

**Vietnam**  
**Biên Hòa AB**  
**3rd APS**  
**1970**

**The Road to Vietnam**  
*is paved with...*

submitted by [Jack King](#)  
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**Tell It Like It Is**  
by A1C William C. Weber, Griffiss AFB, Rome, NY, 1969  
(SAC Trained - Vietnam Tested!)

**Tell It Like It Is**

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**When The Man Says "What's Your Problem?"**

**Tell It Like It Is**

Last night I worked a mid shift

It was pouring rain!

I was posted as a close-in

Walking 'round a plane.

I was super pissed off

Wet as I could be.

With rain spots on my glasses

I could hardly see!

I hadn't had a skate, man,

In almost seven days.

I thought I saw my flight chief

Coming through the haze.

He had a rider with him.

The duty officer was out.

This had to be "The Man"

Without a doubt!

He pulled up right beside me

Cracked his window and he said,

"Is it raining out there airman?"

And then my face got red.

**I must have lost my temper**  
**'Cause I grabbed him by his shirt.**  
**I pulled him out the window**  
**And I laid him in the dirt!**  
**I called him a dirty bastard**  
**And a rotten S.O.B.**  
**And I hit him in the face**  
**Before the flight chief got to me!**  
**He relieved me of all duty,**  
**Took my weapon on the spot.**  
**He must have thought me crazy**  
**'Cause I told him "Thanks a lot!"**  
**I saw my commanding officer**  
**The very first thing today.**  
**He said "Airman, what's your problem?"**  
**And I had this to say:**  
**I said, "Sir, you don't know what it's like**  
**To walk around a plane,**  
**While the sky is spreading misery**  
**In the form of cold, wet rain!**  
**A hundred thoughts go through your mind**  
**Of things you'd like to do,**  
**And then some guy comes on your post**  
**And makes his fun of you!**  
**I did it, sir, I hit him,**  
**I'm as guilty as can be,**  
**And I'd do the same to any man**  
**Who'd make a joke of me!**  
**It's not a laughing matter, sir,**  
**To stand out in the weather**  
**When everyone else in the Air Force**  
**Has a job you know is better!"**  
**I looked at him - he looked at me**  
**And nothing more was said.**  
**I started to speak, but he cut me off,**  
**It was he who spoke instead.**  
**In a voice that left no doubt**

**That he was truly in command,  
He handed down my judgement  
And this is how he began:  
He said, "Son, I know you've got it hard  
But don't cry on my shoulder!  
You'll realize the job you've done  
When you're a few years older!  
For it takes guts to guard an airplane  
Every single day,  
But to strike from anger takes no guts at all  
And for this, you'll have to pay!  
And just so you'll remember  
This lesson that you've seen,  
I'll give you the carbon copy  
Of your Article 15!  
Just take this pen and write your name  
You don't have to be neat!"  
I meekly signed my name  
Upon that paper of defeat!  
Tonight I'll walk the line again  
Just like all the rest,  
But this time it'll be different  
'Cause I'm wearing one stripe less!**

*[We Take Care of Our Own](#)*

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