

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

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

September - October 2022



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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 : smandelfive@dslextre.me.com

Chapter 53 Meetings

September 20, 2022 (Tues)

October 18, 2022 (Tues)

Board Meetings @ 1215 pm

General Meetings @ 1:00 pm

Lomita VFW Post 1622

1865 Lomita Blvd, Lomita, Ca 90717



Happy Birthda
U.S. Air Force
U.S. Navy

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

date	day	September 2022 Monthly Calendar
1	thur	
2	fri	V-J Day
3	sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
4	sun	
5	mon	Labor Day
6	tue	
7	wed	
8	thur	
9	fri	
10	sat	
11	sun	National Grandparents Day...
12	mon	
13	tue	
14	wed	
15	thur	
16	fri	National POW-MIA Recognition Day
17	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
18	sun	1947 - U.S. Air Force Birthday
19	mon	
20	tue	Business Mtg 12:15pm - General Mtg 1:00pm @ Lomita VFW - 1865 Lomita Blvd, Lomita, CA 90717
21	wed	
22	thur	Autumn begins
23	fri	
24	sat	
25	sun	Gold Star Mother's Day / Rosh Hashanah begins
26	mon	
27	tue	
28	wed	
29	thur	VFW Day
30	fri	

date		October 2022 Monthly Calendar
1	sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
2	sun	
3	mon	
4	tue	Yom Kippur begins
5	wed	
6	thur	
7	fri	2001-Operation Enduring Freedom (OEF) begins Afghanistan
8	sat	
9	sun	
10	mon	Columbus Day
11	tue	
12	wed	
13	thur	1775 - U.S. Navy Birthday....
14	fri	
15	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
16	sun	
17	mon	
18	tue	Business Mtg 12:15pm - General Mtg 1:00pm @ Lomita VFW - 1865 Lomita Blvd, Lomita, CA 90717
19	wed	
20	thur	
21	fri	
22	sat	
23	sun	
24	mon	
25	tue	
26	wed	
27	thur	
28	ffri	
29	sat	
30	sun	
31	mon	BOO - Happy Halloween

Monthly Message Board July - August 2022

Ch53 Color Guard at City of Hawthorne's Centennial Anniversary Parade on July 9, 2022.

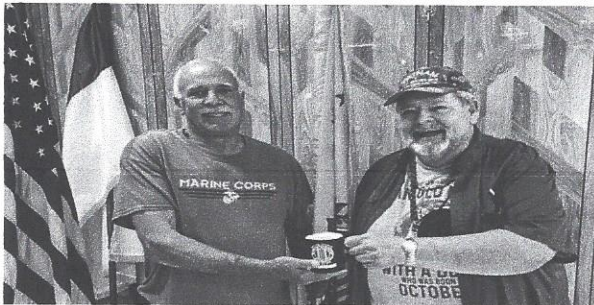


Left to Right: Jeff Martin USMC, Steve Crecy USA, Richard Carlos USAF, Cliff Rapp USN, Kirk Gillett USN.

In the rear calling Cadence: Friend/former Drill Sgt Jerry Smith USA



The Chapter Color Guard also participated in a local large Memorial Day Service held at Green Hills Memorial Park in Rancho Palos Verdes California. We have marched in the "Parade of Colors" there for many years.



Ch53 President Dennis Wild present chapter coffee mug to VVA National President Jack McManus at our meeting of August 16, 2022



The Chapter recently donated \$1000.00 toward the rehabilitation of the California Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Sacramento. The Board of Directors made several donations at our July meeting including the Wheel Chair Regatta, and Thank a Vet (for homeless Vets).



The Chapter has a new website and website team. The site, VVA53.org was refreshed in June. We thank Jerry Orlemann for his years of work on the former website.



A veteran is someone who, at one point in his life, wrote a blank check made payable to 'The United States of America' for an amount of 'up to and including my life.'

The Genius of Labor Day

By George Friedman - September 7, 2020

Labor Day became an American Federal Holiday in 1894. Most other countries celebrate Labor on May 1. That date had been a pagan celebration, but in the late 19th century, European socialists adopted it as the annual holiday devoted to labor with marches and riots.

