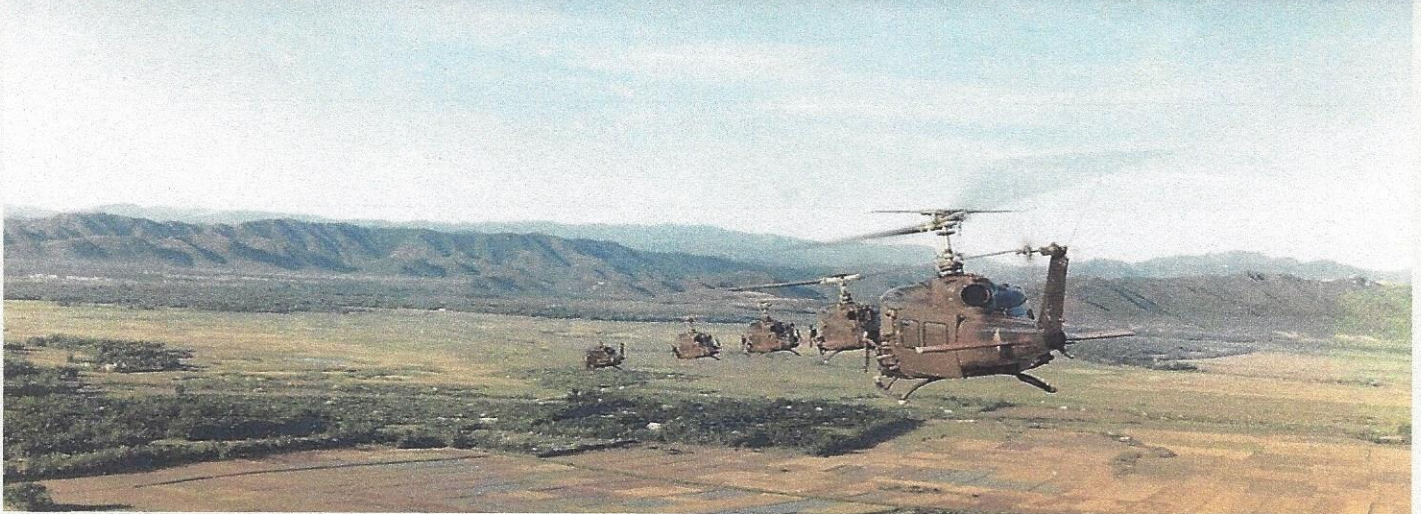


"LZ 53"
Newsletter of
VIETNAM VETERANS OF AMERICA
SOUTH BAY CHAPTER 53

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

July - August 2023



"GOING IN"

OFFICERS

Prez - Dennis Wild	310 283-2729
VP - Kirk Gillett	310 371-1090
Sec - Steve Crecy	310 766-2316
Treas- Tom Kaehler	805 558-4507

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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

LZ 53 Newsletter

EDITOR

Steve Mandel 310 547-3819
smandelfive@dslexxtreme.com

Ch53 WebMaster's

Jeff Martin - Steve Crecy
www.vva53.org

COMMITTEE'S

Membership	Jeff Martin
Scholarships	Jerry Orlemann
Chaplain - Cliff Rapp	310 750-0991

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@dslexxtreme.com

Chapter 53 Meetings

July 18, 2023 (Tues)

August 15, 2023 (Tues)

Board Meetings @ 1200 pm

General Meetings @ 1:00 pm

Hawthorne VFW Post 2075

4563 W. 131st Street - Hawthorne, Ca 90250



Happy "247" Birthday USA

Happy "248" Birthday U.S. ARMY

Happy "233" Birthday U.S. Coast Guard

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

date	day	July 2023 Monthly Calendar
1	sat	Hermosa Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
2	sun	
3	mon	
4	tue	Happy Birthday USA
5	wed	
6	thur	
7	fri	
8	sat	
9	sun	
10	mon	
11	tue	
12	wed	
13	thur	
14	fri	
15	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
16	sun	Hawthorne VFW breakfast 9-noon \$12.00 4563 W. 131st St. Hawthorne
17	mon	
18	tue	Business Mtg 12pm-General Mtg 1pm @ Hawthorne VFW 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne
19	wed	
20	thur	
21	fri	
22	sat	
23	sun	
24	mon	
25	tue	
26	wed	
27	thur	1953 - End of Korean War
28	fri	
29	sat	
30/31		sun/mon

date	day	August 2023 Monthly Calendar
1	tue	
2	wed	1990 - Gulf War begins.....
3	thur	
4	fri	Coast Guard Birthday
5	sat	Hermosa Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
6	sun	
7	mon	Purple Heart Day
8	tue	
9	wed	
10	thue	
11	fri	
12	sat	
13	sun	
14	mon	1775 - United States Army established....
15	tue	Business Mtg 12pm-General Mtg 1pm @ Hawthorne VFW 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne
16	wed	
17	thur	
18	fri	
19	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
20	sun	Hawthorne VFW breakfast 9-noon \$12.00 4563 W. 131st St. Hawthorne
21	mon	
22	tue	
23	wed	
24	thur	
25	fri	
26	sat	
27	sun	
28	mon	
29	tue	
30/31		wed/thur

Monthly Message Board July-August 2023

Nick Nickelson, Chapter 53 member.....

