

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

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

## November - December 2024

### OFFICERS

**Prez - Dennis Wild**  
310 283-2729

**V P - Kirk Gillett**  
310 371-1090

**Treas- Tom Kaehler**  
805 558-4507

**Sec. - Steve Crecy**  
310 379-2316

### **Board of Directors**

#### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Bob Chiota  
Dick Cunningham  
Michael Flaherty  
Jerry Orlemann  
John Masaki  
Cliff Rapp  
Barney Sais  
Ron Tessensohn  
Paul Verner

### LZ 53 EDITOR

Steve Mandel  
310 547-3819-home  
562 216-3274  
mandelfive@  
dslextrreme.com

### Ch53 Web Master

Jeff Martin  
Steve Crecy  
www.vva53.org

### COMMITTEE'S

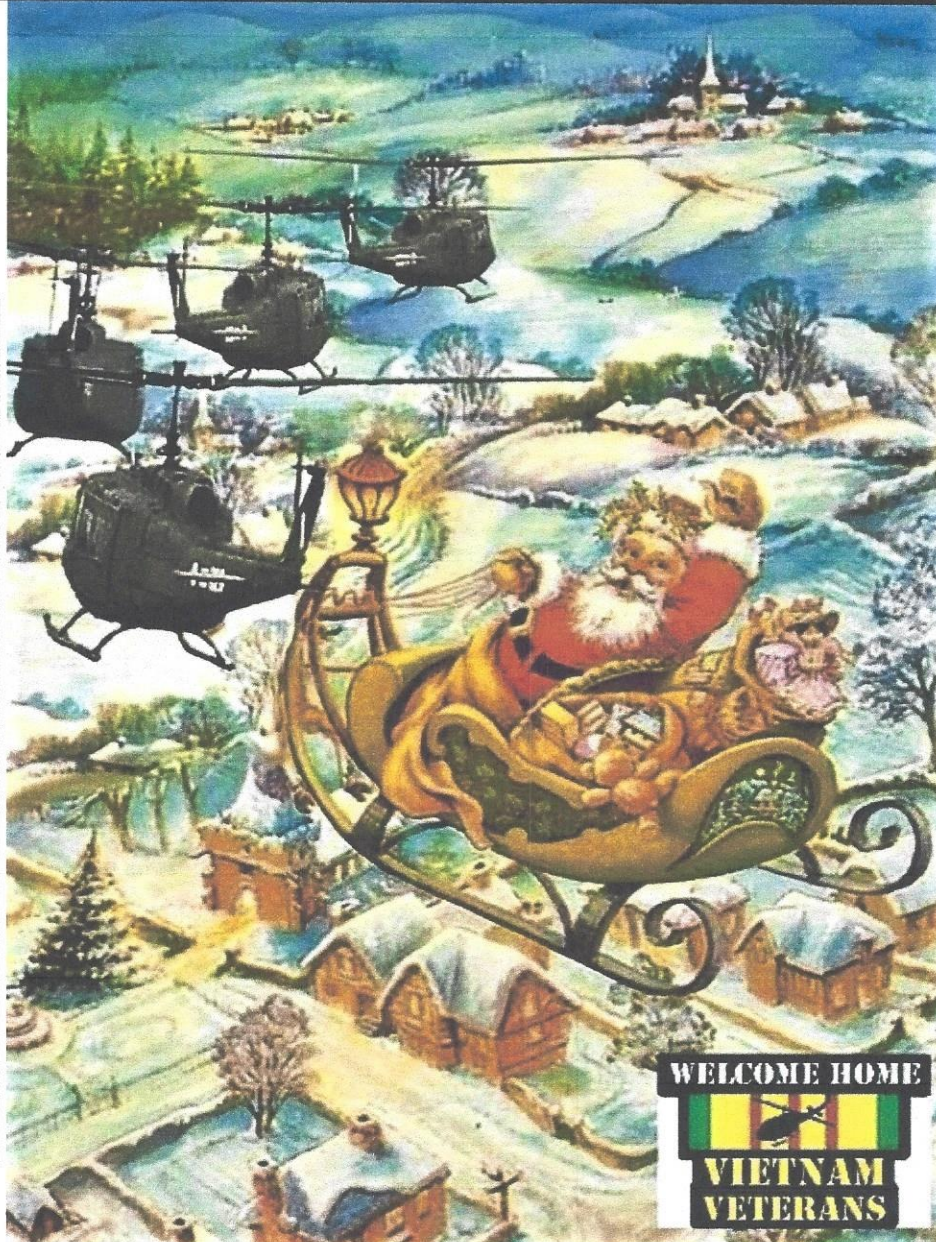
#### **Membership**

Jeff Martin

#### **Scholarships**

Jerry Orlemann

**Chaplain - Cliff Rapp**  
310 487-1318



### **Ch 53 Monthly Standard Schedule of Events-Meetings**

There might be  
changes check  
calendar inside.