Industrialization brought labor problems to the United States with some nasty consequences. American workers wanted more money, better working conditions and recognition. Money and better conditions were hard to give. So labor suggested a holiday, and management and Congress was enthused. A holiday not built around an armed uprising was just the thing. But May 1st was a reminder of everything they wanted the workers not to think about.

So, the first Monday in September was chosen. Being the last weekend before children returned to school, it created a three-day, family oriented holiday. Rather than marching under the red flag, families headed to the beach or lake or wherever for a final summer outing. The vendors at these places thought it was a delightful idea. And so, Labor Day became not a day to plan revolutions but a time to kick back and have a beer, and for the vacation industry to have one last summer blow-off.

Think about it. The threat was a European style revolution. The solution was a holiday, one the kids wouldn't let the workers ignore. Those making money out of summer got a three-day weekend to peddle their wares. The workers were recognized for being workers, and at least that beef was taken care of. And some of the Christian churches who were not happy with a pagan holiday being Labor Day were also appeased.

To get a sense of the difference between the U.S. and Europe when facing political and economic chaos, the American solution was to turn a revolution into a marketable event, keep the churches quiet, and let the kids call off the union meeting.

Happy Labor Day, and think about its pure genius.



Kilroy was here.....

Who the heck was Kilroy..??? - next month's issue

THEY WON'T LET ME FLY FIGHTERS ANYMORE

SENT BY A RETIRED FIGHTER PILOT SENIOR CITIZEN.

They won't let me fly their jet fighters anymore. The day after I no longer pulled 5-6 Gs (or more) multiple times every day, my middle started expanding. It hasn't stopped. First my toes disappeared, and then the equipment in the Nether Regions disappeared except on outstanding occasions. My feet might as well be in China. My toenails are turning into claws.

The ladies no longer look at my ass as I walk by.

My eyesight has started to fade. I once had the best vision of anyone I ever flew with except Chuck Yeager. He could see another aircraft at 60 miles and I could not see it until 50 miles. And he was older than me. I guess that is why he was an Ace.

The music has faded. Twenty-five years in close proximity of screaming jet engines will do more damage to your hearing than a rock band. The VA gave me some very nice hearing aids but I don't wear the damned things. I don't want to look like an old man. However, it can be a blessing when I piss off my roommate.

My prostate started to enlarge and I have to pee every 5 minutes. Speaking of which: The pressure is too low, the hose is too short, and the nozzle is set on spray. I find it advisable to sit down to pee to avoid getting Wet Foot Syndrome. I know the location of every publically accessible bathroom within 100 miles.

My gyro tumbled and I have vertigo. I have had it many times while flying in Instrument Flight Rules (IFR) weather but this is different. This is Visual Flight Rules (VFR) weather all the time. I walk like a drunken sailor. My golfing days are over. My back swing would put me flat of my back. A walker may not be far in the future.

If I were to find myself on the ground in the middle of an empty Wal-Mart parking lot, I would not be able to get up onto my feet. The legs are just not there anymore. I would have to crawl to a shopping cart or fence to pull myself up.

My smoking days finally caught up with me and I have emphysema/COPD. I used to cuss while climbing out returning from North Vietnam if I was so high that my Zippo lighter would not light so I could have a smoke to help me come down from an adrenalin high. I have had to go on oxygen in order to have enough to live. It is a real bummer to have to haul a bottle of O2 around with me when I go out of the house. I wear a nose harness at home and drag a plastic tube around and an oxygen

concentrator out in the garage runs 24/7. The tube is always snagging on something or someone steps on the damn thing and it almost jerks me ears off. Don't get me wrong. I like oxygen. I used to really like it after a night of serious partying when I had an early morning mission. As soon as I got into the cockpit I went on 100% O2 for startup, taxi, and weapons arming pit. By the time I had wheels up I was ready to fight.

My sex life is 99.9% in my head. But I think that is pretty normal for the male population, which thinks about sex on the average about every 10 seconds. At least that has always been my average.

And they won't let me fly their jet fighters anymore.

Getting old is a bitch.