Sixty years ago today, Mercury Astronaut Gordon Cooper completed his historic thirty-four hour twenty-two earth orbit mission when he splashed down in the Pacific Ocean just four miles from the recovery ship U.S.S. Kearsarge. After splash down, three Navy Frogmen (R.E. Sallient, Bert Swift, and (standing) Nick Nickelson) jumped from a Navy Helicopter and attached a flotation collar to the Mercury Capsule (see above pictures). They then stayed with the capsule while it was towed back to the Kearsarge with Cooper still inside the tiny capsule. The capsule was then lifted aboard the Kearsarge and Cooper safely removed.



Coming Events

FUNDRAISER: THE BREW'S HALL

where: 21770 Del Amo Circle - Torrance

when: Wednesday July 12, 2023

time: 1130am-close

Mention Vietnam Veterans of America Chapter 53 or present flyer - A donation of 15% of sales goes to Ch 53



VIETNAM VETERANS OF AMERICA JUNIOR RESERVE OFFICER TRAINING CORPS (JROTC) MEDAL PROGRAM

Two Torrance North High School Army JROTC cadets who were awarded the medal by Chapter 53, spring 2023.

Both awardees are 4.0 students. Cadets Aahil Rayhan Mohamed and Robert Ferrel have helped our program in several ways.

LTC Nolan Flores, is the unit commander .

AWARD CRITERIA: 1. Cadet exemplifies core values of the Vietnam Veterans of America: Advocacy, Meaningful Achievement, Integrity, Compassion, Camaraderie. 2. Cadet must have completed second year of JROTC at end of current school year. 3. Cadet is in the upper 25 percent of his/her class academically and in JROTC achievements.



SAFE

Our chapter has been challenged to get the remaining cities in the South Bay of California to join the cities of Torrance, Manhattan Beach, and Hawthorne in introducing SAFE to the City Council meetings. What better way to introduce SAFE those remaining cities, than to have someone from our chapter who lives in one of those cities to be the spokesperson for SAFE to that city. We expect that members will volunteer to be that advocate. If, however, we do not have volunteers, we will ask specific members to do so for his city. The members of the committee for this initiative, namely Cliff Rapp, Charlie Saulinas and Bob Chiota, are ready to assist in any way.



VFW Post 2075 Hawthorne

Every 3rd Sunday Brunch 9:00 to Noon (arrive early)
\$12.00 - 4563 W. 131st St. Hawthorne, CA 90250
(November and December excepted)



TORRANCE ARMED FORCES PARADE 2023

My Torrance Parade memories:

I was a Air Police Sgt. stationed at Oxnard AFB, CA. in 1968.

Our CO had received an invite to show off our K-9s in the Torrance parade. Capt. Jackamowitz asked (ordered) me to grab my gear, a couple of my buddies and their bad ass dogs and get going. Got a 2 1/2 ton truck from the Motor Pool and picked up the cages, dogs and handlers and off we went. After the parade we hung around and got to meet a lot of Vets. We had a blast and a half..... Don Dinubilo



A great BIG THANKS to Claude Kassouf for the use of his 5 ton Military Truck carrying our members. Plus a BIG THANKS to Dennis Phelps for the use of the Huey Helicopter that our members rode in the parade.

SOMETIMES THE HERD IS WRONG

by Terry Garlock*, Peachtree City, GA

Well into the autumn of my life, I am occasionally reminded the end is not too far over the horizon. Mortality puts thoughts in my head, like "What have I done to leave this world a better place?"

There actually are a few things that I think made my existence worthwhile. I will tell you just one of them, because so many of you need to hear it.

No matter how much this rubs the wrong way, I am quite proud to have served my Country in The Vietnam War. Yes, I know, most of you were taught there is shame attached to any role in the war that America lost, an unfortunate mistake, an immoral war, an unwise intrusion into a civil war, a racist war, a war in which American troops committed widespread atrocities, where America had no strategic interest, and that our North Vietnamese enemy was innocently striving to re-unite Vietnam.

