

"LZ 53"
Newsletter of
VIETNAM VETERANS OF AMERICA
SOUTH BAY CHAPTER 53

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

September - October 2024



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

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
- * Second Tuesday - Ch53 Breakfast & BS Meetin, 9am Black Bear Diner Torrance
- * 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@dslextrema.com

Chapter 53 Meetings

September 17, 2024 (Tues)

October 15, 2024 (Tues)

Board Meetings @ 1200 pm

General Meetings @ 1:00 pm

Hawthorne VFW Post 2075

4563 W. 131st Street - Hawthorne, Ca 90250

PIZZA & SALAD WILL BE SERVED



Happy Birthday

U.S. Navy - 249th Year

U.S. Air Force - 77th Year

date	day	September 2024 Monthly Calendar	date	day	October 2024 Monthly Calendar
1	Sun	Hawthorne VFW Monthly Dinner 3pm - 5pm	1	Tue	
2	Mon	Labor Day (1945 - VJ-Day)	2	Wed	Rosh Hashanah begins....
3	Tue		3	Thur	
4	Wed		4	Fri	
5	Thur		5	Sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
6	Fri		6	Sun	Hawthorne VFW Monthly Dinner 3pm - 5pm
7	Sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)	7	Mon	
8	Sun		8	Tue	Ch53 Breakfast and BS Meetin' @ 9am, Black Bear Diner 24021 Hawthorne Bl - Torrance
9	Mon		9	Wed	
10	Tue	Ch53 Breakfast and BS Meetin' @ 9am, Black Bear Diner 24021 Hawthorne Bl - Torrance	10	Thur	
11	Wed		11	Fri	Yom Kippur begins....
12	Thur		12	Sat	
13	Fri		13	Sun	1775 - U.S. Navy established
14	Sat		14	Mon	Columbus Day....
15	Sun	Hawthorne VFW Monthly Breakfast 9am-noon	15	Tue	Business Mtg 12pm - General Mtg 1pm Hawthorne VFW, 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne
16	Mon		16	Wed	
17	Tue	Business Mtg 12pm - General Mtg 1pm Hawthorne VFW, 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne	17	Thur	
18	Wed	1947 - U.S. Air Force established....	18	Fri	
19	Thur		19	Sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 0930 (dutch treat)
20	Fri		20	Sun	Hawthorne VFW Monthly Breakfast 9am-noon
21	Sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 0930 (dutch treat)	21	Mon	
22	Sun	Autumn begins	22	Tue	
23	Mon		23	Wed	
24	Tue		24	Thur	
25	Wed		25	Fri	
26	Thur		26	Sat	
27	Fri		27	Sun	
28	Sat		28	Mon	
29	Sun	Gold Star Mother's Day	29	Tue	
30	Mon		30	Wed	
			31	Thur	BOO - Happy Halloween.....

Ch53 Monthly Message Board



Hermosa Beach Veteran Memorial clean-up crew

Kirk Gillett, Mike Flaherty, Steve Crecy, Dick Cunningham, Bob Chiota, Steve Mandel, Vann Jackson, Bob Holmes, Paul Verner, Councilman Ray Jackson, Dr. Leo Rodriguez & Olivia Rodriguez.

All members are welcome to help out the 1st Saturday of each month @ 830am on the corner of PCH/Pier Avenue.



CAMARADERIE at Brewer's Hall

Steve C, Ray F, just Ed, Kirk G, Dick C, Tom K, Steve M & Ralph

State Elections for VVA and AVVA were held on June 8th with two-year terms of office. The following are the results:

VVA CA State Council

President - Jerry Orlemann - 1st Vice President - Ken Holybee
2nd Vice President - Dick Southern - Secretary - John Bilbrey
Treasurer - George Hunter - Northern District Director - Lou Nunez
Central District Director - Alex Fabrous - Southern District Director - Dirk Young - At Large Director - Conrad Gomez

AVVA California

President - Michelle Mackey - Vice President - Kelly Frederickson
Secretary - Margie Young - Treasurer - Shirley Hunter

Chapter 53 Monthly Activities

1st Saturday of month clean Hermosa Beach Veteran Memorial corner of PCH and Pier at 830am.

