

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*



BOCA RATON
HISTORICAL SOCIETY



The Schmidt
BOCA RATON
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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.