The problem is, none of those things are true. That didn't stop America over the last 50 years lapping up this Kool-Aid concocted by the anti-war machine, a loose confederation of protesting activists, the mainstream news media and academia. They opposed the war with loud noise, half-truths and fabrications. They are the ones who still write their version in our schoolbooks, and their account of history conveniently excuses themselves for cowardly encouraging our enemy while we were at war. You see, having the right to protest does not necessarily make it the right or honorable thing to do.

So, yes, I am defiantly proud to have been among those who raised our right hand swearing to do our duty for our country while so many others yelled and screamed and marched, burned their draft cards, declared, "Hell no! I won't go!" and some fled to Canada. In that period of uncomfortable controversy, even patriots tended to look the other way when activists heartily insulted American troops as they returned through California airports from doing the country's hardest work in Vietnam. War correspondent Joe Galloway summed it up nicely in a column about Vietnam vets in the Chicago Tribune long ago; "They were the best you had, America, and you turned your back on them."

To be sure, there were lots of warts and wrinkles in the war. We were fighting a tough Communist enemy, defending South Vietnam's right to remain free. At the

same time we were betrayed by our own leadership in the White House with their incompetent micromanagement and idiotic war-fighting limitations that got thousands of us killed while preventing victory. And we were betrayed by fellow citizens encouraging our enemy.

I was trained to be an Army Cobra helicopter pilot. I remember many times, with no regrets, shooting up the enemy to protect our ground troops, firing to cover fellow pilots, and firing to keep the brutal enemy away from South Vietnamese civilians. A high school student asked me last year how I deal with the guilt. I answered that I don't have any guilt, that I was doing my duty and would proudly do it again.

When John Lennon turned the Beatles into a protest band, his song "Give Peace a Chance" was hailed as genius. Look up the inane lyrics and judge for yourself At protest rallies, crowds of tens of thousands would raise their arms to wave in unison while chanting in ecstasy, "All we are asking, is give peace a chance!" over and over. Luminaries like Tom Smothers, presidential candidate George McGovern, writer and self-acclaimed intellectual Gore Vidal and a host of others lauded Lennon's song and observed "Who wouldn't prefer peace to war?"

What self-indulgent, naive stupidity!

My friend Anh Nguyen was 12 years old in 1968, living in the city of Hue, the cultural center of Vietnam. One morning when he opened the shutters to his bedroom window, a shot was fired over his head, the first he knew the enemy's Tet Offensive had begun. The Communists had negotiated a cease fire for their New Year holiday of Tet, then in treachery attacked on that holiday in about 100 locations all over South Vietnam.

The enemy was well prepared and they took the city of Hue. They had lists of names and addresses provided by spies, and they went from street to street, dragging from their homes political leaders, business owners, teachers, doctors, nurses and other "enemies of the people." The battle raged four weeks before our Marines retook the city. In the aftermath, mass graves with nearly 5,000 bodies were found, executed by the Communists, many tied together and buried alive.

Anh and his family had evacuated to an American compound for protection. Anh says when the battle was over and they walked Highway 1 back to their home, the most beautiful sight his family had ever seen was **US Marines** lining the road, standing guard over South Vietnamese civilians. To follow John Lennon's plea,

Anh's family and countrymen could "Give peace a chance" by surrendering to the Communist invaders, but even a mush-head like Lennon should know there are some things you don't give up without a fight. I doubt Lennon would have understood the best way to ensure peace is to carry the biggest stick.

Want to know what causes me shame?

In 1973, when we basically had the war won, the US gave it away in a peace agreement when escape from Vietnam was the only politically acceptable option.. In the peace agreement, the US pledged our ongoing financial support to South Vietnam's defense, and pledged US direct military intervention if the North Vietnamese ever broke their pledge not to attack South Vietnam. In the 1974 elections, in the aftermath of the Watergate scandal and President Nixon's resignation, Democrats were swept into Congress and promptly cut off all funding to South Vietnam in violation of the US pledge..

Of course North Vietnam was watching.

In early 1975 when the North Vietnamese attacked South Vietnam, President Ford literally *begged* Congress to fund the US pledge to intervene, and Congress refused.

The same news media, protesters and academia who had screamed against the war, firmly turned their back in 1975 and refused to notice the slaughter and inhumanity as the Communists overwhelmed the ally America had thrown under the bus. Even *today*, few on the anti-war side know or care there were roughly 75,000 executions, that a panicked million fled in over-packed rickety boats and died at sea by the tens of thousands, that a million were sent to brutal re-education camps for decades and also died by the tens of thousands, or that South Vietnamese who fought to remain free - and their descendants - are still persecuted to this day. Abandoning our ally to that fate is America's everlasting shame.

