

My Ca Village Cam Ranh Bay AB Air Base 1970-1971

by **Steve Janke**
Cam Ranh, 1970-1971 K-9 Division (Kobuc)
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My Ca Ville

People still talk about the attack from My Ca Ville.
It's been over a year and they talk of it still.
That post is reserved for those who are *not* new.
But sooner or later you must pull that post too.

You think all that day what it must have been like
To have been hit by those sappers before dawn's early light.
Tonight it's your turn and soon you'll be there.
Say it's way too much light with no cover anywhere.

This village has never been this close before.
I wonder how many Vietnamese live in that hut next door.
Their monastery and bell tower are Darn spooky at night.

We're told the people walking around up there are friendly---*yeah right.*
At least when tonight's over I won't have to pull this one for awhile
... but it could go to Klinger, or Smitty, or Lyle.

I'm nervous and edgy and can't wait to be through...
And my war dog knows there are places I'd rather be with him too.
It's 4: 30 A.M. and the base is still asleep... and tomorrow night
we do it all again.

Steve Ray wrote:

I pulled the My Ca Village Gate several times. The gate controlled entry/exit of Victor November types. The guard shack wasn't much to look at surrounded by sand bags, etcetera. Lots of wire and tangle foot, but a nice view of the water (the post was just off the shoreline). The road was sand and we had bunker/tower posts around the village and both sides. The village was actually on the Air Base, so we surrounded it and controlled entry/exit of the Vietnamese. What a way to fight a war.

The first time I worked that post, a message came over the radio for me. The message was "come up Lima Lima". I didn't know what that meant. I was 19 years old and a new guy (the worst thing you could be in Vietnam was a know nothing new guy). No matter how you tried not to show it, you could not escape as your brand new shiny jungles or cammies and new boots gave it away. I just radioed back 10-4. A few minutes later the message came again. I was sweating, I didn't know what it meant and I just replied 10-4. After a couple more tries, with my continuing 10-4 reply, a Jeep patrol came by and when I came out of the shack said, "They want you to pick up the Land Line telephone". That was my most embarrassing moment!

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