

CODE No. 27-32

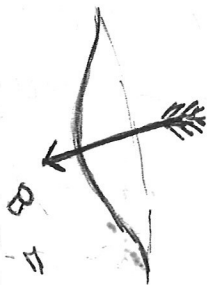
On Her Majesty's Service

WASC1087

LAST DAY OF SERVICE
AT VERDE OF
MR EGG WHITBREAD
WAS 17 MAY 1970.

1087.

18 MAY 1970.



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I, GEORGE WHITBREAD, appointed by Royal Warrant to the post of

Chief Inspector of Explosives to

Her Most Excellent Majesty. ELIZABETH THE SECOND, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of her other Realms and Territories, Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith etc.

must obviously claim to be of sound mind in that I am relinquishing the post of Superintendent of Explosives Branch at ERDE and do bequeath to my successor, may God rest his soul.

One personal office complete with carpet, desk, telephone, umbrella stand, bookcase, reproduction of French art and all those other artefacts so commensurate with the dignity of the post.

One outer office complete with desk, typewriter (famous for its inability to spell), telephone, key safe, filing cabinets, in and out trays and one personal assistant whose air of appealing helplessness is designed to wring the heart of the most truculent of males.

One penitent's stool for abject apologisers.

One tape recorder guaranteed to break down at the most crucial moment in any meeting.

Several suites of laboratories within a short perambulation of the office equipped with apparatus designed to baffle the inquisitive visitor and most of the occupants as well.

Several parcels of land, each within a ring fence and liberally sprinkled with warning notices, snares, ~~xxxxx~~ pitfalls, mantraps and other security devices.

Numerous firing points, mostly dilapidated, complete with high and low speed cameras, recording devices, compressors, hooters, moth-bitten metal stands etc. all guaranteed to quail the heart of the most ardent enthusiast.

A number of rifles and guns, all obsolete of course, together with magazines containing detonators, igniters, fuzes, liquid and solid explosives, propellants, pyrotechnics and other useful trade goods.

An assortment of rusty scrap iron known euphemistically as a museum.

An array of whips, rods, lashes, thumbscrews and other inducements for the extraction of useful work in these degenerate times.

For the more overworked members of staff, that playground complete with consoles, flashing lights, closed circuit TV, remote handling equipment, miniature railway, armoured truck and numerous other toys so dear to boys of all ages and situated in that part of the establishment known as Campbell's Kingdom.

For the more aquatically minded there is Newton's Pool, where, if the weather conditions are carefully selected and the right size of charge is chosen, the unwary visitor can be thoroughly soaked while the cry goes up "How unfortunate for you Jack, We are in the control room".

One pheasant hatchery under the control of my game-keeper Albert Cordell.

One outpost of Empire, situated beyond the Great Water, and presided over by my worthy Pro-Consul Thomas squared.

One sealed envelope naming the whereabouts of that place, which must not be mentioned, so recently given into my charge.

Also

A stultification of staff including

One benign, beaming, grey headed, fatherly, Appleton SPSO.

A brood of scientific and experimental grades all trained at great public expense in the art of management by being objectionable.

Also

Some working staff.

Finally

A vast array of friends, pseudo-friends, neutrals, enemies and arch enemies variously known as

Administration, Headquarters, Engineers, Safety Branch, Information Branch, Other Superintendencies, Other Establishments, Ordnance Board and others too numerous to mention.

They may be appointed to their various roles at will and according to the expediency of the service may be re-allocated on a daily or in the case of dire emergency on an hourly basis.

I appoint as my executor ALBERT DUNWOODY, Group Officer Assistant who will as usual see to the smooth running of the Branch thus leaving my successor to deal with telephone calls, files, memos, meeting, visits to faraway places and all those other distractions deemed so necessary in modern scientific management.