We could have won that war if our military had been allowed to take off the soft gloves, but it went on far too long with no end in sight, mismanaged to a fare-thee-well by the White House and became America's misery. Through it all, even the betrayals from home, we fought well and never lost one significant battle.

Leftists think they know all about the war and the Americans who fought it. They don't know didley.

At the 334th Attack Helicopter Company in Bien Hoa, we Cobra pilots were 19 to 25 years old with very rough edges. We thought of ourselves as gunslingers and might have swaggered a bit. We drank too much at the end of a sweat-stained day, for fun or escape or both. We laughed off close calls with the bravado of gallows humor. We toasted our dead and hid the pain of personal loss deep inside. We swore a lot and told foul jokes. We pushed away the worry of how long our luck would hold, and the next day we would bet our life again to protect the South Vietnamese people and each other.

To properly characterize my fellow Vietnam vets, I need to borrow words from John Steinbeck as he wrote about the inhabitants of Cannery Row, and ask you to look from my angle, past their flaws, to see them as I often do, " . . . saints and angels, martyrs and holy men." America's best.

I am proud to be one of them because we faced evil together in a valiant effort to keep the South Vietnamese people free, doing God's work for a little while, even though it failed by the hand of our own countrymen working against us from safety at home.

More than any other class of people, I trust and admire the American men and women who served in Vietnam and met the test of their mettle, even the ones I don't know. I wouldn't trade a single one of them for a thousand leftist anti-war elites

Everyone deserves a second chance But for the naval-gazing flower children who remain unrepentant about encouraging the enemy we were fighting, who still smugly know all the wrong answers about us and the Vietnam War, who have never known mortal danger and didn't give a fig when Saigon fell and the Commies made South Vietnamese streets run red with the blood of innocent people.

I want to be sure to deliver this invitation before I get too old and feeble:

Kiss me where the *sun* don't shine.

*Terry Garlock lives in Peachtree City, GA.

Published on *Wed Jan 30, 2019* in *The Citizen*, a Fayette County GA newspaper.



What Was A Firebase?



Vietnam was a non-linear war. There were no front lines with enemies on one side and friendlies on the other. Tactical problems could become very complex, with the enemy potentially in any or all directions. It was vital to be able to observe and fire 360 degrees all-around. Although atypical of most 20th-century warfare, those conditions were not necessarily unique to military history. Perhaps the closest American experience was the Indian Wars of the 19th century—with isolated forts established to control certain areas and provide security to overland travel routes and civilian settlements in the sector.

One solution to the Vietnam War tactical problem was the **fire support base (or firebase)**. Most 19th-century forts were isolated and had to be self-sufficient. Thanks to 20th-century technology, the firebases used by the allies in Vietnam could communicate with each other instantly and could be resupplied and reinforced by air.

What Was A Firebase?

The fire support base was a combined infantry-artillery position that sometimes included armor. Depending on the planned duration of the position, firebases could be dug-in heavily and reinforced with engineer assets. Perhaps the greatest strength of the firebases was their ability to cover each other with mutually supporting fires over great distances. It is a long-standing principle of firepower that massing fires is the most effective way to use artillery.

Recommended for you

Through the 19th century, the only way to mass fires was to physically group the guns together on the ground. Between World Wars I and II, improved communications combined with innovative advances in fire direction control techniques made it possible to mass fires instantly on enemy targets from many widely-dispersed guns.

Firebases could reinforce the fires of their own internal guns with the guns of any or all other firebases within artillery range. It was a powerful multiplier effect.

How Were Firebases Set Up?

The size, composition, and positional duration of a firebase depended on the planning factors of mission,

enemy, terrain, and troop availability. Some firebases were very large and held positions for months or longer. Other firebases were relatively small and remained in position for days or weeks. A smaller firebase might consist of a company of infantry with a two-gun artillery platoon in the center of the position. A larger firebase might consist of two or three infantry companies, or possibly an entire battalion.

The artillery would consist of an entire six-gun battery. Instead of being positioned in the normal staggered line, the guns were deployed in a star position, with the base piece at the center and the other five guns forming the points of the star to provide rapid and effective fire in any direction. Smaller firebases with two or four howitzers deployed their guns when possible in square or triangle formations.

Firebases on flatter terrain were usually round, and those on ridges generally were rectangular due to terrain. Most larger firebases contained a helicopter landing pad for resupply and medical evacuation. When a firebase deployed forward, the guns often were moved by air.

