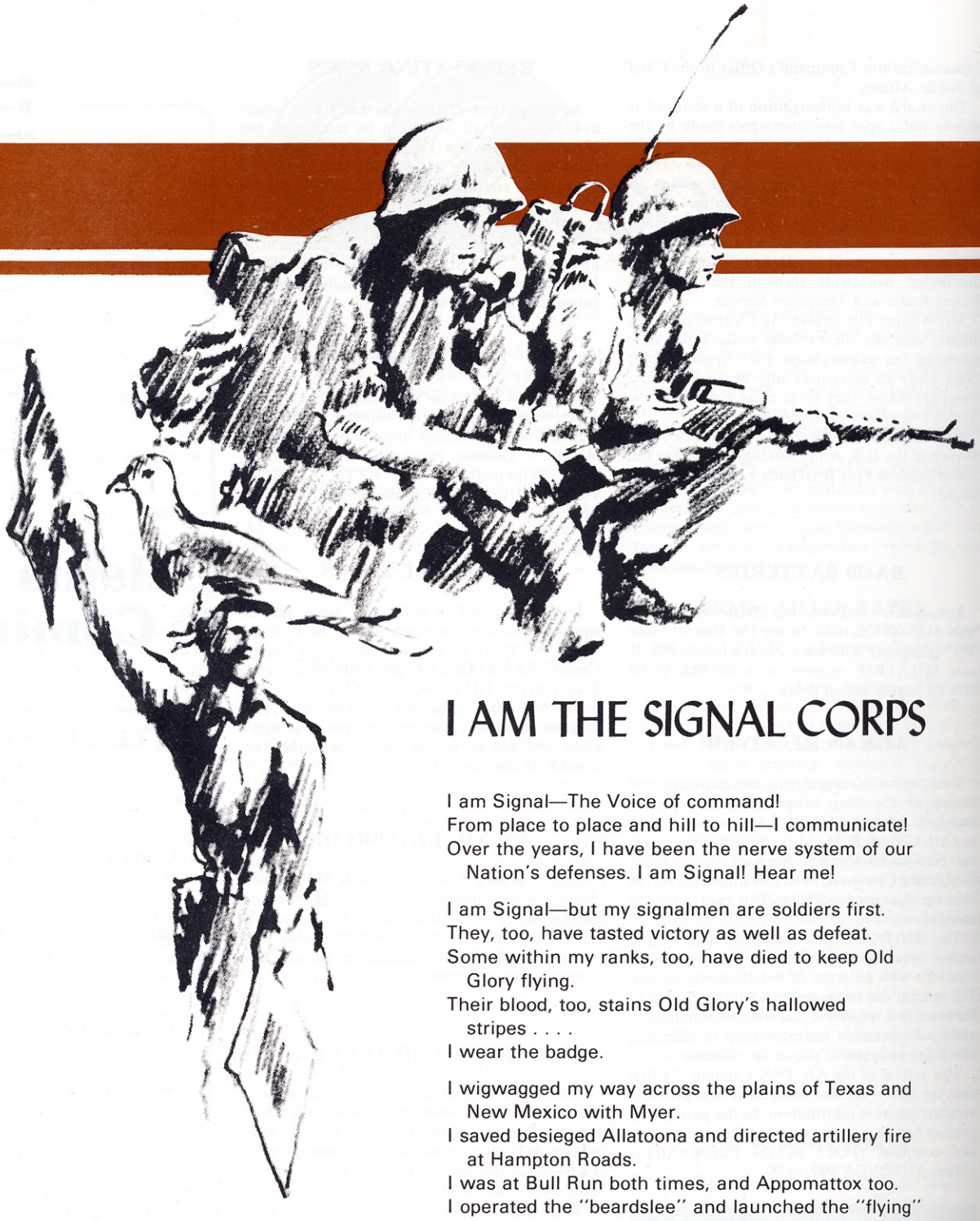

I AM THE SIGNAL CORPS

I am Signal—The Voice of command!
From place to place and hill to hill—I communicate!
Over the years, I have been the nerve system of our Nation's defenses. I am Signal! Hear me!