2nd Tuesady of month Breakfast & BS Meetin' Black Bear Diner at 9:00am.

24021 Hawthorner Blvd - Torrance



3rd Tuesday of month Board (12pm) & General Meetings (1pm) at Hawthorne VFW Post.

3rd Saturday of month clean up Torrance Veteran Memorial corner of Torrance Blvd and Maple 830am.

Hawthorne VFW News

4563 W. 131st Stre4563 W. 131st Street
Hawthorne, Ca 90250 - 310 679-7472

Breakfast: Third Sunday of Every Month

9:00 AM - 12:00 PM

Dinner: First Sunday of Every Month

3:00 - 5:00 PM

KNOW YOUR MEMBERS

By Bob Holmes

In this issue we will continue to introduce you to our Chapter 53 members. The purpose is not to discuss military honors or exploits. Rather, we will get them a little better on a personal basis. Hopefully, you find some common ground or connection

CHARLIE SAULENAS--ARMY

Charlie is a Morningside High grad.

He builds front wheel powered bicycles (pedal not electric)

He collects antique bottles. He hiked all over the L.A. area to find them.

One of his more interesting ones is from Dublin, Ireland Charlie hung drywall for 25 years

He has been married 45 years and met his wife changing a light bulb in her office.

When he was younger, Charlie would visit his brother down at Camp Pendleton. He would bring his brother and as many of his brother's friends as could fit into Charlie's old Intl Harvester and bring them up here to Inglewood for the weekend.

STEVE MANDEL--ARMY

Seems like we should get to know our fearless LZ 53 Editor a bit better, eh.

Steve was born in the Bronx. That explains a lot doesn't it!

He came to California in 1953 and has been here ever since.

He has 3 kids, all live here in CA, and 4 grandkids His favorite music is from the 50's and 60's. He loved the old Dr.Demento L.A. radio show and has a number of tapes of it.

Steve had an interesting career. He drove his own lunch truck for 18 years. He worked 9 years as a jailer for the city of Torrance (He doesn't think he booked any of our members!). He then spent 10 more years with the city of Torrance Police Department in Property and Evidence. Steve lives in San Pedro.

One of his most interesting trips was a 30 day motorhome trip with his family around the U.S.

Remember this story the next time your day gets tough!

There are some duties tougher than combat!!!

Tough duty then as it is now....

"Burial at Sea"

by Lt. Col. George Goodson

USMC (Retired).

In my 76th year, the events of my life appear to me, from time to time, as a series of vignettes. Some were significant; most were trivial.

War is the seminal event in the life of everyone that has endured it. Though I fought in Korea and the Dominican Republic and was wounded there, Vietnam was my war. Now 37 years have passed and, thankfully, I rarely think of those days in Cambodia, Laos, and the panhandle of North Vietnam where small teams of Americans and Montangards fought much larger elements of the North Vietnamese Army.

Instead I see vignettes: Some exotic, some mundane:

- *The smell of Nuc Mam.

- *The heat, dust, and humidity.

- *The blue exhaust of cycles clogging the streets.

- *Elephants moving silently through the tall grass.

- *Hard eyes behind the servile smiles of the villagers.

- *Standing on a mountain in Laos and hearing a tiger roar.

- *A young girl squeezing my hand as my medic delivered her baby.

- *The flowing Ao Dais of the young women biking down Tran Hung Dao.

- *My two years as Casualty Notification Officer in North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland.....

It was late 1967. I had just returned after 18 months in Vietnam. Casualties were increasing. I moved my family from Indianapolis to Norfolk, rented a house, enrolled my children in their fifth or sixth new school, and bought a second car.

A week later, I put on my uniform and drove 10 miles to Little Creek, Va.

I hesitated before entering my new office.