Some after Thoughts:

Some people wonder why old fighter pilots (there are no Ex Fighter Pilots) miss flying high performance jets so much. A couple of examples:

1. I start up, taxi out and line up on the centerline of a 10,000-foot runway. I throttle up to full power, release the brakes and go into afterburner. There is a huge shove against my back that pins my helmet against the back headrest. The runway streaks under me faster and faster. At flying speed I raise the gear to get the wheels free of the earth. Flaps up. Sink down a foot or two until the end of the runway and then the field boundary flashes underneath and I pull the nose up to point to the sky and freedom. The horizon rapidly expands and after about three minutes and 6-7 miles above the earth I come out of burner, roll inverted and at zero Gs let the nose slowly drift down to the horizon. I look out the top of my canopy at the earth far below and think about all those pedestrian assholes down there that will never know what true joy is.

2. I complete my mission in North Vietnam and climb out South toward home base far away. I have to go to 53,000 feet in order to have enough fuel to make it. Once there, the adrenalin is subsiding and I turn off my cockpit lights to enjoy the view. There is not one light visible on the ground. But above: Oh my God!! It is unbelievable! The sight is not describable. Only God could have created something like this. The stars and galaxies are so bright that I do not need cockpit lights to read my instruments. This is something that an old fighter pilot cannot forget and it is only one of thousands of memories that only an Old Fighter Pilot can have.

And they won't let me fly their jet fighters anymore.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE GOOD MEN GONE?.....

Harry Truman was a different kind of President. He probably made as many important decisions regarding our nation's history as any of the other 42 Presidents. However, a measure of his greatness may rest on what he did after he left the White House.

The only asset he had when he died was the house he lived in, which was in Independence Missouri. His wife had inherited the house from her mother and other than their years in the White House, they lived their entire lives there.

When he retired from office in 1952, his income was a U.S. Army pension reported to have been \$13,507.72 a year. Congress, noting that he was paying for his stamps and personally licking them, granted him an 'allowance' and, later, a retroactive pension of \$25,000 per year. After President Eisenhower was inaugurated, Harry and Bess drove home to Missouri by themselves. There were no Secret Service following them. When offered corporate positions at large salaries, he declined, stating, "You don't want me. You want the office of the President, and that doesn't belong to me. It belongs to the American people and it's not for sale."

Even later, on May 6, 1971, when Congress was preparing to award him the Medal of Honor on his 87th birthday, he refused to accept it, writing, "I don't consider that I have done anything which should be the reason for any award, Congressional or otherwise."

As president he paid for all of his own travel expenses and food. Modern politicians have found a new level of success in cashing in on the Presidency, resulting in untold wealth. Today, many in Congress also have found a way to become quite wealthy while enjoying the fruits of their offices. Political offices are now for sale.

Good old Harry Truman was correct when he observed,
"My choices in life were either to be a piano player in a whore house or a politician.
And to tell the truth, there's hardly any difference.



Attitude is Everything.....

Joseph Kinney | July 24, 2008

Thirty-nine years ago I was shot in an ambush while a Marine on a night patrol in Vietnam. I had potentially fatal wounds to my chest and a serious wound to my right leg. To put matters bluntly, I had never been more terrified in my life. Would I die? And if I died, would I go to heaven? I also thought about the buddies I was leaving behind. Somehow, I wanted to believe that they would be better off without me to slow them down.

The next morning I woke up at a hospital in Da Nang. The doctors told me that my days as a fighting Marine were over. Somehow, I felt that I had more to give but wouldn't get the chance.

My history is relevant only because there are huge differences between then and now when it comes to our Wounded Warriors. For the past couple of years I have had the privilege of knowing Col. Jack Cox (USA, ret.) who is a stalwart in the Wounded Warrior Program at Fort Bragg. He has been a great friend and mentor, and has taken the time to introduce me to some of this generation's wounded.

There are at least two important differences between my generation and the young men I have seen at Fort Bragg's Womack Hospital which is near where I live.

For openers, the Army acts as if the wounded person is going to remain forever a soldier. That is their basic operating assumption moving forward.

