

An Air Corps Exile's Lament

By Pfc. Robert L. Looney

I'm sick of the black and tarter.

I'm sick of the hausa and malsy.

Far away spots on the chart are no place for yours truly to stay.

I've had enough of undersized chicken and milk that comes out of a can.

The last is no region to stick in for this one particular man.

I'm weary of curry and rice all mingled with highly-spiced dope.

I'm weary of bathing with Lysol and washing with carbolic soap.

I'm tired of itch and spin diseases, mosquitos, vermin and flies.

I'm fed-up with the tropical breezes and sunshine that dazzles your eyes.

To eat without fear of infection.

To sleep without using a net.

Throw away all my collection of iodine, quinine, etc.

To hear all the noise and the clamor, the hurry and the fret of the West.

I'd trade all of the Orient glamor that poor lying poets suggest.

They sing of the East as enthralling.

That is why I started to roam.

But I hear the Occident calling.

Oh Lord, I want to go home.