



Steve and Kofuc, Cam Ranh Bay '70

Cam Ranh Bay AB

Each Night

by [Steve Janke](#)

483rd SPS, Cam Ranh Bay AB,
K-9, 1970-1971

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Each night another part of the outer base we take.
And watch for Charlie and simply wait.
Your mind can play tricks when you're 'in such a state.
You're alone, afraid, far from home and it's late.
Shadows seem like men and movement coming my way.
Does the next battle include me at Cam Ranh North Bay?
It's silly, it's nothing at all you see.
It's only my imagination, my fear, it's just me.
I've never seen a snorkel tube in the water... what's this?
How long should I watch, or just fire at will?
That tube is now blocked by a tree, now a hill.
Does he get away, are there many or just a few.
I wonder, what, just exactly what should I do?
A platoon now may be forming, out of the water and ready to fight.
Any moment now they all could be 'in my sight.
What to do... I know. I'll pop a flare in the direction.
I do and the man at (radio) control asks what is your location.
All secure I routinely say as many a time before,
But I'm wondering if soon fighting will be at the door.
Was it a shadow or really a sighting,
Was it the wire or only the lighting?
Maybe somewhere an old Vietnamese soldier reflects and
is writing about me,
When he probed the American base in his country,
And a flare was sent up that changed his direction,
As he writes his war journal and shares his reflections.
They walked the path, as Warriors do.
The voices return, -- carry on, carry on...

You have Battles on ahead,
these you must win.
The Battles of Happiness -- Trust...
These causes you must win, *must win*.

We Take Care of Our Own

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