**\*1st Saturday -**  
Hermosa Beach  
Memorial clean-  
up @ 0830hrs.  
(PCH/Pier Ave)

**\*2nd Tuesday**  
Breakfast & BS  
Black Bear Diner  
Torrance @ 9am

**\*3rd Tuesday -**  
Board Mtg 12pm  
Gen. Mtg 1pm

**\*3rd Saturday**  
Torr. Memorial  
clean-up @ 0830  
(Torrance Blvd/Maple)

### **NOVEMBER**

#### **Meetings**

Nov. 15, 2022 Tues  
Hawthorne Post.

Board Mtg 12pm  
Gen. Mtg 1pm

**NO Board or  
General  
Meeting's  
in DECEMBER**

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

Chapter 53 Wishes  
all a Happy Holiday(s)  
and a Happy & Healthy  
New Years



date	day	November 2024 Monthly Calendar	date	day	December 2024 Monthly Calendar
1	Fri		1	Sun	
2	Sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)	2	Mon	
3	Sun	Daylight Savings end.....set clocks back 1 hour	3	Tue	
4	Mon		4	Wed	
5	Tue	Election Day.....	5	Thur	
6	Wed		6	Fri	
7	Thur		7	Sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
8	Fri		8	Sun	
9	Sat		9	Mon	
10	Sun	1775 - Marine Corp 244th Birthday	10	Tue	Ch53 Breakfast and BS Meetin' @ 9am, Black Bear Diner 24021 Hawthorne Bl – Torrance
11	Mon	Happy Veterans's Day - various locations	11	Wed	Ch53 Holiday Party 5pm Hawthorne VFW...
12	Tue	Ch53 Breakfast and BS Meetin' @ 9am, Black Bear Diner 24021 Hawthorne Bl – Torrance	12	Thur	
13	Wed		13	Fri	
14	Thur		14	Sat	
15	Fri		15	Sun	
16	Sat		16	Mon	1944 - Battle of the Bulge.....
17	Sun		17	Tue	<b>NO BOARD or GENERAL MEETINGS in DEC.</b>
18	Mon		18	Wed	
19	Tue	Business Mtg 12pm – General Mtg 1pm Hawthorne VFW, 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne	19	Thur	
20	Wed		20	Fri	
21	Thur	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 0930 (dutch treat)	21	Sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 0930 (dutch treat)
22	Fri		22	Sun	
23	Sat		23	Mon	
24	Sun		24	Tue	Christmas Eve
25	Mon		25	Wed	Merry Christmas to all..... Happy Chanukkah begins.....
26	Tue		26	Thur	
27	Wed		27	Fri	
28	Thur	Happy Thanksgiving.....	28	Sat	
29	Fri		29	Sun	
30	Sat		30	Mon	
31	Sun	Hawthorne VFW Breakfast 9am-12noon 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne	31	Tue	Happy New Years Eve



## Ch53 Monthly Message Board

**Flu season** is sneaking up on us. Don't be stupid, yes I said it, don't be stupid and get a **FLU SHOT**. We are old and need all the protection we can get. The VA gives them out free. Contact your nearest VA for info....

### A POEM BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE FLU

I shall seek and find you...

I shall take you to bed and control you...

I will make you ache, shake and sweat until you grunt and groan...

I will make you beg for mercy...

I will exhaust you to the point that you will be relieved when I leave you...

And you will be weak for days.

All my love, .....The Flu



### ACTIVITIES for NOV-DEC 2024

**November 2nd** - Hermosa Memorial Clean Up

**November 8th** - Torrance Veterans Appreciation Lunch

**November 9th** - VetFest Manhattan Beach

<https://www.rotaryvetfest.com/>

### November 11th-VETERANS DAY EVENTS

**30th Anniversary Hermosa Beach Veterans Memorial**

1030 hours - corner of PCH/Pier

**27th Annual Manhattan Beach Veterans Event**

11am-12pm Veterans Parkway Valley Dr  
corner of Valley Dr/Ardmore

**Redondo Beach Veterans Memorial Veterans Day**

1:00pm - corner of Torrance Bl/Catalina



**DECEMBER 11** - Chapter 53's Holiday Party will start @ 5:00pm - at the Hawthorne VFW....

### A short review of our "Holiday Party"

Steve Crecy, Secretary

Like you, I have fuzzy memories, however, I am going to tell you what I do remember about our "Holiday Parties". We used to call them "Christmas Parties" and somewhere along the way we decided to term them "Holiday Parties" to rightfully be more sensitive to all (or you could say Politically Correct). Since I joined VVA Chapter 53 in the early 90's we have met at the Redondo Beach City employee break room, at our old office at the American Legion 412 Camino Real in Redondo, at Billy's Deli on 190th, at the Carson VFW on Vermont, at the Lomita VFW on Lomita Boulevard, and now at the Hawthorne VFW. Of note we met at Polliwog Park in Manhattan Beach during Covid days but I don't recall any Holiday Party those years).

