

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

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

**January - February 2023**



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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@dslextreame.com

**Chapter 53 Meetings**

**Jan 16, 2024 (Tues)**

**Feb 20, 2024 (Tues)**

**Board Meetings @ 1200 pm**

**General Meetings @ 1:00 pm**

**Hawthorne VFW Post 2075**

**4563 W. 131st Street - Hawthorne, Ca 90250**



**Chapter 53 wishes all a  
Happy & Healthy  
New Years**

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



date	day	January 2024 Monthly Calendar
1	mon	Happy New Year....
2	tue	
3	wed	
4	thur	
5	fri	
6	sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
7	sun	Hawthorne VFW Dinner 3-5pm RSVP \$10.00
8	mon	
9	tue	
10	wed	
11	thur	
12	fri	
13	sat	
14	sun	
15	mon	Martin Luther King Jr Day
16	tue	Business Mtg 12 noon General Mtg 1pm @ Hawthorne VFW 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne
17	wed	
18	thur	
19	fri	
20	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
21	sun	Hawthorne VFW 9am-noon \$12.00
22	mon	
23	tue	
24	wed	
25	thur	
26	fri	
27	sat	1973 - Vietnam Peace Accord
28	sun	
29	mon	
30	tue	
31	wed	

date	day	February 2024 Monthly Calendar
1	thur	
2	fri	Groundhog Day
3	sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
4	sun	Hawthorne VFW Dinner 3-5pm RSVP \$10.00
5	mon	
6	tue	
7	wed	
8	thur	
9	fri	
10	sat	
11	sun	
12	mon	Happy Birthday Abe Lincoln
13	tue	
14	wed	Happy Valentine's Day / Ash Wednesday
15	thur	
16	fri	
17	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
18	sun	Hawthorne VFW Breakfast 9am-noon @
19	mon	Presidents' Day
20	tue	Business Mtg 1215pm- General Mtg 1245pm@ Hawthorne VFW 4563 W 131 St, Hawthorne
21	wed	Business Mtg 1215pm - General Mtg 1245pm @
22	thur	Happy Birthday George Washington
23	fri	1945 - Flag raised on Iwo Jima
24	sat	
25	sun	Redondo Beach Elk's Breakfast 9-noon @ Veterans Park (corner of Torrance Bl/Catalina)
26	mon	
27	tue	
28	wed	
29	thur	



## Monthly Message Board Jan - Feb 2024 2023

At **ZERO DARK THIRTY** this morning (Dec 2, 2023) our VVA Chapter 53 members **Dick Cunningham, Kirk Gillett, and Thom Kaehler** assisted by welcoming families as they left LAX to an outbound plane to Orlando and Disney World. Gary Sinise was present! They were part of a motorcycle escort from the nearby hotel by Airport Police and Veterans. **Great work guys!**

### Snowball Express



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

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

**Redondo's Elks Lodge Breakfast** (4th Sunday of every month)  
Veteran's (and children under 5) dine free, \$12 per person  
Elk's Lodge - 315 Esplanade Redondo Beach 9am - 12noon

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

**Don't let the old man in**, I wanna leave this alone

Can't leave it up to him, he's knocking on my door  
And I knew all of my life, that someday it would end  
Get up and go outside, don't let the old man in

Many moons I have lived  
My body's weathered and worn  
Ask yourself how old you'd be  
If you didn't know the day you were born

Try to love on your wife  
And stay close to your friends  
Toast each sundown with wine

Don't let the old man in  
Many moons I have lived  
My body's weathered and worn  
Ask yourself how old you'd be  
If you didn't know the day you were born

When he rides up on his horse  
And you feel that cold bitter wind  
Look out your window and smile  
Don't let the old man in  
Look out your window and smile  
Don't let the old man in  
Songwriters: Toby Keith

### MADE IN CHINA

Read Bar Codes on food

ALWAYS READ THE LABELS ON THE FOODS YOU BUY--NO MATTER WHAT THE FRONT OF THE BOX OR PACKAGE SAYS, TURN IT OVER AND READ THE BACK---CAREFULLY!

