

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

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

March - April 2025



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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

March 18, 2025 (Tues)

April 15, 2025 (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



**Vietnam War
Veterans' Day
March 29**

date	day	March 2025 Monthly Calendar	date	day	April 2025 Monthly Calendar
1	Sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)	1	Tue	Happy April Fool's Day
2	Sun	Hawthorne VFW Dinner 3-5pm RSVP \$10.00	2	Wed	
3	Mon		3	Thur	
4	Tue		4	Fri	
5	Wed	Ash Wednesday	5	Sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
6	Thur		6	Sun	Hawthorne VFW Dinner 3-5pm RSVP \$10.00
7	Fri		7	Mon	
8	Sat		8	Tue	Ch53 Breakfast and BS Meetin' @ 9am, Black Bear Diner 24021 Hawthorne Bl – Torrance
9	Sun	Day Light Savings Time - clock ahead 1 hour	9	Wed	
10	Mon		10	Thur	
11	Tue	Ch53 Breakfast and BS Meetin' @ 9am, Black Bear Diner 24021 Hawthorne Bl – Torrance	11	Fri	
12	Wed		12	Sat	
13	Thur		13	Sun	Happy Birthday Thomas Jefferson....
14	Fri		14	Mon	
15	Sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 0930 (dutch treat)	15	Tue	Business Mtg 12:15pm – General Mtg 12:45pm Hawthorne VFW, 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne
16	Sun		16	Wed	
17	Mon	St Patrick's Day	17	Thur	
18	Tue	Business Mtg 12 noon General Mtg 1pm Hawthorne VFW, 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne	18	Fri	
19	Wed		19	Sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 0930 (dutch treat)
20	Thur	1st Day of Spring	20	Sun	
21	Fri	Rosie the Riveter Day....	21	Mon	
22	Sat		22	Tue	
23	Sun	Hawthorne VFW Breakfast 9am-noon \$12.00 / Palm Sunday	23	Wed	
24	Mon		24	Thur	
25	Tue	Medal of Honor Day.....	25	Fri	
26	Wed		26	Sat	
27	Thur		27	Sun	Hawthorne VFW Breakfast 9am-noon \$12.00
28	Fri		28	Mon	
29	Sat		29	Tue	
30	Sun		30	Wed	
31	Mon				



HERMOSA BEACH MEMORIAL CLEAN-UP FEB 1, 2025



OLD FRIENDS!

Folks, There's some truth in this anonymous piece.... When I was young, I noticed that every Friday at about 2pm, my grandfather would leave the house, drive somewhere, and come back after three hours. This happened regularly like clockwork for several years. My curiosity was aroused so much so that I asked my grandmother, "Grandma, where does Grandpa go every Friday afternoon?"

To which my grandmother replied, " a place called Country Bake Shop. He spends time with his friends drinking coffee and having pastries."

This type of routine is very common among the elderly. A group of Old Friends would meet in some cafe, have coffee, and reminisce about the good old days. They would make sure they didn't miss any session. After all, it is only to these guys they are able to say, "Do you remember?" because these guys were there when they lived those moments.

And then the number starts to dwindle. From a group of eight, the number goes down to five, then to three. Until finally, one finds himself alone. His friends leave him and he must now travel on alone. Even to the friendliest people he meets on the way, he will never be able to say, "Do you remember?" They were not there.

To the elderly, this is one of the most crippling experiences. Desolation. The feeling of being left behind by Old Friends who have been with you and shared with you all those crazy and happy moments. He is devastated by the awareness that the few years he has left will no longer allow him to expand that circle of friends once again.

Desolation. One good reason for the young to prepare themselves psychologically for old age. One good reason for them to treat the elderly with respect and compassion.

"One day, all of us will get separated from each other. We will miss our conversations. Days, months, and years will pass until our contacts become rare. One day, our children will see our photos and ask, 'Who are these people?' And we will smile with invisible tears and say, 'It was with them that I had the best days of my life.' "

Anonymous

EDITOR'S NOTE: OLD FOLKS.

This is why we meet once a month for ch53 meetings.

This is why we meet at ch53 fundraisers.

This is why we meet once a month for Ch53

Breakfast and BS Meetin's.

This is why we meet for a bike ride along the coast.

This is why we meet to clean up 2 memorials each month.

I can go on and on, **THIS IS WHY**, but I think you get the idea. **PLEASE JOIN US.....you will be glad you did.**

Check the calendar for upcoming activities.



