

# **"Poetry from Arlington Hall"**

**A folder in the library of the NSA's National Cryptologic Museum**

**Scanned and posted by AltGov2**

**[altgov2.org](http://altgov2.org)**

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.

ADVANCE AND BE RECOGNIZED

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 mount  
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 yesses  
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!

ARLINGTON MELANGE

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

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

There are anthropological experts,  
And Swedes who are silent and  
bland;  
And one of our bosses  
Is a colonle 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.



DIVERSIONS OF THE RE-ECHO 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 amuse!  
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!

Mr. P. Bysshe Shelley

Hail to thee blithe spirit!  
Cow thou never wert;  
Put in life to cheer it  
Playest thy full part  
In purple lines of unpremediated 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 rouse.  
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 lived 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 wend their weary way,  
But, ah, a Purple Cow I did not see.  
Full many a cow of purplest 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. W. Riley

There, little Cow, don't cry!  
You are brindle and brown, I know.  
And with wild glad hues I  
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 A. Tennyson

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

Mr. R. Browning

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,  
This Cow that darkles the red and the blue!

Mr. J. Keats

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.

Mr. D. 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 Wa-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 Wa-hoo!)  
But in vain my tears I strew.

Mr. T. Aldrich

Somewhere is some faked nature place,  
In Wonderland, in Monse 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 Papal Bull,"  
"And I the Purple Cow."

Er. O. Herford

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

Mr. H. G. Bunner

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 singin merry glee  
Along the road to Arcady,  
Perchance full soon I may espy  
A Purple Cow come dancing by.  
Heigho! I then shall see one.  
Her horns bedecked with ribbons gay,  
And garlanded with rosy may,---  
A tricky sight. Still I must say  
I'd rather see than be one.



Mr. A. Swinburne

(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 demi-delirious dreaming--  
Ne'er may I happily harbour a hesitant 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 thronging 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 wond 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;  
No, I shall not go today,  
Where the Purple Cattle play  
But I think I'd rather see one  
Than to be one, anyhow.