Second, the attitude of these kids is amazing. These brave warriors, no matter how badly wounded they are, believe that they will soon be back with their units fighting in Iraq or Afghanistan.

Today, there are 17 Marines who are amputees fighting in Iraq. I am certain that there are as many soldiers doing the same for the Army.

Recently, I received a widely distributed email from Col (Dr.) Brett Wyrick. He was a trauma surgeon at Balad Air Base in Iraq.

He wrote: "If I ever hear (anyone) griping and complaining, I jump into them pretty quickly, now. Most people over here have nothing to gripe about compared to Marines. Marines are different. They have a different outlook on life. .

"One Marine Private was here for several days because he was a lower priority evacuation patient. He insisted on coming to attention and displaying proper military courtesy every morning when I came through on rounds. He was in a great deal of pain, and it was a stressful to watch him work his way off the bed and onto his crutches. I told him he was excused and did not have to come to attention while he was a patient, and he informed me he was a good Marine and would address, '... Air Force colonels standing on my feet, sir.' I had to turn away so he would not see the tear in my eye. He did not have 'feet' because we amputated his right leg below the knee on the first night he came in.

"I asked a Marine Lance Corporal if there was anything I could get him as I was making rounds one morning. He was an above the knee amputation after an IED blast, and he surprised me when he asked for a trigonometry book.

'You enjoy math do you?' He replied, 'Not particularly, sir. I was never good at it, but I need to get good at it, now.'

'Are you planning on going back to school?' I asked. 'No sir, I am planning on shooting artillery. I will slow an infantry platoon down with just one good leg, but I am going to get good at math and learn how to shoot artillery.' I hope he does.

"I had the sad duty of standing over a young Marine sergeant when he recovered from anesthesia. Despite our best efforts there was just no way to save his left arm, and it had to come off just below the elbow.

'Can I have my arm back, sir?' he asked. 'No, we had to cut it off, we cannot re-attach it,' I said. 'But can I have my arm?' he asked again.

'You see, we had to cut it off.' He interrupted, 'I know you had to cut it off, but I want it back. It must be in a bag or something, sir.' 'Why do you want it?' I asked. 'I am going to have it stuffed and use it as a club when I get back to my unit.'

I must have looked shocked because he tried to comfort me, 'Don't you worry now, colonel. You did a fine job, and I hardly hurt at all; besides I write with my other hand anyway.'

Now, please tell me that these young guys aren't the Greatest Generation that has ever lived.

HOW THE D-DAY INVASION WOULD BE REPORTED BY TODAY'S MEDIA

NORMANDY, FRANCE (June 6, 1944) Three hundred French civilians were killed and thousands more were wounded today in the first hours of America's invasion of continental Europe. Casualties were heaviest among women and children. Most of the French casualties were the result of artillery fire from American ships attempting to knock out German fortifications prior to the landing of hundreds of thousands of U.S. troops. Reports from a makeshift hospital in the French town of St. Mere Eglise said the carnage was far worse than the French had anticipated, and that reaction against the American invasion was running high. "We are dying for no reason," said a Frenchman speaking on condition of anonymity. "Americans can't even shoot straight. I never thought I'd say this, but life was better under Adolph Hitler."

The invasion also caused severe environmental damage. American troops, tanks, trucks and machinery destroyed miles of pristine shoreline and thousands of acres of ecologically sensitive wetlands. It was believed that the habitat of the spineless French crab was completely wiped out, thus threatening the species with extinction. A representative of Greenpeace said his organization, which had tried to stall the invasion for over a year, was appalled at the destruction, but not surprised. "This is just another example of how the military destroys the environment without a second thought," said Christine Moanmore. "And it's all about corporate greed."

Contacted at his Manhattan condo, a member of the French government-in-exile, which abandoned Paris when Hitler invaded, said the invasion was based solely on American financial interests. "Everyone knows that President Roosevelt has ties to 'big beer'," said Pierre Le Wimp. "Once the German beer industry is conquered, Roosevelt's beer cronies will control

the world market and make a fortune."