Appearance is important to career Marines. I was no longer, if ever, a poster Marine. I had returned from my third tour in Vietnam only 30 days before. At 5'9", I now weighed 128 pounds -37 pounds below my normal weight. My uniforms fit ludicrously, my skin was yellow from malaria medication, and I think I had a twitch or two.

I straightened my shoulders, walked into the office, looked at the nameplate on a Staff Sergeant's desk and said, "Sergeant Jolly, I'm Lieutenant Colonel Goodson. Here are my orders and my Qualification Jacket."

Sergeant Jolly stood, looked carefully at me, took my orders, stuck out his hand; we shook and he asked, "How long were you there, Colonel?" I replied "18 months this time."

Jolly breathed, "Jesus, you must be a slow learner Colonel." I smiled.

Jolly said, "Colonel, I'll show you to your office and bring in the Sergeant Major. I said, "No, let's just go straight to his office." Jolly nodded, hesitated, and lowered his voice, "Colonel, the Sergeant Major. He's been in this G*dd@mn job two years. He's packed pretty tight. I'm worried about him." I nodded. Jolly escorted me into the Sergeant Major's office. "Sergeant Major, this is Colonel Goodson, the new Commanding Officer. The Sergeant Major stood, extended his hand and said, "Good to see you again, Colonel."

I responded, "Hello Walt, how are you?"

Jolly looked at me, raised an eyebrow, walked out, and closed the door.

I sat down with the Sergeant Major. We had the obligatory cup of coffee and talked about mutual acquaintances. Walt's stress was palpable. Finally, I said, "Walt, what's the h-ll's wrong?" He turned his chair, looked out the window and said, "George, you're going to wish you were back in Nam before you leave here."

I've been in the Marine Corps since 1939. I was in the Pacific 36 months, Korea for 14 months, and Vietnam for 12 months. Now I come

here to bury these kids. I'm putting my letter in. I can't take it anymore."

I said, "OK Walt. If that's what you want, I'll endorse your request for retirement and do what I can to push it through Headquarters Marine Corps."

Sergeant Major Walt retired 12 weeks later. He had been a good Marine for 28 years, but he had seen too much death and too much suffering. He was used up.

Over the next 16 months, I made 28 death notifications, conducted 28 military funerals, and made 30 notifications to the families of Marines that were severely wounded or missing in action. Most of the details of those casualty notifications have now, thankfully, faded from memory. Four, however, remain.

MY FIRST NOTIFICATION

My third or fourth day in Norfolk, I was notified of the death of a 19 year old Marine. This notification came by telephone from Headquarters Marine Corps. The information detailed:

- *Name, rank, and serial number.
- *Name, address, and phone number of next of kin.
- *Date of and limited details about the Marine's death.
- *Approximate date the body would arrive at the Norfolk Naval Air Station.
- *A strong recommendation on whether the casket should be opened or closed.

The boy's family lived over the border in North Carolina, about 60 miles away. I drove there in a Marine Corps staff car. Crossing the state line into North Carolina, I stopped at a small country store / service station / Post Office. I went in to ask directions.

Three people were in the store. A man and woman approached the small Post Office window. The man held a package. The Storeowner walked up and addressed them by name, "Hello John. Good morning Mrs. Cooper."

I was stunned. My casualty's next-of-kin's name was John Cooper!

I hesitated, then stepped forward and said, "I beg your pardon. Are you Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper."

The father looked at me-I was in uniform - and then, shaking, bent at the waist, he vomited. His wife looked horrified at him and then at me. Understanding came into her eyes and she collapsed in slow motion. I think I caught her before she hit the floor.

The owner took a bottle of whiskey out of a drawer and handed it to Mr. Cooper who drank. I answered their questions for a few minutes. Then I drove them home in my staff car. The storeowner locked the store and followed in their truck. We stayed an hour or so until the family began arriving.

I returned the storeowner to his business. He thanked me and said, "Mister, I wouldn't have your job for a million dollars." I shook his hand and said: "Neither would I."

I vaguely remember the drive back to Norfolk. Violating about five Marine Corps regulations, I drove the staff car straight to my house. I sat with my family while they ate dinner, went into the den, closed the door, and sat there all night, alone.

