

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

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

May - June 2023 (Special Issue: Honoring Women)



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LZ 53 Newsletter

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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

* 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@dslextrreme.com

Chapter 53 Meetings

May 16, 2023 (Tues)

June 20, 2023 (Tues)

Board Meetings @ 1200 pm

General Meetings @ 1:00 pm

Hawthorne VFW Post 2075

4563 W. 131st Street - Hawthorne, Ca 90250



Congrats to the Grads

&

Happy Mother's & Father's Day

date	day	May 2023 Monthly Calendar
1	mon	
2	tue	
3	wed	
4	thur	
5	fri	
6	sat	Hermosa Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
7	sun	
8	mon	1945 - VE Day
9	tue	
10	wed	
11	thur	
12	fri	
13	sat	
14	sun	Happy Mother's Day.....
15	mon	1942 - Women's Army Corps established
16	tue	Business Mtg 12pm-General Mtg 1pm @ Hawthorne VFW 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne
17	wed	
18	thur	SPECIAL CLEAN-UP - Torrance Memorial Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
19	fri	
20	sat	Armed Forces Day...google local events
21	sun	
22	mon	
23	tue	
24	wed	
25	thur	
26	fri	
27	sat	
28	sun	
29	mon	Memorial Day observed....
30	tue	
31	wed	

date	day	June 2023 Monthly Calendar
1	thur	
2	fri	
3	sat	Hermosa Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
4	sun	
5	mon	
6	tue	1944 - D-Day
7	wed	
8	thur	
9	fri	
10	sat	
11	sun	
12	mon	
13	tue	
14	wed	1775 - United States Army established....
15	thur	
16	fri	
17	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
18	sun	Happy Father's Day
19	fri	
20	tue	Business Mtg 12pm-General Mtg 1pm @ Hawthorne VFW 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne
21	wed	
22	thur	
23	fri	
24	sat	
25	sun	1950 - Korean War begins....
26	mon	
27	tue	
28	wed	
29	thur	
30	fri	

Monthly Message Board May - June 2022

CHAPTER 53 has a new home.....for meetings
Hawthorne VFW Post 2075
4563 W. 131st Street - Hawthorne, Ca 90250



Chapter 53, at it's April meeting was honored by the local DAR (Daughters of the American Revolution).



L to R: **Karin Amour**, (California State Society, Daughters of the American Revolution) CSSDAR District XIII Director; from El Redondo Chapter, NSDAR: **Jackie Luca**, Regent, **Jackie Bouvier**, Chair, Service to Veterans Committee, **Nancy Insprucker**, Col USAF (ret) Chair 50th Anniversary Vietnam War Committee, **Sandra Adams**, Rear Admiral (ret) USN, DAR chapter member.



Vietnam Veterans Day

Submitted by Cliff Rapp

Attached is a picture of the Vietnam War Monument at the Nixon Library. The monument was dedicated today. Former Secretary of Veterans Affairs, Robert Wilkie was the featured speaker. He said that the gathering of Vietnam Veterans at the Library today was the second largest gathering of Vietnam veterans in the nation, second only to the November 11th gatherings at the Wall in Washington D.C.

The monument pictures a Marine running across a rice paddy. The wreath in front of the monument was placed by the Nixon Library Foundation. They placed identical wreaths at the Wall in D.C. and at each of the service monuments.



Bob Holmes (Chapter 53 member)

Former Manhattan Beach Councilman Bob Holmes is recognized for his 42 years of volunteer service to the South Bay Children's Health Center during the center's 75th anniversary at the Torrance Marriott last Saturday. Redondo Beach-based SBCHC provides dental and mental health services to children. For more information visit SBCHC.com

CONGRATS BOB H..... for a job well done

MEMORIAL DAY ceremonies....

