

# "LZ 53"

## Newsletter of VIETNAM VETERANS OF AMERICA SOUTH BAY CHAPTER 53

4733 Torrance Blvd #553 Torrance, Ca 90503 (310 540-8820)

May - June 2024 (Special Issue: Honoring Women)



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### LZ 53 Newsletter

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### Chapter 53 Monthly Standard Schedule of Events / Meetings

There will be exceptions – check the monthly calendar inside.

- \* First Saturday – Hermosa Beach Veteran's Memorial clean-up @ 0830hrs
- \* Third Tuesday – "Board/General Meetings" all chapter members encouraged to attend.
- \* Third Saturday – Torrance Veteran's Memorial clean-up @ 0830hrs

Membership is open to all Vietnam Era Veterans, regardless of race, religion, gender, ethnicity or character of discharge. Associate membership is open to all others.

The opinions expressed in LZ 53 are not necessarily those of the chapter, its officers, Board of Directors, membership, Editor of LZ 53 or of Vietnam Veterans of America, Inc.

If you wish to express an opinion, submit a story, poem or joke, etc please contact the LZ 53 Editor : mandelfive@dslextreme.com

### Chapter 53 Meetings

## May 21, 2024 (Tues)

**SPECIAL LUNCH AND SHARE NON-MEETING MEETING**  
12 NOON Hawthorne VFW

## June 18, 2024 (Tues)

Board Meetings @ 1200 pm  
General Meetings @ 1:00 pm  
Hawthorne VFW Post 2075

4563 W. 131st Street - Hawthorne, Ca 90250



Congrats to the Grads  
&

Happy Mother's & Father's Day

*Please do not throw this  
newsletter away. Pass it  
along to another Veteran.*

date	day	May 2024 Monthly Calendar	date	day	June 2024 Monthly Calendar
1	Wed		1	Sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
2	Thur		2	Sun	Hawthorne VFW Dinner 3-5pm RSVP \$10.00
3	Fri		3	Mon	
4	Sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)	4	Tue	1942 - Battle of Midway begins
5	Sun	Hawthorne VFW Dinner 3-5pm RSVP \$10.00 Hawthorne VFW 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne	5	Wed	
6	Mon	Nat'l Nurse Day	6	Thur	1944 - D-Day (Allies invade Normandy)
7	Tue		7	Fri	
8	Wed	1945 - VE Day	8	Sat	
9	Thur		9	Sun	
10	Fri		10	Mon	
11	Sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 0930 (dutch treat)	11	Tue	Ch53 Breakfast and BS Meetin' @ 9am, Black Bear Diner 24021 Hawthorne Bl – Torrance
12	Sun	Happy Mother's Day	12	Wed	Women Veteran Day
13	Mon		13	Thur	
14	Tue	Ch53 Breakfast and BS Meetin' @ 9am, Black Bear Diner 24021 Hawthorne Bl – Torrance	14	Fri	1775 - U.S. Army (249th) Birthday Flag Day
15	Wed		15	Sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 0930 (dutch treat)
16	Thur		16	Sun	Happy Father's Day
17	Fri		17	Mon	
18	Sat	See 2nd Saturday for Torrance clean up due to Armed Forces Day Parade	18	Tue	Business Mtg 12:15pm – General Mtg 12:45pm Hawthorne VFW, 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne
19	Sun	SCHOLARSHIP READINGS 11am AT VFW BREAKFAST HAWTHORNE (breakfast 9-11)	19	Wed	
20	Mon		20	Thur	Summer begins....
21	Tue	SPECIAL LUNCH AND SHARE NON-MEETING MEETING 12 NOON Hawthorne VFW	21	Fri	
22	Wed		22	Sat	
23	Thur		23	Sun	Hawthorne VFW Breakfast 9am-noon \$12.00
24	Fri		24	Mon	
25	Sat		25	Tue	1950 - Start of the Korean War
26	Sun	Hawthorne VFW Breakfast 9am-noon \$12.00	26	Wed	
27	Mon	Memorial Day....	27	Thur	
28	Tue		28	Fri	
29	Wed		29	Sat	
30	Thur		30	Sun	
31	Fri				

