

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

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

November - December 2022

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**V P - Kirk Gillett**  
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## COMMITTEE'S

### **Membership**

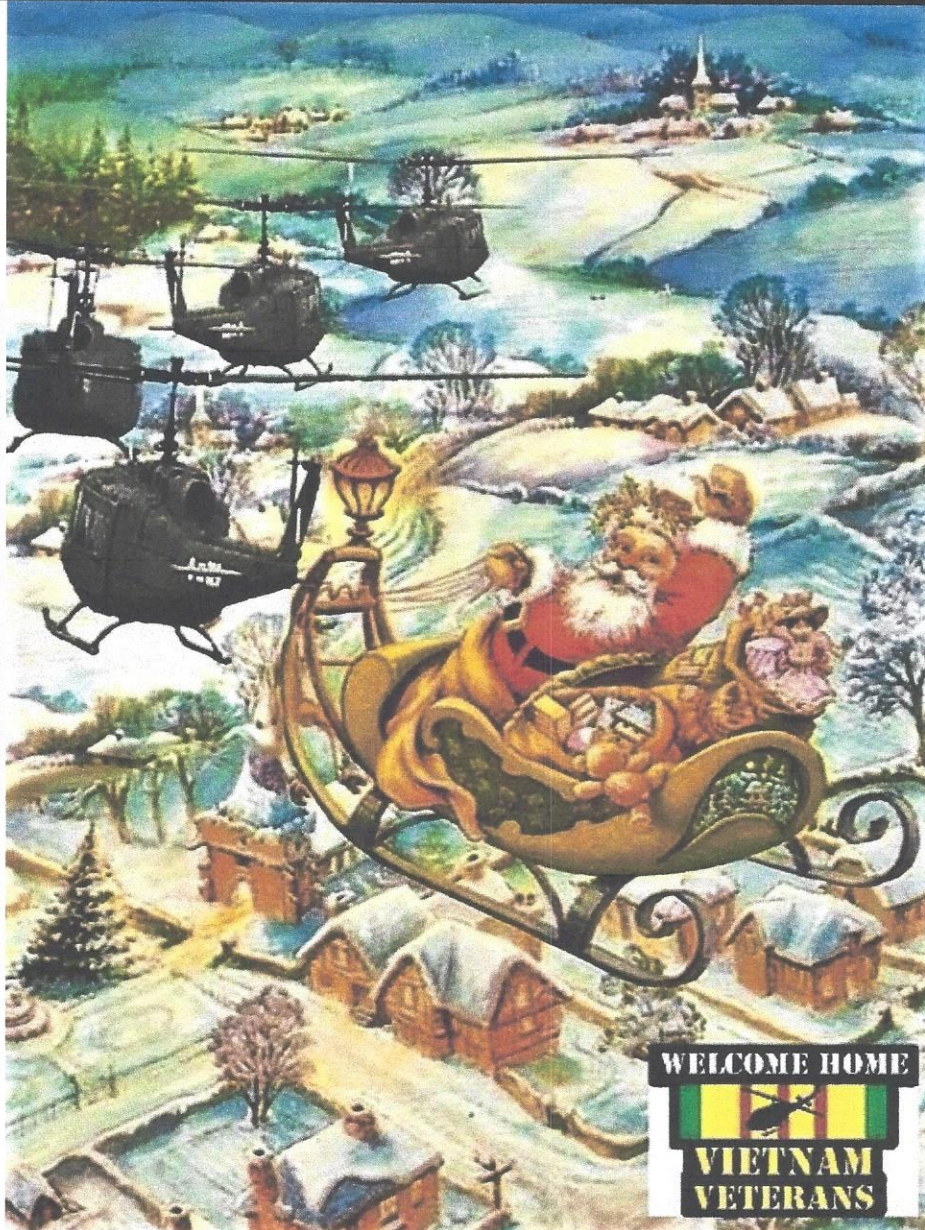
Jeff Martin

### **Scholarships**

Jerry Orlemann

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

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



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

There might be  
changes check  
calendar inside.

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

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

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

## **NOVEMBER**

### **Meetings**

Nov. 15, 2022 Tues  
@ Lomita Post.  
Board Mtg 12pm  
Gen. Mtg 1pm

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

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



date	day	November 2022 Monthly Calendar
1	tue	
2	wed	
3	thur	
4	fri	
5	sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
6	sun	daylight savings time ends...
7	mon	
8	tue	Get out and vote - Election Day
9	wed	
10	thur	U.S. Marine Corps Birthday
11	fri	Veteran's Day
12	sat	
13	sun	
14	mon	
15	tue	Business Mtg 12:15pm - General Mtg 1:00pm @ Lomita VFW - 1865 Lomita Blvd, Lomita, CA 90717
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	
21	mon	
22	tue	
23	wed	
24	thur	Happy Thanksgiving.....
25	fri	
26	sat	
27	sun	
28	mon	
29	tue	

date		December 2022 Monthly Calendar
1	thur	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
2	fri	
3	sat	
4	sun	
5	mon	
6	tue	
7	wed	Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day.....
8	thur	
9	fri	
10	sat	
11	sun	
12	mon	
13	tue	
14	wed	
15	thur	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
16	fri	
17	sat	
18	sun	Chanukkah begins at sundown.....
19	mon	
20	tue	<b>NO MEETINGS IN DECEMBER</b>
21	wed	BRRRRR - first day of winter.....
22	thur	
23	fri	
24	sat	
25	sun	Merry Christmas....
26	mon	Chanukkah ends
27	tue	
28	wed	
29	thur	

## Monthly Message Board Nov - Dec 2022

### Veterans' Day Wreath Laying Ceremony.....

#### Hermosa Beach Veterans Memorial

When: Nov 11, (Friday), 2022

Time: 1030hrs (1030am for you civilians)

Where: 710 Pier Ave (corner of PCH and Pier)



### Veteran Day ceremonies....

#### Redondo Beach Veterans' Day Tribute

(sponsored by Elk's Club #1378)

When: November 11 (Friday), 2022

Time: 1300hrs (1pm for you civilians)

Where: Veterans' Park

corner of Torrance Blvd & Redondo pier

free BBQ for veterans, 1st responders (others \$5.00)



#### Manhattan Beach Veterans Day

When: Nov 11 (Friay)

Time: 1100hrs (again 11am for you civilians)

Where: Veterans Monument

15th Street and Valley Drive



#### Veterans Day of Service

Date & Time:

Friday, November 4, 2022

9:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.