Green Hills - 37th Memorial Day Observance
MONDAY, 29 MAY 2023 @10AM
27501 S Western Ave, Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90275



REDONDO BEACH MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY
MONDAY, 29 MAY 2023 @1PM (1300hrs)

VETERANS PARK
309 ESPLANADE - (corner of Torrance Blvd and Catalina)

CHECK LOCAL PAPERS OR GOOGLE FOR OTHER EVENTS



VVA Ch 53 Torrance Memorial Clean up. April 15, 2023 - Crew members – Dick Cunningham, Dick Amemiya, Charlie Saulenas, Steve Crecy, Thom Kaehler, Dawn Anzack, Jeff Martin and Kirk Gillett. Accomplishments: Spread 10 bags of mulch around roses, Washed & rinsed memorial wall, High Pressure washed benches and concrete, Water soaked each rose section as recommended by our master gardener, Kris who was unable to attend, Cleaned area and deposited all trash into containers

NOTED – ALL FLAGS APPEAR TO VERY WORN AND SHOULD BE REPLACED!



SPECIAL CLEAN-UP DAY - Torrance Memorial will be clean-up on Thursday May 19, 2023 due to Torrance celebrating it's Armed Force Day Parade on Saturday our normal clean up. Clean-up on Thursday will be at the normal time of 830am w/breakfast following.



Military Wife Poem

by Jon M. Nelson

She's keeping the home fires burning,
While a dangerous living he is earning.
She has had so many sleepless nights,
While he's away fighting for our rights.

She's always ready to answer the phone,
When she hears his voice she's not alone.
His months away just seems so long,
But she knows she has to remain strong.

She knew what she was getting into,
When she stood with him and said 'I do'.
She realized she had to make sacrifices,
And have to stand steady during a crisis.

When she doesn't know the time length,
She has to search for her inner strength.
She always expects that knock at the door,
When they tell her he won't be home anymore.

No matter what she'll always stand by his side,
Because her heart is filled with so much pride.

It may be difficult but it is a chosen life,
As she stands in the ranks as a Military Wife.

DR. MARY E. WALKER – MEDAL OF HONOR

Today, Dr. Walker's name is on a plaque in the Pentagon, and she is the only woman of the Civil War, or any war, known to have been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Dr. Mary E. Walker, M.D., a Civil War physician, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor in 1865, upon recommendation of Major General Sherman, and Major General Thomas. Men who remembered the early defeats of the Army of the Potomac in 1861 and 1862, whereas Washington itself became a hospital complex treating 20,000 plus wounded union troops. Horse-drawn ambulance-trains pressed a never ending demand for new facilities to convert into hospitals. The military used public buildings, including one wing of the Patent Office, which became known as the Patent Office Hospital from 1861 to 1863.

Field hospitals abounded, in which the most common surgery was amputation and embalming. As assistant surgeon, Dr. Mary Walker no doubt experienced her share of horror at human suffering. When captured, she became a prisoner of war in a southern prison in Virginia. Dr. Mary Walker's Medal of Honor was rescinded in 1917, along with 910 others. Today, some believe her medal was rescinded because of her involvement as a suffragette. Others, discredit that opinion as 909 medals rescinded were awarded to males. The stated reason, and credible one, was government's effort to "... increase the prestige of the grant."

For whatever reason, former POW Dr. Mary Walker refused to return the MOH, and wore it until her death in 1919. Fifty-eight years later, the U.S. Congress posthumously reinstated her medal, and it was restored by President Carter on June 10, 1977.

Rank and organization:

Contract Acting Assistant Surgeon (civilian),
U. S. Army.

Places and dates:

Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861;

Patent Office Hospital, Washington, D.C.,
October 1861; Chattanooga, Tenn., following
Battle of Chickamauga, September 1863;
Prisoner of War, April 10, 1864 - August 12,
1864, Richmond, Va.;

Battle of Atlanta, September 1864.

Entered service at: Louisville, Ky.

Born: 26 Nov 1832, Oswego County, N.Y.

Citation:

Whereas it appears from official reports that Dr. Mary E. Walker, a graduate of medicine, "has rendered valuable service to the Government and her efforts have been earnest and untiring in a variety of ways," and that she was assigned to duty and served as an assistant surgeon in charge of female prisoners at Louisville, Ky., upon the recommendation of Major Generals Sherman and Thomas, and faithfully served as contract surgeon in the service of the United States, and has devoted herself with much patriotic zeal to the sick and wounded soldiers, both in the field and hospitals, to the detriment of her own health, and has also endured hardships as a prisoner of war four months in a Southern prison while acting as contract surgeon; and

Whereas by reason of her not being a commissioned officer in the military service, a brevet or honorary rank cannot, under existing laws, be conferred upon her; and

Whereas in the opinion of the President an honorable recognition of her services and sufferings should be made:

It is ordered, That a testimonial thereof shall be hereby made and given to the said Dr. Mary E. Walker, and that the usual Medal of Honor for meritorious services be given her.

