



LET'S GET TOGETHER

We have all been thru some rough times
 I'm sure we all will agree with this
 Let's not allow family fueds control our minds
 If we do, the best things in life will be missed
 What have our families been thinking of?
 We all need each others love!
 Let's stop getting together when its too late
 We should learn to forgive one another for their mistakes
 Try to push by gones to the side So what ten, fifteen or
 twenty years ago, someone lied
 Don't allow hate to take control
 Because havngy our family carries more weight than gold
 As a tribute to all of family members passed
 New beginnings are very important and we should make them last
 So the next time we see one another
 Whether it be cousin, aunt, uncle, brother, sister, dad or mother
 Let's enjoy life while we are still here
 Instead of getting together at the hospital or funeral just to shed another tear



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The Winston -Salem Air Show

By Dwight Jones



Hoorah, hoorah is what I shouted during the first two weeks of football season. But my rapture was soon checked upon realizing that the official start of professional football season always coincides with the annual Air Show held in Winston-Salem every September. That means that low flying jets reaching speeds of five hundred miles an hour with supersonic engines will menace the homes of residents who desire quiet and peace during their weekends. For some of these residents the man made thunder and roar of jets will trigger unpleasant memories of jungles, bullets, bombs, and death in distant lands long ago.

Forty two years ago on two separate occasions my platoon was trapped in a prone position for more that seven hours after we were ambushed by a company of North Vietnamese Army regulars (NVA) over the Cuchi Tunnels a few miles south of Cambodia. During that expanded period of time more than one squadron of F-14 Tom Cats fighter jets appeared providing air support.

Prior to those unforgettable acts of war I was mesmerized by the magnificent stunts and maneuvers that fighter jets are capable of performing. But witnessing them in action being used for their true intent, outrageously wicked killing machines, my perspective has changed. I no longer consider them as a form of entertainment.

The Air Show grows each year in terms of chaos and potential danger for the

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