My Marines steered clear of me for days. I had made my first death notification.

THE FUNERALS

Weeks passed with more notifications and more funerals. I borrowed Marines from the local Marine Corps Reserve and taught them to conduct a military funeral: how to carry a casket, how to fire the volleys and how to fold the flag.

When I presented the flag to the mother, wife, or father, I always said, "All Marines share in your grief." I had been instructed to say, "On behalf of a grateful nation." I didn't think the nation was grateful so I didn't say that.

Sometimes, my emotions got the best of me and I couldn't speak. When that happened, I just handed them the flag and touched a shoulder. They would look at me and nod. Once a

mother said to me, "I'm so sorry you have this terrible job."

My eyes filled with tears and I leaned over and kissed her.

ANOTHER NOTIFICATION

Six weeks after my first notification, I had another. This was a young PFC. I drove to his mother's house. As always, I was in uniform and driving a Marine Corps staff car. I parked in front of the house, took a deep breath, and walked towards the house. Suddenly the door flew open, a middle-aged woman rushed out. She looked at me and ran across the yard, screaming "NO! NO! NO! NO!"

I hesitated. Neighbors came out. I ran to her, grabbed her, and whispered stupid things to reassure her. She collapsed. I picked her up and carried her into the house. Eight or nine neighbors followed. Ten or fifteen later, the father came in followed by ambulance personnel. I have no recollection of leaving.

The funeral took place about two weeks later. We went through the drill. The mother never looked at me. The father looked at me once and shook his head sadly.

ANOTHER NOTIFICATION

One morning, as I walked in the office, the phone was ringing. Sergeant Jolly held the phone up and said, "You've got another one, Colonel." I nodded, walked into my office, picked up the phone, took notes, thanked the officer making the call, I have no idea why, and hung up. Jolly, who had listened, came in with a special Telephone Directory that translates telephone numbers into the person's address and place of employment.

The father of this casualty was a Longshoreman. He lived a mile from my office. I called the Longshoreman's Union Office and asked for the Business Manager. He answered the phone, I told him who I was, and asked for the father's schedule.

The Business Manager asked, "Is it his son?" I said nothing. After a moment, he said, in a low voice, "Tom is at home today." I said, "Don't call

him. I'll take care of that." The Business Manager said, "Aye, Aye Sir," and then explained,

"Tom and I were Marines in WWII."

I got in my staff car and drove to the house. I was in uniform. I knocked and a woman in her early forties answered the door. I saw instantly that she was clueless. I asked, "Is Mr. Smith home?" She smiled pleasantly and responded, "Yes, but he's eating breakfast now. Can you come back later?" I said, "I'm sorry. It's important, I need to see him now." She nodded, stepped back into the beach house and said, "Tom, it's for you."

A moment later, a ruddy man in his late forties, appeared at the door. He looked at me, turned absolutely pale, steadied himself, and said, "Jesus Christ man, he's only been there three weeks!"

Months passed. More notifications and more funerals. Then one day while I was running, Sergeant Jolly stepped outside the building and gave a loud whistle, two fingers in his mouth.. I never could do that.. and held an imaginary phone to his ear.

Another call from Headquarters Marine Corps. I took notes, said, "Got it." and hung up. I had stopped saying "Thank You" long ago.

Jolly, "Where?"

Me, "Eastern Shore of Maryland . The father is a retired Chief Petty Officer.

His brother will accompany the body back from Vietnam ."

Jolly shook his head slowly, straightened and then said, "This time of day, it'll take three hours to get there and back. I'll call the Naval Air Station and borrow a helicopter. And I'll have Captain Tolliver get one of his men to meet you and drive you to the Chief's home. "He did, and 40 minutes later, I was knocking on the father's door. He opened the door, looked at me, then looked at the Marine standing at parade rest beside the car, and asked, "Which one of my boys was it, Colonel?"

I stayed a couple of hours, gave him all the information, my office and home phone number and told him to call me, anytime.