Band of Brothers' Day

You may have served in Combat or in non-combat.

You may have retired out or you may have served for a short time.

You may have been a draftee or a volunteer.

You may have served in the Corps, Army, Navy, Air Force, Coast Guard or the Merchant Marines,

BUT YOU SERVED. YOU DID YOUR JOB

HONORABLY and for that I am **PROUD** to call you Brother.

You may have served during Korea, WWII,. Vietnam, Persian Gulf, Iraq or Afghanistan, But you served, you did not run.

You have a DD 214 with those words "HONORABLY DISCHARGED" two of the most noble words in the world. Again I am proud to know each and every one of you.

Band of Brothers' Day send this to all your brothers, fathers, sons and fellow veterans you know. Happy Brothers' Day!

To the cool men that have touched my life: Here's to you!! I was never a hero, but I am thankful and proud to have served among them.

A real Brother walks with you when the rest of the world walks on you.

Send to all your Band of Brothers, because the fake ones won't.



KNOW YOUR MEMBERS

By BOB HOLMES

Each issue for the last year or so we have been profiling our Chapter 53 members-hobbies, interesting facts, family backgrounds, travel, etc.

We have tried to let you know more about them personally, not militarily. This month we have a couple of military stories that just need to be told-one is funny and the other is a bit more serious, but still has an element of humor to it.

DICK AMEMIYA-ARMY

Dick is our chapter's only active member who was held as a POW.

He was drafted in July 1966 and released from active duty two years later in July 1968.

Dick did his basic training at Fort Bliss and then on to Fort Dix. In December 1966 he was on his way to Vietnam. Dick was assigned to the 1st Infantry Division, The Big Red One. Their base camp was about 35 miles south of Saigon.

One day Dick was told to drive a truck to Saigon to pick up supplies.

When he arrived at the warehouse, a Supply Sergeant stopped him and accused him of being a Viet Cong infiltrator (ya can't make this stuff up).

He was accused of stealing the uniform and truck and impersonating a GI. He was ordered to get out of the truck.

He was told "You are now a POW!". The worst part is that this was not a bad joke.

He was detained and prevented from leaving. Finally they got through to Dick's First Sergeant and he was properly identified and released from "captivity" some hours later

None of us ever thought we would be held as a POW by U.S. troops!

On a personal note, Dick was born in AZ and came to CA in 1948. He worked locally at McDonald Douglas and then Boeing in tooling.

He is an active volunteer in his church and grows plumeria as his hobby.

He has been married for 48 years and has two kids.

JEFF MARTIN -MARINES

I did a personal profile of Jeff in our March/April 2024 LZ 53 Newsletter but could not pass up this story about Jeff's Marine "career".

Jeff entered the Marines in June 1966. His basic training was at the MCRD in San Diego followed by Camp Pendleton and Advanced Infantry Training.

He then went to supply school (still at Camp Pendleton) and learned supply and warehousing.

He arrived in Vietnam in November 1967 at Da Nang Air Base in I Corps where he was told he would be with the 1st MP Bn. Never having received any MP training, Jeff assumed that he would be in supply supporting the battalion. Nope. They made him an MP, but the Da Nang MPs really functioned as infantry going on patrols and sweeps outside the base and manning the base perimeter bunkers. About 9 months into his tour of duty they started to draw down the Marines in Vietnam and the MPs, if they had enough time in country (which Jeff did), would go home early. When Jeff went to check on his orders, the Sergeant informed him that while the MPs were going home, supply was a critical skill and he wouldn't be going home early. Jeff said that he had

never functioned in supply. He had been an infantryman/MP. We all know the military. He was told "Tough-you are going to finish your 13 month tour in supply right here". So, basically, he got shafted at both the beginning and end of his Vietnam tour of duty. And they wonder why he didn't stick around to make it a career!

BOB HOLMES-ARMY

As an extra, I'll share a funny story that happened to me. Because of the level of security clearance that I was required to obtain before I went to Vietnam, I knew exactly what unit and where I was going to in Vietnam and knew exactly what my assignment was going to be with that unit. After that long flight to Tan Son Nhut Airport from Travis Air Force Base in northern California, I arrived in Saigon and was transported to transient barracks. After a couple of days, I was still there and had heard nothing. I asked and no one knew anything. It was as if I did not exist on any roster. They all said something would happen. After another day or two I was getting bored to tears and told them exactly where I was supposed to be and showed them my orders (very specific). Finally after another delay, I got to my unit (which was not expecting me).