Firebases Used in Attack and Defense

The firebases were not merely passive defensive positions. Infantry patrols aggressively pushed out from the perimeter, day and night, but usually stayed within the guns' maximum effective range fan—roughly 11,000 meters for 105mm howitzers and 14,000 meters for 155mm howitzers. When a patrol made contact, it could call for fire support not only from the guns of its own firebase but those of any other firebase in range.

The firebases, of course, invited attack. One gun inside the firebase usually fired illumination rounds to deprive attackers of the cover of darkness. Other guns delivered fires where needed outward from the perimeter. Firing close to friendly troops could be complex because of the large bursting radius of HE ammunition. The solution to that problem was the M-546 Antipersonnel Round for the 105mm howitzer. Popularly called the "Beehive Round," it fired 8,000 steel flechettes, triggered by a time fuze set to detonate just outside the perimeter. A green star cluster hand flare fired just before the Beehive warned troops on the perimeter to take cover.

Between 1961 and 1973, U.S. and allied forces established more than 8,000 fire support bases in Vietnam; only a small fraction existed at any given time. Some of the war's fiercest battles were fought over firebases, including Firebase Ripcord in Thua Thien Province (July 1-23, 1970); Firebase Mary Ann in Quang Tin Province (March 28, 1970); and Firebase Gold in Tay Ninh Province (March 21, 1967). Neither the VC nor the NVA ever managed to overrun a U.S. forces firebase.

The Donut Dollies of Vietnam



During World War II numerous teams of three female Red Cross volunteers operated clubmobiles equipped with a kitchen area with a stove for heating water for coffee and a built-in donut-making machine. These clubmobiles traveled with the rear echelon units, but each day their teams ventured out to different operating areas to visit Soldiers, play Victrola records, pass out sundry items, and serve hot coffee and fresh-made donuts to the troops.

Female Red Cross workers answered the call to duty again during the Korean War. In its early stages, they earned the endearing nickname, "Donut Dollies," turning out up to 20,000 donuts a day for American Soldiers disembarking troop ships in Pusan.

The Donut Dollies were most visible to troops serving in Vietnam. Between February 1962 and March 1973, they logged over 2,000,000 miles by jeep, deuce-and-a-half, and helicopter, visiting combat troops at remote fire bases from An Khe to Yen Giang (there's no "Z" in Vietnamese). And they didn't pass out a single donut during this war.



Jan Woods flying in a Huey over Vietnam.

Instead, usually traveling at least in pairs and dressed in their signature pale blue outfits, this time they brought smiles, songs, games, and a touch of back home to the guys who were in the bush counting the days down from 365.

Over 600 Donut Dollies responded to the somewhat opaque Red Cross's ads seeking "qualified young women who were willing to serve one year overseas." They had to be at least 21, have a college education, and have that "girl next door" look. Among the understated requirements: "the job requires a capacity for hard work under less than ideal conditions."

After only two weeks of training in Washington, D.C. as Red Cross recreation workers, the women packed off for Vietnam where they set up recreation centers before the USO and Special Services arrived and wrote up and conducted recreation programs in the field for troops who couldn't visit the centers.



Jan Woods in Quan Loi, Vietnam. (Photos courtesy of Jan Woods.)

They also visited hospitals to hand out activity books and spent time in evac hospitals with the wounded. As one Donut Dolly put it, "Our job was to smile and be bubbly for an entire year— no matter what the situation."

No one appreciated the presence of the Donut Dollies more than the troops on the remote firebases. Minutes spent talking about home or sports or music or wives and girlfriends with a fresh-faced American girl with a pony tail wearing a tinge of lipstick and a splash of perfume was a terrific morale boost.

And the fact that these young women had the guts to brave incoming mortars, sniper and ground- to-air fire, and other wartime hardships and dangers to visit the firebases earned them the unarguable respect and admiration of the troops. And that's exactly how Vietnam veterans remember the Red Cross Donut Dollies nearly forty years later— with unarguable appreciation, respect, and admiration.

"I CAME TO SEE MY SON'S NAME"

By Jim Schueckler

My job as a volunteer "visitor guide" was to help people find names on the "Moving Wall," a replica of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. More importantly, I gave visitors a chance to talk. While searching the directory or leading a visitor to the name they sought, I would quietly ask, "Was he a friend or a relative?"

Over the six days, I began conversations that way with several hundred people. Only a handful gave me a short answer; almost everyone wanted to talk. Each had their own story to tell.

For some, the words poured out as if the floodgates of a dam, that had been closed for thirty years, had just burst open. For others, the words came out slowly and deliberately between long pauses. Sometimes, they choked on the words, and they cried. I also cried as I listened, asked more questions, and silently prayed that my words would help to heal, not to hurt.

