

~~SECRET~~

(With apologies to E. A. Poe)

by

M. Miller

A. August

Once upon a midnite dreary, while they pondered, weak and weary,  
 Over many an ancient message writ in Hirohito's code,  
 While they doodled on the table, suddenly there came a cable  
 Bearing an Australian label, that's the reason for this ode.  
 T'was a set of silly numbers, numbers they had seen before,  
 Only this and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, the messages were from December,  
 And, though t'was in the month of April, still they didn't  
 know the score,

Could the cable be revealing what the Nips had been concealing?  
 In Frank's mind this thought came stealing, feverishly he paced  
 the floor,

Then at last he cried, "I have it!" buy a razor from the store,  
 I'll wear my vandyke no more!

This was 2468's forming, on into the early morning,  
 Slaved the foster fathers, as they built them up a square,  
 And all the new recruits were staging quite a violent depaging,  
 As all in secrecy engaging, shut them in a secret lair.  
 The chosen only were admitted, had their names upon the door,  
 Only these and no one more.

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High was each and every heart as swing and graveyard got their  
start,

And volunteers vied for the privilege of this patriotic chore,  
Corp. Snyder was in charge of stripping,

Louise and Chew kept traffic zipping  
To find out what the Japs were shipping,  
That's what all were sweating for.

Coleman, Elmquist, Sinkov, Dunning, we should have mentioned  
them before,

But you try to make them rime with or.

In June the state of Carolina, and Missionaries back from China  
Put on their shoes, packed up their Bibles, swarmed like locusts  
to the Hall,

And school kids all across the nation got a permanent vacation,  
Cause teachers headed for the station, heeding the recruiters  
call,

M.A.'s B.A.'s PH.D's, candidates for Sp-4  
(They still are this and nothing more.)

Then along came period 7, everybody was in heaven,  
Pencil-pushing-mammas sank the shipping of Japan,  
But then the nasty Nip did dare, in Period 8 to change the square,  
Making it a vigenere production; charts went down again,  
But Seidenglanz knew the solution that would our confidence restore,  
"Boys, move the furniture once more."

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Now April 6th we celebrate your birthday, dear 2468,  
Even though you're growing tougher, tougher with each passing  
year,

Though our overlaps are stalling, and production charts are  
falling,

Cryptanalysis is still our calling, it's got to be we're  
frozen here!

And we'll reply when our children query what did you do in  
the war,

I bought red tape for the Signal Corps.

(Praise the Lord there is no more.)

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