

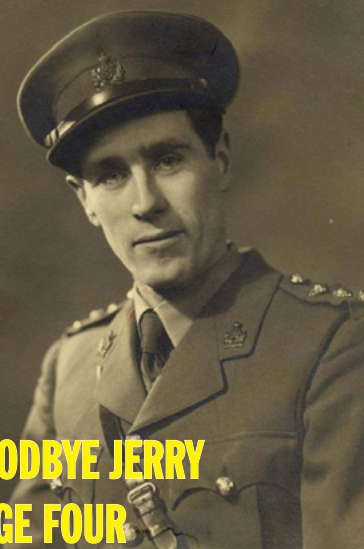
THE BLETCHLEY Bugle

Issue 8 April 2014

\$B1.00

Straight to the point!

**GOODBYE JERRY
PAGE FOUR**



**Sue Black quits.. Parlimetary debates..
Bad press. Well, Mr Scarlett, it's.....**



..Another Fine Mess!



King Neptune

Receiver of Wrecks Brought into Major Visitor Attraction.

O. Pentode-Wader
Bletchley, Bucks

The Receiver of Wrecks has been brought into Bletchley Park to salvage what remains after the sea of devastation caused by the waves of Neptune’s destruction.

Access to the whole site is now problematic, with ‘D’ block and ‘H’ block almost inaccessible. The destruction that greets the visitor is massive, preliminary inspection reveals the following.

- Churchill Exhibition, Lost.
- Diplomatic Wireless, Lost.
- Blitz Night, Lost.
- Polish Day, Lost
- 1940’s Weekend, Lost.
- Classic Cars & Bikes, Lost.
- MK Radio Armature, Lost.
- Model Railway, Lost.
- ‘F’ Block Steps, Lost.
- Winter Wonderland, Lost.
- Tennis Courts, Lost.
- Pegasus Bridge, Lost.
- Bomber Command, Lost.
- Tour Individuality, Lost.
- Leon Family, Lost.
- Coach Parking, Lost.
- Guide & Steward freedom of speech, Lost.
- Visitor Satisfaction, Lost.

With so much lost, massive National and perhaps International support is now be required to halt this wave of destruction. If we all pull together, we will save this site we all hold so close to our hearts and to cast out Neptune’s grasp.

PUGH

HOW TO SPOT THE ‘SOCIALISED PSYCHO’

Robert A. J. Matthews
Aston University

While such personality disorders as psychopathy, paranoia and obsession/compulsion all have strictly defined criteria, psychiatrists are still struggling to decide precisely what constitutes a socialised psychopath.

One of the more obvious characteristics of socialised psychopaths is that they give the impression of talking “at” you. Prof Jeremy Coid describes it as like being regarded as a cardboard cut-out. “Even in a sexual relationship with them, you are still just an object for their personal gratification,” he says.

The following questionnaire is based on research and experiences of socialised psychopaths. For each trait, decide if it applies to the person you suspect may be a socialised psychopath, fully (2 points), partially (1 point) or not at all (0 points).

1. Do they have problems sustaining stable relationships, personally and in business?

2. Do they frequently manipulate others to achieve selfish goals, with no consideration of the effects on those manipulated?

3. Are they cavalier about the truth, and capable of telling lies to your face?

4. Do they have an air of self-importance, regardless of their true standing in society?

5. Have they no apparent sense of remorse, shame or guilt?

6. Is their charm superficial, and capable of being switched on to suit immediate ends?

7. Are they easily bored and demand constant stimulation?

8. Are their displays of human emotion unconvincing?

9. Do they enjoy taking risks, and acting on reckless impulse?

10. Are they quick to blame others for their mistakes?

11. As teenagers, did they resent authority, play truant and/or steal?

12. Do they have no qualms about sponging off others?

13. Are they quick to lose their temper?

14. Are they sexually promiscuous?

15. Do they have a belligerent, bullying manner?

16. Are they unrealistic about their long-term aims?

17. Do they lack any ability to empathise with others?

18. Would you regard them as essentially irresponsible?

A score of 25 or above suggests strong psychopathic tendencies. This does not mean the person is a potential mass-murderer: socialised psychopaths are not mad, nor do they have to resort to violence. Even so, a close professional or emotional relationship with a socialised psychopath is likely to prove a damaging experience.

Who is he ?