Administration supporters said America's aggressive actions stemmed in part from the assertions of controversial scientist Albert Einstein, who sent a letter to Roosevelt speculating that the Germans were developing a secret weapon -- a so-called "atomic bomb." Such a weapon could produce casualties on a scale never seen before, and cause environmental damage that could last for thousands of years. Hitler has denied having such a weapon, and international inspectors were unable to locate such weapons even after spending two long weekends in Germany. Shortly after the invasion began, reports surfaced that German prisoners had been abused by American soldiers. Mistreatment of Jews by Germans at their so-called "concentration camps" has been rumored, but so far this remains unproven.

Several thousand Americans died during the first hours of the invasion, and French officials are concerned that the uncollected corpses will pose a public-health risk. "The Americans should have planned for this in advance," they said. "It's their mess, and we don't intend to help clean it up."

The invasion is blamed on Roosevelt's hawkish military advisers and the influence of British Prime Minister Churchill, who have repeated ignored calls for a negotiated settlement to end the war and who have reportedly rejected peace overtures from Germany through several neutral parties. Instead, the Roosevelt administration and its allies have chosen to insist on maintaining their extreme policy of demanding unconditional surrender.

There have been notable voices of opposition from sports figures and celebrities decrying the horrific violence and saying that this is not who we are.

unknown author.....

THE SENIOR PAGES

SENIOR SARCASM....

As I've grown older, I've learned that pleasing everyone is impossible, but annoying everyone is a piece of cake.

I'm responsible for what I say, not what you understand.

Common sense is like deodorant. The people who need it the most never use it.

My tolerance for idiots is extremely low these days. I used to have some immunity built up, but obviously there's a new strain out there.

It's not my age that bothers me; it's the side effects.

I'm not saying I'm old and worn out, but I make sure I'm nowhere near the curb on trash day.

As I watch this generation try and rewrite our history, I'm sure of one thing: It will be misspelled and have no punctuation.

Me, sobbing: "I can't see you anymore. . . .
I'm not going to let you hurt me again."
My Trainer: "It was just one sit-up."

As I've gotten older, people think I've become lazy. The truth is I'm just being more energy efficient.

I haven't gotten anything done today. I've been in the Produce Dept. trying to open this stupid plastic bag.

If you find yourself feeling useless, remember it took 20 years, trillions of dollars, and four presidents to replace the Taliban with the Taliban.

Turns out that being a "senior" is mostly just googling how to do stuff.

I want to be 18 again and ruin my life differently. I have new ideas.

God promised men that good and obedient wives would be found in all corners of the world. Then he made the earth round. . . and laughed and laughed and laughed.

I'm on two diets. I wasn't getting enough food on one.

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

My mind is like an internet browser. At least 19 open tabs, 3 of them are frozen, and I have no clue where the music is coming from.

Hard to believe I once had a phone attached to a wall, and when it rang, I picked it up without knowing who was calling.

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

She says I keep pushing her buttons. If that were true, I would have found mute by now.

Sometimes the Universe puts you in the same situation again to see if you're still a dumbass.

There is no such thing as a grouchy old person. The truth is that once you get old, you stop being polite and start being honest.



TWELVE COMMANDMENTS FOR SENIORS

#1 - Talk to yourself. There are times you need expert advice.

#2 - "In Style" are the clothes that still fit.

#3 - You don't need anger management. You need people to stop pissing you off.

#4 - Your people skills are just fine. It's your tolerance for idiots that needs work.

#5 - The biggest lie you tell yourself is, "I don't need to write that down. I'll remember it."

#6 - "On time" is when you get there.

#7 - Even duct tape can't fix stupid, but it sure does muffle the sound.

#8 - It would be wonderful if we could put ourselves in the dryer for ten minutes, then come out wrinkle-free and three sizes smaller.

#9 - Lately, you've noticed people your age are so much older than you.

#10 - Growing old should have taken longer.

#11 - Aging has slowed you down, but hasn't shut you up.

#12 - You still haven't learned to act your age and hope you never will.

. . . And one more:

"One for the road" means peeing before you leave the house.



Old Age, I have decided, is a gift.....