Given under my hand in the city of Washington, D.C., this 11th day of November, A.D. 1865.

On July 29, 1969 Montgomery (Alabama) reporter and columnist Joe Azbell was at the capital city's train station when he noticed a casket on a cart. Being a reporter his curiosity I suppose got the better of him and he asked a porter about it. The porter responded telling Azbell that it was a soldier who didn't make it back from Vietnam alive.

The sight of that casket moved Azbell to write the column below. It's a poignant column written about one dead soldier and the times in which he lived and died. Azbell didn't know the soldier.

Azbell's column is not only a belated tribute to the dead man in the casket but a tribute to all soldiers who were dying then in a war that most of the American public had turned against by 1969, including some in the country who unfortunately also turned against the men who fought the war.

Casket On A Cart
By Joe Azbell

MONTGOMERY, Alabama -- **You're back home.**

Here on a railway platform.

I didn't say, "thank you, soldier."

I'm sorry, fellow.

I should have.

No excuses.

Maybe I can make up for it a little now.

Maybe you will understand.

I know you never expected to come home in this casket box.

All alone. Here on a cart on a railway platform with all the hissing brakes and steaming engines and clanging noises and people passing.

None of the people know who you are.

That you died for them.

I wouldn't have known myself. A porter told me. He said it like a bulletin: "He's one who didn't make it." He explained with one word: "Vietnam."

I never saw your face. I didn't know you. Or maybe I did. You were young. All your life in front of you. Full of plans and ideas. A whole world to conquer.

All kinds of dreams of fun, excitement, and joys you will never know.

All that is left is the lifeless shot up corpse in this casket box.

And I didn't say "thank you."

And I'm sorry.

Your mother and father raised you and loved you and took care of you when you were hurt and did the best they could by you and never intended that you die 12,000 miles from home shot to pieces by a Viet Cong.

And that young girl you married and with whom you hunted second-hand furniture and installment payment appliances to outfit a little apartment and the baby whose picture you carried but whose chubby little hands you never touched or loving smile you never knew - they'll miss you too.

And I didn't say "thank you."

And I'm sorry.

Your mother didn't believe the telegram. A mother never does. Any minute now she thinks you'll walk in the door and throw your big arms around her and say, "Hi, Mom." But you won't. Never again.

Your wife and baby will know you are gone most. A young girl in an apartment with a job to make ends meet and a baby left with a maid. A girl too young to be a widow. A baby boy who should have a father to teach him to fish and box and to pin to the floor and look up to.

Your wife will re-read your letters and touch the gifts you sent her and re-read your letters again.

The government will send her your medals. She'll frame them and put them up on a wall. But they will be little comfort on lonely nights when she'll remember all about how it could have been if the bullet from a sniper's rifle of a yellow skinned man in black pajamas hadn't hit you.

People will keep reminding her. It will tear at her. Certainly she's proud of what you did. But it hurts. She is like you, fellow. She doesn't really understand why you had to die in a little sweat hole of a jungle country 12,000 miles from home. She keeps saying to herself, "Why?" and holds your baby close to her.

You didn't understand, either. Not really. They said it was for freedom and liberty and to preserve America and it was hard to understand. You went with a lot of courage and a lot of fear and a lot of doubt about what it was all about. But you went there where you didn't understand the language or the people or the war. You went because they said you were needed. And you came back in a casket box.

And I didn't say "thank you."

And I'm sorry.

I probably saw you on the street. Or a thousand others like you.

Soldiers. Men in uniform. You figure "so they're soldiers."

In World War II, you would have been a hero in a military outfit to everybody.

People would have stopped you on the street, slapped you on the back, and said, "give 'em hell, buddy."

They would have let you know you were doing something for your country and them. But not today.

Today there are too many like me.

We see a uniform and we don't ask a soldier if we can do anything for him. We don't say a word.