## Ch53 Monthly Message Board

### IMPORTANT DATES COMING UP!

**SAT. MAY 11** ALTERNATE SPECIAL DAY TO CLEAN  
TORRANCE VETERANS MEMORIAL  
**FRI. MAY 17** ARMED FORCES DAY STATIC DISPLAY  
BEHIND DEL AMO MALL  
**SAT. MAY 18** ARMED FORCES DAY PARADE MEET AT  
BRANCH OFFICE  
**SUN. MAY 19** SCHOLARSHIP READINGS 1100 AT VFW  
BREAKFAST HAWTHORNE  
**TUE. MAY 21** SPECIAL LUNCH AND SHARE NON-  
MEETING MEETING 12 NOON Hawthorne VFW



Our 1st Ch53 Breakfast and BS Meetin'  
(2nd Tues each month)



In March we had 13 attendees - April 11 attendees

#### NEXT BREAKFAST Meetin's:

Tuesday May 14th, 2024 @ 9am

Tuesday June 11, 2024 @ 9am



Torrance Memorial clean up crew 3rd Saturday of each  
month. Hermosa Beach Memorial is cleaned up the  
1st Saturday of each month)



**Hawthorne VFW Dinner (1st Sunday of every mo).**  
3pm-5pm \$10.00 donation (Reservations Required)  
4563 131st Street Hawthorne (310 679-7472)



**Hawthorne VFW Breakfast (3rd Sun. of every mo)**  
9am - noon \$12.00 donation  
4563 131st Street Hawthorne (310 679-7472)



**Hawthorne VFW Casino Bus Trips (local &  
overnight)** contact VFW for more info: 310 679-7472



On April 16th, 2024, members of Honor Flight Southland made a presentation to members of Chapter 53. The organization provides Veterans *all expenses paid* trips to Washington DC and tours of the major memorials there, including the WALL. A few of our members have taken the flights and others are applying for this wonderful tribute, provided free to Veterans and supported by donations.

[honorflightsouthland.org](http://honorflightsouthland.org)



### KNOW YOUR MEMBERS

By Bob Holmes

In the March/April issue of LZ 53 I introduced a new column. Each month I am going to tell you some interesting facts about two of our members that I bet you did not know. This column is not intended to highlight military honors or experiences although occasionally one may find its way in. Rather, this is a chance to get to know your fellow Chapter 53 members better and perhaps find out there is something you have in common with them.

#### ROGER MORRISSEY-ARMY

Roger was one of 11 children from a large Irish Catholic family.

He grew up in Iowa.

He graduated with the first graduating class of Verbum Dei High School in Los Angeles and was the only white student in his graduating class.

He spent 40 years in the aerospace industry dealing with supply chain issues.

He spent time on business in Saudi Arabia in the early 2000's and described it as the craziest place he had ever been.

Roger (who served with the 1st Infantry Division in Vietnam) is well known for his response during chapter meeting introductions for saying "If you're gonna be one, be a Big Red One".

#### FRED NICHOLS-COAST GUARD

Fred is a native Californian and an Eagle Scout  
His musical tastes are country, Doo-Wop, and blues  
He collects vintage audio equipment

He also collects old Kirby vacuum cleaners (I could not make that one up!)

He served in both the Arctic and the Antarctic.

Ask Fred to tell you about his "adventure" while on temporary duty on the Fourth of July 1970.



## THE MEANEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD

We had the meanest mother in the whole world! While other kids ate candy for breakfast, we had to have cereal, eggs, and toast.

When others had a Pepsi and a Twinkie for lunch, we had to eat sandwiches.

And you can guess our mother fixed us a dinner that was different than other kids had too.

Mother insisted on knowing where we were at all times. You'd think we were convicts in a prison. She had to know who our friends were, and what we were doing with them. She insisted that if we said we would be gone for an hour, we would be gone for an hour or less.

