

## **A BLETCHLEY ALPHABET**

*Composed by staff of Bletchley Park at the end of World War Two.  
Kindly supplied by Mrs. P. Sharp, née Sear.*

**A** is for Anthony, our nominal head  
At least until the country went red  
We're Bevin Boys now and through Ernie's capers  
Poor Eden has had his redundancy papers.  
*Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary*

**B** is for Budd, the head of Hut Two  
Who hands out the wallop to me and to you  
When the Park closes down the last man to go  
Will be Mr. Budd, at least we hope so.  
*George Budd, Chief Groundsman and Quartermaster*

**C** is for Crawley, our own dietician,  
Who serves up our grub like a mathematician  
It's round stodge or square, for the rest of your life  
Then eat the darn stuff without even a knife.  
*Cecil Crawley, Catering Manager*

**D** is for Denny, his nickname is Stoker  
(We think, 'cos he peps up his pipe with a poker)  
He issues the Bronco and beer in a cask  
If it's not in the window, come in and ask.  
*Cecil Denny, Finance Officer, later Establishment  
Officer*

**E** is for Sir Edward, the Guv'nor upstairs  
Who pinches our Clubroom for Christmas affairs  
He passes our transport, tines without number  
In a pre-war upholstered beige coloured Humber.  
*Sir Edward Travis, Deputy Director (Service), effective  
head of Bletchley Park*

**F** is for Foss - six foot in his shoes  
Seen in a kilt, but nir tartan troos  
If on a Friday a stroll you will take  
You'll find him dancing a reel by the lake.  
*Hugh Foss, head of Japanese Naval cryptography*

**G** is for Griffith who finds us our digs  
Some live like princes, some live like pigs  
It's no good protesting, it's wasting your breath  
If you find your own billet, he's tickled to death.  
*Herbert Griffith, Billeting Officer*

**H** is for Howgate, deceiver of Wrens  
He lures the poor creatures to dimly lit dens  
He twirls his moustache, is manly and curt  
But spoils the effect with an A.T.S. shirt.  
*Malcolm Howgate, Hut 6 and SIXTA, Drama Group*

**I** is for Intelligence, the Corps in the Park  
They all need a haircut, but please keep it dark  
The question I hope to get answered one day  
Is how can a corpse be intelligent, pray.

**J** is for Joan, the Sec, of the Club  
Who chases you up for an overdue sub  
She lends you the Gatehouse - looks up your trains  
And then gets her flowers pinched for taking such  
pains.  
*Joan Dudley-Smith, secretary of Drama Group and  
Recreational Club.*

**K** is for Kevin with hair slightly red  
a crescent shaped scar on the side of his head  
You may think he got it from some ancient dirk  
But he says his mother was hit by a Turk.  
*The only Kevin is O'Neill, Army captain in Military  
Section*

**L** is for Lowe, a clanking occurs  
Handlebar Harry is out with his spurs  
He doesn't claim to be much of a dancer  
But what could you hope from a Bengali Lancer?  
*Probably Captain John Lowe, Hut 3*

**M** is for John Moore who's fungus 'tis said  
Allows him to carry on drinking in bed  
A slight overstatement his friends will retort  
For when fully loaded, it holds but a quart.  
*Air Section Admin Officer and OC RAF Wing of  
Bletchley Park Defence Force*

**N** is for Nenk, the Major in F  
When staff wanted leave he used to be deaf  
Sow that his number is not far away  
He took then all out for a picnic one day.

*David Nenk, Military Section, Japanese*

**O** is for Owen, that's Dudley I mean  
When the curtain's gone up, he's not to be seen  
But if it comes down in quite the wrong place  
It's Dudley, the stage boss, who loses his face.  
*Dudley Owen, Hut 8 and Drama Group*

**P** is for Parker, our check-suited dope  
Who thinks that his acting surpasses Bob Hope  
We know his forte's a bullocks front pins  
Who heard of a fan mail to 'Father of Twins'.

*Reg Parker, Hut 6 and Drama Group*

**Q** is for Tea, it's only a penny  
If there is cake it stretches to Fenny  
When work is a bore, and I'm sure you will see  
Lots on the TQ on the QT.

**R** is for Reiss, who can always be found  
with a large coloured broly and two feet of hound  
When he goes up to Heaven and his name they  
record  
We hope they will ask "Is it down on the board".

*Vincent Reiss, Transport Officer*

**S** is for Sedgwick who ran all the hops  
In the tough old days of American cops  
Hush - Hush - Whisper who dare  
He slightly resembles that chap Fred Astaire.

*Stanley Sedgwick, Air Section and Ballroom Dancing Club*

**T** is for Tiltman just one of the boys  
Red tabs be won't wear with brown corduroys  
When billets were scarce, Dame Rumour doth say  
He lived in the States and flew in each day.

*John Tiltman, Chief Cryptographer etc*

**U** is for Uncle Sam, who seat us some chaps  
Three thousand miles to Bletchley perhaps  
They came for the fashionable season  
We are glad to have them, whatever the reason.

**V** is the Visitor, distinguished Brass-Hat  
Comes snooping around to see what we're at  
We sweep the place clean with dustpan and broom  
And move all the empties to some other room.

**W** is for Wallace, the Colonel, you know  
His name's at the end of a B.P.G.O.  
He sits in a room that looks out on the grass  
And forbids you to prop up your bike on the glass.

*B E Wallace, Chief Admin Officer*

**XYZ** are frightful stinkers  
We haven't one among our thinkers - hic - drinkers  
And so perforce this daft effusion  
We must bring now to a conclusion.