



# With the Colors

May 7, 43

Delbert Blair, who is in the United States Army Signal Corps in England, sends this poem to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Blair of Newton vicinity:

## When Hitler Phoned for Help

Old Hitler called the devil,  
Upon the phone one day,  
And the telephone girl, she listened,  
To all they had to say.

"Hello," she heard Hitler's voice,  
"Is old Satan at home?"

Just tell him this is Hitler,  
Who wants him upon the phone."

"Hello," the devil said to Hitler,  
And Hitler said, "How are you?  
I am raising here a hell on earth,  
So just tell me what to do."

"What can I do?" the devil said,  
"My dear old Hitler Bill?"

If there is a thing I can do,  
Then help you I surely will."

Old Hitler said, "Now listen,  
And I will try to tell,

The way that I am running  
On earth a modern hell.

"I have saved for this for many years  
And have started out to kill;

This will be a modern job, you bet,  
Leave it all to old Hitler's will.

"My army went through Belgium,  
Shooting women and children down,

We shot up all her country,  
And blew up all her towns.

"I started out for Paris,  
With the aid of poison gas,  
But the Belgians, dog-gone 'em  
stopped us,

And wouldn't let us pass.

"My submarines are devils,  
You ought to see them fight,  
They go sneaking through the seas  
And sink a ship on sight.

"I was running things to suit me  
Until a year or so ago,  
When a man, President Roosevelt,  
Wrote me to go slow.

"I didn't listen to him,  
And he is coming after me,  
With a million U. S. soldiers,  
From their homes across the sea.

"That is why I called you, Satan,  
For I want advice from you,  
I knew that you would tell me,  
Just what I ought to do."

"My dear Adolph Hitler,  
There is not much for me to tell,  
For the U. S. A. will make it hotter,  
Than I could for you in hell.

"I have been a mean old devil,  
But not half as mean as you,  
And the minute you get down here,  
I'll give the job to you.

"I'll be waiting for your coming,  
I'll keep the fires hot and bright,  
I'll have your room fixed up in  
mourning,

When the U. S. A. begins their fight.

"The boys from the U. S. A. will get

you,  
I've nothing more to tell,  
Hang up the phone and get your hat,  
And meet me down in hell."

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