There's no Sunday dinner for the boy away from home. No free phone calls home. No pat on the back.

There's no picking up the meal check to let the boy know somebody cares and appreciates.

There's no signs in the windows that say "We're proud of you" or flags waving or parades or people seeing soldiers off.

You go away unheralded and some of you come back in a casket box. And the funeral crowd is small and the service is brief.

And yet you go. You go with a brave face and a tight heart and fight in the most fearsome war in the history of our country 12,000 miles away.

We never say "thank you."
Not me. Not anybody else.

It's like we expect you to die for us without a word of appreciation.

It's wrong. I'm sorry. I'm one of them.

And how bravely you fight. How bravely you live. Just being in that jungle country with a strange language and a strange people where the next second could end your life with a booby trap or a mine or a sniper's bullet takes guts.

Sure you're the young generation, but there's no generation gap when it comes to your guts and loyalty.

When others are trying to burn America down with a torch in the streets, you are trying to keep our Communist enemies from burning America down by fighting them in Vietnam.

And I never said "thank you."

And I'm sorry.

I know you didn't understand all the headlines. Assassinations. Riots. College kids' protests. Demands to the college board. I know how you felt.

You read about college kids protesting and said to yourself, "Boy have they got gripes. They ought to be over here. They ought to wake up in a jungle camp in steaming heat not knowing if a bullet from a tree sniper will get you before you get coffee. They ought to be here where your every step could explode a hidden mine. Then they'd have something to protest about."

And you shook your head and threw down the paper from home and laughed at the bums on campus with their phony protests. Then you picked up a rifle and went on patrol and never knew if you would get back.

You didn't protest.

You didn't make up a list of demands you wanted "or else."

You went into battle for your country. You never really understood what it was all about. But you didn't protest.

And I never said "thank you."

And I'm sorry.

And when you read about people burning down cities and rioting and killing people you wondered if it was all worth your being over there.

Maybe you talked about it. Maybe you wondered about it. But you picked up your rifle and did your job anyway. Why? Because you loved this land, your home. You loved freedom. You loved the right to worship God and own a mortgaged home of your own and say your piece about things and work hard to get ahead and to raise your family decently.

And I never said thank you."
And I'm sorry.

Now you're home. You came home in this casket box. They draped a flag over your casket. There'll be a little notice in the newspaper about a funeral.

But there will be too many like me.

They'll read the newspaper notice and it will be a statistic. They'll read it and say, "It's a stinking war." Then they'll finish their morning coffee and go to work and forget about it until they read another statistic. Then they'll say again, "It's a stinking war." And forget to attend the funeral. Too much trouble.

You can't hear me now, soldier.

You are dead. Killed. Gone.

You won't see your loved ones ever again.

A bullet voided your sweet taste of life on earth.

The clock stopped forever.

You can't hear me now in this casket box.

You can't hear me say "thank you."

But I'm going to say it anyway.

Maybe somehow you'll know.

Thank you for dying for my freedoms.

Thank you for dying for my country.

Thank you for dying for my children.

Thank you for dying for my rights.

Thank you for dying for me.

I'm sorry I didn't say "thank you" sooner.

I should have.

Everybody should have.

Nurses on the Wall

Eight women died in the combat zone. All were nurses.

2nd Lt. Carol Ann Elizabeth Drazba, 22, Pennsylvania, Army, 3rd Field Hospital, Saigon. Killed Feb. 18, 1966, in a helicopter crash.

2nd Lt. Elizabeth Ann Jones, 22, South Carolina, Army, 3rd Field Hospital, Saigon. Killed Feb. 18, 1966, with Drazba in a helicopter crash.

Capt. Eleanor Grace Alexander, 27, New Jersey, Army, 85th Evacuation Hospital in Qui Nhon in the central coastal region. Killed Nov. 30, 1967, in a plane crash.

