

## Ode to the Boca Raton Army Air Field

Courtesy Bill Eddinger, who received this when stationed at Boca Raton Army Air Field, ca. 1942-1946

When God was designing creation  
with its mountains and oceans of sands  
He never took a moments cessation  
or time to spit on His hands.

But as anyone will in a hurry  
he would let things go by now and then.  
What with all that excitement and worry  
that He should have done over again.

So rather than put off completion  
he saved every blunder and blob,  
and He laid them away in a corner  
to use at the end of the job.

On the sixth day of the contract  
His time would expire that day,  
he picked up the dregs of creation  
and shoveled the litter away.

He gathered the wreckage and filling  
the scum of the sewerage and dump  
and built the Florida shore line  
The Great International Slump.

He scrambled, being in a hurry  
and because of the mood he was in.  
He used up his second-hand lumber  
and a great deal of rubbish and tin.

Then feeling pooped out and sarcastic  
After all, it was Saturday night  
He picked out the nastiest corner  
Which he called Boca Raton just for spite.

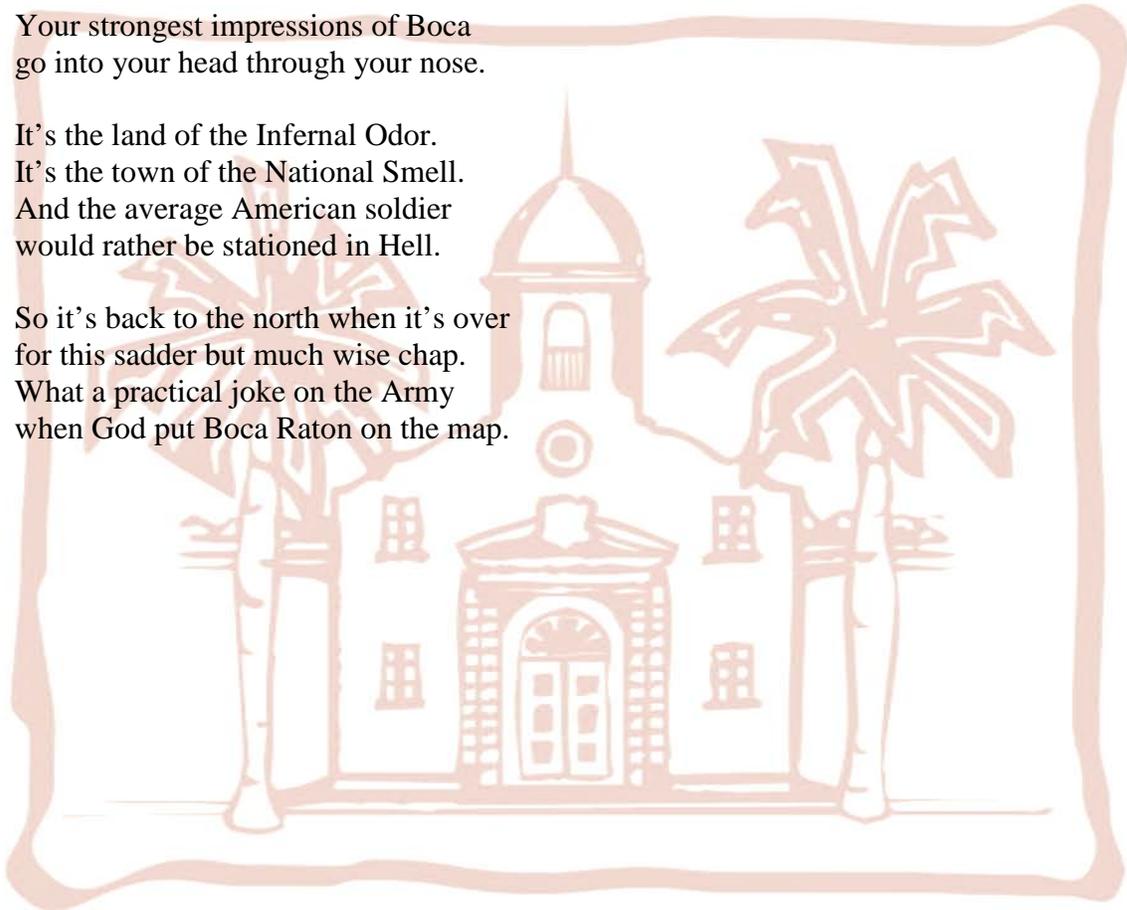
Oh, it's here they do things backwards  
and the sand does dry between rains.  
But the highest of prices are common  
and your money is better than brains.

It's the home of the great Narrow-Minded  
and of buzzards and mud-colored crows.

Your strongest impressions of Boca  
go into your head through your nose.

It's the land of the Infernal Odor.  
It's the town of the National Smell.  
And the average American soldier  
would rather be stationed in Hell.

So it's back to the north when it's over  
for this sadder but much wiser chap.  
What a practical joke on the Army  
when God put Boca Raton on the map.



# Boca Raton

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# Historical

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# Society &

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# Museum