He called me that evening about 2300 (11:00 PM). "I've gone through my boy's papers and found his will. He asked to be buried at sea. Can you make that happen?" I said, "Yes I can, Chief. I can and I will."

My wife who had been listening said, "Can you do that?" I told her, "I have no idea. But I'm going to break my ass trying."

I called Lieutenant General Alpha Bowser, Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force Atlantic, at home about 2330, explained the situation, and asked, "General, can you get me a quick appointment with the Admiral at Atlantic Fleet Headquarters?" General Bowser said, "George, you be there tomorrow at 0900. He will see you."

I was and the Admiral did. He said coldly, "How can the Navy help the Marine Corps, Colonel." I told him the story. He turned to his Chief of Staff and said, "Which is the sharpest destroyer in port? The Chief of Staff responded with a name.

The Admiral called the ship, "Captain, you're going to do a burial at sea. You'll report to a Marine Lieutenant Colonel Goodson until this mission is completed."

He hung up, looked at me, and said, "The next time you need a ship, Colonel, call me. You don't have to sic Al Bowser on my ass." I responded, "Aye Aye, Sir" and got the hell out of his office.

I went to the ship and met with the Captain, Executive Officer, and the Senior Chief. Sergeant Jolly and I trained the ship's crew for four days. Then Jolly raised a question none of us had thought of. He said, "These government caskets are air tight. How do we keep it from floating?"

All the high priced help including me sat there looking dumb. Then the Senior Chief stood and said, "Come on Jolly. I know a bar where the retired guys from World War II hang out."

They returned a couple of hours later, slightly the worse for wear, and said, "It's simple; we

cut four 12" holes in the outer shell of the casket on each side and insert 300 lbs of lead in the foot end of the casket. We can handle that, no sweat."

The day arrived. The ship and the sailors looked razor sharp. General Bowser, the Admiral, a US Senator, and a Navy Band were on board. The sealed casket was brought aboard and taken below for modification. The ship got underway to the 12-fathom depth.

The sun was hot. The ocean flat. The casket was brought aft and placed on a catafalque. The Chaplain spoke. The volleys were fired. The flag was removed, folded, and I gave it to the father. The band played "Eternal Father Strong to Save." The casket was raised slightly at the head and it slid into the sea.

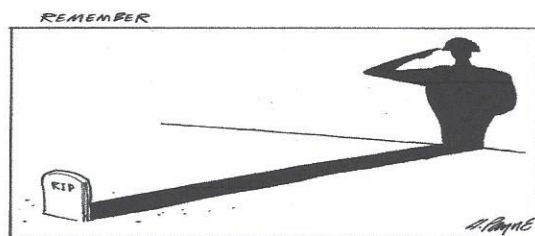
The heavy casket plunged straight down about six feet. The incoming water collided with the air pockets in the outer shell. The casket stopped abruptly, rose straight out of the water about three feet, stopped, and slowly slipped back into the sea. The air bubbles rising from the sinking casket sparkled in the in the sunlight as the casket disappeared from sight forever.

The next morning I called a personal friend, Lt. Gen. Oscar Peatross, at Headquarters Marine Corps and said, "General, get me the f*ck out of here. I can't take this sh*t anymore." I was transferred two weeks later.

I was a good Marine but, after 17 years, I had seen too much death and too much suffering. I was used up.

Vacating the house, my family and I drove to the office in a two-car convoy. I said my goodbyes. Sergeant Jolly walked out with me. He waved at my family, looked at me with tears in his eyes, came to attention, saluted, and said, "Well Done Colonel. Well Done."

I felt as if I had received the Medal of Honor!





**Remember Burma Shave
signs along the highways
growing up?**

A man, a miss,
A car, a curve.
He kissed the miss,
And missed the curve.

Burma Shave

I'm sure that Burma Shave actually saved some lives. People laughed and then were more careful! It was a REAL "service" to America, even though it was an advertisement and it was one of the RARE "really useful" ones!