We were ashamed to admit it, but she had the nerve to break the "Child Labor Laws" by making us work. We had to wash the dishes, make the beds, learn to cook, vacuum the floor, do laundry, and all sorts of cruel jobs. I think she would lay awake at night thinking of more things for us to do.

She always insisted on us telling the truth the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

By the time we were teenagers, she could read our minds, and life was really tough.

She wouldn't let our friends just honk the horn when they drove up. They had to come up to the door so she could meet them.

While everyone else could date when they were 12 or 13, we had to wait until we were 16.

Because of our mother we missed out on lots of things other kids experienced. None of us have ever been caught shoplifting, vandalizing other's property, or ever arrested for any crime. It was all her fault.

We never got drunk, took up smoking, stayed out all night, or million other things other kids did.

Sunday were reserved for church, and we never missed once. We knew better than to ask to spend the night with a friend on Saturday night.

Now that we have left home, we are all God-fearing, educated, honest adults. We are doing our best to be mean parents just like our mom was.

**The world just doesn't have enough mean moms anymore...**

## WHAT MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME.....

**1. My mother taught me**

**TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE.**

"If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning."

**2. My mother taught me RELIGION.**

"You better pray that will come out of the carpet."

**3. My mother taught me about TIME TRAVEL.**

"If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"

**4. My mother taught me LOGIC.**

"Because I said so, that's why."

**5. My mother taught me MORE LOGIC.**

"If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the store with me."

**6. My mother taught me FORESIGHT.**

"Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."

**7. My mother taught me IRONY.**

"Keep crying, and I'll give you something to cry about."

**8. My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS.**

"Shut your mouth and eat your supper."

**9. My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM.**

"Will you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!"

**10. My mother taught me about STAMINA.**

"You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone."

**11. My mother taught me about WEATHER.**

"This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it."

**12. My mother taught me about HYPOCRISY.**

"If I told you once, I've told you a million times. Don't exaggerate!"

**13. My mother taught me the CIRCLE OF LIFE.**

"I brought you into this world, and I can take you out."

**14. My mother taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION.**

"Stop acting like your father!"

**15. My mother taught me about ENVY.**

"There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do."

**16. My mother taught me about ANTICIPATION.**

"Just wait until we get home."

**17. My mother taught me about RECEIVING.**

"You are going to get it when you get home!"

**18. My mother taught me MEDICAL SCIENCE.**

"If you don't stop crossing your eyes, They are going to freeze that way."

**19. My mother taught me ESP.**

"Put your sweater on; don't you think I know when you are cold?"

**20. My mother taught me HUMOR.**

"When that lawn mower cuts off your toes, don't come running to me."

**21. My mother taught me HOW TO BECOME AN ADULT.**

"If you don't eat your vegetables, you'll never grow up."

**22. My mother taught me GENETICS.**

"You're just like your father."

**23. My mother taught me about my ROOTS.**

"Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?"

**24. My mother taught me WISDOM.**

"When you get to be my age, you'll understand."

**25. And my favorite: my mother taught me about JUSTICE.**

"One day you'll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you."

**THANKS MOM**  
**HAVE A WONDERFUL**  
**MOTHER'S DAY**

## Cemetery Watchman ....

I just wanted to get the day over with and go down to Smokey's. Sneaking a look at my watch, I saw the time, 1655. Five minutes to go before the cemetery gates are closed for the day. Full dress was hot in the August sun. Oklahoma summertime was as bad as ever--the heat and humidity at the same level--both too high.

I saw the car pull into the drive, '69 or '70 model Cadillac Deville, looked factory-new. It pulled into the parking lot at a snail's pace.. An old woman got out so slow I thought she was paralyzed; she had a cane and a sheaf of flowers--about four or five bunches as best I could tell.

I couldn't help myself. The thought came unwanted, and left a slightly bitter taste: 'She's going to spend an hour, and for this old soldier, my hip hurts like hell and I'm ready to get out of here right now!' But for this day, my duty was to assist anyone coming in.