With all the food and pet products now coming from China, it is best to make sure you read label at the grocery store and especially Walmart when buying food products.

Many products no longer show where they were made, only give where the distributor is located.

It is important to read the bar code to track it's origin.

**How to read Bar Codes .... interesting!**

This may be useful to know when grocery shopping, if it's a concern to you.

**GREAT WAY TO "BUY USA & CANADA " AND NOT FROM CHINA!!**

The whole world is concerned about China-made "black hearted goods".

Can you differentiate which one is made in Taiwan or China ?

**If the first 3 digits of the barcode are 690 691 or 692, the product is MADE IN CHINA.**

**471 is Made in Taiwan .**

This is our right to know, but the government and related departments never educate the public, therefore we have to RESCUE ourselves.

Nowadays, Chinese businessmen know that consumers do not prefer products "MADE IN CHINA ", so they don't show from which country it is made.

However, you may now refer to the barcode - remember if the first 3 digits are:

690-692 ... then it is MADE IN CHINA

00 - 09 ... USA & CANADA

30 - 37 FRANCE

40 - 44 GERMANY

471 .... Taiwan

49 ... JAPAN

50 ... UK

**BUY USA & CANADIAN MADE by watching for "0" at the beginning of the number.**

**We need every boost we can get! Pass this on to everybody on your E-Mail Contact List!! )**



## THE PRESIDENTS



### ABRAHAM LINCOLN - JOHN KENNEDY



Abraham Lincoln was elected to Congress in 1846.

John F. Kennedy was elected to Congress in 1946.

Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860

John F. Kennedy was elected President in 1960.

Both were particularly concerned with civil rights.

Both wives lost their children while living in the White House.

Both Presidents were shot on a Friday.

Both Presidents were shot in the head.

Now it gets really weird.

Lincoln's secretary was named Kennedy.

Kennedy's Secretary was named Lincoln.

Both were assassinated by Southerners.

Both were succeeded by Southerners named Johnson.

Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Lincoln, was born in 1808.

Lyndon Johnson, who succeeded Kennedy, was born in 1908.

John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Lincoln, was born in 1839.

Lee Harvey Oswald, who assassinated Kennedy, was born in 1939

Both assassins were known by their three names.

Both names are composed of fifteen letters.

Now hang on to your seat.

Lincoln was shot at the theater named 'Ford.'

Kennedy was shot in a car called 'Lincoln' made by 'Ford.'

Lincoln was shot in a theater and his assassin ran and hid in a warehouse.

Kennedy was shot from a warehouse and his assassin ran and hid in a theater.

Booth and Oswald were assassinated before their trials.

And here's the kicker...

A week before Lincoln was shot, he was in Monroe, Maryland

A week before Kennedy was shot, he was with Marilyn Monroe.

# A Call to Arms

(Author Unknown)

Men, like nations, think they're eternal. What man in his 20s or 30s doesn't believe, at least subconsciously, that he'll live forever? In the springtime of youth, an endless summer beckons. As you pass 70, it's harder to hide from reality.... as you lose friends and relatives.

Nations also have seasons: Imagine a Roman of the 2nd century contemplating an empire that stretched from Britain to the Near East, thinking: This will endure forever.... Forever was about 500 years, give or take... not bad, but gone!!

France was pivotal in the 17th and 18th centuries; now the land of Charles Martel is on its way to becoming part of the Muslim ummah.

In the 19th and early 20th centuries, the sun never set on the British empire; now Albion exists in perpetual twilight. Its 96-year-old sovereign is a fitting symbol for a nation in terminal decline.

In the 1980s, Japan seemed poised to buy the world. Business schools taught Japanese management techniques. Today, its birth rate is so low and its population aging so rapidly that an industry has sprung up to remove the remains of elderly Japanese who die alone.