For those who never saw any of the Burma Shave signs, here is a quick lesson in our history of the 1930's, '40's and 50's. Before there were interstates, when everyone had to drive 2 lane roads, Burma Shave signs would be posted all along the roads in farmers' fields. They were small red signs with white letters. Five signs, about 100 feet apart, each containing 1 line of a 4-line couplet... and the obligatory 5th sign advertising Burma Shave, a popular shaving cream.

Don't stick your elbow
out so far
it may go home
in another car.

Burma shave

Trains don't wander
all over the map
'cause nobody sits
in the engineer's lap.

Burma shave

She kissed the hairbrush
by mistake
she thought it was
her husband Jake.

Burma shave

Don't lose your head
to gain a minute
you need your head
your brains are in it.

Burma shave

Drove too long
driver snoozing
what happened next
is not amusing.

Burma shave

Brother speeder
let's rehearse
all together
good morning, nurse.

Burma shave

Cautious rider
to her reckless dear
let's have less bull
and a little more steer.

Burma shave

Speed was high
weather was not
tires were thin
x marks the spot.

Burma shave

The midnight ride
of Paul for beer
led to a warmer
hemisphere.

Burma shave

Around the curve
lickety-split
beautiful car
wasn't it?

Burma shave

No matter the price
no matter how new
the best safety device
in the car is you.

Burma shave

A guy who drives
a car wide open
is not thinkin'
he's just hopin'!

Burma shave

At intersections
look each way
A harp sounds nice
but it's hard to play.

Burma shave

Both hands on the wheel
eyes on the road
that's the skillful
driver's code.

Burma shave

The one who drives
when he's been drinking
depends on you
to do his thinking.

Burma shave

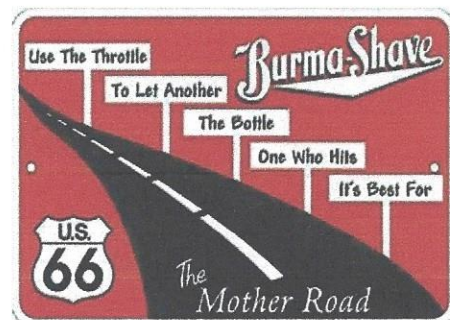
Car in ditch
driver in tree
the moon was full
and so was he.

Burma shave

Passing school zone
take it slow
let our little
shavers grow.

Burma shave

Do these bring back any old
pleasant memories?
If they do....then you're
really old, LIKE ME!
I loved reading them....
Send this to an old friend
and bring a smile..



You Can Leave The Military But It Rarely Leaves You

By Ken Burger, The Charleston Post and Courier

Occasionally, I venture back to NAS, Meridian, where I'm greeted by an imposing security guard who looks carefully at my identification card, hands it back and says, "Have a good day, Chief". Every time I go back to any Base it feels good to be called by my previous rank, but odd to be in civilian clothes, walking among the servicemen and servicewomen going about their duties as I once did, many years ago.

The military is a comfort zone for anyone who has ever worn the uniform. It's a place where you know the rules and know they are enforced - a place where everybody is busy, but not too busy to take care of business.

Because there exists behind the gates of every military facility an institutional understanding of respect, order, uniformity, accountability and dedication that becomes part of your marrow and never, ever leaves you.

Personally, I miss the fact that you always knew where you stood in the military, and who you were dealing with.

That's because you could read somebody's uniform from 20 feet away and know the score. Service personnel wear their careers on their sleeves, so to speak. When you approach each other, you can read their name tag, examine their rank and, if they are in dress uniform, read their ribbons and know where they've served. I miss all those little things you take for granted when you're in the ranks, like breaking starch on a set of fatigues fresh from the laundry and standing in a perfectly straight line military formation that looks like a mirror as it stretches to the endless horizon.

I miss the sight of troops marching in the early morning mist, the sound of boot heels thumping in unison on the tarmac, the bark of drill instructors and the sing-song answers from the squads as they pass by in review.