"I came to see my son's name."

I heard those and similar words from several parents who came to the Moving Wall. Their son had died in a war that divided our country like no other event since the Civil War. He died in a war that some Americans had blamed on the soldiers, who were called to fight it. Some young men had no choice; they were called by the draft. Others, including some 30,000 women, were called differently, by a sense of duty to their family and nation.

Our culture mourns and respects our dead; but in the shadow of that bitter war, the sacrifices, of those who died and of their families, were not given dignity. Mothers and fathers came to see that their sons had not been forgotten, that their names were remembered on that Wall, that someone else cares.

A frail and elderly mother came to the Moving Wall in a wheelchair. As we looked for her son's name, she described his interests during high school and then the agonizing days when she was first told that her son was injured, then missing, then classified as "lost at sea." She asked me to thank all the other people who helped bring the Moving Wall to Batavia.

"Til death do us part" came abruptly to thousands of marriages because of that war. I met two widows of men whose names are on the Wall. One woman showed me a picture of her husband and a separate picture of their daughter...a daughter that her husband never met...a girl who grew up without a father. I was painfully aware that, had some Viet Cong soldiers been slightly better marksmen, my wife and son might have come to the Wall to see my name.

Sisters and brothers came to see a name. One brother so close in age that "People were always calling us by the other's name, and we both hated it." A sister said, "I was so much younger than him, I didn't realize why my Mom was crying when we said goodbye to him at the airport."

One brother confided that, although he had not been a war protester, his feelings and his first confrontation with the Wall in Washington were almost identical to those of the brother in the play "The Wall, a Pilgrimage." He said, "It was as if the actor had reached into my soul and exposed every one of my feelings about my brother and the war."

A group of four people stood near one panel. I offered to make a rubbing of a name. The man pointed to the name..... **Paul D. Urquhart**

I asked, "Is that Captain Paul Urquhart, the helicopter pilot?"

The man nodded and said, "He's my brother."

I explained that I flew with Paul on his first tour in Vietnam and read that he had been shot down during his second tour. Paul's brother said that he and his family came from Pennsylvania on the anniversary date of Paul's becoming Missing In Action. I made a rubbing of Paul's name and added a rubbing of the Army Aviator wings from my hat, a symbol we had both worn so proudly so long ago.

Aunts and uncles also came to see a special name on the Wall. One aunt said, "He stayed overnight at our house so much that one neighbor thought he was our son." An uncle lamented, "I took him hunting. I was the one who taught him to like guns."

Cousins came to the Wall; and many said, "He was like a brother."

One man asked me to look up the name..... **Douglas Smith**

I asked back, "Do you mean Doug Smith, a Marine, from North Tonawanda High School?"

The man introduced me to his wife, Doug's cousin. She was pleased to be able to talk about Doug with a classmate who remembered him. I showed her Doug's name on my own personal list.

Veterans came to see the names of their buddies. Most of them were eager to tell me about their friend or how he died. Many remembered the day in great detail and spoke of what's called "survivor's guilt..."

"He went out on patrol in my place that day" or "If I hadn't been away on R & R (rest and recuperation), he wouldn't be dead."

Others were bothered that they couldn't remember much about their friend because they had tried to "block it out" for so many years. Another man said, "I lost a few good friends while I was there (Vietnam), but

I don't want to find just their names because I feel the same about all 58,000 of these names."

"Tree-line vets" are men or women who have finally been able to go to a Moving Wall location but are terrified of coming close enough to actually see some names that have been haunting them so many years. One such veteran stood for a long time some fifty feet from the Wall. My brothers, Vic and Chris, talked with him. After awhile, he and Vic were able to laugh about some of their common Marine Corps experiences; and then they were finally able to approach, see, and touch, those names together.

Many people came to the Wall in the privacy or serenity of darkness. Our security men reported that there were only a few minutes each night that the Wall had no callers at all. One visitor spent several hours in the middle of the night standing in front of a certain panel. Whenever anyone came close, he would move away. When alone again, he would move back to that panel to continue his silent vigil. Still others came in the darkness before dawn to watch the break of a new day over the Wall.

One vet came in a wheelchair. He could not talk or walk; but, with great effort, Peter's shaking hand could scrawl messages on a pad. The nurse who pushed his wheelchair said that Peter had been excited about the Moving Wall visit since he first read about it in the Daily News.

Peter came to see the name of his friend that he thought had died in 1975, but he could not remember the man's name. They had been high school buddies and joined the Army together. They went to boot camp and Vietnam together. Peter saw his friend die.

