without success, until one day, presumably, along came a long-whiskered, bespectacled individual who, after working at it for a considerable length of time, solved the message. It gave him detailed instructions for making a secret entry into the tomb. When he got inside he found an instruction to open the sarcophagus, but he had to solve another message in order to do so. Possibly it involved finding the correct combination to a 5-tumbler lock! Well, he solved that one too, after a lot of work, and opened the sarcophagus and found a box. In the box was a message in plain language, and this is what it said: "Oh, thou vile and insatiable monster, to disturb these poor bones! If thou hadst learned something more useful than the art of deciphering, thou wouldst not be footsore, hungry, or in need of money!" Many times in the course of the past thirty years I have had occasion to wish that I knew the old gal's address so that I could put as a first indorsement to the basic communication the single word "Concur." Well, anyhow, it's been an interesting life, if not financially lucrative.

Now I am going to read you a short paragraph from Time Magazine of December 17, 1945. "Magic is the Word for It."

most potent secret weapon of World War II was not radar, not the VT fuse, not the atom bomb, but a harmless little machine which cryptographers painstakingly constructed in a hidden room in Washington. With this machine, built after years of trial and error, of inference and deduction, cryptographers have duplicated the decoding devices used in Tokyo. Testimony before the Pearl Harbor Committee had already shown that the machine known as 'Magic' was in use long before December 7, 1941, had given ample warning of the Japs' sneak attack if only U.S.

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brass hats had been smart enough to realize it. General Marshall now continued the story of 'Magic's' magic."

And then it goes on to say what that story was. I hope I'll have time to return to it a little bit later on.