

Free as the winds that gently blow,
From Old Main's tower the flakes of snow
Because they've learned their signals well;
From A to Z they glibly tell
'The numbers, be they wrong or right
'To their instructors' great delight,
All of the practices of war
And yet they practice vain deceit
That their own plans meet no defeat.
All the diseases ever named
Or lame, or halt, or blind, or maimed
The men within the Signal Corps
Declare they've suffered o'er and o'er.
A signal of distress are they,
The signal which they best display,
We hope sometime they can and will
Be strong enough to come to drill.

A. R. D.