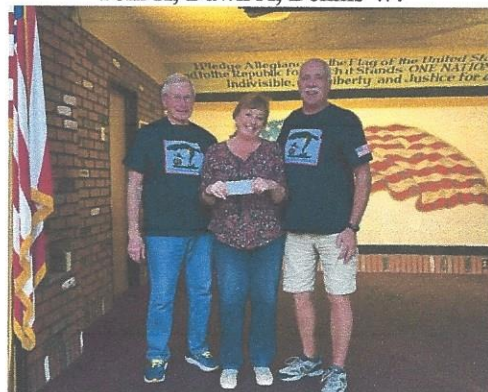
Having said that, our early Christmas Parties consisted of White Elephant gift exchanges where we would buy cheap 99 cent items or bring something we had and then trade out until we possibly got something we wanted. It was all for fun. The break room was rather bleak and we eventually moved to LampPost Pizza on Rolling Hills Road for several years. I believe that was the first place we invited the Marines to show up and we all brought toys for Toys for Tots. That venue lasted several years until we got tired of being scheduled the same night Youth Soccer had their party and we got pushed to

the back of the room. It was noisy and we kind of felt disrespected. Again, this is fuzzy but I think the Carson VFW was our next site where we had many nice events. We had potluck food, mostly donated and some purchased by the Chapter. At some point the board decided to purchase our Holiday meals and continue to do so. Toys for Tots and the Beach Cities Toy Drive have been recipients of toys we donated for years. Move on to the Lomita VFW and we had great parties there with catered food and entertainment. I would be remiss if I did not mention that the Gardena VFW hosted us in recent years, and again we had a nice party. Not a Holiday Party, but I want to mention we enjoyed our fantastic 40th Anniversary Dinner at the Bluewater Grill in 2023. And in December 2023 we had a fun, low-key event at the Hawthorne VFW, our current gracious venue. Something like eight years ago I started making a slideshow each year, adding new photos as I could and featuring pictures of many of our members in their service days. We do it again December 12th, 2024.



### A Check for Joseph's Gift

Tom K, Dawn A, Dennis W.



October 15, 2024, Vietnam Veterans of America, South Bay, Chapter #53 presented a check for \$1000.00 to Dawn Anzack, the founder of Joseph's Gift. Thank you for your donation to our recent (September) drive dedicated to this effort. Dawn works with Marine and Navy Chaplains in the San Diego area who in turn pass needed supplies to some of the youngest and lower ranked personnel both deployed and at base. In addition gifts are provided for the children of many needy military families.



### 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.

### CLIFF RAPP-NAVY SEABEE

Cliff is a native Californian-born in Santa Monica Dropped out of high school.

After his return from Vietnam, he attended West L.A. College-the very first semester it was open.



## Ch53 Monthly Message Board

Graduated from Biola University and then attended seminary.  
He went on to become a pastor as his life career.  
Married 46 years-has a son and a daughter.  
Used to fish but now plays chess and reads (has a nice home library).

As a SeaBee in Vietnam, he helped construct Camp Red Devil in Quang Tri, home of the Army's 1st Brigade 5th Infantry Div (Mech) to which our fellow Chapter member Steve Wagner and I were assigned.

He also worked on Khe Sanh and FSB Con Thien. Marine Dennis Wild spent more time than he wished on FSB Con Thien.

Cliff has worked in the disability community with various charitable organizations.

He and his wife are active in Lomita Friends Of The Library. He is also active in Toastmasters.

### DENNIS WILD--MARINES

Our fearless Chapter 53 Prez

Born in Trenton, MI

Came to CA in July 1975

Has been a chiropractor for 42 years--still works two days a week

Tried to get into law enforcement first, but could not due to back trouble. Back trouble from working pipeline construction for 8 years and a Vietnam injury disqualified him.

His personal chiropractor convinced him to go into chiropractic.

Has had motorcycles since the '60's and really likes riding (rides a Victory). Did the run to the Wall this year for the first time at age 76. Found it emotionally and physically draining, but also one of the most rewarding things he has done in his life.

Enjoys golf, but with his handicap will not be invited to join the senior circuit!

Married to Donna for 32 years--they have one daughter.

Enjoys classic rock from the '60's to the '80's as well as country.

Has lived in Hawthorne for 38 years.

Enjoys Washington, D.C. particularly the Marine Corps Memorial



### Congrats to John Warhank.....

The Long Beach Veterans Hospital held their Competition for "National Veterans Creative Arts Festival", an annual event, in August this year, **John Warhank** had both of his entrants winning First Place. The Jewelry piece Titled "Lucky Charm" was awarded First Place. Second was a photography "Water Reflections" also won first place in color Photography category. The National judging will be now taking place and national winners will be announced later this year. John has had jewelry pieces winning first place in the last several years and third place at national level 2022 and 2023.