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Rufus T Firefly

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To quote a colleague of mine ‘I am incredulous at the apathy of BPT towards the passing of one of Bletchley Park’s greats, and towards the feelings of those who admired him and work to tell his story.

Worst of all, the inaction by BPT management is shockingly disrespectful to one of the great Bletchley Park code-breakers. Jerry Roberts was one of the last of the Testery, the group of people whose decrypts determined the date of D-Day; they played a significant part in saving thousands of lives.’

Not a word has been spoken. No ‘thank you’. No acknowledgment.

Even if you have something planned, you the Park owed it to Jerry’s wife, Mei, to note his passing in good time. You have failed.

Indeed, if it was not for Bletchley Park, and the people of the Testery, it is most likely that I would not have been born as my father was part of the D-Day landings and in most likelihood would not have survived the assault, had it not been for the work of the for the fantastic work carried out by the code-breakers.

To the right of this column you will see an obituary to Captain Jerry Roberts, Something that has been in national news, but rather sadly, not from any communication by Bletchley Park, either in public or internal mail.

It should also be noted that Over the past few months, indeed years, the communication between the volunteers and BPT has all but collapsed. The Friday updates are welcome, but the sterilization of all else is unbearable. Yesterday, we were all informed by BBC News of the passing of Captain Jerry Roberts MBE. This was quickly followed up by an email from TNMoC to their mailing list and a post on their web site. Dr Sue Black, Dr Brian Cox and several others spread the news via Twitter and Facebook. As the day progressed social media sites were filled with tributes to this great man.

As of now, 20:40 Friday 28th March 2014, we, as a volunteers, have received no formal notification of his passing from BPT. Also, we note that the official Bletchley Park website has no information on this sad event; the homepage is dominated by an advertisement for a fictitious ITV drama (and nothing under the ‘News’ section).

The loss of a significant member of the Bletchley Park veterans was signaled to all volunteers at least by email. I don’t need to tell you that the volunteers are a passionate group who care very deeply for those that came before them. In previous months and years we have been informed of the passing of those who gave so much and saved so many: Mavis Batey; Oliver Lawn; John Herivel et al. Even Tony Sale’s passing was communicated to BPT volunteers in good time.

This aside, I will Compliment a certain MC FONTAINE for producing a ‘Bletchley Pod-cast special’ to commemorate this great man. The pod-cast is not from the Park but from the pod-caster.

Rufus T Firefly

FAREWELL TO ONE OF BLETCHLEY PARKS TRUE HEROS

Rufus T Firefly
Bucks

ONE OF THE LAST remaining UK code breakers from World War Two has passed away.

Raymond ‘Jerry’ Roberts was 93, according to the BBC, and was instrumental in breaking high-level Nazi ciphers as part of the code-cracking war effort.

Captain Roberts joined the war effort at the Milton Keynes park in 1941. As a member of a group called the Testery he helped crack the Tunny code, re-engineering its code to let the allies read German and Italian messages.

In an interview with the BBC last year he discussed the excitement of cracking the codes and spiking Hitler’s chats.

“We were breaking 90 percent of the German traffic through ‘41 to ‘45”, he said.

“We worked for three years on Tunny material and were breaking - at a conservative estimate - just under 64,000 top-line messages.”

Roberts was part of a unique effort that will never be forgotten. As part



Photo courtesy of Ashton Kutcher

A true hero and Gentleman
of a team that included Alan Turing he played a significant role in the war effort, and all with typical British understatement.

“It was a war where we knew comprehensively what the other side were doing,” he said. “And that was thanks to Alan Turing, who basically saved the country by breaking Enigma in 1941.”

Sir John Scarlett, chairman, Bletchley Park Trust, called Capt Roberts an ambassador the park, and wished his family well.

“Captain Jerry Roberts MBE was a true gentleman and - to the last

days of his long life - an outstanding ambassador for Bletchley Park. In World War Two he was a key member of the team who deciphered the most secret communications of Hitler and his top commanders, work of incomparable importance for the outcome of the War,” he said.

“Unfailingly modest about his own achievements, he was committed to the end to achieving recognition for the work of his colleagues and the contribution of all those who worked at Bletchley Park. He will be greatly missed. Our thoughts are with his devoted wife, Mei.”