To romanticize military service is to be far removed from its reality, because it's very

serious business -- especially in times of war. But I miss the salutes I'd throw at officers and the crisp returns as we criss-crossed with a "by your leave, sir".

I miss the smell of jet fuel hanging heavily on the night air and the sound of engines roaring down runways and disappearing into the clouds. The same while on carrier duty.

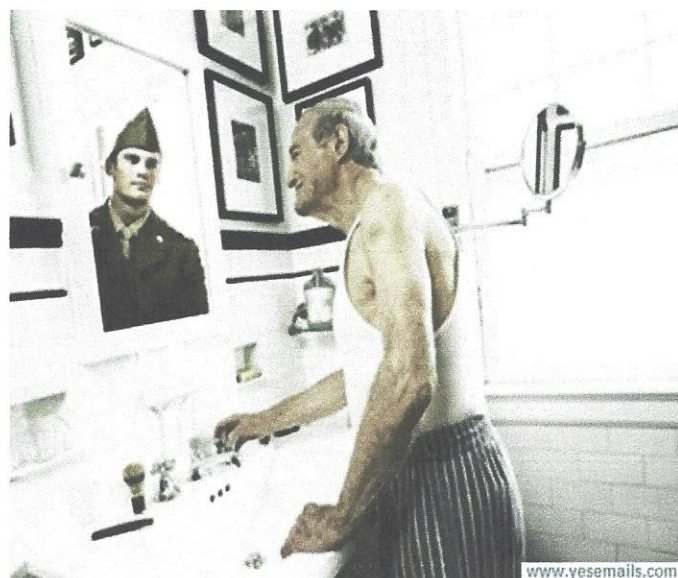
I even miss the hurry-up-and-wait mentality that enlisted men gripe about constantly, a masterful invention that bonded people more than they'll ever know or admit.

I miss people taking off their hats when they enter a building, speaking directly and clearly to others and never showing disrespect for rank, race, religion or gender.

Mostly, I miss being a small cog in a machine so complex it constantly circumnavigates the Earth and so simple it feeds everyone on time, three times a day, on the ground, in the air or at sea. Mostly, I don't know anyone who has served who regrets it, and doesn't feel a sense of pride when they pass through those gates and re-enter the world they left behind with their youth.

Face it guys - we all miss it.....Whether you had one tour or a career, it shaped your life.

A Veteran is someone, who at one point in their life, wrote a blank check payable to the United States of America for an amount up to, and including, their life.



www.yesemails.com

THE PHUNNIE PAGES

A TERRORFYING TALE.....

(MY YEARLY HALLOWEEN STORY)

A man was walking home alone late one foggy night,
when behind him he hears:

BUMP... BUMP... BUMP...

Walking faster, he looks back and through the fog he
makes out the image of an upright casket banging its
way down the middle of the street toward him.

BUMP... BUMP... BUMP...

Terrified, the man begins to run toward his home, the
casket bouncing quickly behind him

FASTER... FASTER... FASTER...

BUMP... BUMP... BUMP...

He runs up to his door, fumbles with his keys, opens the
door, rushes in, slams the door and locks the door behind
him.

However, the casket crashes through his door, with the
lid of the casket clapping on his heels, the terrified man
runs.

clappity-BUMP...clappity-BUMP...clappity-BUMP...

Rushing upstairs to the bathroom, the man locks himself
in. His heart is pounding; his head is reeling; his breath
is coming in sobbing gasps.

With a loud CRASH the casket breaks down the
door.....Bumping and clapping toward him.

The man screams and reaches for something, anything,
but all he can find is a bottle of cough syrup!

Desperate, he throws the cough syrup up at the casket...

and.....The coffin stops.



A MAN'S WIFE IS MISSING

Man: Officer, my wife is missing. She went out
yesterday and she hasn't come home.

Officer: Okay, what's her height?

Man: Not sure.... Maybe around 5'6"

Officer: Okay, weight?

Man: I dunno... not slim not big.

Officer: Okay... color of her eyes?

Man: Sort of blue, I think? I never really noticed.

Officer: What's the color of her hair?