Kevin would lock the 'In' gate and if I could hurry the old biddy along, we might make it to Smokey's in time.

I broke post attention. My hip made gritty noises when I took the first step and the pain went up a notch. I must have made a real military sight: middle-aged man with a small pot gut and half a limp, in marine full-dress uniform, which had lost its razor crease about thirty minutes after I began the watch at the cemetery.

I stopped in front of her, halfway up the walk. She looked up at me with an old woman's squint.

'Ma'am, may I assist you in anyway?'

She took long enough to answer.

'Yes, son. Can you carry these flowers? I seem to be moving a tad slow these days.'

'My pleasure, ma'am.' Well, it wasn't too much of a lie.

She looked again. 'Marine, where were you stationed?'

' Vietnam , ma'am.. Ground-pounder. '69 to '71.'

She looked at me closer. 'Wounded in action, I see. Well done, Marine. I'll be as quick as I can.'

I lied a little bigger: 'No hurry, ma'am.'

She smiled and winked at me. 'Son, I'm 85-years-old and I can tell a lie from a long way off.. Let's get this done. Might be the last time I can do this. My name's Joanne Wieserman, and I've a few Marines I'd like to see one more time.'

'Yes, ma 'am. At your service.'

She headed for the World War I section, stopping at a stone. She picked one of the flowers out of my arm and laid it on top of the stone. She murmured something I

couldn't quite make out.. The name on the marble was Donald S. Davidson, USMC: France 1918.

She turned away and made a straight line for the World War II section, stopping at one stone. I saw a tear slowly tracking its way down her cheek. She put a bunch on a stone; the name was Stephen X. Davidson, USMC, 1943.

She went up the row a ways and laid another bunch on a stone, Stanley J. Wieserman, USMC, 1944.. She paused for a second. 'Two more, son, and we'll be done'

I almost didn't say anything, but, 'Yes, ma'am. Take your time.'

She looked confused.. 'Where's the Vietnam section, son? I seem to have lost my way.'

I pointed with my chin. 'That way, ma'am.'

'Oh!' she chuckled quietly. 'Son, me and old age ain't too friendly.'

She headed down the walk I'd pointed at. She stopped at a couple of stones before she found the ones she wanted. She placed a bunch on Larry Wieserman, USMC, 1968, and the last on Darrel Wieserman, USMC, 1970. She stood there and murmured a few words I still couldn't make out.

'OK, son, I'm finished. Get me back to my car and you can go home.'

Yes, ma'am. If I may ask, were those your kinfolk?'

She paused. 'Yes, Donald Davidson was my father, Stephen was my uncle, Stanley was my husband, Larry and Darrel were our sons. All killed in action, all marines.'

She stopped. Whether she had finished, or couldn't finish, I don't know. She made her way to her car, slowly and painfully.

I waited for a polite distance to come between us and then double-timed it over to Kevin, waiting by the car. 'Get to the 'Out' gate quick.. I have something I've got to do.'

Kevin started to say something, but saw the look I gave him. He broke the rules to get us there down the service road. We beat her. She hadn't made it around the rotunda yet.

'Kevin, stand at attention next to the gatepost. Follow my lead.' I humped it across the drive to the other post.

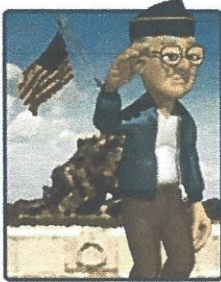
When the Cadillac came pattering around from the hedges and began the short straight traverse to the gate, I called in my best gunny's voice: 'Teheh Hut! Present Haaa arms!'

I have to hand it to Kevin; he never blinked an eye--full dress attention and a salute that would make his DI proud.

She drove through that gate with two old worn-out soldiers giving her a send-off she deserved, for service rendered to her country, and for knowing duty, honor and sacrifice.

I am not sure, but I think I saw a salute returned from that Cadillac.

Instead of 'The End,' just think of 'Taps.'



Day is done, gone the sun,  
From the hills, from the lake,  
From the skies.  
All is well, safely rest,  
God is nigh.