### Friends of the Lomita Library by Cliff Rapp

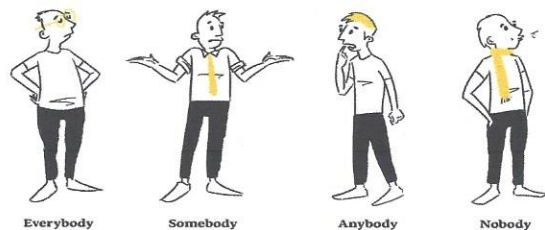
VVA chapter 53 was honored at the Friends of the Lomita Library tea on Sunday, September 15. The theme of the tea was 'home coming.' Cliff Rapp explained the SAFE program (Salute Armed Forces Everyday), the POW/MIA flag, the aims of Vietnam Veterans of America, and some of our chapter's community service. Chapter members Dick Freeman, Andy Archibeque and Bob Holmes sat at the head table and shared about their experiences in Vietnam. President Dennis Wild and other chapter members were in attendance, as were Lomita Mayor, Bill Uphoff and other local dignitaries. During the summer, children participating in the library's Discovery Program wrote notes to veterans. The children's notes were made into banners reading, "Welcome Home" and "Thank you for your service." The same tiny notes were transformed into a design for a certificate expressing their appreciation for Vietnam veterans. There is one of these certificates for each active member of Chapter 53. Also in honor of VVA 53, the Friends of the Lomita Library donated a children's book titled, Battles that Changed History to the Lomita Library.



**Make a commitment in 2025 and get involved with Chapter 53. We can always use some help, some new ideas, etc.**

**There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it.  
Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it.  
Somebody got angry about that because it was Everybody's job.**

**Everybody thought that Anybody could do it, but Nobody realized that Everybody wouldn't do it.  
It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done.**





## VETERANS DAY: THE SOLITARY WORLD OF A VET.....

As Veterans' Day arrives, it is important for those who have never served to take a moment to understand the solitary world of a vet.

Millions of vets are and have been successful in all endeavors. They are doctors, lawyers, business people and a thousand other professions. Not all have PTSD; not all are the troubled, brooding, street corner homeless guy, although they exist and need help desperately.

No matter how successful a vet might be materially, more often than not, vets are often alone, mentally and spiritually each day and for the rest of their lives.

Vets' stories are all different, but some elements of the common experience exist.

Many vets experienced and saw and heard and did things unimaginable to the average person. They also lived a daily camaraderie that cannot be repeated in the civilian world. In fact, many vets spend the rest of their lives seeking the same esprit de corps that simply is absent from their civilian lives and jobs. They long to spend just 15 minutes back with the best friends they ever had, friends that are scattered to every corner of the earth, and some to the afterlife itself.

Vets are haunted by visions of horror and death, by guilt of somehow surviving and living the good life, when some they knew are gone. They strangely wish sometimes that they were back in those dreadful circumstances, not to experience the dirt and horror and terror and noise and violence again, but to be with the only people a vet really knows, other vets.

Civilians must understand that for a vet nothing is ever the same again. Their senses can be suddenly illuminated by the slightest sound or smell or sight: sights of death all around, a living version of Dante's *Inferno*; sounds so loud that they can only be described as *Saving Private Ryan* in surround sound on steroids; smells vast and horrific; rotting death, burning fuel and equipment, rubber, animals and...people. The smoldering ruins of life all around them.

All vets have these thoughts nearly every day. Some may experience them for fractions of second, or for minutes at a time. They replay over and over again like an endless 24 hour war movie.

Part of the solitary world of the vet is being able to enjoy complete bliss doing absolutely nothing. This is a trait grating to civilians who must constantly search for endless stimuli. Unbeknownst to them, the greatest thrill of all is just being alive. A lot of vets have an Obi-wan Kenobi calmness. After what they went through, how bad can anything really be?

As King said to Chris in *Platoon*, "Make it outta here, it's all gravy, every day of the rest of your life – gravy..."

So many, if not all vets walk around each day lost in their own special story. They were once great actors on a giant stage with speaking parts and props. Maybe they were heroes and now they aren't anymore. Maybe they helped save the world and now they can't. Maybe they gave orders and now they take them. Maybe they thought that they could accomplish anything and now they know they can't. Perhaps their lives now are smaller and slower and sometimes in the vet's mind, just incidental, even though they're not.

Most civilians are oblivious to the solitary life of the vet. But, it's there. It's the same eternal and universal philosophy, whether you fought in World War II, Korea, Vietnam, the Gulf War, Iraq or Afghanistan. The experiences may have been different, but the emotions are the same.

A problem with the solitary world of the vet is that the vet has a hard time explaining what he or she did to those who didn't serve. Some vets want to talk, but they have no outlet. Maybe their only outlet is watching a war movie or reading a book about the conflict they were in.

How often do people say, "Grandpa never talks about Korea." That's because Grandpa knows no one can understand except other vets. That's because Grandpa knows most people don't care.

Part of this taciturn mentality is that vets speak another language, a strange and archaic language of their past. How do you talk to civilians about "fire for effect" or "grid 7310" or "shake and bake" or "frag orders" or "10 days and a wake up" or a thousand and one other terms that are mystifying to the real world?

You can't.

All of this adds to the solitary world of the vet. Some are better at handling life afterwards than others. Some don't seem affected at all, but they are. They just hide it. Some never return to normal. But, what is normal to a vet anymore?

So, this Veterans' Day, if you see a vet sitting by themselves at a restaurant or on a train or shopping at the grocery store alone, take a moment to speak with them. Take them out of their solitary world for a moment.