I am now, probably for the first time in my life, the person I have always wanted to be. Oh, not my body! I sometime despair over my body, the wrinkles, the baggy eyes, and the sagging butt. And often I am taken aback by that old person that lives in my mirror (who looks like my mother/father!), but I don't agonize over those things for long.

I would never trade my amazing friends, my wonderful life, my loving family for less gray hair or a flatter belly. As I've aged, I've become more kind to myself, and less critical of myself. I've become my own friend.

I don't chide myself for eating that extra cookie, or for not making my bed, or for buying that silly cement gecko that I didn't need, but looks so *advante garde* on my patio. I am entitled to a treat, to be messy, to be extravagant.

I have seen too many dear friends leave this world too soon; before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging.

Old Age, I have decided, is a gift.

Whose business is it if I choose to read or play on the computer until 4am and sleep until noon? I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 40's, 50's, 60's & 70's, and if I, at the same time, wish to weep over a lost love .. I will.

I will walk the beach in a swim suit that is stretched over a bulging body, and will dive into the waves with abandon if I choose to, despite the pitying glances from the jet set.

They, too, will get old.

Sure, over the years my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break when you lose a loved one, or when a child suffers, or even when somebody's beloved pet gets hit by a car? But broken hearts are what give us strength and understanding and compassion. A heart never broken is pristine and sterile and will never know the joy of being imperfect.

I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turning gray, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face.

So many have never laughed, and so many

have died before their hair could turn silver.

As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what other people think. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong.

So, to answer your question, I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be. And I shall eat dessert every single day (If I feel like it).

* * * * *

**My forgetter's getting better,
But my rememberer is broke
To you that may seem funny
But, to me, that is no joke**

For when I'm "here" I'm wondering
If I really should be "there"
And, when I try to think it through,
I haven't got a prayer!

Oft times I walk into a room,
Say "what am I here for?"
I wrack my brain, but all in vain!
A zero, is my score.

At times I put something away
Where it is safe, but, Gee!
The person it is safest from
Is, generally, me!

When shopping I may see someone,
Say "Hi" and have a chat,
Then, when the person walks away
I ask myself, "who the hell was that?"

Yes, my forgetter's getting better
While my rememberer is broke,
And it's driving me plumb crazy
And that isn't any joke.

Please send this to everyone you know
because:

**I DON'T REMEMBER WHO I
SENT THIS TOO !!**

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 at the casket...
and.....The coffin stops.



A true quandary...

I was a very happy man. My wonderful girlfriend and I
had been dating for over a year and so we decided to get
married. There was only one little thing bothering me, it
was her beautiful younger sister: My prospective sister-
in-law was twenty-two, wore very tight miniskirts and
generally was bra-less. She would regularly bend down
when she was near me and I always got more than a nice
view. It had to be deliberate. Because she never did it
when she was near anyone else.

One day her "little" sister called and asked me to come
over to check the wedding invitations. She was alone
when I arrived and she whispered to me that she had
feelings and desires for me that she couldn't overcome.
She told me that she wanted me just once before I got
married and committed my life to her sister. Well, I was
in total shock and couldn't say a word. She said, "I'm
going upstairs to my bedroom and if you want one last
wild fling, just come up and get me." I was stunned and
frozen in shock as I watched her go up the stairs.

I stood there for a moment, then turned and made a
beeline straight to the front door. I opened the door, and
headed straight towards my car. Lo and behold, my
entire future family was standing outside, all clapping!
With tears in his eyes, my father-in-law to be hugged me
and said. "We are very happy that you have passed our
little test. We couldn't ask for a better man for our
daughter. Welcome to the family."

And the moral of this story is: Always keep your
condoms in your car....



The real meaning of words

1. ARBITRAITOR

A cook that leaves Arby's to work at McDonald's.

2. BERNADETTE

The act of torching a mortgage.

3. BURGLARIZE

What a crook sees through.

4. AVOIDABLE

What a bullfighter tries to do.

5. COUNTERFEITER

Workers who put together kitchen cabinets.

6. LEFT BANK

What the bank robbers did when their bag was full of
money.

7. HEROES

What a man in a boat does.

8. PARASITES

What you see from the Eiffel Tower.

9. PARADOX

Two physicians.