RODENT INFESTATION CAUSES ANXIETY

Mona Lott
Toddington

The volunteer community of the Park have launched citizen patrols after reports that giant sized rodents had been spotted in several hedges, striking fear into the hearts of guides.

The first sighting of a massive rodent, which some described as ‘hideously deformed’ and ‘strikingly horrific’ occurred at noon Thursday when local resident Agatha Aitrium call 999, informing dispatchers that she had “nearly crapped herself” after

encountering the gigantic creature in a hedge outside of hut 4.

Reports indicate that the witness described the mammal as being over 5 feet tall, with a large head and protruding ears, strangley looking at a watch apparently timing what appeared to be a man been followed around by a large group of the general public.

Several hours later a second 999 call was received claiming that a large and unidentified creature had been spotted close to hut 6, resulting in the dispatch of several squad cars, a helicopter

tactical response unit and a K9 unit.

Local Snoop Berdy Toadgolightly has asked residents to be vigilant.

“The creatures are over 5 feet tall, wearing black jackets, grey trousers and sport a blue a bright pink tie. We ask any citizens who have a firearm carry permit to shoot these critters on sight and not rely on law enforcement getting there quick enough to kill these beasts. This vermin must be eradicated before they populate our streets and boroughs and before we know it, we are overrun.

From Beyond



RSGB UNDER THREAT

TURING SILVER FOUND!

Screaming Lady Sutch
Bognor

Bletchley Park management were rumoured to be furious that the RSGB hut is not open for the public 7 days a week.

It is thought that, in a fit of temper, they climbed on the roof of B block to bend the aerial so that transmissions would be impossible.

The threat was, if they don't now open 7 days a week, the aerial would become completely broken.

Force 8 gales had been recorded over the 24 hours before this event, however, so the person or persons responsible might be in doubt.

Not content, the next solar cycle which was assigned the number 24 but has been cancelled by the Code Enforcement Officer (CEO). Scientists were able to predict that this cycle would have been 30% to 50% stronger than the previous solar cycle and it would have started a year later than previously thought.

Scientists have been unable to accurately predict the intensity of future solar cycles until recent times. All of that changed recently when the Predictive Flux-transport Model was developed and put into effect. This new method is thought to be 98% accurate.

Dr. Heir Loss of the Park Trust and the senior legal representative of the CEO takes full responsibility for cancelling the next solar cycle and has a black eye to show for it. He recently got into a scrap with the head of the North Bucks Ham Radio League, Brent Brookski over the cancelling of solar cycle 24. Dr. Heir Loss claims

WWII ENIGMA CODED MESSAGES

‘WERE MOSTLY INANE TEXT CHATTER’

Horace Wimp
Sussex

The importance of the Allies breaking the famous Enigma code in the Second World War is being revisited following claims that most of the messages sent using the top secret code were in fact teenage style text messages saying how bored the German security personnel were and whether the girl on the front desk fancied them.

Historian Antony Beevor who has had thousands of messages deciphered says he was shocked that after a decade of intense Nazi propaganda that most of the Wehrmacht's obsessions seem to be about sending each other silly jokes and insignificant trivia. For example Nikolaus von Falkenhorst-Commander of German ground forces during Operation Weserübung sent a message in 1940 regarding fraternisation with the Danish nationals after the occupation of Copenhagen; ‘OMG UR SOL wiv her coz she iz wll fit ttyl :)’ This received the official reply from the officer in the field ‘stfu m8 UR a vrgn pmsl :D’

‘This message seems to suggest that there was a particular Danish

that the CEO has complete authority over anything related to the visible as well as the invisible portions of the electromagnetic spectrum.

Ham operators take advantage of the increase in solar electromagnetic activity by bouncing radio signals off of the ionosphere to each other in the form of radio waves which are transmitted via upper and lower sideband and cw (continuous wave or Morse code). When the solar cycle is in full swing it is possible for a Ham operator in North Bletchley to talk to his counterpart in New Zealand using a mere 5 watts.

Dr. Heir Loss admits that he has a black eye but that nevertheless he had thoroughly throttled his opponent during a fist fight they had during the Free Ham Operator's Convention (FHAC) in Milton Keynes last week. The two had become embroiled in a fierce argument over whether or not the CEO had any business sticking its nose into the business of Ham operators and this argument evolved into fisticuffs to the delight of nearby bar patrons.