Man: Well, that changes all the time depending on the
hair dresser she goes to.

Officer: what clothes was she wearing the last time you
saw her?

Man: Could've been a red dress? Maybe a blue one? I
don't know exactly.

Officer: when she left to go somewhere, did she go by
car?

Man: Yeah, she did.

Officer: What was the make of that car?

Man: it's a high performance 560 horse power Audi in a
very specific grey silver metallic paint. It has 8 speed
paddle shift automatic transition and a 6.35 litre v12
engine generating at least 560 horse power. It has a z51
super performance package, larger than normal alloy
wheels, gt bucket seats, satellite navigation. And
unfortunately... a little thin scratch on the front left door
handle.

Officer: Don't worry, sir. We'll find your car.



The Pope Plays Golf.....

The Pope met with his Cardinals to discuss a proposal
from Benjamin Netanyahu, the leader of Israel.

"Your Holiness", said one of his Cardinals, "Mr.

Netanyahu wants to challenge you to a game of golf to
show the friendship and ecumenical spirit shared by the
Jewish and Catholic faiths."

The Pope thought this was a good idea but he had never
held a golf club in his hands. "Don't we have a Cardinal
to represent me?" he asked.

"None who plays very well," a Cardinal replied. "But,
there's a man named Jack Nicklaus, an American golfer
who is a devout Catholic. We can offer to make him a
Cardinal. Then ask him to play Mr. Netanyahu as your
personal representative. In addition, to showing our
spirit of cooperation, we'll also win the match."

Everyone agreed it was a good idea. The call was made
and of course, Nicklaus was honored and agreed to play.

The day after the match, Nicklaus reported to the
Vatican to inform the Pope of the result. "I have some
good news and some bad news, your Holiness, " said
Nicklaus.

"Tell me the good news first, Cardinal Nicklaus," said
the Pope.

"Well, your Holiness, I don't like to brag, but even
though I've played some pretty terrific rounds of golf in
my life, this was the best I have ever played, by far. I
must have been inspired from above. My drives were
long and true, my irons were accurate and purposeful,
and my putting was perfect. With all due respect, my
play was truly miraculous."

"There's bad news?" asked the Pope.

"Yes, I lost by three strokes to Rabbi Tiger Woods."



THE PHUNNIE PAGES

This blonde decides one day that she is sick and tired of all these blonde jokes and how all blondes are perceived as stupid, so she decides to show her husband that blondes really are smart.

While her husband is off at work, she decides that she is going to paint a couple of rooms in the house.

The next day, right after her husband leaves for work, she gets down to the task at hand. Her husband arrives home at 5:30 and smells the distinctive smell of paint.

He walks into the living room and finds his wife lying on the floor in a pool of sweat. He notices that she is wearing a ski jacket and a fur coat at the same time. He goes over and asks her if she is ok. She replies yes.

He asks what she is doing. She replies that she wanted to prove to him that not all blonde women are dumb and she wanted to do it by painting the house. He then asks her why she has a ski jacket and a fur coat on.

She replies that she was reading the directions on the paint can and they said, FOR BEST RESULTS, PUT ON TWO COATS.



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.

If you see me talking to myself, just move along. I'm self-employed; we're having a staff meeting.

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.



A Redneck Love Poem

Susie Lee done fell in love,
She planned to marry Joe.
She was so happy 'bout it all,
She told her Pappy so.

Pappy told her, Susie gal,
You'll have to find another.
I'd just as soon yo' Ma don't know,
But Joe is yo' half brother.

So Susie put aside her Joe
And planned to marry Will.
But after telling Pappy this,
He said, "There's trouble still."

You can't marry Will, my gal,
And please don't tell yo' Mother.
But Will and Joe, and several mo'
I know is yo' half brother.

But Mama knew and said, my child,
Just do what makes yo' happy.
Marry Will or marry Joe;
You ain't no kin to Pappy.

(Kinda brings a tear to yer eye, don't it!)

That's All Folks'
see ya in our next issue

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**Jane Fonda
Memorial Wall**