You'll be happy you did.

by - Ray Starmann is the founder of US Defense Watch





## "It's My Christmas Eve"

I'm gonna tell you a story from my  
highway patrol days...  
It's simply called  
"It's My Christmas Eve"

The hour is late. Should go to bed.  
Near midnight I believe.

But memories keep me wide  
awake  
this snowy Christmas eve.

Yes, memories of my kids moved  
on,  
each has their separate life,  
and how the holidays have  
changed  
since angels took my wife

The toys, the food, the Christmas  
cheer,  
my wife would bear the load  
cause I would work most holidays  
State Trooper on the road.

Just sitting in my easy chair,  
so many years retired  
I reminisce on times gone by  
on all that has transpired

Of all the many happenings  
that seem to come to light  
a multitude of them occurred  
right on this very night.

A drunken woman in a wreck  
who died on Christmas eve  
leaves memories of a tragic case  
most people can't believe.

I had to drive to where she lived  
to tell her next of kin.  
Found the run down mobile home  
she had been living in

The person answering the door,  
I still recall today,  
A little girl 'bout 4 years old.  
She said, "I'm Sue McCay."

I asked her if her dad was home  
and felt the longest pause

She said, "My daddy ran away,  
you must be Santa Claus.

My mommy said you'd come  
tonight  
if I just stayed in bed  
and bring a pretty doll for me  
is what my mommy said.

I broke the law that Christmas eve  
did not call child's care.  
They'd merely put her in a room  
and that I couldn't bear.

I picked her up and took her home  
my wife tucked her in bed  
and wrapped a pretty doll for her  
just like her mommy said.

Adopted by a loving home  
and soon they moved away.  
I won't forget that Christmas eve  
and little Sue McCay.

Another bitter Christmas Eve  
a blizzard to behold  
had left a family in a ditch  
just trapped there in the cold.

By Grace of God I spotted them  
all cold and gaunt with fright  
drove them to a motel room to  
safely spend the night.

One Christmas Eve, a homeless  
man,  
all shivering a wet  
was trying hard to get a ride  
I'm sure he'd never get.

I picked him up and drove him  
to a diner on the hill  
to warm his bones and left him  
with a five dollar bill.

Strange how when you're all alone  
with memories you recall  
you think of everything you've  
done  
and was it worth it all?

I think about my God, my job,  
my children and my wife.

Would I do it all the same  
could I relive my life?

Then comes a knock upon my  
door.

This late! Who could it be?  
A neighbor or a Santa Claus  
come to visit me?

The figure standing in the cold  
gives me a sudden fright.  
A trooper with that solemn look  
Dear God, who's died tonight?

I'm flashin' back through bygone  
years  
and how I'd often stood  
on someone's porch to bring them  
news  
and it was never good.

Is this how life gets back at me  
for misery I've induced?  
Where pain I've caused some  
other folks  
has now come home to roost?

But looking in the Trooper's eyes  
my mind is in a whirl  
I see a pleasant countenance  
the Trooper is a girl.

She smiled and reached to shake  
my hands  
and silence wasn't broke  
until a tear rolled down her cheek  
and then she softly spoke.

"I'm sure you don't remember me  
but thought I stop and say  
God bless you on this Christmas  
Eve.

I'm Trooper Sue McCay."

Written and orated by Bob Welsh  
<http://www.bobwelsh.com>



I'm Trooper Sue McCay."

## A SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS

'Twas The Night Before  
Christmas,  
He Lived All Alone,  
In A One Bedroom House,  
Made Of Plaster And Stone.

I Had Come Down The  
Chimney,  
With Presents To Give,  
And To See Just Who,  
In This Home, Did Live.

I Looked All About,  
A Strange Sight I Did See,  
No Tinsel, No Presents, Not  
Even A Tree.

No Stocking By Mantle,  
Just Boots Filled With Sand,  
On The Wall Hung Pictures,  
Of Far Distant Lands.

With Medals And Badges,  
Awards Of All Kinds,  
A Sober Thought,  
Came Through My Mind.

For This House Was Different,  
It Was Dark And Dreary,  
I Found The Home Of A  
Soldier,  
Once I Could See Clearly.

The Soldier Lay Sleeping,  
Silent, Alone,  
Curled Up On The Floor,  
In This One Bedroom Home.

The Face Was So Gentle,  
The Room In Such Disorder,  
Not How I Pictured,  
An American Soldier.

Was This The Hero,  
Of Whom I'd Just Read?  
Curled Up On A Poncho,  
The Floor For A Bed?

I Realized The Families,  
That I Saw This Night,  
Owed Their Lives To These  
Soldiers, Who Were Willing To  
Fight.

Soon Round The World,  
The Children Would Play,  
And Grownups Would  
Celebrate,  
A Bright Christmas Day.

They All Enjoyed Freedom,  
Each Month Of The Year,  
Because Of The Soldiers,  
Like The One Lying Here.

I Couldn't Help Wonder,  
How Many Lay Alone,  
On A Cold Christmas Eve,  
In A Land Far From Home.

The Very Thought Brought,  
A Tear To My Eye,  
I Dropped To My Knees,  
And Started To Cry.