Go to sleep, peaceful sleep,  
May the soldier or sailor,  
God keep.  
On the land or the deep,  
Safe in sleep.

Love, good night, Must thou go,  
When the day, And the night  
Need thee so?  
All is well. Speedeth all  
To their rest.

Fades the light; And afar  
Goeth day, And the stars  
Shineth bright,  
Fare thee well; Day has gone,  
Night is on.

Thanks and praise, For our days,  
'Neath the sun, Neath the stars,  
'Neath the sky,  
As we go, This we know,  
God is nigh.

## HE NEEDED A SON

Heavily sedated because of the pain of his heart attack, he dimly saw the young uniformed Marine standing outside the oxygen tent. He reached out his hand. The Marine wrapped his toughened fingers around the old man's limp ones, squeezing a message of love and encouragement.

The nurse brought a chair so that the Marine could sit beside the bed. All through the night the young Marine sat there in the poorly lighted ward, holding the old man's hand and offering him words of love and strength. Occasionally, the nurse suggested that the Marine move away and rest awhile. He refused.

Whenever the nurse came into the ward, the Marine was oblivious of her and of the night noises of the hospital - the clanking of the oxygen tank, the laughter of the night staff members exchanging greetings, the cries and moans of the other patients. Now and then she heard him say a few gentle words. The dying man said nothing, only held tightly to his son all through the night.

Along towards dawn, the old man died. The Marine released the now lifeless hand he had been holding and went to tell the nurse. While she did what she had to do, he waited.

Finally, she returned. She started to offer words of sympathy, but the Marine interrupted her, "Who was that man?" he asked.

The nurse was startled, "He was your father," she answered.

"No, he wasn't," the Marine replied. "I never saw him before in my life."

"Then why didn't you say something when I took you to him?"

"I knew right away there had been a mistake, but I also knew he needed his son, and his son just wasn't here. When I realized that he was too sick to tell whether or not I was his son, I knew how much he needed me. I came here tonight to find a Mr. William Grey. His son was killed in Iraq today, and I was sent to inform him. What was this gentleman's name?"

The nurse with tears in her eyes answered, "Mr. William Grey ..."

The next time someone needs you ... just be there.

Stay

## "I CAME TO SEE MY SON'S NAME"

By Jim Schueckler

My job as a volunteer "visitor guide" was to help people find names on the "Moving Wall," a replica of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. More importantly, I gave visitors a chance to talk. While searching the directory or leading a visitor to the name they sought, I would quietly ask, "Was he a friend or a relative?"

Over the six days, I began conversations that way with several hundred people. Only a handful gave me a short answer; almost everyone wanted to talk. Each had their own story to tell.

For some, the words poured out as if the floodgates of a dam, that had been closed for thirty years, had just burst open. For others, the words came out slowly and deliberately between long pauses. Sometimes, they choked on the words, and they cried. I also cried as I listened, asked more questions, and silently prayed that my words would help to heal, not to hurt.

**"I came to see my son's name."**

I heard those and similar words from several parents who came to the Moving Wall. Their son had died in a war that divided our country like no other event since the Civil War. He died in a war that some Americans had blamed on the soldiers, who were called to fight it. Some young men had no choice; they were called by the draft. Others, including some 30,000 women, were called differently, by a sense of duty to their family and nation.

Our culture mourns and respects our dead; but in the shadow of that bitter war, the sacrifices, of those who died and of their families, were not given dignity. Mothers and fathers came to see that their sons had not been forgotten, that their names were remembered on that Wall, that someone else cares.

A frail and elderly mother came to the Moving Wall in a wheelchair. As we looked for her son's name, she described his interests during high school and then the agonizing days when she was first told that her son was injured, then missing, then classified as "lost at sea." She asked me to thank all the other people who helped bring the Moving Wall to Batavia.

"'Til death do us part" came abruptly to thousands of marriages because of that war. I met two widows of men whose names are on the Wall. One woman showed me a picture of her husband and a separate picture of their daughter...a daughter that her husband never met...a girl who grew up without a father. I was painfully aware that, had some Viet Cong soldiers been slightly better marksmen, my wife and son might have come to the Wall to see my name.

