



With the Colors

July 2, 1953
1953

HELL IN EGLIN FIELD, FLORIDA

Corporal Burl Katro of Eglin field, Florida, sends the following poem, which is descriptive of the conditions found there, he says:

The Devil in Hell, we're told, was chained,

And a thousand years he there remained;

He neither complained nor did he groan,

But he determined to start a Hell of his own.

Where he could torment the soul of man,

Without being chained in an underground pen.

So he asked the Lord if He had on hand

Anything left when he made this land.

The Lord said, "Yes, I've plenty of land,

But it's way down yonder in the Florida sand.

The fact is, old boy, the stuff's real poor,

But you're welcome to it and plenty more."

So the Devil went down to look at the truck,

And all he could see was Florida muck.

But after examining it careful and well,

He concluded the place was too hot for Hell.

So in order to get it off his hand,

The Lord he promised to water the lands,

For He had some water, or rather some swamp,

Rather cathartic, that smelled like "Mein Kampf."

Hence the trade was closed and the deed was given,

And the Lord went back to his home in Heaven.

The Devil said, "Now I have all that is needed,

To make a good Hell," and thence, he succeeded.

He scattered some chiggers along the road,

Lizzards in the grass, an occasional toad.

The Gulf has sharks, barracuda,
stingarees.

And in the sand he mixed millions
of fleas.

To the tail of the jelly fish he added
a sting,

Then the dragon fly he put on the
wing.

Then added some typhoid to all the
drink,

With a pinch of sulphur to make it
stink.

The rattlesnake bites you, the horse
fly stings,

The mosquito delights you with its
buzzing wings.

Sand burrs cause you to jig and
dance,

And those who sit down get ants in
their pants.

The Devil then said that throughout
the land,

He'd arrange to tattoo the Devil's
own brand.

All should be tortured unless they
bore,

Scars and scratches and bit by the
score.

The heat in the summer is one hun-
dred and ten,

Too hot for the Devil, too hot for
the men,

Come see for yourself and bring your
shield,

It's a Hell of a place, this Eglin
Field.