I was born in 1945, almost at the midpoint of the 20th century - the American century. America's prestige and influence were never greater. Thanks to the 'Greatest Generation,' we won a World War fought throughout most of Europe, Asia, and the Pacific. We reduced Germany to rubble and put the rising sun to bed. It set the stage for almost half a century of unprecedented prosperity.

We stopped the spread of communism in Europe and Asia and fought international terrorism. We

rebuilt our enemies and lavished foreign aid on much of the world. We built skyscrapers and rockets to the moon. We conquered polio and now COVID. We explored the mysteries of the Universe and the wonders of DNA...the blueprint of life.

But where is the glory that once was Rome? America has moved from a relatively free economy to socialism - which has worked so well NOWHERE in the world.

We've gone from a republican government guided by a constitution to a regime of revolving elites. We have less freedom with each passing year. Like a signpost to the coming reign of terror, the cancel culture is everywhere. We've traded the American Revolution for the Cultural Revolution.

The pathetic creature in the White House is an empty vessel filled by his handlers. At the G-7 Summit, 'Dr. Jill' had to lead him like a child. In 1961, when we were young and vigorous, our leader was too. Now a feeble nation is technically led by the oldest man to ever serve in the presidency.

We can't defend our borders, our history (including monuments to past greatness) or our streets. Our cities have become anarchist playgrounds. We are a nation of dependents, mendicants, and misplaced charity. Homeless veterans camp in the streets while illegal aliens are put up in hotels.

The president of the United States can't even quote the beginning of the Declaration of Independence ('You know - The Thing') correctly. Ivy League graduates routinely fail history tests that 5th graders could pass a generation ago. Crime rates soar and we blame the 2nd Amendment and slash police budgets.

Our culture is certifiably insane. Men who think they're women. People who fight racism by



seeking to convince members of one race that they're inherently evil, and others that they are perpetual victims. A psychiatrist lecturing at Yale said she fantasizes about 'unloading a revolver into the head of any white person.'

We slaughter the unborn in the name of freedom, while our birth rate dips lower year by year. Our national debt is so high that we can no longer even pretend that we will repay it one day. It's a \$30-trillion monument to our improvidence and refusal to confront reality. Our 'entertainment' is sadistic, nihilistic, and as enduring as a candy bar wrapper thrown in the trash. Our music is noise that spans the spectrum from annoying to repulsive.

Patriotism is called an insurrection, treason celebrated, and perversion sanctified. A man in blue gets less respect than a man in a dress. We're asking soldiers to fight for a nation our leaders no longer believe in, while meekly most of us submitted to Fauci-ism (the regime of face masks, lock downs, and hand sanitizers) shows the impending death of the American spirit.

How do nations slip from greatness to obscurity?

- \* Fighting endless wars they can't or won't win
- \* Accumulating massive debt far beyond their ability to repay
- \* Refusing to guard their borders, allowing the nation to be inundated by an alien hoard
- \* Surrendering control of their cities to mob rule
- \* Allowing indoctrination of the young
- \* Moving from a republican form of government to an oligarchy
- \* Losing national identity
- \* Indulging indolence

\* Abandoning faith and family - the bulwarks of social order.

In America, every one of these symptoms is pronounced, indicating an advanced stage of the disease. Even if the cause seems hopeless, do we not have an obligation to those who sacrificed so much to give us what we had? I'm surrounded by ghosts urging me on: the Union soldiers who held Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg, the battered bastards of Bastogne, those who served in the cold hell of Korea, the guys who went to the jungles of Southeast Asia and came home to be reviled or neglected.

This is the nation that took in my immigrant grandparents, whose uniform my father and most of my uncles wore in the Second World War. I don't want to imagine a world without America, even though it becomes increasingly likely.

During Britain's darkest hour, when its professional army was trapped at Dunkirk and a German invasion seemed imminent, Churchill reminded his countrymen, 'Nations that go down fighting rise again, and those that surrender tamely are finished.'

The same might be said of causes. If we let America slip through our fingers, if we lose without a fight, what will posterity say of us? While the prognosis is far from good. Only God knows if America's day in the sun is over."