Sisters and brothers came to see a name. One brother so close in age that "People were always calling us by the other's name, and we both hated it." A sister said, "I was so much younger than him, I didn't realize why my Mom was crying when we said goodbye to him at the airport."

One brother confided that, although he had not been a war protester, his feelings and his first confrontation with the Wall in Washington were almost identical to those of the brother in the play "The Wall, a Pilgrimage." He said, "It was as if the actor had reached into my soul and exposed every one of my feelings about my brother and the war."

A group of four people stood near one panel. I offered to make a rubbing of a name. The man pointed to the name..... **Paul D. Urquhart**

I asked, "Is that Captain Paul Urquhart, the helicopter pilot?"

The man nodded and said, "He's my brother."

I explained that I flew with Paul on his first tour in Vietnam and read that he had been shot down during his second tour. Paul's brother said that he and his family came from Pennsylvania on the anniversary date of Paul's becoming Missing In Action. I made a rubbing of Paul's name and added a rubbing of the Army Aviator wings from my hat, a symbol we had both worn so proudly so long ago.

Aunts and uncles also came to see a special name on the Wall. One aunt said, "He stayed overnight at our house so much that one neighbor thought he was our son." An uncle lamented, "I took him hunting. I was the one who taught him to like guns."

Cousins came to the Wall; and many said, "He was like a brother."

One man asked me to look up the name.....

**Douglas Smith**

I asked back, "Do you mean Doug Smith, a Marine, from North Tonawanda High School?"

The man introduced me to his wife, Doug's cousin. She was pleased to be able to talk about Doug with a classmate who remembered him. I showed her Doug's name on my own personal list.

Veterans came to see the names of their buddies. Most of them were eager to tell me about their friend or how he died. Many remembered the day in great detail and spoke of what's called "survivor's guilt..."

"He went out on patrol in my place that day" or "If I hadn't been away on R & R (rest and recuperation), he wouldn't be dead."

Others were bothered that they couldn't remember much about their friend because they had tried to "block it out" for so many years. Another man said, "I lost a few good friends while I was there (Vietnam), but



I don't want to find just their names because I feel the same about all 58,000 of these names."

"Tree-line vets" are men or women who have finally been able to go to a Moving Wall location but are terrified of coming close enough to actually see some names that have been haunting them so many years. One such veteran stood for a long time some fifty feet from the Wall. My brothers, Vic and Chris, talked with him. After awhile, he and Vic were able to laugh about some of their common Marine Corps experiences; and then they were finally able to approach, see, and touch, those names together.

Many people came to the Wall in the privacy or serenity of darkness. Our security men reported that there were only a few minutes each night that the Wall had no callers at all. One visitor spent several hours in the middle of the night standing in front of a certain panel. Whenever anyone came close, he would move away. When alone again, he would move back to that panel to continue his silent vigil. Still others came in the darkness before dawn to watch the break of a new day over the Wall.

One vet came in a wheelchair. He could not talk or walk; but, with great effort, Peter's shaking hand could scrawl messages on a pad. The nurse who pushed his wheelchair said that Peter had been excited about the Moving Wall visit since he first read about it in the Daily News.

Peter came to see the name of his friend that he thought had died in 1975, but he could not remember the man's name. They had been high school buddies and joined the Army together. They went to boot camp and Vietnam together. Peter saw his friend die.

At the bottom of Panel 1 West, I squatted down and read off the names of the small number of men and one American woman who died in Vietnam in 1975. Peter did not recognize any of the names.

The EDS computer operators ran a search but found no Vietnam casualties from Peter's small home town. We asked if his friend might have come from another town, and Peter wrote "Wales?" The computer search gave one name, but he was killed in 1968. I went back to Peter and asked, "Was his name..... **Eric Jednat** The shock on Peter's face, and then his tears, told us that we had found the right name. We moved to Panel 53 West, where we turned the wheelchair so Peter could touch his friend's name.

