

# Vietnam

## Bien Hoa AB

3rd SPS  
1969

### Tell It Like It Is

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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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