Read it and weep, forward or erase it! I read it and am now forwarding it to you. Believing that we in America are at the moment in time to stand up, or let it fall! We now may soon be at the next step in our country's future. I believe that it might be closer than we think.



# I Was There Last Night

By Robert Clark

A couple of years ago someone asked me if I still thought about Vietnam. I nearly laughed in their face. How do you stop thinking about it? Every day for the last (50 plus) years, I wake up with it, and go to bed with it. But this is what I said. "Yea, I think about it. I can't quit thinking about it. I never will. But, I've also learned to live with it. I'm comfortable with the memories. I've learned to stop trying to forget and learned instead to embrace it. It just doesn't scare me anymore." A psychologist once told me that NOT being affected by the experience over there would be abnormal. When he told me that, it was like he'd just given me a pardon. It was as if he said, "Go ahead and feel something about the place, Bob. It ain't going nowhere. You're gonna wear it for the rest of your life. Might as well get to know it."

A lot of my "brothers" haven't been so lucky. For them the memories are too painful, their sense of loss too great. My sister told me of a friend she has whose husband was in the Nam. She asks this guy when he was there. Here's what he said, "JUST LAST NIGHT." It took my sister a while to figure out what he was talking about. JUST LAST NIGHT. Yeah I was in the Nam. When? JUST LAST NIGHT. During sex with my wife. And on my way to work this morning. Over my lunch hour. Yeah, I was there.

My sister says I'm not the same brother that went to Vietnam. My wife says I won't let people get close to me, not even her. They are probably both right.

Ask a vet about making friends in Nam. It was risky. Why? Because we were in the business of death, and death was with us all the time. It wasn't the death of, "If I die before I wake." This was the real thing. The kind where boys scream for their mothers. The kind that lingers in your mind and becomes more real each time you cheat it.

You don't want to make a lot of friends when the possibility of dying is that real, that close. When you do, they're a liability.

A guy named Bob Flanigan was my friend. Bob Flanigan is dead. I put him in a body bag one sunny day, April 29, 1969. We'd been talking, only a few minutes before he was shot, about what we were going to do when we got back in the world. Now, this was a guy who had come in country the same time as myself. A guy who was loveable and generous. He had blue eyes and sandy blond hair. When he talked, it was with a soft drawl. Flanigan was a hick and he knew it. That was part of his charm. He didn't care. Man, I loved this guy like the brother I never had. But, I screwed up. I got too close to him. Maybe I didn't know any better. But I broke one of the unwritten rules of war.

**DON'T GET CLOSE TO PEOPLE WHO ARE GOING TO DIE.** Sometimes you can't help it. You hear vets use the term "buddy" when they refer to a guy they spent the war with. "Me and this buddy a mine."

In war you learn to keep people at that distance my wife talks about. You become so good at it, that twenty years after the war, you still do it without thinking. You won't allow yourself to be vulnerable again. My wife knows two people who can get into the soft spots inside me. My daughters. I know it probably bothers her that they can do this. It's not that I don't love my wife, I do. She's put up with a lot from me. She'll tell you that when she signed on for better or worse she had no idea there was going to be so much of the latter. But with my daughters it's different. My girls are mine. They'll always be my kids. Not marriage, not distance, not even death can change that. They are something on this earth that can never be taken away from me. I belong to them. Nothing can change that. I can have an ex-wife; but my girls can never have an ex-father. There's the difference.



I can still see the faces, though they all seem to have the same eyes. When I think of us I always see a line of "dirty grunts" sitting on a paddy dike. We're caught in the first gray silver between darkness and light. That first moment when we know we've survived another night, and the business of staying alive for one more day is about to begin. There was so much hope in that brief space of time. It's what we used to pray for. "One more day, God. One more day. "And I can hear our conversations as if they'd only just been spoken. I still hear the way we sounded, the hard cynical jokes, our morbid senses of humor. We were scared to death of dying, and trying our best not to show it. I recall the smells, too. Like the way cordite hangs on the air after a fire-fight. Or the pungent odor of rice paddy mud. So different from the black dirt of Iowa. The mud of Nam smells ancient, somehow. Like it's always been there. And I'll never forget the way blood smells, stick and drying on my hands. I spent a long night that way once. That memory isn't going anywhere.