Bottom line, I honestly think if I had not died of boredom first, I could have spent my entire tour in the transient officer barracks.



War, Comrades, and Reunions

I know why old men and women who have been to war yearn to reunite. Not to tell stories or look at old pictures. Not to laugh or weep. Comrades gather because they long to be with the men and women who once acted at their best; those who suffered and sacrificed, who were stripped of their humanity.

I did not pick these fellow Soldiers. They were delivered by fate and by the military. But I know them in a way I know no other persons. I have never given anyone such trust. They were willing to guard something more precious than my life. They would have carried my reputation, the memory of me. It was part of the bargain we all made, the reason we were so willing to die for one another.

As long as I have memory, I will think of them all, every day. I am sure that when I leave this world, my last thought will be of my family and my comrades . . . such good Soldiers!

Author unknown



A veteran—whether active duty, retired, reserve, or national guard—is someone who, at one point in their life, wrote a blank check made payable to The United States of America, for an amount up to and including their life. That is honor, and there are way too many people in this country who no longer understand that.

Author unknown.

A War Story.....

Mentally, I never left the Nam

These visions and thoughts continue to bounce around inside a former grunt's head fifty-some years after serving in the Vietnam War. Read his short story to see if his struggles are any different from your own.

By Retired U.S. Army Staff Sergeant Daniel Dobbs
What those who never humped the jungles or rice paddies in Vietnam can't see is the filthy exhausting sweaty dirt and grime from crushed bugs and cuts and scratches from thorns that get infected within hours. The shock of hearing a twig break, the snap of a weapon safety being changed to fire, or the click of a booby trap before it goes off.

The anger from "wait-a-minute" vines tugging on you and holding you up while the rest of your team is walking away.

Sleeping on the rain-soaked ground with all kinds of insects, leeches, and snakes crawling on you, biting and sucking your blood, not to mention the rats, the size of medium dogs, and worst of all... tigers.



Hoping the guy who relieved you is awake. You turn your head and look at him in the darkness and he looks down at you and gives you a smile letting you know he is awake and has your back. Hearing a mortar fire in the distance and hoping the round isn't coming your way.



Lying there when B-52s are bombing a few clicks away and vibrating the very ground you are on. Hearing the welcome reassuring sound of that Huey and the outgoing artillery fire knowing they are out there when and if you need them.

Always expecting another tremendous explosion behind you like the one that took the life of the soldier that I didn't even know, as he was trying to help me. I never had the chance to thank you or say, "I'm sorry!" I carry the scars both physically and emotionally from when you died. I still see your blood on my hands and hear your last gasp of air as God took you to be with Him, while I held your head in my hands.

Seeing a ghostly figure in the early morning fog moving in front of you. Is that a rifle in his hands? Am I seeing things? "Lord, please don't let him hear my heart pounding in my ears." Gotta wake the guys but I don't dare move, can't move. Should I shoot? He sees me. He is looking into my eyes. He is bringing his AK-47 up. I see the flash as his rifle goes off.

DAMN, another bad dream. It's been over fifty years. When will the nightmares stop coming? Every night when the lights go off, I'm back there with my buddies before they etched their names on that wall.



I have seen the elephant, I love you brothers Mississippi 31 OUT!

What about the rest of you Vets, how many of you are still finding yourselves on a former battlefield - reliving those events? Are you getting help?



The Perimeter....By James R. Lawson

The Perimeter, in the infantry, is a circle of men. It is half a squad, platoon or company. One half is on guard, staying vigilant, watching for the enemy, while the other half rests, sleeps and carries on with life as it is.

They are more than just men; they are a brotherhood in uniform.

They share their plans, dreams and hopes with each other. In hard times, they share their sadness, fears and pain. They face the enemy together, some like brothers, others like fathers and sons, and always as true friends.

They find a spirit in each other than binds them to one another in a bond that lasts forever.

As time passes, they will leave the service and each other. They will travel many different paths of life, some to prosper well and others not so well.

Somewhere in life's travels, these men find themselves lost in the world, confused, dazed, scared, and unhappy and searching for something; something they are not even sure exists. They are not soldiers anymore, they are called veterans.

