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 wise chap.  
What a practical joke on the Army when God put Boca Raton on the map.