At the bottom of Panel 1 West, I squatted down and read off the names of the small number of men and one American woman who died in Vietnam in 1975. Peter did not recognize any of the names.

The EDS computer operators ran a search but found no Vietnam casualties from Peter's small home town. We asked if his friend might have come from another town, and Peter wrote "Wales?" The computer search gave one name, but he was killed in 1968. I went back to Peter and asked, "Was his name..... **Eric Jednat**" The shock on Peter's face, and then his tears, told us that we had found the right name. We moved to Panel 53 West, where we turned the wheelchair so Peter could touch his friend's name.

Many people came who were not related to, but knew one or more of the men named on the Wall. A high school teacher told me, "I taught four of these boys."



Others said,

"He was the little boy who lived across the street."

"We were going steady in high school."

"He delivered my newspapers."

"I was his Boy Scout leader."

"He went to our church."

"I worked with his mother at the time he was killed."

"My son played football with him."

"We were classmates for twelve years."

There were hundreds of similar, personal connections between the visitor and one or more names on the Wall.

To other visitors, the names were not as personal but still were significant...

"I didn't know him, but I remember how it shocked the town when he died."

"I just wanted to pay my respects."

"I didn't know any of them, thank God."

"I came to show support for the vets who came back."

"My son went to Vietnam, but he came back OK."

Others expressed amazement...

"I wanted to see the names of the seven young men from Holley. I can't believe our little village lost so many boys."

"I had no idea so many lost their lives."

"Such a waste. Such a terrible, terrible waste."

"I hope and pray we never go through that kind of war again."

"Is this the price of peace?"

Some visitors asked rhetorically, "Will mankind ever learn?"

Two weeks after the visit of the Moving Wall to Batavia, a friend told my wife, "I don't understand all the concern about the Moving Wall; why don't people just forget about that dirty war?"

For many, the Moving Wall does not need to be explained.

Those who do not understand are, perhaps, more fortunate than those who do....

THE PHUNNIE PAGES

ON AGING....

"The years between 50 and 70 are the hardest. You are always being asked to do things, and yet you are not decrepit enough to turn them down." T.S. Elliot

"At age 20, we worry about what others think of us; at age 40, we don't care what they think of us; ...at age 60, we discover they haven't been thinking of us at all."
Ann Landers

"The important thing to remember is that I'm probably going to forget." Unknown

"It's paradoxical that the idea of living a long life appeals to everyone, but the idea of getting old doesn't appeal to anyone." Andy Rooney

"The older I get, the better I used to be." Lee Trevino

"I was thinking about how people seem to read the Bible a lot more as they get older, and then it dawned on me — they're cramming for their final exam." George Carlin

"Grandchildren don't make a man feel old, it's the knowledge that he's married to a grandmother that does." J. Norman Collie

"To get back to my youth I would do anything in the world, except exercise, get up early, or be respectable." Oscar Wilde

"The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for." Will Rogers

"We must recognize that, as we grow older, we become like old cars — more and more repairs and replacements are necessary." C.S. Lewis

"Inside every older person is a younger person wondering what happened." Jennifer Yane

"I'm so old that my blood type is discontinued." Bill Dana

"The older I get, the more clearly I remember things that never happened." Mark Twain

"Old people shouldn't eat healthy foods. They need all the preservatives they can get." Robert Orben



Confucius Say:

OK to let a fool kiss you, but not OK to let a kiss fool you.

Kiss is merely shopping upstairs for real merchandise downstairs.

Better to lose a lover than love a loser.

Man with broken condom often called Daddy.

Drunken man's words often sober man's thoughts.

Viagra just like Disneyland ... One hour wait for 2-minute ride.

Joke is just like sex. Neither any good if you don't get it.

Man who run in front of car get tired. Man who run behind car get exhausted.

Foolish man give wife grand piano, wise man give wife upright organ.

Man with one chopstick go hungry.

Man who scratch ass should not bite fingernails.

Man who eat many prunes get good run for money.

Baseball is wrong: man with four balls cannot walk.

War does not determine who is right, war determine who is left.

Man who fight with wife all day get no piece at night.

Man who drive like hell, bound to get there.

Man who stand on toilet is high on pot.

Man who live in Glass House should change clothes in basement.

Man who fish in other man's well often catch crabs.

Crowded elevator smell different to midget.

Man who wants pretty nurse, must be patient.

Lady who goes camping must be aware of evil intent.

Man who leaps off cliff jumps to conclusion.

"A lion will not cheat on his wife, but a Tiger Wood!"



THE PHUNNIE PAGES

Puns for educated minds...