Dr. Heir Loss seemed to go over the edge when Brookski claimed that Dr. Heir Loss would not know the difference between Ohm's Law vs Kepler's Law if it “bit him on the ass”. Dr. Heir Loss replied, “Neither would you then!” Dr. Heir Loss did not realize that the Ham operator had a well concealed “hair lip” under his moustache and the Ham operator was equally unaware that Dr. Heir Loss had a wooden eye. The Ham operator had responded by saying, Woudn't I, Woudn't I” to which Doctor Heir Loss had replied, “Hair lip, hair lip !” And thus the fight was on.

When asked, the Bletchley Park CEO was unavailable for comments.

woman who caught the attention of von Falkenhorst and his junior officer, and that neither of them thought the other stood much of a chance with her.’ Research shows that breaking the enigma code was actually achieved early in 1940, but that it was trying to understand the textspeak and emoticons that took the Allies so long.

Other examples of the inane rubbish that had to be sifted through by intelligence officers at Bletchley Park include a message sent from Hitler to Goering during the battle for Stalingrad; ‘wht u doin 2nite? Gt pssd l8r?’ and a series of messages sent from the Fuhrer's bunker in April 1945 such as ‘Brd shtless. Tld Russns gtfo. Eva bad mood : (’

‘These new transcriptions give us a much deeper insight into the narrative of the Second World War from the Nazi point of view,’ added Antony Beevor. ‘After years of analysis and study, I have noticed that at the beginning of war there were lots of smiley emoticons but interestingly at the end of the war, it is most sad faces. That definitely tells us something.’

P. Ickitup
Upper Whallop

Recent excavations for utility for the housing development at Bletchley Park have unearthed several metal objects and documents in a leather pouch.

Although much corroded these are remarkably intact. Amateur forensic analysis by Gestapo Lil has revealed that this metal is pure silver. From the recovered documents and other artifacts have confirmed that this is the lost savings of Alan Turing. With the very real threat of invasion by Hitler and the Germans, Alan Turing in a fit of severe depression, converted ALL his worldly wealth into silver bullion. This he buried at Bletchley Park carefully measuring the exact location. This location he converted into a unique code of his own devising, sadly very late at night when he was very tired.



Photo Chris P. Bacon

Possible location of the hoard

Unfortunately later when the threat of invasion had diminished Alan Turing tried to recover his treasure but was unable to decipher his own code. He spent much of his spare time fruitlessly searching all over the Park to no avail. At a secret extraordinary board meeting of the park directors where everyone present was required to sign the official secrets act and an undertaking not to reveal the details fore 100 years it was agreed to declare a special bonus to distribute the spoils of the treasure. Swiss bank accounts have been opened for all recipients.

No mention of this meeting appears in any Bletchley park documents. The utility trench has been filled and the utility contractors informed that the metal was anti aircraft shrapnel and the leather pouch just a 1950's briefcase.

CODEBREAKERS WORK ON PERSONALISED NUMBER PLATES

Horace Wimp
Sussex

CRYPTANALYSTS at Britain's former spy HQ are devoting most of their resources to cracking personalised number plates.

Spies have said they're too busy to supply the FBI with British citizens' private details because they're trying to work out why an Audi's number plate is 34 V7GA.

Codebreaker Eleanor Shaw said: “The grouping of the letters indicates that V7GA is intended to be a word, but what word could it be except vagina?

“And why would someone want to advertise having 34 vaginas?

“In other ciphers, numbers have a mathematical relationship to letters of the alphabet. But here, any number can represent any letter the driver of the car says it does, which makes codes

impossible to break.”

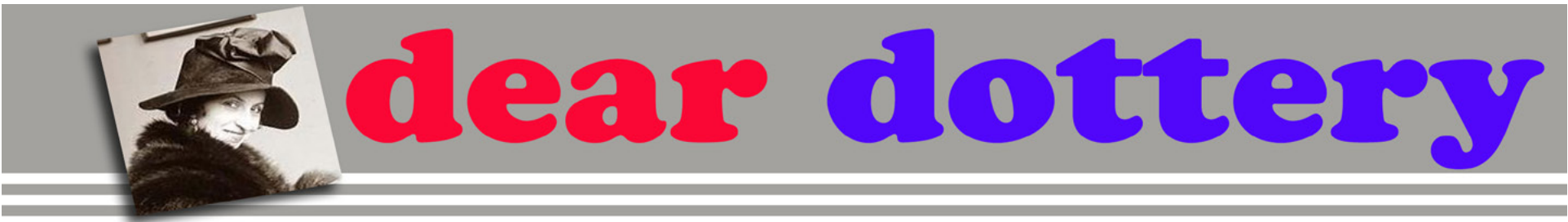
Head of Cryptanalysis Joseph Turner said: “The codes range from the simple – JLE 435, where the driver is Julie and the numbers are irrelevant – to the bafflingly complex.

