

MEMORANDUM

To:

All Jones Archeology Site Seers

From:

Patricia Ozel

Administrative Assistant

Jones Archeology HQ

Date:

██████████, 1971

Okay, you dip sticks, I've finally figured out what's going on with these stupid made-up-names that you've been submitting as your site seer names for the official logs. That's right, make up something arcane to taunt poor little Tricia at HQ. Really mature. And you consider yourself respected archeologists. How's your scheme going to work once there are more than fifty of you, huh?

Well, two can play at that game. See, perhaps you've forgotten that in addition to having to write in your "names" on the logs (in hand, too!), I also get to make up the tag codes any way I want. So I made a puzzle of my own. I hid a little message there, which just describes what I've figured out about your stupid "names." You like puzzles so much, you figure out how to get that hidden message.

You idiots wouldn't give me any hints, but if you ask me nicely maybe I'll give you one... that's just the SORT of girl I am, you know?

*Tricia Ozel*