The Soldier Awakened,  
And I Heard A Rough Voice,  
"Santa Don't Cry,  
This Life Is My Choice;

I Fight For Freedom,  
I Don't Ask For More,  
My Life Is My God,  
My Country, My Corps."

The Soldier Rolled Over,  
And Drifted To Sleep,  
I Couldn't Control It,  
I Continued To Weep.

I Kept Watch For Hours,  
So Silent And Still,  
And We Both Shivered,  
From The Cold Night's Chill.

I Didn't Want To Leave,  
On That Cold, Dark, Night,  
This Guardian Of Honor,  
So Willing To Fight.

Then The Soldier Rolled Over,  
With A Voice Soft And Pure,  
Whispered, "Carry On Santa,  
It's Christmas Day, All Is  
Secure.

One Look At My Watch,  
And I Knew He Was Right.  
"Merry Christmas My Friend,  
And To All A Good Night."



## A Sailor's Christmas

'Twas the night before  
Christmas,

the ship was out steaming,  
Sailors stood watch while others  
were dreaming.

They lived in a crowd with  
racks tight and small, In a 80-  
man berthing, cramped one and  
all.

I had come down the stack with  
presents to give,  
And to see inside just who  
might perhaps live.

I looked all about, a strange  
sight did I see,  
No tinsel, no presents, not even  
a tree.

No stockings were hung, shined  
boots close at hand,  
On the bulkhead hung pictures  
of a far distant land.

They had medals and badges  
and awards of all kind,  
And a sober thought came into  
my mind.

For this place was different, so  
dark and so dreary,  
I had found the house of a  
Sailor, once I saw clearly.

A Sailor lay sleeping, silent and  
alone,  
Curled up in a rack and  
dreaming of home.

The face was so gentle, the  
room squared away,  
This was the United States  
Sailor today.

This was the hero I saw on TV,  
Defending our country so we



could be free.  
I realized the families that I  
would visit this night,  
Owed their lives to these Sailors  
lay willing to fight.

Soon round the world, the  
children would play,  
And grownups would celebrate  
on Christmas Day.  
They all enjoyed freedom each  
day of the year,  
Because of the Sailor, like the  
one lying here.

I couldn't help wonder how  
many lay alone,  
On a cold Christmas Eve on a  
sea, far from home.  
The very thought brought a tear  
to my eye,  
I dropped to my knees and  
started to cry.

The Sailor awakened and I  
heard a calm voice,  
"Santa, don't cry, this life is my  
choice."

"Defending the seas all days of  
the year,  
So others may live and be free  
with no fear."

I thought for a moment, what a  
difficult road,  
To live a life guided by honor  
and code.  
After all it's Christmas Eve and  
the ship's underway!  
But freedom isn't free and it's  
sailors who pay.

The Sailor say's to our country  
"be free and sleep tight,  
No harm will come,  
not on my watch and not on this  
night."

The Sailor rolled over and  
drifted to sleep,

I couldn't control it, I continued  
to weep.  
I kept watch for hours, so silent,  
so still,  
I watched as the Sailor  
shivered from the night's cold  
chill.

I didn't want to leave on that  
cold dark night,  
This guardian of honor so  
willing to fight.

The Sailor rolled over and with  
a voice strong and sure,  
Commanded, "Carry on Santa,  
It's Christmas,  
and All is Secure!"



### **TWAS THE FIRST NIGHT OF HANNUKAH**

Twas the first night of  
Hannukah and all through the  
house  
Pleasure was spreading, as  
quick as a mouse.

The children played dreidle and  
ate with such glee,  
Oh latkes, and donuts, a  
pleasure to see!  
The menorah was placed by the  
window with care  
So all who came by could see it  
from there.

We sang lots of songs, and told  
lots of stories,  
About the Maccabees and all of  
their glories.

When out on the lawn there  
arose such a clatter  
I sprang from my chair to see  
what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like  
a flash,  
Tore open the shutter and threw  
up the sash.

When what to my wondering  
eye should appear,  
But a vision of Judah the  
Maccabee there!

As he walked from the hill, he  
was so proud to say  
That the war had been won, we  
were all free to stay!

The Greeks were defeated and  
so it was sure  
The Israelites could stay in their  
homeland so pure.

He wanted to go to the temple  
to pray,  
But I needed to warn of a hitch  
on the way.

The temple was ruined by some  
in the war,  
It was dark, and I worried we'd  
be lost for sure.

As we travelled to Jerusalem on  
some mighty trail,  
Judah assured me that we would  
not fail.

The night was dark, as I feared  
it would be,  
Hey we were travelling through  
the 2nd Century B.C.E.

But far, far above us, we saw a  
bright light  
Coming from the window of the  
temple that night.

Those that had gathered there  
were quick to say  
There was just enough oil to last  
only one day.

They worried as news of the  
victory spread,  
Others would be lost, or left  
asleep in their bed.



Those that came after would not  
get to see  
The lamp which told of our  
victory.

The faithful were sure that all  
would be right  
And that one cruse of oil would  
last us eight nights.

As the eight nights befell us, it  
soon became clear  
The lamp would stay lit --  
darkness was nothing to fear.