I remember how the night jungle appears almost dream like as the pilot of a Cessna buzzes overhead, dropping parachute flares until morning. That artificial sun would flicker and make shadows run through the jungle. It was worse than not being able to see what was out there sometimes. I remember once looking at the man next to me as a flare floated overhead. The shadows around his eyes were so deep that it looked like his eyes were gone. I reached over and touched him on the arm; without looking at me he touched my hand. "I know man. I know." That's what he said. It was a human moment. Two guys a long way from home and scared sh\*tless. "I know man." And at that moment he did.

God I loved those guys. I hurt every time one of them died. We all did. Despite our posturing. Despite our desire to stay disconnected, we couldn't help ourselves. I know why Tim O'Brien writes his stories. I know what gives Bruce Weigle the words to

create poems so honest I cry at their horrible beauty. It's love. Love for those guys we shared the experience with.

We did our jobs like good soldiers, and we tried our best not to become as hard as our surroundings. We touched each other and said, "I know. " Like a mother holding a child in the middle of a nightmare, "It's going to be all right. " We tried not to lose touch with our humanity. We tried to walk that line. To be the good boys our parents had raised and not to give into that unnamed thing we knew was inside us all.

You want to know what frightening is? It's a nineteen-year-old-boy who's had a sip of that power over life and death that war gives you. It's a boy who, despite all the things he's been taught, knows that he likes it. It's a nineteen-year-old who's just lost a friend, and is angry and scared and, determined that, "Some \*@#\*s gonna pay. " To this day, the thought of that boy can wake me from a sound sleep and leave me staring at the ceiling. As I write this, I have a picture in from of me. It's of two young men. On their laps are tablets. One is smoking a cigarette. Both stare without expression at the camera. They're writing letters. Staying in touch with places they would rather be. Places and people they hope to see again. The picture shares space in a frame with one of my wife. She doesn't mind. She knows she's been included in special company. She knows I'll always love those guys who shared that part of my life, a part she never can. And she understands how I feel about the ones I know are out there yet. The ones who still answer the question, "When were you in Vietnam?"

**"Hey, man. I was there  
just last night."**





We are the **Exennials**,  
We grew up in the 40s-50s-60s.  
We studied in the 50s-60s-70s.  
We dated in the 50s-60s-70s.  
We got married and discovered the world in the  
60s-70s-80s.  
We ventured into the 70s-80s.  
We stabilized in the 90s.  
We got wiser in the 2000s.  
And went firmly through the 2010s.

Turns out we've lived through NINE different  
decades..

TWO different centuries...

TWO different millennia...

We have gone from the telephone with an  
operator for long-distance calls to video calls to  
anywhere in the world, we have gone from slides  
to YouTube, from vinyl records to online music,  
from handwritten letters to email and  
Whats App..

From live matches on the radio, to black and  
white TV, and then to HDTV...

We went to Blockbuster and now we watch  
Netflix..

We got to know the first computers, punch  
cards, diskettes and now we have gigabytes and  
megabytes in hand on our cell phones or iPads...

We wore shorts throughout our childhood and  
then long pants, oxfords, Bermuda shorts, etc.

We dodged infantile paralysis, meningitis, H1N1  
flu and now COVID-19..

We rode skates, tricycles, invented cars,  
bicycles, mopeds, gasoline or diesel cars and now  
we ride hybrids or 100% electric...NEVER !!!

Yes, we've been through a lot but what a great  
life we've had!

They could describe us as "**exennials**"...people  
who were born in that world of the 40's and  
50's who had an analog childhood and a digital  
adulthood.

**We're kind of Ya-seen-it-all.!!**

Our generation has literally lived through and  
witnessed more than any other in every  
dimension of life.