I am Signal—but my signalmen are soldiers first.
They, too, have tasted victory as well as defeat.
Some within my ranks, too, have died to keep Old Glory flying.
Their blood, too, stains Old Glory's hallowed stripes . . . .
I wear the badge.

I wigwagged my way across the plains of Texas and New Mexico with Myer.
I saved besieged Allatoona and directed artillery fire at Hampton Roads.
I was at Bull Run both times, and Appomattox too.
I operated the "beardslee" and launched the "flying" telegraph.

I floated above battlefields in balloons.
I gave birth to the dirigible.
I rigged man with wings and launched the first military aircraft.
I was the first to put a soldier in the sky.

I froze with Greely at the North Pole.
I put the first cable and telegraph in Alaska.

I was aboard the *Santiago* at San Juan . . . and waded in the shallows of Manila Bay.
When I signaled, masses of men moved—and we won.
Through me, the commander's will—will be done.

I was first off the boat in France.
I clicked telegraph keys in the Meuse-Argonne . . . put telephones in the trenches at Soissons . . . spliced and respliced wire at Chateau-Thierry . . . and sunk poles at Tartigny.
I flew with brave Cher Ami through a hail of lead.
I immortalized men and their deeds with the click of a shutter.
I, too, was "over there."

My radars guarded the approaches to many a hallowed place:
Corregidor, Saipan, Guam, Midway, Guadacanal, Iwo Jima, to name a few. And yes, I was at Hawaii that December morn—that was one of my sadder moments.
I permitted islands, and ships, and aircraft, and men to talk to each other. I shot, and I moved, and I communicated.
I am the Signal Corps.

I did my bit in other places too . . .
I put radio relays in Algiers . . .
Landed under fire at Salerno and Anzio . . .
fought corrosion, mildew, and mosquitos in China, Burma, and India.
Neither weather nor disease could deter me—I was determined.
I saw the mission through.

I guided the doom birds down from unfriendly skies, and helped ships to plow unerringly through night waters off hostile shores. I kept tabs on the weather and sent signals across spaces where neither wire, cable, nor man could go.
I helped dim the rays of the rising sun.
I got the message through.

I, too, was "frozen at Chosen." I manned sets on barren hills, and scanned dials and meters with weary eyes.
I pulled stubborn cable and spliced wire with frozen hands, and struggled up poles with frostbitten feet.
I braved sniper fire and landmines, and fought off charges by bayonet.
My weary mind deciphered code and took Morse.
My voice never faltered. I got the job done.
I am Signal—hear me!

I was also in 'Nam. I was at my best there:
I dotted the deltas, perched precariously on the highest peaks, and peered from beneath the cover of jungle.
I connected outposts, hamlets, fire bases, base camps, air bases, continents, and seemingly—the world.
Through me, commanders and those for the commander communicated from camp to camp, continent to continent, and around the globe.
I did my thing, and I did it well.

In this century, I have bounced sensitive whispers off the moon, and guided manmade moons in orbit around our earth.
For the first time ever, I have cupped my ears and listened to satellites. My far-reaching voice can now reach across the vast expanse of space. I can guide rockets and missiles.
I can hear an enemy's whisper. I can see him in the dark.
I can do that and more. I am the Signal Corps.

Few wars have been fought without me, and the Army seldom moves without me.
I am the eyes, ears, arms, and voice of the commander.
I do his looking, listening, gathering, and talking for him.
I am indispensable. I am the first to arrive and the last to leave.
I've done my job well and I've left my mark.

Whenever there is a call to arms, I'll pack up and ship out.
Wherever there is threat to free men, you'll find me at port arms, ready to go.
I am effective, I am dependable, and I am mobile.
I am the nerve system of our National Defense.
I am ready, willing, and able to perform. I communicate!
I am Signal—The Voice of Command! Hear me!

—SFC Samuel A. Barnes