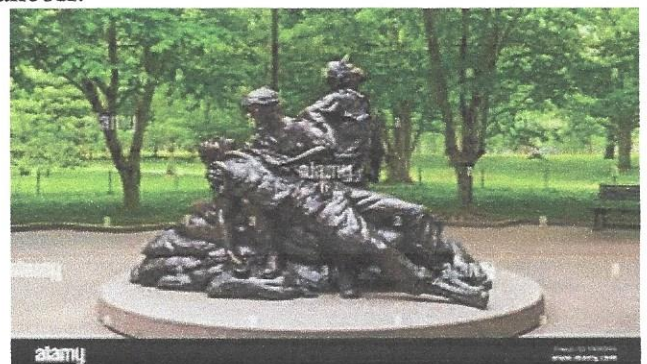
1st Lt. Hedwig Diane Orlowski, 23, Michigan, Army, 67th Field Evacuation Hospital in Qui Nhon. Killed Nov. 30, 1967, with Alexander in a plane crash.

2nd Lt. Pamela Dorothy Donovan, 26, Massachusetts, Army, 85th Evacuation Hospital in Qui Nhon. Died July 8, 1968, attributed to pneumonia.

Lt. Col. Annie Ruth Graham, 51, North Carolina, Army, 91st Evacuation Hospital in Tuy Hoa in the central coastlands. Died from a stroke on Aug. 14, 1968.

1st Lt. Sharon Ann Lane, 25, Ohio, Army, 312th Evacuation Hospital in Chu Lai on South Vietnam's northern coast. Died June 8, 1969, when a rocket struck the hospital where she worked.

Capt. Mary Therese Klinker, 27, Indiana, Air Force, medical team onboard a C-5 Operation Babylift plane transporting Saigon orphans destined for the U.S. Killed April 4, 1975, when the plane crashed after experiencing pressure problems after takeoff.



THE MEANEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD

We had the meanest mother in the whole world! While other kids ate candy for breakfast, we had to have cereal, eggs, and toast.

When others had a Pepsi and a Twinkie for lunch, we had to eat sandwiches.

And you can guess our mother fixed us a dinner that was different than other kids had too.

Mother insisted on knowing where we were at all times. You'd think we were convicts in a prison. She had to know who our friends were, and what we were doing with them. She insisted that if we said we would be gone for an hour, we would be gone for an hour or less.

We were ashamed to admit it, but she had the nerve to break the "Child Labor Laws" by making us work. We had to wash the dishes, make the beds, learn to cook, vacuum the floor, do laundry, and all sorts of cruel jobs. I think she would lay awake at night thinking of more things for us to do.

She always insisted on us telling the truth the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

By the time we were teenagers, she could read our minds, and life was really tough.

She wouldn't let our friends just honk the horn when they drove up. They had to come up to the door so she could meet them.

While everyone else could date when they were 12 or 13, we had to wait until we were 16.

Because of our mother we missed out on lots of things other kids experienced. None of us have ever been caught shoplifting, vandalizing other's property, or ever arrested for any crime. It was all her fault.

We never got drunk, took up smoking, stayed out all night, or million other things other kids did.

Sunday were reserved for church, and we never missed once. We knew better than to ask to spend the night with a friend on Saturday night.

Now that we have left home, we are all God-fearing, educated, honest adults. We are doing our best to be mean parents just like our mom was.

The world just doesn't have enough mean moms anymore...

WHAT MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME.....

1. My mother taught me

TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE.

"If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning."

2. My mother taught me RELIGION.

"You better pray that will come out of the carpet."

3. My mother taught me about TIME TRAVEL.

"If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"

4. My mother taught me LOGIC.

"Because I said so, that's why."

5. My mother taught me MORE LOGIC.

"If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the store with me."

6. My mother taught me FORESIGHT.

"Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."

7. My mother taught me IRONY.

"Keep crying, and I'll give you something to cry about."

8. My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS.

"Shut your mouth and eat your supper."

9. My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM.

"Will you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!"

10. My mother taught me about STAMINA.

"You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone."

11. My mother taught me about WEATHER.

"This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it."

12. My mother taught me about HYPOCRISY.

"If I told you once, I've told you a million times. Don't exaggerate!"

13. My mother taught me the CIRCLE OF LIFE.

"I brought you into this world, and I can take you out."

14. My mother taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION.

"Stop acting like your father!"

15. My mother taught me about ENVY.

"There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do."

16. My mother taught me about ANTICIPATION.

"Just wait until we get home."