Somehow, in their search, they once again find others like themselves. They find brothers of the past, brothers of the Perimeter, that circle of safety, where someone else shares their pain, their confusion and their fear. That Perimeter where that fear is eased, where there is less confusion.

They share each other's pain in stories, in tears and in silence. Inside the Perimeter, eye contact can say it all. This Perimeter is a circle of life and a circle of death; it is a circle of wounded warriors, with wounds of both flesh and spirit. This Perimeter is a circle of iron that has never broken. It is a circle of common duty that knows no color, no creed and no religious ground. The circle will last forever, through the best of times and the worst of times.

The Perimeter is a place warriors will always seek - even for eternity. Just gaze out at our national cemeteries. For out there, on the outer edge, ever so vigilant, are those on the Perimeter.



WHEN THE LORD WAS CREATING VIETNAM VETERANS

When the Lord was creating Vietnam Veterans, He was into His 6th day of overtime when an angel appeared. "You're certainly doing a lot of fiddling around on this one." And God said, "Have you seen the specs on this order?"

A Nam vet has to be able to run 5 miles through the bush with a full pack on, endure with barely any sleep for days, enter tunnels his higher ups wouldn't consider doing, and keep his weapons clean and operable. He has to be able to sit in his hole all night during an attack, hold his buddies as they die; walk point in unfamiliar territory known to be VC infested, and somehow keeps his senses alert for danger. He has to be in top physical condition existing on c-rats and very little rest. And he has to have 6 pairs of hands." The angel shook his head slowly and said, "6 pair of hands.... no way." "It's not the hands that are causing me problems... it's the 3 pair of eyes a Nam vet has to have." "That's on the standard model?" asked the angel. The Lord nodded. "One pair that sees through elephant grass, another pair here in the side of his head for his buddies', another pair here in front that can look reassuringly at his bleeding, fellow soldier and say, "You'll make it"...when he knows he won't.

"Lord, rest, and work on this tomorrow." "I can't," said the Lord. "I already have a model that can carry a wounded soldier 1,000 yards during a firefight, calm the fears of the latest FNG, and feed a family of 4 on a grunt's paycheck."

The angel walked around the model and said, "Can it think?" "You bet," said the Lord. "It can quote much of the UCMJ, recite all his general orders, and engage in a search and destroy mission in less time than it takes for