So now to this day, each year  
we celebrate  
The Festival of Lights for eight  
nights on this date.

And so as you enjoy the great  
gift of light,  
Happy Hannukah to all, and to  
all a good night.



#### A THANKSGIVING POEM

Tw'as the night of thanksgiving,  
but i just couldn't sleep.  
I tried counting backwards,  
I tried counting sheep.

The leftovers beckoned -  
the dark meat and white,  
but i fought the temptation  
with all of my might.

Tossing and turning with  
anticipation,  
the thought of a snack became  
infatuation.  
So, I raced to the kitchen, flung  
open the door,  
and gazed at the fridge, full of  
goodies galore.

Gobbled up turkey and buttered  
potatoes,  
pickles and carrots, beans and  
tomatoes.  
I felt myself swelling so plump

and so round,  
'til all of a sudden, I rose off the  
ground.

I crashed through the ceiling,  
floating into the sky,  
with a mouthful of pudding and  
a handful of pie.

But, I managed to yell as I  
soared past the trees....  
Happy eating to all - pass the  
cranberries, please.

May your stuffing be tasty,  
may your turkey be plump.  
May your potatoes 'n gravy  
have nary a lump.

May your yams be delicious.  
May your pies take the prize,  
may your Thanksgiving Dinner  
stay  
off of your thighs.



#### THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

It's one day after Christmas  
I'm crabby and I'm broke.  
I'm so full of ham and fruitcake,  
I think I'm gonna croak.

It's nice to see the relatives,  
I wonder when they'll leave.  
They've been camping in my  
bathroom,

since early Christmas Eve.  
They're eating everything in  
sight,

and sleeping in my bed.  
I've been sacked out in the  
basement,  
with my beagle I call, Fred.  
The relatives have all gone out,  
and left their screaming brats.  
The toilet bowl is all plugged  
up,

and I cannot find the cat.  
It's Christmas time at my house  
the relatives are here.  
They eat me out of house and  
home,

and drink up all my beer.

I love the decorations,  
and the sleigh bells in the snow,  
but I wish those pesky relatives,  
would take their kids and go.  
Those cookie crunchers fed the  
dog, a twenty pound rib roast.  
His feet are sticking in the air,  
like skinny old fence posts.  
Now they're in a free-for-all,  
the girls against the boys.  
They're fighting over boxes,  
'cause they're bored with all  
their toys'

my mother-in-law is snoring  
in my favorite TV chair,  
those kids are stringing lights  
on her, and tinseling up her hair.

I ought a wake her up,  
before the fireworks begin.  
But I wanna see those blue  
sparks fly, when they plug her  
in.....

The end



Merry Hanukkah  
Happy Christmas



and  
**A Happy New  
Year to All**



## THE PHUNNIE PAGES

### EVERYONE IS PAID.....

It's a slow day in Mamou, Louisiana. The sun is beating down and the streets are deserted.

Times are tough, everybody is in debt, and everybody lives on credit.

On this particular day a traveling Shreveport salesman is driving through town. He stops at the Hotel Cazan and lays a \$100 bill on the desk, saying he wants to inspect the rooms upstairs in order to pick one in which to spend the night. As soon as the man walks upstairs, Bosco, the owner, grabs the bill and runs next door to pay his debt to Boudreaux the butcher. Boudreaux takes the \$100 and runs down the street to retire his debt to Trosclair the pig farmer. Trosclair takes the \$100 and heads off to pay his bill at T-Boy's Farmers Co-op, the local supplier of feed and fuel. T-Boy, at the Farmer's Co-op, takes the \$100 and runs to pay his debt to the local prostitute, Clarise, who has also been facing hard times and has had to offer her services on credit. Clarise rushes to the hotel and pays off her room bill with Bosco, the hotel owner. Bosco then places the \$100 back on the counter so the travelling salesman will not suspect anything. At that moment the salesman comes down the stairs, picks up the \$100 bill, states that the rooms are not satisfactory, pockets the money, and leaves town.

The whole town is now out of debt. However, no one produced anything, no one earned anything and no one has anything left.

And that, my friend, is how the United States Government is conducting business today.



### Nine Words Women Use....

(1) **Fine:** This is the word women use to end an argument when they are right and you need to shut up. This means your facts may be right but you are still wrong.

(2) **Five Minutes:** If she is getting dressed, this means a half an hour. Five minutes is only five minutes if you have just been given five more minutes to watch the game before helping around the house.

(3) **Nothing:** This is the calm before the storm. This means something, and you should be on your toes. Arguments that begin with nothing usually end in fine.

(4) **Go Ahead:** This is a dare, not permission. Don't Do It!

(5) **Loud Sigh:** This is actually a word, but is a non-verbal statement often misunderstood by men. A loud sigh means she thinks you are an idiot and wonders why she is wasting her time standing here and arguing with you about nothing. (Refer back to # 3 for the meaning of nothing.)

(6) **That's Okay:** This is one of the most dangerous statements a woman can make to a man. That's okay means she wants to think long and hard before deciding how and when you will pay for your mistake.