It is our generation that has literally adapted to  
"CHANGE".

A big round of applause to all the members of a  
very special generation, which are **UNIQUE**.  
Here's a precious and very true message that I  
received from a friend:

### **TIME DOES NOT STOP**

Life is a task that we do ourselves every day.

When you look... it's already six in the  
afternoon; when you look... it's already Friday;  
when one looks... the month is over; when one  
looks... the year is over; when one looks... 50, 60,  
70 and 80 years have passed!

When you look... we no longer know where our  
friends are.

When you look... we lost the love of our life and  
now, it's too late to go back.

Do not stop doing something you like due to lack  
of time. Do not stop having someone by your  
side, because your children will soon not be  
yours, and you will have to do something with  
that remaining time, where the only thing that  
we are going to miss will be the space that can  
only be enjoyed with the usual friends. This time  
that, unfortunately, never returns...

The day is today!

**WE ARE NO LONGER AT AN AGE TO  
POSTPONE ANYTHING.**

Hopefully, you have time to read and then share  
this message... or else leave it for \*Later\* and  
you will see that you will never share it!

Always together

Always united

Always brothers/sisters

Always friends

Pass it on to your best friends.

Don't leave it for later.



# THE PHUNNIE PAGES

A new supermarket opened near my house. It has an automatic water mister to keep the produce fresh. Just before it goes on, you hear the sound of distant thunder and the smell of fresh rain.

When you pass the milk cases, you hear cows mooing, and you experience the scent of freshly mown hay.

In the meat department, there is the aroma of charcoal-grilled steaks with onions.

When you approach the egg case, you hear hens cluck and cackle, and the air is filled with the pleasing aroma of bacon and eggs frying.

The in-house bakery features the tantalizing smell of fresh baked bread and pastries.

I don't buy toilet paper there anymore.



## MALE VS. FEMALE AT THE ATM MACHINE

A new sign in the Bank Lobby reads:

'Please note that this Bank is installing new Drive-through ATM machines enabling customers to withdraw cash without leaving their vehicles.

Customers using this new facility are requested to use the procedures outlined below when accessing their accounts.

After months of careful research, "MALE & FEMALE" procedures have been developed. Please follow the appropriate steps for your gender.'

\*\*\*\*\*

### MALE PROCEDURE:

1. Drive up to the cash machine.
2. Put down your car window.
3. Insert card into machine and enter PIN.
4. Enter amount of cash required and withdraw.
5. Retrieve card, cash and receipt.
6. Put window up.
7. Drive off.

\*\*\*\*\*

### FEMALE PROCEDURE:

(What is really funny is that most of this part is the truth!!!!)

1. Drive up to cash machine.
2. Reverse and back up the required amount to align car window with the machine.
3. Set parking brake, put the window down.
4. Find handbag, remove all contents on to passenger seat to locate card.
5. Tell person on cell phone you will call them back and hang up.
6. Attempt to insert card into machine.

7. Open car door to allow easier access to machine due to its excessive distance from the car.
8. Insert card.
9. Re-insert card the right way.
10. Dig through handbag to find diary with your PIN written on the inside back page.
11. Enter PIN.
12. Press cancel and re-enter correct PIN.
13. Enter amount of cash required.
14. Check makeup in rear view mirror.
15. Retrieve cash and receipt.
16. Empty handbag again to locate wallet and place cash inside.
17. Write debit amount in check register and place receipt in back of check book.
18. Re-check makeup.
19. Drive forward 2 feet.
20. Reverse back to cash machine.
21. Retrieve card.
22. Re-empty handbag, locate card holder, and place card into the slot provided.
23. Give dirty look to irate male driver waiting behind you.
24. Restart stalled engine and pull off.
25. Re-dial person on cell phone.
26. Drive for 2 to 3 miles.
27. Release Parking Brake.



A blonde is terribly overweight, so her doctor puts her on a diet.

"I want you to eat regularly for two days, then skip a day, and repeat this procedure for two weeks," the doctor ordered. "The next time I see you, you'll have lost at least five pounds."