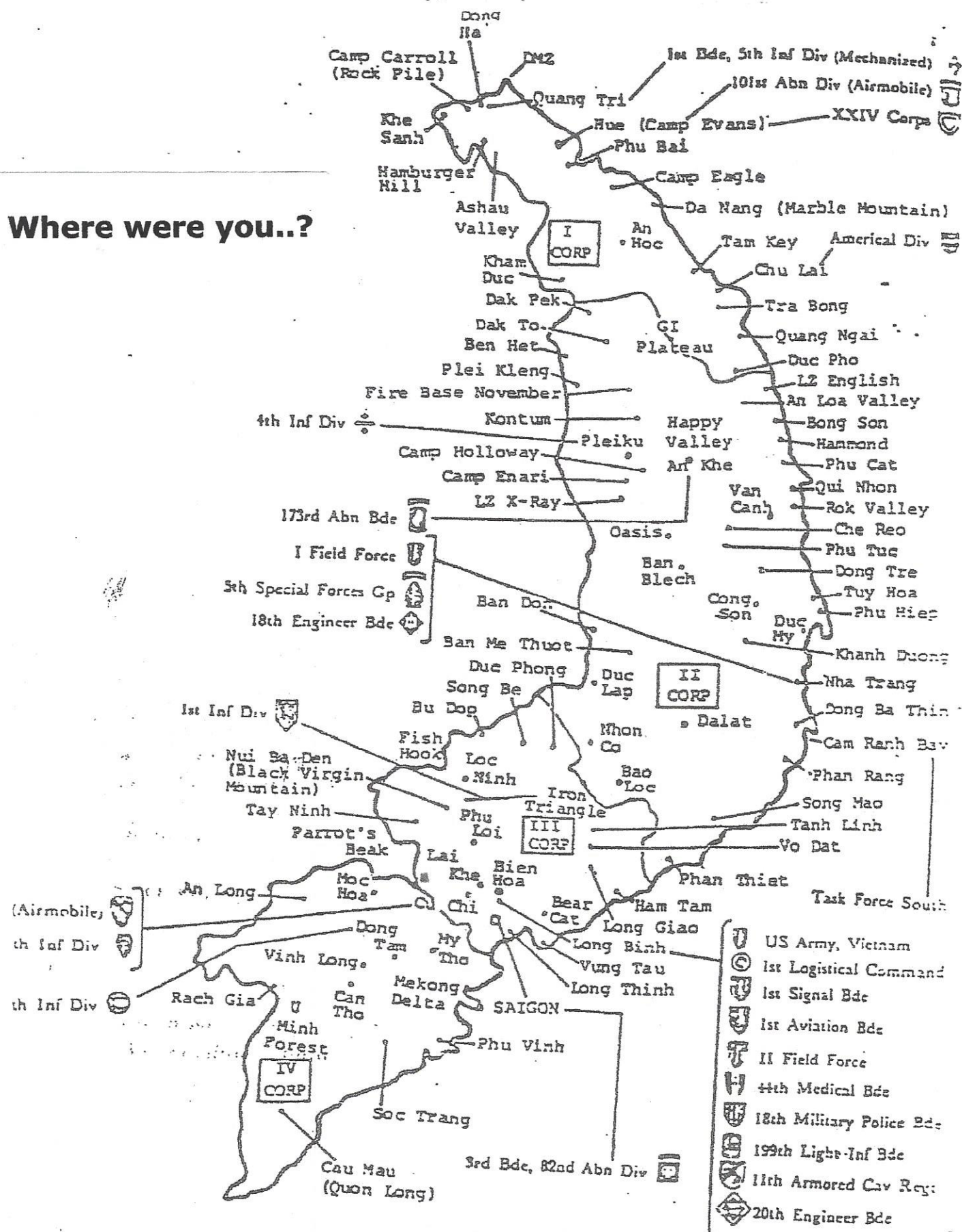
his fellow Americans back home to discuss the morality of the War, and still keep his sense of humor." "This Nam vet also has phenomenal personal control. He can deal with ambushes from hell, comfort a fallen Marine's family, and then read in his hometown paper how Nam vets are baby killers, psychos, addicts, killers of innocent civilians." The Lord gazed into the future and said, "He will also endure being vilified and spit on when he returns home, rejected and crucified by the very ones he fought for."

Finally, the angel slowly ran his finger across the vet's cheek, and said, "There's a leak...I told you that you were trying to put too much into this model." "That's not a leak", said the Lord. "That's a tear." "What's the tear for?" asked the angel. "It's for bottled up emotions, for holding fallen Marines as they die, for commitment to that funny piece of cloth called the American flag, for the terror of living with PTSD for decades after the war, alone with it's demons with no one to care or help." "You're a genius," said the angel, casting a gaze at the tear. The Lord looked very somber, as if seeing down eternity's distant shores..."I didn't put it there," He said.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN



Where were you..?





Vietnam War
Casualties by Most
Common Surname

These 100 surnames
total 11417 or 20% of
the Vietnam dead.

Adams -- 112
Alien -- 121
Anderson -- 178
Bailey -- 56
Baker -- 119
Barnes -- 66
Bell -- 75
Bennett -- 68
Brooks -- 65
Brown -- 383
Bryant -- 50
Burns -- 52
Butler -- 54
Campbell -- 94
Carter -- 108
Clark(e) -- 170
Coleman -- 50
Collins -- 79
Cook(e) -- 99
Cooper -- 62
Cox -- 75
Davis -- 298
Ellis -- 56
Evans -- 98
Ferguson -- 51
Ford -- 54
Foster -- 75
Garcia -- 102
Gonzalez(s) 85

Good -- 100
Graham -- 61
Gray -- 82
Green(e) -- 161
Hall -- 111
Hamilton -- 67
Harris -- 138
Harrison -- 51
Hayes -- 59
Hernandez(s)53
Hill -- 119
Howard -- 61
Hughes -- 66
Jackson -- 178
James -- 60
Jenkins -- 66
Johnson -- 526
Jones -- 350
Kelly -- 61
King -- 111
Lee -- 98
Lewis -- 115
Long -- 69
Lopez -- 58
Martin -- 175
Miller -- 282
Mitchell -- 104
Moore -- 205
Morgan -- 84
Morris -- 77
Murphy -- 82
Myers -- 51
Nelson -- 119
Parker -- 92
Patterson 55
Perry -- 61
Peterson -- 86
Phillips -- 94
Pierce -- 50

