on the back for the workers and vols at Lloyds for taking the first step in something that I hope will become a regular event, to help explain ourselves to the contractors and public, without whom we wouldn't be here.

P.H.



CALENDER DATES

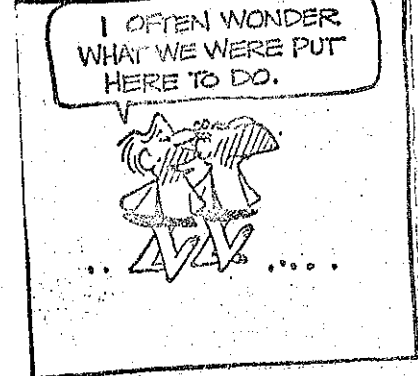
The current fashion seems to be for Seminars on Seminars, so we have a couple lined up for you in the future. Provisional dates and programmes only, so far though:-

Wednesday 21st. February

The DUA presence, report on the recent York Environmental Conference, featuring Philip Armitage's paper.

Wednesday 21st. March

Gus and Peter M. report on 'Mittelalterischer Schifften und Hafen', the Bremerhafen Conference.



Which brings us to the RADIO-CARBON SPECIAL DISCOUNT OFFER!

SUBSTANTIAL reductions are offered free to all card-carrying RADIO-CARBON READERS, FOR MILNE'S MARVELOUS 'Waterfront Archaeology in North European Towns' Musuem of London Friday 29th. April-Sunday 22nd.

An Extravaganza of a different kind is offered by our very own one-man miracle John Schofield, who has written and directed his second 4 part epic, entitled 'Medieval Houses' on Thursdays 1st. 8th. 15th and 29th of March



The Musuem is running 2 diverse and interesting lunch-time Lectures 'Visions of London' and 'In the Workshops;' (our title), on Wednesdays and Thursdays respectively. Of particular interest to Archaeologists are:-
21st Feb. 'A Bird's Eye View: Maps of London' by Philippa Glanville.
15th Feb. 'Prehistoric Flints and Stone Tools' by Jean Macdonald.



If you fancy a week-end away (or need an excuse?) the following Conferences should repay your investment:-

Saturday 3rd March (one day only I'm afraid)

'The Archaeology of the English Church' Dept. of Extra-Mural Studies, Birmingham.

Friday 4th. to Sunday 6th. May

'Temples, Churches and Religion in Roman Britain' Rewley House, Oxford.

In the near future the Finds Seminars will be resumed. And our Man in Japan may be persuaded to reveal his Oriental Mysteries. X

STOP PRESS!?

Dear Mr. Flude,

You wrote to me in November about the interviews held for a number of posts in connection with the excavation of the Lloyds' site. I have looked into the matter and find no reason to think that the museum acted improperly. Obviously it was a disappointment for some people to be offered jobs at interview and then to be informed by letter that it was not possible to go ahead for financial reasons.



Yours sincerely,

MAX HEBDITCH.



To everyone at the DUA,

Now that we've returned from an overwhelming three weeks in the States, and our lives are settling into "mundane and boring" routines, I finally have a bit of time to write to thank you all for the second biggest surprise of my life (the first being Charles' marriage proposal!!)

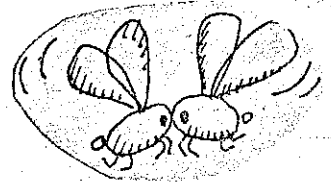
You all presented me with an unforgettable evening which I shall always look back on as wonderfully meaningful finale to my four years at the DUA, and prelude to my marriage to Charles.

Your most generous gifts are already enduring regular use in the Hill vs. Morgan household. (The typewriter is just about due for a ribbon change and three million word check-up.)

Thank you all again very, very much for such a happy and memorable SURPRISE.

Much love and affection to you all,

Merry Morgan HILL

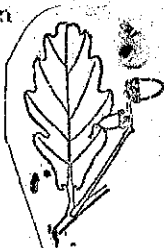


STOP PRESS STOP PRESS PROGRAMMES

CONFERENCE ON 'WATERFRONT ARCHAEOLOGY IN NORTH EUROPEAN TOWNS'

MUSEUM OF LONDON, 20-22 APRIL 1979

Almost any definition of a town must refer to the importance of trade, but archaeologists have only recently attempted to study the development of riparian and coastal towns by examining the major trade outlet itself, the waterfront. Such a study can provide graphic evidence of — and suggest reasons for — a town's origins, growth or decline. In order to stimulate interest in waterfront archaeology by reviewing its potential, assessing the current state of knowledge and improving the contact between urban and nautical archaeologists in Britain and on the Continent, a conference is being organized by the Council for British Archaeology, the Nautical Archaeology Trust, and the Museum of London.



FORTHCOMING DISTRACTION

A series of four evening lectures on THE BUILDING OF MEDIEVAL 'LONDON' by J.S. at the Basement on Thursdays in March at 5.15 p.m., beginning on 8 March. Topics will be Saxon and Norman buildings 900-1300; Shops, Houses and Halls 1300-1550; The Waterfront; and Burn it All Down, or Up to the Great Fire of 1666. Plans and reconstructions will be given away as part of the course!

J.A.S.

The Valentines Day Programme was produced and Directed by Stanley Baldwin, aided and abetted by K.F. with P.H., additional material was supplied by J.B.E., N.P., D.P., M.R., J.A.S., S.S., and C.U.. Typing was by the very kind hands of D.T. and J.F., and K.F., P.H., C.M., and J.B.E. Cover design and photography by K.F. and J.F., additional artwork by C.U. and Anon.