“How can we make sense of a registration like DJ51 8AG? Unless Simon Bagshaw from my school has become an internationally successful DJ, and according to the listening devices I placed in his home he hasn't.

“They must be trying to communicate something, and it might related to terrorism. So we've arranged for every car with a personalised number plate to be remotely detonated this Friday.”

Number plate analysis is currently occupying 75 per cent of Bletchley Park's resources, with the remaining staff creating Sudoku puzzles to keep the middle-classes too busy to think about revolution.





Dear Dottery

I've been on jobseekers since leaving BP, and never really had the inkling for work, but I notice the top job is going at the BBC. Considering I do practically nothing but watch TV, I feel I would be perfect for the position. Granted, I do tend to watch ITV, but I'm a big fan of Fiona Bruce, if you know what I mean. Do you think I'm in with a chance?

■DOTTERY SAYS: I think you should go for it. Why should you be discriminated against, just because you're useless? In my job, we have a gender neutral policy, which means gender plays no role in any of our daily activities. So we have unisex toilets, and unisex uniforms, and no-one is allowed to laugh at Cindy Spigot for having two mummies. As a result of this rule, Oliver French has been selected to play the role of Mary in this year's nativity: he argued that if girls got the part of the three wise men then why not let a boy play a girl's role. Despite our gender neutral policy, the managenebt were initially unsure about letting him because of what happened the year before when he method-acted as a donkey and did a little poo on Joseph's shoe, but they decided to give him the benefit of the doubt.

Dear Dottery

The chief whip is telling me one thing, and my security team is telling me the opposite. I'm finding it so incredibly hard to guess at which one is saying untruths: the elitist bike-riding bastard with the overblown sense of entitlement, or the pleb. It's just too hard. Can you help?

I. Buckinghamshire

■DOTTERY SAYS: That's a tough one – you can never tell if a grown-up is fibbing or not because they're so good at it. Take my hubby, for example. If I him if I look ok, and he always says 'you look fabulous, darling' when in actual fact you can see my fat tummy and my big knickers under my dress. And when his boss and his wife come over for drinks, he spends all night laughing and telling them how much he enjoys their company – but in fact he thinks his boss is an incompetent dickhead and his wife is a stuck-up bitch who needs to lay off the botox. So yesterday, when I asked if it was ok to draw a picture of My Little Pony doing a big jobby on the screen of his new iPad in permanent marker, I immediately took it for granted that he meant the opposite of what he said.

Dear Dottery

I'm really fed up with being unpopular. No matter what I do, everybody hates me. How do I get people to like me and think I'm cool?

V Buckinghamshire

■DOTTERY SAYS: Luckily it's the start of srping term; you've got the chance of a fresh start. You got in with a bad crowd in the past, and unfortunately they dragged you down, so this year, try to find a new set of friends who won't bully you into doing daft things that make you look like a complete spanner. Think of the new academic year as a kind of rebranding process: ditch the

old Hannah Montana pencil case and get yourself a smutty Miley Cyrus one instead. Most importantly, if you're going to use bribery to gain respect, be sensible. Don't give away rubbish stuff like free pencils (you might as well be handing out free dog turds). You're much more likely to win friends by inviting people round to play Grand Theft Auto V on your dad's Playstation while he's gone to B & Q.

Dear Dottery

I've been attempting to re-ignite my flagging career by using TV appearances and social media to insult various minority groups on the Park, but it doesn't seem to be working too well. Shall I try using the 'n' word and see whether that gets me anywhere? Or maybe I could go with an anti-Semitic theme and see if Alan Sugar bites?