Powell -- 62
Price -- 67
Reed -- 71
Richardson 71
Roberts -- 95
Robinson -- 116
Rodriguez(s)82
Rogers -- 75
Ross -- 70
Russell -- 58
Sanders -- 59
Scott -- 123
Simmons -- 54
Smith -- 667
Stewart -- 80
Sullivan -- 61
Taylor -- 201
Thomas -- 185
Thompson -- 182
Turner -- 85
Walker -- 128
Wallace -- 56
Ward -- 73
Watson -- 73
West -- 58
White -- 172
Williams -- 406
Wilson -- 210
Woods -- 52
Wright -- 134
Young -- 122

*As one walks the Vietnam
Veteran Memorial Wall, one is
constantly impressed by the
recurrence of the same
surnames. The names are
listed chronologically by date
of death, but the Memorial
Directory lists the names in
alphabetical order.*

THE OLD AGE PAGE

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 advance 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 4 AM 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.

CAN YOU RELATE ???

Please send this to everyone you know
because

I DON'T REMEMBER WHO I Sent this to !!

THE PHUNNIE PAGES

THE FAMILY TREE OF VINCENT VAN GOGH

His dizzy aunt ----- Verti Gogh
 The brother who ate prunes ----- Gotta Gogh
 The brother who worked at a convenience store -----
 Stop n Gogh
 The grandfather from Yugoslavia -----U Gogh
 The cousin from Illinois -----Chica Gogh
 His magician uncle -----Where-diddy Gogh
 His Mexican cousin -----A mee Gogh
 The Mexican cousin's American half-brother-----
 Gring Gogh
 The nephew who drove a stage coach---Wells-far Gogh
 The constipated uncle -----Cant Gogh
 The ballroom dancing aunt -----Tang Gogh
 The bird lover uncle -----Flamin Gogh
 The fruit loving cousin -----Man Gogh
 An aunt who taught positive thinking ----Way-to-Gogh
 The little bouncy nephew -----Poe Gogh
 A sister who loved disco -----Go Gogh
 And his niece who travels the country in a van -----
 Winnie Bay Gogh

And there ya Gogh !

SOME ONE-LINERS TO MAKE YOU SMILE

I don't suffer from insanity; I enjoy every moment of it.
Some people are alive only because it's illegal to kill them.

I used to have a handle on life, but it broke.

Don't take life too seriously; no one gets out alive.

You're just jealous because the voices only talk to me.

Beauty is in the eyes of the Beer Holder.

Earth is the insane asylum of the universe.

I'm not a complete idiot...some parts are missing.

Out of my mind...back in five minutes.

NyQuil...the stuffy, sneezy, why-the-heck-is-the-room-spinning medicine.

God must love stupid people....He made so many.

The gene pool could use a little chlorine.

Consciousness: That annoying time between naps.

Ever stop to think, and forget to start again?

Being "over the hill" is much better than being under it!

Wrinkled was not one of the things I wanted to be when I grew up.

"I have a degree in Liberal Arts, do you want fries with that?"

A hangover is the wrath of grapes.

Never play leapfrog with a unicorn.

He who dies with the most toys is nonetheless dead.

A picture is worth a thousand words, but it uses up three thousand times the memory.

The original point and click interface was a Smith and Wesson.

I smile because I don't know what the heck is going on.

Man's Best Friend.....

A dog is truly a man's best friend. If you don't believe it, just try this experiment.

Put your dog and your wife in the trunk of the car for an hour.

When you open the trunk, who is really happy to see you?

The Redneck....

One hot summer day, a redneck came to town with his dog, tied it under the shade of a tree, and headed into the bar for a cold one.

Twenty minutes later, a policeman entered the bar and asked, "Who owns the dog tied under that tree outside?"

The redneck said it was his.

"Your dog seems to be in heat" the officer said.

The redneck replied, "No way. She's cool 'cause she's tied up under that shade tree."

The policeman said, "No! You don't understand. Your dog needs to be bred."

"No way," said the redneck. "That dog don't need bread. She ain't hungry 'cause I fed her this mornin'."

The exasperated policeman said, "NO! You don't understand; your dog wants to have sex!"

(You gotta love this)

The redneck looked at the cop and said, "Well, go ahead. I always wanted a police dog

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.....

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,

But the plural of ox becomes oxen, not oxes.

One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,

Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.

You may find a lone mouse or a nest full of mice,

Yet the plural of house is houses, not hice.