(7) **Thanks:** A woman is thanking you, do not question, or faint. Just say you're welcome. (I want to add in a clause here - This is true, unless she says 'Thanks a lot' - that is PURE sarcasm and she is not thanking you at all. DO NOT say 'you're welcome' that will bring on a 'whatever').

(8) **Whatever:** Is a woman's way of saying...Go to Hell...

(9) **Don't worry about it, I got it:** Another dangerous statement, meaning this is something that a woman has told a man to do several times, but is now doing it herself. This will later result in a man asking 'What's wrong?' (For the woman's response refer to # 3).

*\* Send this to the men you know, to warn them about arguments they can avoid if they remember the terminology.*



### THE OLD RANCHER

Mr. Peabody, the local banker, saw his old friend Tom, an 80-year-old rancher, in town.

Tom had lost his wife the year before. Rumor had it he was marrying a 'mail order' bride.

Mr. Peabody asked Tom if the rumor was true. Tom replied, "Yes, it is true."

Mr. Peabody asked, "May I ask the age of your new bride to be?"

Tom replied, "She'll be 21 in November."

Mr. Peabody, being a wise man, knew the sexual appetite of a young woman could not be satisfied by an 80-year-old man.

Mr. Peabody wanted Tom's remaining years to be happy. So he tactfully suggested that Tom should consider getting a hired hand to help him out on the ranch, knowing nature would take its own course.

Tom thought this was a good idea and said he would look for a hired hand that very afternoon.

Four months later, Mr. Peabody saw Tom in town again.

Mr. Peabody asked, "How is your new wife?"

Tom replied, "Good. She's pregnant."

Mr. Peabody was pleased his sage advice had worked out so well. He asked, "And how's the hired hand?"

Without hesitating, Tom said, "She's pregnant too!" Never underestimate old men.





## THE PHUNNIE PAGES

### Woman stops 12 ft gator with .22 pistol!

"Florida Woman Stops Alligator Attack Using a small .22 caliber Ruger Pistol." Another good reason to have a concealed weapons permit.

This is a story of self-control and marksmanship by a brave, cool-headed woman with a small pistol against a fierce predator.

Here's her story in her own words: "While walking along the edge of a pond just outside my house in the Villages discussing a property settlement with my soon-to-be ex-husband, and other divorce issues, we were surprised by a huge 12-ft alligator which suddenly emerged from the murky water.

It began charging us with its large jaws wide open. She must have been protecting her nest because she was extremely aggressive.

"If I had not had my little Ruger 22 caliber pistol with me, I would not be here **today**! Just one shot to my estranged husband's kneecap was all it took.

The gator got him easily, and I was able to escape by just walking away at a brisk pace. The amount I saved in lawyer's fees was really incredible and his life insurance was also a big bonus!"



### Hooters.....

Two guys grow up together, but after college one moves to Georgia and the other to Texas. They agree to meet every ten years in Florida to play golf and catch up with each other.

At age 32 they meet, finish their round of golf and head for lunch.

"Where you wanna go?"

"Hooters."

"Why Hooters?"

"They have those servers with the big boobs, the tight shorts and the gorgeous legs."

"You're on."

At age 42, they meet and play golf again

OK Where you wanna go for lunch?"

"Hooters."

"Again? Why?"

"They have cold beer, big screen TVs, and side action on the games."

"OK."

At age 52 they meet and play again. "So where you wanna go for lunch?"

"Hooters."

"Why?"

"The food is pretty good and there's plenty of parking."

"OK."

At age 62 they meet again.

After a round of golf, one says, "Where you wanna go?"

"Hooters."

"Why?"

"Wings are half price and the food isn't too spicy."

"Good choice"

At age 72 they meet again.

Once again, after a round of golf, one says, "Where shall we go for lunch?"

"Hooters."

"Why?"

"They have six handicapped parking spaces right by the door and they have senior discounts."

"Great choice."

At age 82 they meet and play again. "Where should we go for lunch?"

Hooters."

"Why?"

"Because we've never been there before."

"Okay, let's give it a try."



### Lighten your Day !!

My girlfriend says I'm cheap, so I took her out for tea and biscuits. It was quite exciting as she had never given blood before.

Non-alcoholic beer is like watching porn on the radio.

My wife wants me to wear a bracelet that belonged to her grandfather. It says "Do Not Resuscitate."

Vitamins are good for what ails you and Viagra is good for what fails you.

One good thing about being wrong is the joy it brings to others.

I think racism is bad and you should treat all races the same whether Brown, Black, Asian, Latino or normal.

Even rarer than a doctor who can't stand the sight of blood is a lawyer who can't stand the sight of money.

If your palm itches, you are going to get something. If your crotch itches, you've already got it.



**Back to my Bunker  
see Ya All Next Year**



VIETNAM VETERANS OF AMERICA  
SOUTH BAY CHAPTER 53  
4733 Torrance Blvd #553  
Torrance, Ca 90503  
(310) 540-8820



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PASS IT ALONG TO ANOTHER VETERAN***



**Once a SOLDIER**



**ALWAYS a SOLDIER**