1. The fattest knight at King Arthur's round table was Sir Cumference. He acquired his size from too much pi.
2. I thought I saw an eye doctor on an Alaskan island, but it turned out to be an optical Aleutian.
3. She was only a whiskey maker, but I loved her still.
4. A rubber band pistol was confiscated from algebra class, because it was a weapon of math disruption.
5. No matter how much you push the envelope, it'll still be stationery.
6. A dog gave birth to puppies near the road and was cited for littering.
7. A grenade thrown into a kitchen in France would result in Linoleum Blownapart.
8. Two silk worms had a race. They ended up in a tie.
9. A hole has been found in the nudist camp wall. The police are looking into it.
10. Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.
11. Atheism is a non-prophet organization.
12. Two hats were hanging on a hat rack in the hallway. One hat said to the other: "You stay here; I'll go on a head."
13. I wondered why the baseball kept getting bigger. Then it hit me.
14. A sign on the lawn at a drug rehab center said: "Keep off the Grass."
15. The midget fortune-teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large.
16. The soldier who survived mustard gas and pepper spray is now a seasoned veteran.
17. A backward poet writes inverse.
18. In a democracy it's your vote that counts. In feudalism it's your count that votes.
19. When cannibals ate a missionary, they got a taste of religion.
20. If you jumped off a bridge in Paris, you'd be in Seine.
21. A vulture boards an airplane, carrying two dead raccoons. The stewardess looks at him and says, "I'm sorry, sir, only one carrion allowed per passenger."
22. Two fish swim into a concrete wall. One turns to the other and says "Dam!"
23. Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly, so they lit a fire in the craft. Unsurprisingly it sank, proving once again that you can't have your kayak and heat it too.
24. Two hydrogen atoms meet. One says, "I've lost my electron." The other says "Are you sure?" The first replies, "Yes, I'm positive."
25. Did you hear about the Buddhist who refused Novocain during a root canal? His goal: transcendental medication.
26. There was the person who sent ten puns to friends, with the hope that at least one of the puns would make them laugh. "No pun in ten did."



Why Do I Like Retirement !!!

submitted by Bob Holmes

Question: How many days in a week?

Answer: 6 Saturdays, 1 Sunday

Question: When is a retiree's bedtime?

Answer: Three hours after he falls asleep on the couch.

Question: How many retirees to change a light bulb?

Answer: Only one, but it might take all day.

Question: What's the biggest gripe of retirees?

Answer: There is not enough time to get everything done.

Question: Why don't retirees mind being called Seniors?

Answer: The term comes with a 10% discount.

Question: Among retirees what is considered formal attire?

Answer: Tied shoes.

Question: Why do retirees count pennies?

Answer: They are the only ones who have the time.

Question: What is the common term for someone who enjoys work and refuses to retire?

Answer: NUTS!

Question: Why are retirees so slow to clean out the basement, attic or garage?

Answer: They know that as soon as they do, one of their adult kids will want to store stuff there.

Question: What do retirees call a long lunch?

Answer: Normal.

Question: What is the best way to describe retirement?

Answer: The never ending Coffee Break.

Question: What's the biggest advantage of going back to school as a retiree?

Answer: If you cut classes, no one calls your parents.

Question: Why does a retiree often say he doesn't miss work, but misses the people he used to work with?

Answer: He is too polite to tell the whole truth.

And, my very favorite....

QUESTION: What do you do all week?

Answer: Monday through Friday, NOTHING.....
Saturday & Sunday, I rest.



**That's All Folks !
until next time**

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



Los Angeles County
Vietnam Veterans
Memorial Highway

Locations of our 14 signs:

- 1) Long Beach - Pch near 7th Street And Bellflower Blvd (Northbound)
- 2) Wilmington - Pch near Avalon Blvd (Southbound);
- 3) Torrance - Pch near Hawthorne Blvd (Northbound);
- 4 & 5) Redondo Beach - Pch at Knob Hill (Southbound & Northbound) - 2 signs
- 6) Hermosa Beach - Pch at Aviation Blvd (Northbound);
- 7) El Segundo - Sepulveda at Hughes Way (Northbound);
- 8) Marina Del Rey - Lincoln at Culver Blvd (Northbound);
- 9) Marina Del Rey - Lincoln at Marina Fwy (I-90) (Southbound);
- 10) Palisades - Pch at Topanga Cyn Blvd; (northbound)
- 11) Malibu - Pch One Mile North Of Malibu Tennis And Riding Club (Southbound).
- 12) Culver City - Pch at Lincoln (South Bound)
- 13 & 14) Manhattan Beach - Sepulveda near Rosecrans & 33rd Street (Southbound and Northbound)