10. PHARMACIST

A helper on a farm.

11. RELIEF

What trees do in the spring.

12. RUBBERNECK

What you do to relax your wife.

13. SELFISH

What the owner of a seafood store does.

14. SUDAFED

Brought litigation against a government official.



THE PHUNNIE PAGES

A FANTASTIC SUCCESS STORY...

What a wonderful success story. If this one does not bring a tear to your eye, I don't know what will.

Every morning, the CEO of a large bank in Manhattan walks to the corner for a shoe shine. He sits in an armchair, examines the Wall Street Journal in minute detail while the shoe shiner buffs his shoes to a mirror shine.

One morning the shoe shiner asks the CEO: "What do you think about the situation in the stock market?"

The man answered arrogantly, "Why would you be so interested in that topic?"

The shoe guy replies, "I have millions in your bank," he says, "and I'm considering investing some of the money in the capital market."

"What's your name?" asked the executive.

John H. Smith was the reply.

The CEO arrives at the bank and asks the Manager of the Customer Service Department; "Do we have a client named John H. Smith?"

"Certainly, answers the Customer Service Manager, " he is a high-net-worth customer with 12.6 million dollars in his account."

The executive comes out, approaches the shoe shiner, and says, "Mr. Smith, I would like to invite you next Monday to be the guest of honor at our board meeting to tell us the story of your life. I am sure we could all learn something from your life's experience."

At the board meeting, the CEO introduces him to the board members. "We all know Mr. Smith, from the corner shoeshine stand, but Mr. Smith is also an esteemed customer. I invited him here to tell us the story of his life. I am sure we can learn from him.

Mr. Smith began his story. "I came to this country fifty years ago as a young immigrant from Europe with an unpronounceable name. I got off the ship without a penny. The first thing I did was change my name to Smith. I was hungry and exhausted. I started wandering around looking for a job but to no avail.

Fortunately, I found a coin on the sidewalk. I bought an apple. I had two options, eat the apple and quench my hunger or start a business. I sold the apple for 25 cents and bought two apples with the money. I also sold them and continued in business. When I started accumulating

a few dollars, I was able to buy a set of used brushes and shoe polish and started polishing shoes. I didn't spend a penny on entertainment or clothing, I just bought bread and some cheese to survive. I saved penny by penny and after a while, I bought a new set of shoe brushes and polishes in different shades and expanded my clientele. I lived like a monk and saved penny by penny. After a while, I was able to buy an armchair so my clients could sit comfortably while I shined their shoes, and that brought me more clients. I did not spend a penny on the joys of life. I kept saving every cent.

A few years ago, when the very up-market shoe shiner on the main corner decided to retire, I had already saved enough money to buy his shoeshine location at this great superior location, which I promptly did.

And then, finally, 6 months ago, my sister, who was a prostitute in Chicago, passed away and left me 12.6 million dollars."



THIS IS A JOKE - BUT IS IT.....??????

Three contractors are bidding to fix a broken fence at the White House.

One is from Chicago, another is from Kentucky, and the third is from New Orleans.

All three go with a White House official to examine the fence.

The New Orleans contractor takes out a tape measure and does some measuring, then works some figures with a pencil.

"Well," he says, "I figure the job will run about \$9,000. That's \$4,000 for materials, \$4,000 for my crew and \$1,000 profit for me."

The Kentucky contractor also does some measuring and figuring, then says, "I can do this job for \$7,000. That's \$3,000 for materials, \$3,000 for my crew and \$1,000 profit for me."

The Chicago contractor doesn't measure or figure, but leans over to the White House official and whispers, "\$27,000."

The official, incredulous, says:

"You didn't even measure like the other guys. How did you come up with such a high figure?"

The Chicago contractor whispers back:

"\$10,000 for me, \$10,000 for you, and we hire the guy from Kentucky to fix the fence."

"Done!" replies the government official.

And that, my friends, is how the Government Build Back Better plan works.



**my BUNKER awaits me.
until next month**

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***DO NOT THROW THIS NEWSLETTER AWAY
PASS IT ALONG TO ANOTHER VETERAN***



GUARD DUTY

**They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them...**