

So Many Secrets: Supplement Three

I have mentioned my association with Bletchley Park and work at the nearby Central Signals Area but I do not wish to introduce myself as any type of expert on the subjects of Ultra, the cracking of the German Enigma codes and the history of this famous place. After all I was the lowest rank that existed in The Royal Air Force, an Aircraftman 2; was not conscripted until April 1947 and did not arrive at Hut 8, Bletchley Park, until mid 1948. W. H. Winterbotham wrote *The Ultra Story*, published in 1974, which was the first hand definitive exposure of the secret code breaking of the German Enigma machine and codes at Bletchley, his primary involvement and the organization with which it was surrounded. I was surprised when I read his book, because until then I believed it was to remain a Government secret for a long time. I had to sign an Official Secret's Act document when I started work there. Up to that time of his book's publication, I had not spoken to anyone about my tenure there, my lips were sealed concerning my experiences at Bletchley and suddenly I supposed I was free to speak about my own time there.

Later I shall write some more about the period I was at Bletchley. Here now, I only wish to recount some personal memories of my association with the family Turing, of which Alan Turing OBE was a member, he was a brilliant principal of the Ultra team and their cracking of the Enigma codes at Bletchley. I would like to impart something of meeting and admiration for this man of the 'great mathematical mind', who contributed largely with an associate to unlocking the principles of the German Enigma cipher's machine.

I met Alan Turing when he was visiting his uncle, Sir Robert Turing, Baronet. The following story is how this occurred. Sir Robert was a particularly lonely man, who basically took care of his aged mother in a large house set in several acres. For hours he would stand by the roadside in front of his entry gate on the Lavant Road leading to Midhurst from Chichester. Perhaps hoping someone would come by and talk to him. I would stop and talk to Sir Robert, first on my bicycle and then later when I had a motorcycle and then, an MG 1936 NV Magnette sport's car. He was very interested in old cars and their mechanics and owned a 1930 Rover with a flywheel at the rear of the engine; a rarity in those days and a greater one now. A few times Sir Robert invited me into his house for tea, which he always made himself. The house was cavernous and was filled with antiques, so I was in my element amidst this setting. I met his Mother one time, she was usually a reclusive and a dowager figure who dressed in a turn of the century (1900) black taffeta dress with black jet necklace and matching arm bangles.

One day, I believe it was during 1951 Sir Robert introduced me to his nephew Alan. Who was down from London visiting his relatives.

Alan Turing and I chatted for a while in the garden. He was a young, quite fit looking man and probably about 55 year's old. Slightly built, about 5' 7" in height and close-shaven with pale facial skin. His

hair was still dark brown, parted and brushed over to one side. He wore a coarse Harris-tweed sport's jacket, grey flannel trousers and lace up brown brogue shoes, with a white shirt and necktie. Sir Robert mentioned his nephew's connection with Bletchley and immediately we had something in common, because in 1948 I did a part of my National Service in The Royal Air Force, living in Bletchley Park and working in the nearby Central Signal's Area. We of course, had both signed the Official Secret's Act and were still restricted from saying much about our knowledge. However, I told him that I had been billeted in Hut 8 that had been converted into barracks. This hut, I believe, was used during the war as a wireless receiving centre. Seemingly understanding, he just nodded his head. We basically talked about our leisure times there and using the tennis courts, playing table tennis and using the swimming pool in good weather. As we conversed he gazed into the distance or looked at the ground as though contemplating deeply everything that was said. Note: I believe the pool was filled in shortly after I left and no one seems to know about it these days. At that time of meeting, in my immature youth, I don't believe I was fully aware that I was standing in the presence of such an unassuming but important man with a brilliant mind who had contributed immensely to the war being won by the Allies. Probably more than any individual involved, including Winston Churchill. Very few people knew about him in 1951. Not long after the whole country knew about him for quite different unsavory and illogical reasons. On the 9th. Day of the 9th. Month of the 9th. Year of the 21st. century, I heard on the BBC News that the British Prime Minister, Gordon Brown, had issued a posthumous apology to Alan Turing, for the most scandalous treatment that was meted out to him, because of the laws against homosexuality which still existed in 1952. The same bad-law trapped Oscar Wilde. It was then Alan Turing was discovered to be having a sexual relationship at his home with another man. He was indicted, found guilty and offered two choices; this intellectual and sensitive man could go to prison and suffer the awful fate of an incarcerated gay man with irrepressible uncouth inmates or he had to accept a series of supervised experimental Estrogen implants. He naturally chose the latter, which made him impotent and caused him to grow breasts. It is incredulous to right thinking people of today, that no politicians, police, lawyers and judges of that period could see or object to such a travesty of justice and indeed. the unjust and immoral law on the books. It is my opinion that their participation in this barbaric crime against a human being was equal to those Nazi's who carried out similar trial and error experimentations on people. Crimes that prominent Germans ordered on other innocent people were found guilty at the Nurenberg trials and executed. After these excruciating and traumatic experiences Alan Turing committed suicide. In truth these extreme moral zealots caused his death. Today, 2012, Lord Scully has written judgment to confirm this bad conduct.

PS: I am indebted to Mr. John Doe, correcting me regarding a street name and relationships of the Turing family.