Many people came who were not related to, but knew one or more of the men named on the Wall. A high school teacher told me, "I taught four of these boys."



Others said,

"He was the little boy who lived across the street."

"We were going steady in high school."

"He delivered my newspapers."

"I was his Boy Scout leader."

"He went to our church."

"I worked with his mother at the time he was killed."

"My son played football with him."

"We were classmates for twelve years."

---

There were hundreds of similar, personal connections between the visitor and one or more names on the Wall.

To other visitors, the names were not as personal but still were significant...

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"I didn't know him, but I remember how it shocked the town when he died."

"I just wanted to pay my respects."

"I didn't know any of them, thank God."

"I came to show support for the vets who came back."

"My son went to Vietnam, but he came back OK."

---

Others expressed amazement...

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"I wanted to see the names of the seven young men from Holley. I can't believe our little village lost so many boys."

"I had no idea so many lost their lives."

"Such a waste. Such a terrible, terrible waste."

"I hope and pray we never go through that kind of war again."

"Is this the price of peace?"

---

Some visitors asked rhetorically, "Will mankind ever learn?"

Two weeks after the visit of the Moving Wall to Batavia, a friend told my wife, "I don't understand all the concern about the Moving Wall; why don't people just forget about that dirty war?"

For many, the Moving Wall does not need to be explained.

Those who do not understand are, perhaps, more fortunate than those who do.

## THE PHUNNIE PAGES

### This Wisdom Comes with Age!

I used to be able to do cartwheels. Now I tip over putting on my underwear.

I told my wife she should embrace her mistakes... so she hugged me.

My wife says I only have 2 faults. I don't listen and something else....

At my funeral, take the bouquet off my coffin and throw it into the crowd to see who is next.

I thought growing old would take longer.

I came, I saw, I forgot what I was doing. Retraced my steps, got lost on the way back. Now I have no idea what's going on.

Day 12 without chocolate. Lost hearing in my left eye.

Scientists say the universe is made up of protons, neutrons and electrons. They forgot to mention morons.

The adult version of "head, shoulders, knees and toes" is "wallet, glasses, keys and phone."

Oops.... did I roll my eyes out loud?

Wi-fi went down for five minutes, so I had to talk to my family. They seem like nice people.

I won't be impressed with technology until I can download food.

Some people call me crazy. I prefer happy with a twist.

My doctor asked if anyone in my family suffers from mental illness. I said, "No, we all seem to enjoy it."

I really don't mind getting old, but my body is having a major fit.

Camping: where you spend a small fortune to live like a homeless person.

I told my wife I wanted to be cremated. She made me an appointment for Tuesday.

Measure once, cuss twice..

I've reached the age where my train of thought often leaves the station without me.



**If you're happy and you know it, it's your meds.**

\* I choked on a carrot this morning, and all I could think

of was, "I'll bet a doughnut wouldn't have done this to me."

\* Nothing spoils a good story more than the arrival of an eyewitness. (Mark Twain)

\* It turns out that when asked who your favorite child is, you're supposed to pick out one of your own. I know that now.

\* It's fine to eat a test grape in the produce section, but you take one bite of rotisserie chicken and it's all, "Sir, you need to leave!"

\* I can't believe I forgot to go to the gym today. That's seven years in a row now.

\* If you dropped something when you were younger, you just picked it up. When you're older and you drop something, you stare at it for just a bit contemplating if you actually need it anymore.

\* I like to make lists. I also like to leave them lying on the kitchen counter and then guess what's on the list when I am at the store.

\* I relabeled all of the jars in my wife's spice rack. I'm not in trouble yet, but the thyme is cumin.

\* I just read a book about marriage that says treat your wife like you treated her on your first date. So tonight after dinner I'm dropping her off at her parent's house.

\* The best way to get back on your feet is to miss two car payments.

\* I love bacon. Sometimes I eat it twice a day. It takes my mind off the terrible chest pains I keep getting.