I Buckinghamshire

■DOTTERY SAYS: I hate to break it to you, but mocking people based on their social class, race, hair colour or even the fact they buy all their clothes in Asda was officially made illegal in 2009, and if you're not careful you'll end up in Guantanamo Bay like poor old Frankie Boyle. My granny says that political correctness has made the world go mad, but she also thinks her cat is the reincarnation of my grandad and that it wees in places where there are gold coins buried under the ground

Dear Dottery

The other day I had nothing interesting to say and ended up publicly announcing that is mny staff and volunteers didnt like my new policies, they could bugger off by mistake. I've since realised that my main talent is having a big gob. A move into politics would seem logical; do you agree?

■DOTTERY SAYS: Have you ever heard the story of the boy who cried 'wolf'? Basically it's a story that grown ups like to tell kids to make them think that telling naughty lies to get attention results in you being socially ostracised and then potentially mauled to death by a large predator along with all your sheep. But don't worry, the true moral of the story is that if you try to teach children behavioural norms via Aesop's fables, they'll probably point and laugh at you and then put a Post-It on your back which says 'big fat jobby-womble'.

Dear Dottery

My boss and I are having a disagreement in that he thinks I should do less talking and more work, whereas I think he should sod off and leave me the hell alone. How can we settle this debate?

T Buckinghamshire

■DOTTERY SAYS: If you were a girl I would suggest a skipping competition or some sort of psychologically damaging death stares, but you're a boy so the only thing you can do is challenge him to a fight in the playground when the teacher is busy wrestling a firework from one of the ADHDs. Start off by grabbing your opponent's Thundercats lunchbox in a masculine display of aggression and toss it to the ground so his Um-Bongo bursts and Wotsits go scudding across the concrete. He'll probably go straight for the body shot and attempt to pull

PSYCHIC SIMON

All your quarterly Horoscopes

- **Aries (21 MAR-19 APR)**

Despite boasting exhaustive selection of products, FunkyPigeon.com don't appear to have a 'Make another one of those twatting adverts and I'll hunt you down like a war criminal' card.
- **Taurus (20 APRIL – 20 MAY)**

Two weeks of going to the gym has really made a difference. You never used to cry when putting your coat on.
- **Gemini (21 MAY-20 JUN)**

Remember, there are some things you should never write for yourself and those are Valentine's cards, work references and your own nickname. Suicide notes? Absolutely fine.
- **Cancer (21 JUN-22 JUL)**

As the ninth son of a ninth son of a ninth son, you were always destined to be a fireman.
- **Leo (23 JUL-22 AUG)**

After reading news stories about floods stopping burials taking place and the rising use of food banks, you contact Tory central office with a bold new scheme.
- **Virgo (23 AUG-22 SEP)**

Actors get Oscar nominations for portraying people with an illness but all you got for that month off work with a 'bad back' is your P45.
- **Libra (23 SEP-23 OCT)**

Simply scratch off this horoscope to reveal the prize underneath. Please be aware there's a strong possibility it could be a back-to-front horoscope.
- **Scorpio (24 OCT-21 NOV)**

After no alcohol in January and no carbs in February, you're planning on 'no feeling like kicking everybody's head in' for March.
- **Sagittarius (22 NOV-21 DEC)**

Don't worry. Be happy. All your better ideas have already been stolen and used in the past. Which perhaps suggests you should prefix "crackpot" to the unofficial title you give yourself. Destiny is more like a buzz-word than something you'll ever have to think about.
- **Capricorn (22 DEC-19 JAN)**

A tasty beverage will be coming your way today - something to look forward to. Hell has a new master and he's coming for you! Wednesday may be sunny.
- **Aquarius (20 JAN-19 FEB)**

Your greatest fears are about to be supplanted today by a new incredible horror. When aiming for greatness, set your sights to "better than greatness"...and when you fail like a miserable shit, you'll at least be able to blame it on trying too hard.
- **Pisces (20 FEB-20 MAR)**

The long and winding road will not necessarily lead you to Paul McCartney. Which really should be a good thing, other than the fact that the man's got millions and could make you into an international superstar.



