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Christmas Eve at Shitfield Tower

11/26 & 12/04/03
{ a memory of 24 December, 1968 }

'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the Nam
Nothing hostile was stirring
Not even nuoc mam.

And I on our tower,
With two other men,
Watched over the shitfield;
All fragrant as a fen.

The airfield behind us
Was deserted and dark.
Not even a mouse
By the Bird Dog park.

The village was silent
Beyond field and wire;
Charlie reaped too many taxes
To start something dire.

The problem wasn't keeping
Ol' Charles outside,
But our guys in and away
From a young girl's side.

Just stars slowly moved
High above us they wheeled.
When all of a sudden
Loud laughs echoed and peeled.

Round 'bout midnight
In the company jeep
Some crazy carolers
Crooned both high and deep.

So our watch was lightened
And lonely no longer.
The more off key they sang,
Their voices grew stronger.

So we held out till morning
With spirits renewed.
An hour or so more
Our vigil to conclude.

And then out the huts
In pajamas they came,
Halfway to the wire,
All squatting the same.

And when they went back
The bucket man scooped
To gather the treasure
In the field they pooped.

That was our signal
Our time there was up,
Back to the unit and
Shithead our pup.

And the man with the bucket
Covered the paddies right nice,
Ev'ry morsel spread out
To nourish the rice.

~Gerald A. Ney~