\* As I watch this generation try to rewrite history, one thing I am sure of is that it will be misspelled and have no punctuation.

\* Driver: "What am I supposed to do with this speeding ticket?" Officer: "Keep it. When you collect four of them, you get a bicycle."

\* I put our scale in the bathroom corner, and that's where the little liar will stay until it apologizes.

\* When I was a kid, I used to watch the "Wizard of Oz" and wonder how someone could talk if they didn't have a brain. Then I got Facebook.

\* Do you ever get up in the morning, look in the mirror, and think, "That can't be accurate!"?

\* Apparently RSVP-ing to a wedding invitation with "Maybe next time" isn't the correct response.

# THE PHUNNIE PAGES

\* I just burned 1,200 calories. I forgot the pizza in the oven.

\* Who knew that the hardest thing about being an adult is figuring out what to fix for dinner and doing it every single night for the rest of your life until you die?

\* Never trust an electrician with no eyebrows.

\* Instead of cleaning my house, I just watch an episode of "The Hoarders," and think, "Wow! My house looks great".



So cocaine is legal in Oregon, but straws aren't. That must be frustrating.

Still trying to get my head around the fact that the words 'Take-Out' can mean food, a date, or murder.

To the paranoid people who check behind their shower curtains for murderers. If you do find one, what's your plan?

Being popular on Facebook is like sitting at the 'cool table' of the patients' cafeteria in a mental hospital.

You know you're over 50 when you have 'upstairs Tylenol' and 'downstairs Tylenol'.

I too was once a male trapped in a female body ...and then I was born.

When I lost two fingers on my right hand in a freak accident, I asked the doctor if I'd still be able to write with it. He said, "Possibly, but I wouldn't count on it."

I woke up this morning determined to drink less, eat right, and exercise daily. But that was five hours ago when I was younger and full of hope.

Anyone who says their wedding was the best day of their life has clearly never had two candy bars come out at once from a vending machine.

We live in a time where intelligent people are silenced so that stupid people won't be offended.

The biggest joke on humans is that computers have begun asking us to prove we aren't robots.

When a kid says "Daddy, I want mommy" that's the kid version of "I'd like to speak to your supervisor".

If Adam and Eve had been really smart, they'd have eaten the snake instead of the apple and saved us all a lot of trouble.

We celebrated our anniversary last night with a couple of adult beverages ..Metamucil and Ensure.

Weight loss goal: To be able to clip my toenails and breathe at the same time.

After watching how some people wore their covid masks, I understand why contraception devices fail. Some of my friends exercise every day. Meanwhile I'm watching a show I don't like because the remote fell on the floor.

For those of you that don't want Alexa or Siri listening in on your conversation, they're making a male version ...it doesn't listen to anything.

Now that Covid has everyone washing their hands correctly ...next week: Turn Signals.

Someone said, "Nothing rhymes with orange." I said, "No, it doesn't."

The pessimist complains about the wind. The optimist expects it to change. The realist adjusts his sails. There's a fine line between a numerator and a denominator. Only a fraction of people will find this funny.

Reading gives us someplace to go when we have to stay where we are.

I have many hidden talents. I just wish I could remember where I hid them.

My idea of a Super Bowl is a toilet that cleans itself.

Exercise helps you with decision-making. It's true. I went for a run this morning and decided I'm never going again.



## SOME ADDED CHAPTER INFO...

**If you missed The Wall that Heals in Gardena this past April - There are an additional 2 wall events from different organizations in the following locations:**  
May 15-20 – The Moving Wall, Mission Springs Park, 14510 Palm Drive, Desert Hot Springs, CA  
May 24-27 – The AV Wall, Smith Park, 6016 Rosemead Blvd Pico Rivera, CA 90660



**THAT'S ALL FOLKS  
BACK TO MY BUNKER  
UNTIL NEXT MONTH**

**VIETNAM VETERANS OF AMERICA  
SOUTH BAY CHAPTER 53  
4733 Torrance Blvd #553  
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(310) 540-8820**



## **Honoring Our Women Veterans**