When the blonde returns, she's lost nearly 20 pounds.

"Why, that's amazing!" the doctor said. "Did you follow my instructions?"

The blonde nods, "I'll tell you, though, I thought I was going to drop dead that third day."

"From hunger, you mean?" the doc questioned.

"No, from skipping."



## A FROG, A BANK AND A LOAN

A frog goes into a bank and approaches the teller. He can see from her nameplate that the teller's name is Patricia Whack. So he says, "Ms. Whack, I'd like to get a loan to buy a boat and go on a long vacation."

Patti looks at the frog in disbelief and asks how much he wants to borrow.

The frog says \$30,000.



# THE PHUNNIE PAGES

The teller asks his name and the frog says that his name is Kermit Jagger, his dad is Mick Jagger, and that it's OK, he knows the bank manager.

Patti explains that \$30,000 is a substantial amount of money and that he will need to secure some collateral against the loan. She asks if he has anything he can use as collateral.

The frog says, "Sure. I have this," and produces a tiny pink porcelain elephant, about half an inch tall, bright pink and perfectly formed.

Very confused, Patti explains that she'll have to consult with the manager and disappears into a back office.

She finds the manager and says "There's a frog called Kermit Jagger out there who claims to know you and wants to borrow \$30,000. He wants to use this as collateral." She holds up the tiny pink elephant. "I mean, what the heck is this?"

The bank manager looks back at her and says: "It's a knick knack, Patti Whack. Give the frog a loan. His old man's a Rolling Stone"



## Love Making tips for seniors...

1. Wear your glasses to make sure your partner is actually in the bed.
2. Set timer for 3 minutes, in case you doze off in the middle.
3. Set the mood with lighting. (Turn them ALL OFF!)
4. Make sure you put 911 on your speed dial before you begin.
5. Write partner's name on your hand in case you can't remember..
6. Use extra polygrip so your teeth don't end up under the bed.
7. Have Tylenol ready in case you actually complete the act..
8. Make all the noise you want....the neighbors are deaf, too.
9. If it works, call everyone you know with the good news!!
10. Don't even think about trying it twice.



## 'OLD' IS WHEN...

Your sweetie says, 'Let's go upstairs and make love,' and you answer, 'Pick one; I can't do both!'

## 'OLD' IS WHEN...

Your friends compliment you on your new alligator shoes and you're barefoot.

## 'OLD' IS WHEN....

Going bra-less pulls all the wrinkles out of your face.

## 'OLD' IS WHEN...

You are cautioned to slow down by the doctor instead of by the police .

## 'OLD' IS WHEN..

'Getting a little action' means you don't need to take a laxative today.

## 'OLD' IS WHEN....

'Getting lucky' means you find your car in the parking lot..

## 'OLD' IS WHEN...

An 'all nighter' means not getting up to use the bathroom.



## 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?"

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.'"



If you've ever owned your own business, been an entrepreneur or wondered what it's like doing so, this is as close to reality as it gets.

## Business owner?.....WAGE AUDIT

The IRS suspected a fishing boat owner wasn't paying proper wages to his Deckhand and sent an agent to investigate him.

**IRS AUDITOR:** "I need a list of your employees and how much you pay them".

**Boat Owner:** "Well, there's Clarence, my deckhand, he's been with me for 3 years. I pay him \$1,000 a week plus free room and board. Then there's the mentally challenged guy. He works about 18 hours every day and does about 90% of the work around here. He makes about \$10 per week, pays his own room and board, and I buy him a bottle of Bacardi rum and a dozen Budweisers every Saturday night so he can cope with life. He also gets to sleep with my wife occasionally".

**IRS AUDITOR:** "That's the guy I want to talk to - the mentally challenged one".

**Boat Owner:** "That would be me. What would you like to know"?

THAT'S ALL FOLKS



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*"The true soldier fights not because he hates what is in front of him,  
but because he loves what is behind him."*

G.K. CHESTERTON