

Adventures in Iwakuni

Jerry Johnston, 11-11-77

The world just seemed to write us off,
and leave us to our fates.
It was '77 - July I recall,
when our squadron left the states.

Our mission was some perverted jest,
bequeathed by high command.
For one's year's time, we spend our lives
in the dullness of Japan.

Our proposed deployments, one by one
were cancelled - never done
Leaving Colonels and Generals laughing insanely
at Poor Old 251.

The supply system here, or 'that which there is none'
is the worst from the very word go.
So that Office Supplies, to Flight Hours themselves
granted to us a new all-time low.

How it shall end not a one of us knows
But one thought keeps us sane, if in shock
"They can mess with you twenty-four hours a day
But they never can stop the clock."

Ode to the Islands

Jerry Johnston, 10-01-77

I was down in P. I., in a bar called FISH EYE,
and the weekend was well under way.
It was Saturday night, I was feeling alright
and my bar hooker asked me to stay.

Well we got home at twelve, and I started to delve
in her gorgeous, yet battle-worn bod.
And it was well after dawn, with my adrenaline gone
that I knew I had worn out my rod.

So I grabbed a few Z's, and left her quite pleased
as I headed for my station-bound trip.
A quick shower I tended, and I thought it had ended
until Wednesday, when I started to drip.

The Squids in sick-bay looked me over all day
as if checking to be perfectly sure
Till the Doc shook his head, and whispering, said....
"Son--it's the kind we can't cure."