17. My mother taught me about RECEIVING.

"You are going to get it when you get home!"

18. My mother taught me MEDICAL SCIENCE.

"If you don't stop crossing your eyes, They are going to freeze that way."

19. My mother taught me ESP.

"Put your sweater on; don't you think I know when you are cold?"

20. My mother taught me HUMOR.

"When that lawn mower cuts off your toes, don't come running to me."

21. My mother taught me HOW TO BECOME AN ADULT.

"If you don't eat your vegetables, you'll never grow up."

22. My mother taught me GENETICS.

"You're just like your father."

23. My mother taught me about my ROOTS.

"Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?"

24. My mother taught me WISDOM.

"When you get to be my age, you'll understand."

25. And my favorite: my mother taught me about JUSTICE.

"One day you'll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you."

THANKS MOM
HAVE A WONDERFUL
MOTHER'S DAY

THE PHUNNIE PAGES

Why parents go grey!

The boss of a big company needed to call one of his employees about an urgent problem with one of the main computers. He dialed the employee's home phone number and was greeted with a child's whisper, "Hello?" Feeling put out at the inconvenience of having to talk to a youngster the boss asked, "Is your Daddy home?"

"Yes", whispered the small voice.

"May I talk with him?" the man asked. To the surprise of the boss, the small voice whispered, "No."

Wanting to talk with an adult, the boss asked, "Is your Mommy there?" "Yes", came the answer.

"May I talk with her?" Again the small voice whispered, "no".

Knowing that it was not likely that a young child would be left home alone, the boss decided he would just leave a message with the person who should be there watching over the child. "Is there anyone there besides you?" the boss asked the child. "Yes" whispered the child, "A policeman".

Wondering what a cop would be doing at his employee's home, the boss asked, "May I speak with the policeman?"

"No, he's busy", whispered the child.

"Busy doing what?" asked the boss. "Talking to Daddy, Mommy and the Fireman", came the whispered answer.

Growing concerned and even worried as he heard what sounded like a helicopter through the earpiece on the phone the boss asked, "What is that noise?"

"A hello-copper", answered the whispering voice. "What is going on there?", asked the boss, now alarmed. In an awed whispering voice the child answered, "The search team just landed the hello-copper"

Alarmed, concerned, and more than just a little frustrated the boss asked, "Why are they there"?

Still whispering, the young voice replied along with a muffled giggle:

"They're looking for me".



THE TRAFFIC CAMERA

I was driving when I saw the flash of a traffic camera. I figured that my picture had been taken for exceeding the limit even though I knew that I was not speeding.

Just to make sure, I went around the block and passed the same spot, driving even more slowly, but again the camera flashed. Now I began to think that this was quite funny, so I drove even slower as I passed the area once more, but the traffic camera again flashed.

I tried a 4th and 5th time with the same results and now laughing as the camera flashed while I rolled past at a snail's pace.

Two weeks later, I got 5 tickets in the mail for driving without a seat belt.

You know, you just can't fix stupid.



Daddy's car in the woods?

Little Johnny watched his daddy's car pass by the school playground and go into the woods. Curious, he followed the car and saw Daddy and Aunt Jane in a passionate embrace.

Little Johnny found this so exciting that he could hardly contain himself as he ran home and started to tell his mother.

... 'Mummy, I was at the playground and I saw Daddy's car go into the woods with Aunt Jane. I went back to look and he was giving Aunt Jane a big kiss, and then he helped her take off her shirt. Then Aunt Jane helped Daddy take his pants off, then Aunt Jane...'

At this point Mummy cut him off and said, 'Johnny, this is such an interesting story, let's save the rest of it for supper time. I want to see the look on Daddy's face when you tell it tonight.'

At the dinner table that evening, Mummy asked little Johnny to tell his story. Johnny started his story, 'I was at the playground and I saw Daddy's car go into the woods with Aunt Jane. I went back to look and he was giving Aunt Jane a big kiss, then he helped her take off her shirt. Then Aunt Jane helped Daddy take his pants off, then Aunt Jane and Daddy started doing the same thing that Mummy and Uncle Bill used to do when Daddy was away on the oil rigs.'

Mummy fainted!



Johnny the salesman

Little Johnny goes to a big "everything under one roof" department store looking for a job.

