

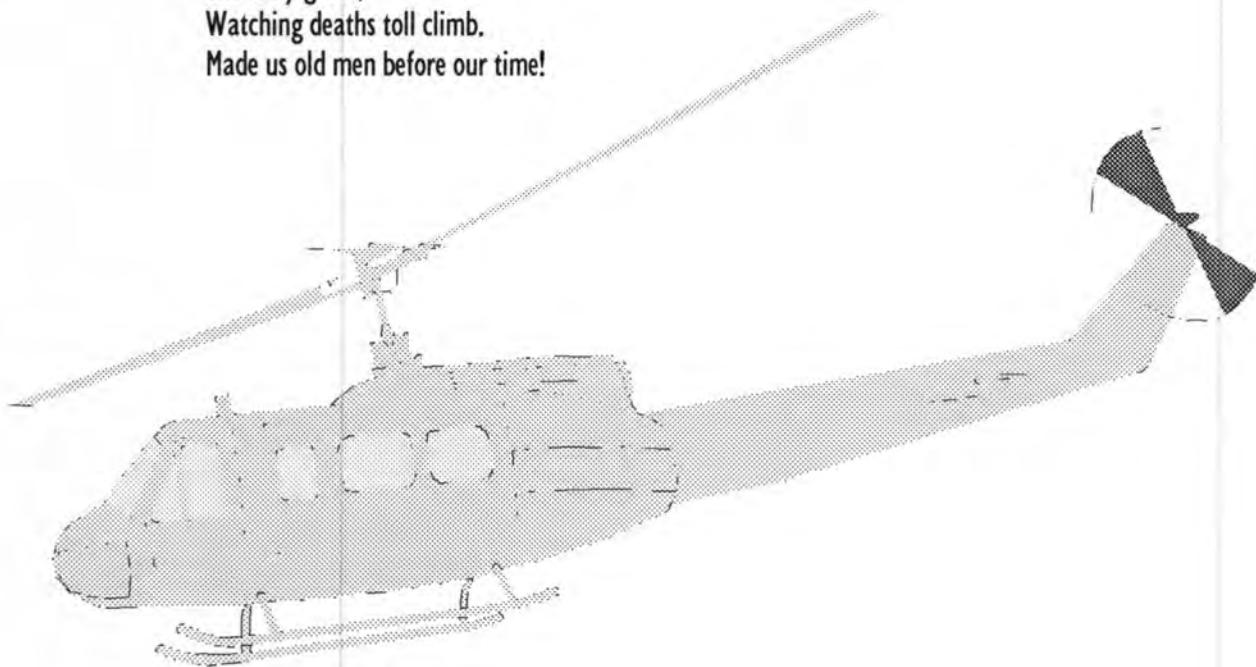
On a plaque at the entrance to the headquarters of a combat group in Vietnam, this was anonymously inscribed:

"War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things. The decayed state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing is worth war is much worse. The individual who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, whose only concern is his own personal safety, is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself."

How Did We Make It ?

Young and foolish we were then.
Invincible! Again and Again.
How DID we make it way back then?
Living Life as if it would not end.
We gave up our youth to soon, and became old young men.

The daily grind,
Watching deaths toll climb.
Made us old men before our time!



WHERE WAS OUR PARADE ?
Just another anti-war tirade!

It rained on our parade.
Tears for fallen friends.
Tears over loose ends.
Tears from hearts unable to mend.

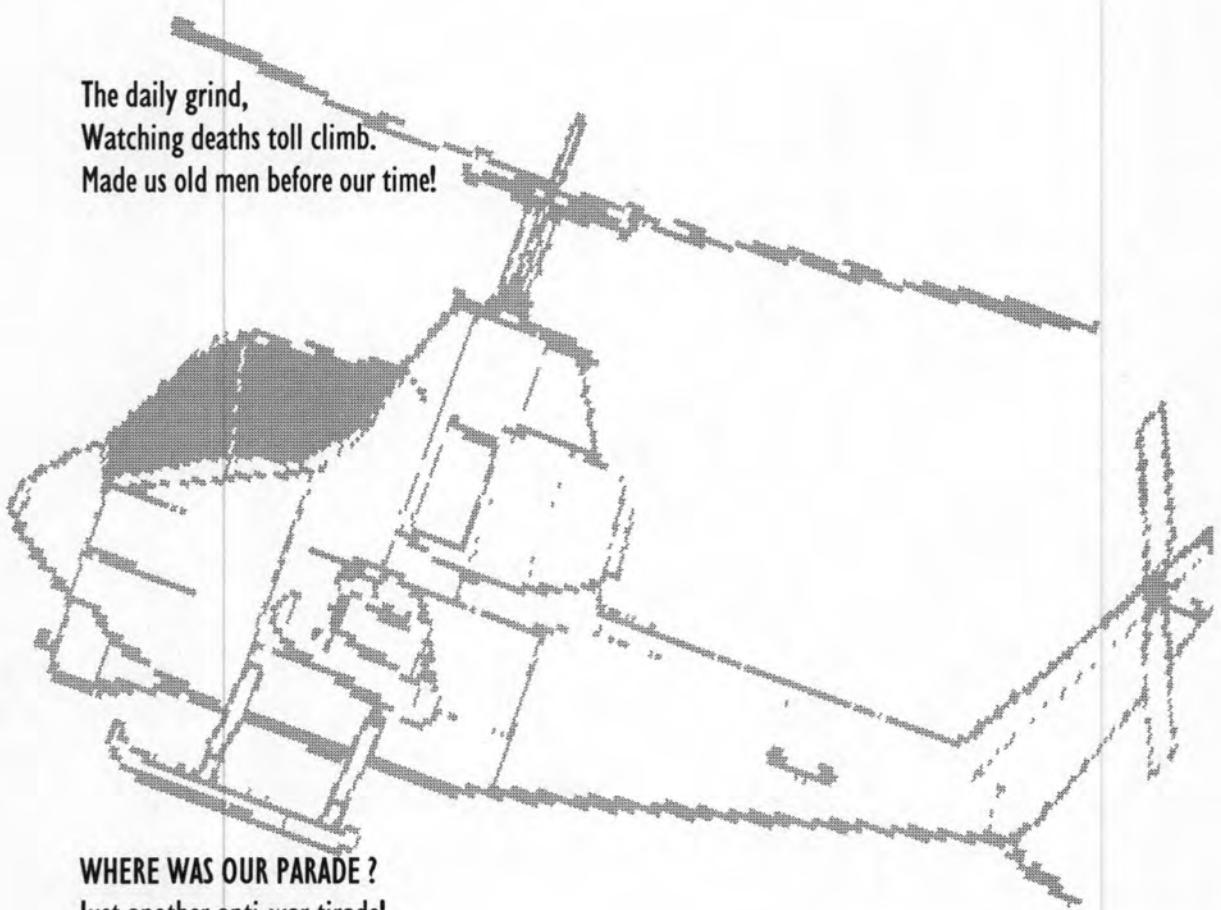
Where shall our parade wend?
To hospitals sterile halls?
To graveyards?
To long black marble walls?

Where shall we send our souls to mend?
The pain of rejection will never end.

Mark Hayes 7-2-94
Mark O. Hayes, Stagecoach II, Blackwidow 14

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FIFTY THOUSAND DIED FOR NAUGHT.