"Poetry from Arlington Hall"
A folder in the library of the NSA's National Cryptologic Museum

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Cipher, cipher, burning bright
In the message from the fight,
What ingenious hand or eye
Framed thy hidden symmetry?

To Capt. Rowlett on his return to show him
That his minions have not been idle.
I would protest the poet's delusion
That he can ignore the inclusion
Of cryptanalytics
And code cipher critics
In the Arlington melange seclusion

The colleges named are probably famed,
No doubt for good reason, but say
There are those who have knowledge
Not picked up in college
And I'm reasonably sure it's o.k.

They can still count, if their fingers they count
On a table or paper or such:
But those "mathematicians"
And bright statisticians
Don't always amount to so much

As to temperament flashes and genius dashes
My answers are noes and not yeses
But I'll challenge the best
Anytime in a test
When it comes to propounding wild guesses.

So do brag your wares, for nobody cares
I say it, I shout it, I howl it
There'll soon come a day
When all of them say,
Call Freedman, where's Kullback, get Rowlett!

ADVANCE AND BE RECOGNIZED
ARLINGTON MELANGE

There are M.A.'s from Harvard
and Princeton,
Musicians and doctors of law;
There are all kinds of teachers,
And even some preachers,
And pale-faced Ph.D's by the score.

There's a plentiful sprinkling of screwballs,
And a few on the lunatic fringe;
While temperament flashes
And genius dashes
About like a flea on a hinge.

There are anthropological experts,
And Swedes who are silent and bland;
And one of our bosses
Is a colonel of horses
Who longs for an active command.

We're a weird and outlandish collection;
We're a cockeyed and comical crew;
But, come Nazis or Japs,
You'll find we're the chaps
Who will see that the message gets through!

We have graduates straight from Smith College
Who are brilliant and friendly and fair;
We have mathematicians,
And bright statisticians,
Who can calculate odds to a hair.

--Lt. W.M.V. Hoffman, Jr.
DIVINATIONS OF THE ABBEY CLUB

"I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one."

John Milton

Hence, vain deluding cows,
The herd of folly, without colour bright,
How little you delight,
Or fill the Poet's mind, or songs abuse!
But hail, thou goddess gay of feature!
Hail, divinest purple creature!
Oh, Cow, thy visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And though I'd like, just once, to see thee,
I never, never, never'd be thee!

Percy Shelley

Hail to thee blithe spirit!
Cow thou never wert;
Put in life to cheer it
Playest thy full part
In purple lines of unpremeditated art.

The pale purple colour
Melts around thy sight
Like a star, but duller,
In the broad daylight.
I'd see thee, but I would not be thee if I might.

We look before and after
At cattle as they browse;
Our most hearty laughter
Something sad must reuse.
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of purple Cows.
Mr. W. Wordsworth

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dee;
A cow whom there were few to praise
And very few to see.

A violet by a mossy stone
Greeting the smiling east
Is not so purple, I must own,
As that erratic beast.
She lied unknown, that cow, and so
I never chanced to see;
But if I had to be one, oh,
The difference to me!

Mr. T. Gray

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
I watched them slowly wander their weary way,
And, ah, a purple cow I did not see.

Full many a cow of purpest ray serene
Is haply grazing where I may not see;
Full many a donkey writes of her, I ween,
But neither of these creatures would I be.

Mr. E. Allan Poe

Open then I flung a shutter,
And, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a purple cow which
Gayly tripped around my floor.
Not the least obeisance made she,
Not a moment stopped or stayed she,
But with mien of chorus lady perched herself above my door.
On a dusty bust of Dante perched and sat above my door.

And that purple cow unflitting
Still is sitting—still is sitting
On that dusty bust of Dante just above my chamber door
And her horns have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is screaming;
And the arc-light o'er her streaming
Casts her shadow on the floor.
And my soul from out that pool of purple shadow on the floor,
Shall be lifted Nevermore!
Mr. J. R. Riley

There, little Cow, don't cry!
You are brindle and brown, I know.
And with wild glad hues
Of reds and blues,
You never will gleam and glow.
But though not pleasing to the eye,
The, little Cow, don't cry, don't cry.

Lord Al drawing

Ask me no more, a cow I fain would see
Of purple tint, like to a sun-scocked grape
Of purple tint, like royal velvet cape
But such a creature I would never be
Ask me no more.

Mr. H. Brannam

All that I know
Of a certain Cow
Is that it can throw
Somewhere, somehow,
Now a dart of blue red
Now a dart of blue
(That makes purple 'tis said)
I fain would see, too,
That Cow that darkles the red and the blue!

Mr. H. Kent

A cow of purple is a joy forever,
Its loveliness increases, I have never
Seen this phenomenon. Yet ever keep
A brave lookout; lest I should be asleep
When she comes by. For, though I would not be one,
I've oft imagined 'twould be a joy to see one.
Er. B. G. Rosetti

The Purple Cow strayed in the glade;
(Oh, my soul, but the milk is blue!)
She strayed and strayed and strayed and strayed
(And I wail and I cry "a-hoo!

I've never seen her—nay, not I;
(Oh, my soul, but the milk is blue!)
Yet were I that Cow I should want to die
(And I wail and I cry "a-hoo!
But in vain my tears I strew.

Er. T. Aldrich

Somewhere is some faked nature place,
In Wonderland, in Nonse land,
Two darkling shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.
"And who are you?" said each to each;
"Tell me your title anyhow."
One said, "I am the Foxle-tall,"
"And I the Purple Cow.

Er. G. Herford

Children, observe the purple cow,
You cannot see her, anyhow;
And little ones, you need not hope
Your eyes will ever attain such scope.
But if you ever have a choice
To buy, or see, lift up your voice
And choose to see. For surely you
Don't want to browse around and moo.

Er. H. G. Burner

Oh, what's the way to Arcady,
Where all the cows are purple?
Ah, woe is me! I never hope
On such a sight my eyes to ope;
But as I sing in merry glee
Along the road to Arcady,
Perchance full soon I may see
A Purple Cow come dancing by.

Heigho! I then shall see one,
Her horns bedecked with ribbons gay,
And garlanded with rosy may,—
A tricksy sight. Still I must say
I'd rather see than be one.
Mr. A. Pembrune
(who was so enthused that he made a second attempt)

Only in dim, drowsy depths of a dream
do I dare to delight in deliciously dreaming
Cows there may be of passionate purple,—
cows of a violent violet hue.

Ne'er have I seen such a sight, I am
certain it is but a delirious dreaming—
Ne'er may I happily harbour a hesitating hope in my
heart that my dream may come true.

Sad is my soul, and my senses are sobbing so strong
in my strenuous spirit to see one,
Dolefully, drearily doomed to despair
as warily, wearily watching I wait.

Thoughts thickly throning are thrilling and
throbbing to see is a glorious gain— but to be one!
That were a darker and direfuller destiny, that were
a fearfuller, frightfuller fate.

Mr. R. Kipling

In the old ten-acre pasture,
Lookin' eastward toward a tree,
There's a Purple Cow a-setting
And I know she thinks of me.
For the wind is in the gum-tree,
And the hay is in the mow,
And the cow-bells are a-calling
"Come and see a Purple Cow!"

But I am not going now,
Not at present, anyhow,
For I am not fond of purple, and
I can't abide a cow;
So, I shall not go today,
Where the Purple Cattle play
But I think I'd rather see one
Than to be one, anyhow.