The Manager says, "Do you have any sales experience?"

The kid says "Yeah. I was a vacuum salesman back in Newfoundland." Well, the boss was unsure, but he liked the kid and figured he'd give him a shot, so he gave him the job.

"You start tomorrow. I'll come down after we close and see how you did. His first day on the job was rough, but he got through it. After the store was locked up, the boss came down to the sales floor.

"How many customers bought something from you today?"

The Little Johnny frowns and looks at the floor and mutters, "One".

The boss says "Just one?!?! Our sales people average sales to 20 to 30 customers a day. That will have to

THE PHUNNIE PAGES

change, and soon if you'd like to continue your employment here. We have very strict standards for our sales force here in Vancouver. One sale a day might have been acceptable in Newfoundland, but you're not on the farm anymore, son."

Then Little Johnny took his beating but continued to look at his shoes, so the boss felt kinda bad for chewing him out on his first day. He asked (semi-sarcastically), "So, how much was your one sale for?"

The Little Johnny looks up at his boss and says "\$101,237.65".

The boss, astonished, says \$101,237.65?!? What the heck did you sell?"

The Little Johnny says, "Well, first, I sold him some new fish hooks. Then I sold him a new fishing rod to go with his new hooks. Then I asked him where he was going fishing and he said down the coast, so I told him he was going to need a boat, so we went down to the boat department and I sold him a twin-engine Chris Craft. Then he said he didn't think his Honda Civic would pull it, so I took him down to the automotive department and sold him that 4x4 Expedition."

The boss said, "A guy came in here to buy a fish hook and you sold him a boat and a TRUCK!?"

The Little Johnny said "No, the guy came in here to buy tampons for his wife, and I said, 'Dude, your weekend's shot, you should go fishing.'"



SENIOR TEXTING

Not to be outdone by these kids, we senior members now have our own short-hand codes.

ATD - At the Doctor's

BFF - Best Friend's Funeral

BTW - Bring the Wheelchair

BYOT - Bring your own teeth

CUATSC - See You at the Senior Center

DWI - Driving While Incontinent

FWIW - Forgot Where I Was

FYI - Found Your Insulin

GGPBL - Gotta Go, Pacemaker Battery Low

GHA - Got Heartburn Again

LOL - Living on Lipitor

TOT - Texting on Toilet

TTYL - Talk to You Later

WTP - Where are the Prunes?

Hope these help GGLKI ! (Gotta Go, Laxative Kicking In)



FIRST TEXT MESSAGE

Hi, Morris. This is Saul, next door. I've been riddled with guilt for a few months and have been trying to get the courage to tell you face-to-face. When you're not around, I've been sharing your wife, day and night, probably much more than you. I haven't been getting it at home recently. I know that's no excuse. The temptation was just too great. I can't live with the guilt & hope you'll accept my sincere apology and forgive me.

Please suggest a fee for usage and I'll pay you.

- Saul

Feeling enraged and betrayed, Morris grabbed his gun, went next door, and shot Saul dead. He returned home, shot his wife, poured himself a stiff drink, and sat on the sofa.

Morris then looked at his phone and discovered a second text message from Saul.

SECOND TEXT MESSAGE:

Hi, Morris. Saul here again. Sorry about the typo in my last text. I assume you figured it out and noticed that the darn Spell-Check had changed "wi-fi" to "wife." Technology, huh? It'll be the death of us...



SPELL-CHECKER

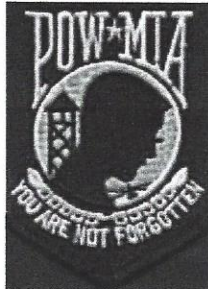
I halve a spelling checker, It came with my pea see. It plainly marks four my revue Mistakes I dew knot sea. Eye strike a key and type a word And weight four it two say Weather eye am wrong oar write It shows me strait aweigh.

As soon as a mist ache is maid It nose bee fore two long And eye can put the era rite It's rarely ever wrong. I've scent this massage threw it, And I'm shore your pleased too no Its letter prefect in every weigh; My checker tolled me sew.



THAT'S ALL FOLKS
until next month

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Honoring Our Women Veterans