CLASSIFIEDS

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FOR SALE

BOVINE EXCREMENT: Suit budding propagandist, POA. www.Goebbels.com quoting ref: **BB 253HV**

Hatchet: when it's gone it's gone! Suitable for culling volunteers. **\$B25 each.** As used at Palace of Westminster. Contact **F-H-WE. Ref:TO-ADY**

Poison pens, Dual purpose. Secret messaging, Ink contains cyanide for self destruction **\$B10 each** or **\$B 30 for 10.** Call **01908 6404041**

String Vest: worn once by large nude couple - stretched and slightly soiled hence **\$B1** Mr & Mrs Arbuckle **01908 771711**

MC Doll. Full Set of Turnable Coats. Original Brown Nose Intact. Full Repertoire of Glib Phrases and Meretricious Gimmicks. Collectors Item. Genuine Period Piece. **\$B76.67** Menzies Campbell, Milton Keynes **01908 285003**

Dictators In Bottles: Standon, Sugg & Howe **\$B10 each** or **\$B25 a set.** **Poulter's Bottled Phenomena, High Street,** Milton Keynes **01908 262906**

1965 Morris Oxford saloon with newspaper roof and pair of three-legged Belted Galloway cows. They won't be separated. Unwanted wedding present. **\$B250** ONO **01908 112311**


Brace of tame hares: Don't answer to their names 'Burke and Hare' (not sure which is which). Ideal as pets or for the pot (not houstrained hence **B\$5** ONO) **Mr Henchman 01209 303033**

OBITUARIES

It is with great sadness that the extinction of the long loved public tour is has occurred. This famous full tour covering the entire story will be greatly missed after 20 years faithful service. The unique 100 minute tour suffered its first major surgery in january 2013 when it's Tunny and Colossus faculties were ruthlessly removed and it became only 60 minutes It lost it's ability of Hut 11 in June 2013 and then the removal of the Bombe demonstration in december 2013. Without any interesting content left it finally passed away in february 2014.

It will be greatly missed by all visitors. Coded messages of sympathy only. private internment under missing tennis court. Only original guides invited.

In Memoriam.


Common sense and friendly co operation Sadly passed away 2nd Jan 2012 greatly missed by most guides and volunteers

PERSONALS

Female Seeking Male: Bitter, unsuccessful, middle aged, wallowing in my own misery and crushing loneliness - looking for 24 year old adonis to bore to tears with tales of a wasted life, vaginal thrush, bed sores and at best missionary sex. Must be a good listener and have own transport. Can accommodate.

Male Seeking Female: Middle aged midget with viagra habit seeking female, any female. PS: This advert cost me \$B60 to place so would appreciate short term loan.

Male Seeking Female Aged over 40? Well educated? Like wine, the arts, long walks in the countryside?

Yes? Well bugger off then, I'm looking for an 18 year old vacuous size six stunner with massive boobs, no brain and absolutely no opinion on anything. Must be able to iron & cook **REF BB 110V3**


Couple Seeking Young Female: Friendly NE couple looking for nubile female. Must enjoy strangulation, dismemberment and being immersed in lime.

WANTED

Send me your string. With your pieces I aim to encircle Buckinghamshire for charity. 'How Long Is A Piece of String?' **Ivan Toblerone, Greta Garbo Impersonator and Ephemeral Sculptor**

REF BB 120V1

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Career Opportunities

Bletchley Park Trust has recently been awarded another grant, so instead of improvements to the site they are seeking to recruit even more incompetent, self righteous staff for the following positions

Unskilled slap-heads (six month contract.)
Must have own suit (preferably brown). Own desk, and hat-stand is provided for suitable applicants. Lazy good-for-nothing with multiple chronic illnesses sought to assist busy, interfering manager. Must be idle and shiftless. A bad memory and/or dyslexia will be advantageous.


Inexperienced timewaster - urgent contract.
Candidates (under 21 years of age) must be able to fill out at least six pages of a C.V. with claims of experience and knowledge totaling a minimum of 150 years. In addition, they must also be able to claim involvement with hobbies which nobody in their right mind could possibly fit into a lifestyle which included, for example, sleeping or eating. The successful applicant will have no real skills in any category whatsoever, but candidates will be considered providing they do not know anything about C++ programming or Project Management.


Bullshitter
The successful candidate will have at least three years experience of doing jobs for which they have no skill or aptitude, ideally in a museum environment. Skills to include bullshit, ideally to politician level, and waffle in a technical capacity. Arse-covering skills will be an advantage. CBE (Certified Bullshit Engineer) qualification essential.

If you would like to find out more about joining the team who help keep Bletchley Park running and provide a fantastic visitor experience, come to one of our open days on Friday 17 or Saturday 18 January 2014.

Alternatively, please email: job@bletchleypark.org.uk

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