If the plural of man is always called men,

Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?

If I speak of my foot and show you my feet,

And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,

Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

Then one may be that, and three would be those,

Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,

A little old lady was running up and down the halls in a nursing home. As she walked, she would flip up the hem of her nightgown and say "Supersex." She walked up to an elderly man in a wheelchair. Flipping her gown at him, she said, "Supersex."

He sat silently for a moment or two and finally answered, "I'll take the soup."

Daughter's First Date.....

Doug asks, "I know you're crazy about that little daughter of yours, Bill. What are you going to do when she starts to date?"

THE PHUNNIE PAGES

Bill says, "I figure I'll take the first young man aside, put my arm around his shoulder and pull him close to me so that only he can hear."

"Then I'll say, 'Do you see that sweet, little young lady? She's my only daughter and I love her very much. If you were thinking about touching, kissing or being physically affectionate to her in any way, just remember, I don't mind going back to prison.'"



DONATION.....

Father O'Malley answers the phone "Hello, is this Father O'Malley?" "It is"

"This is the IRS. Can you help us?" "I can"

"Do you know a Ted Houlihan?" "I do"

"Is he a member of your congregation?" "He is"

"Did he donate \$10,000 to the church?"

"He will."



WHY HELICOPTERS ARE BETTER THAN WOMEN

1. An helicopter will kill you quickly - a woman takes her time.

2. Helicopters can be turned on by a flick of a switch.

3. A helicopter does not get mad if you 'touch and go.'

4. A helicopter does not object to preflight inspection.

5. Helicopters come with manuals.

6. Helicopters have strict weight and balance limits.

7. You can fly a helicopter any time of the month.

8. Helicopters don't come with in-laws.

9. Helicopters don't whine unless something is really wrong.

10. Helicopters don't care about how many other helicopters you have flown.

11. When flying, you and your helicopter both arrive at the same time.

12. Helicopters don't mind if you look at other helicopters, or if you buy helicopter magazines.

13. It's OK to use tie-downs on your helicopter.



WISDOM.....

1. The biggest joke on mankind is that computers have begun asking humans to prove they aren't a robot.

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

3. It's weird being the same age as old people.

4. Just once, I want a username and password prompt to say CLOSE ENOUGH.

5. If I am ever on life support, unplug me and plug me back in and see if that works.

6. Do you ever wake up in the morning and look in the mirror and think... "That can't be right"?

7. Last night the internet stopped working so I spent a few hours with my family. They seem like good people.

8. If Adam and Eve were Cajuns, they would have eaten the snake instead of the Apple and saved us all a lot of trouble.

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

10. You know you are getting old when friends with benefits means having someone who can drive at night.

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

12. After watching how some people wear their masks, I

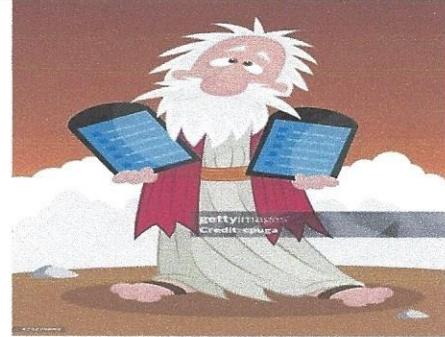
understand why contraception fails.

13. Some of my friends exercise every day. Meanwhile I am watching a show I don't like because the remote fell on the floor.

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

15. I just got a present labeled, 'From Mom and Dad', and I know damn well Dad has no idea what's inside.

16. Now that I have lived through a plague, I totally understand why Italian renaissance paintings are full of fat people lying on couches.



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 making you mad.

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. "One for the road" means going to the bathroom before you leave the house.

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 it hasn't shut you up.

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



**Back to my Bunker
until next issue of LZ 53**

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



Do not throw this newsletter away
Pass it along to another veteran



Vietnam Veterans of America
South Bay Chapter 53

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Name: _____ tele# _____

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other numbers: Pagers, e-mail, mailing addresses: _____

_____ I am a Vietnam Veteran _____ I am a Vietnam Era Veteran

_____ I am not a Vietnam Veteran BUT would like to become an Associate Member

_____ Enclosed is my check for \$50.00 (lifetime membership) - such a deal

I would like to donate - \$ _____ to Chapter 53 to help with their community programs (tax deductible)

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Torrance, CA. 90503