Location:

Los Angeles National Cemetery

950 S. Sepulveda Boulevard

Los Angeles, CA 90049



#### VISIT WITH A VETERAN

Join us as we honow our veterans

Pull a chair and visit with a veteran of

World War II, Korean War, Vietnam War, Gulf War,  
Irag and Afghanistan Wars.

When - Sunday November 13th, 2022

2:00pm - 4:00pm

Where - Torrance Historical Society & Museum

1345 Post Ave - Torrance



#### Armed Forces Day is

for those still

in their uniforms.

#### Veterans Day is

for those who hung up  
their uniforms.

#### Memorial Day is for

those who never made it out of  
their uniforms.



It's the Soldier, not the reporter  
who has given us the freedom of the press.

It's the Soldier, not the poet,  
who has given us the freedom of speech.

It's the Soldier, not the politicians  
that ensures our right to Life, Liberty and  
the Pursuit of Happiness.

It's the Soldier who salutes the flag,  
who serves beneath the flag,  
and whose coffin is draped by the flag.



## War, Comrades, and Reunions

I now know why men who have been to war  
yearn to reunite.

Not to tell stories or look at old pictures.

Not to laugh or weep.

Comrades gather because they long to be  
with the men who once acted at their best;  
Men who suffered and sacrificed, who were  
stripped of their humanity.

I did not pick these men. They were  
delivered by fate and the military.

But I know them in a way I know no other  
men. I have never given anyone such trust.  
They were willing to guard something more  
precious than my life.

They would have carried my reputation, the  
memory of me.

It was part of the bargain we all made, the  
reason we were so willing to die for one  
another.

As long as I have my memory, I will think  
of them all, every day.

I am sure that when I leave this world, my  
last thought will be of my family and my  
comrades.

Ahh, such good men.

Author Unknown





## "It's My Christmas Eve"

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

The hour is late. Should go to bed.  
Near midnight I believe.  
But memories keep me wide  
awake  
this snowy Christmas eve.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then comes a knock upon my  
door.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I'm Trooper Sue McCay."

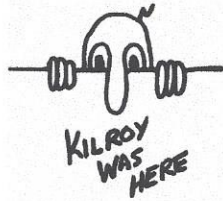
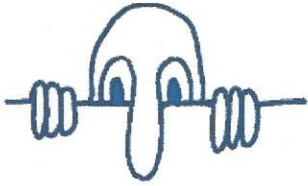
Written and orated by Bob Welsh  
<http://www.bobwelsh.com>



I'm Trooper Sue McCay."



# KILROY WAS HERE



## Who The Heck Was Kilroy?

In 1946 the American Transit Association, through its radio program, 'Speak to America,' sponsored a nationwide contest to find the REAL Kilroy, offering a prize of a real trolley car to the person who could prove himself to be the genuine article. Almost 40 men stepped forward to make that claim, but only James Kilroy from Halifax, Massachusetts had evidence of his identity.

Kilroy was a 46-year old shipyard worker during the war. He worked as a checker at the Fore River Shipyard in Quincy. His job was to go around and check on the number of rivets completed. Riveters were on piecework and got paid by the rivet. Kilroy would count a block of rivets and put a check mark in semi-waxed lumber chalk, so the rivets wouldn't be counted twice. When Kilroy went off duty, the riveters would erase the mark.

Later on, an off-shift inspector would come through and count the rivets a second time, resulting in double pay for the riveters.

One day Kilroy's boss called him into his office. The foreman was upset about all the wages being paid to riveters, and asked him to investigate. It was then that he realized what had been going on.

The tight spaces he had to crawl in to check the rivets didn't lend themselves to lugging around a paint can and brush, so Kilroy decided to stick with the waxy chalk. He continued to put his checkmark on each job he inspected, but added KILROY WAS HERE in king-sized letters next to the check, and eventually added the sketch of the chap with the long nose peering over the fence and that became part of the Kilroy message. Once he did that, the riveters stopped trying to wipe away his marks.

Ordinarily the rivets and chalk marks would have been covered up with paint. With war on, however, ships were leaving the Quincy Yard so fast that there wasn't time to paint them.

As a result, Kilroy's inspection 'trademark' was seen by thousands of servicemen who boarded the troopships the yard produced. His message apparently rang a bell with the servicemen, because they picked it up and spread it all over Europe and the South Pacific. Before the war's end, 'Kilroy' had been here, there, and everywhere on the long haul to Berlin and Tokyo.

To the unfortunate troops outbound in those ships, however, he was a complete mystery; all they knew for sure was that some jerk named Kilroy had 'been there first.' As a joke, U.S. servicemen began placing "Kilroy Was Here" wherever they landed, claiming it was already there when they arrived.

Kilroy became the U.S. super-GI who had always 'already been' wherever GIs went. It became a challenge to place the logo in the most unlikely places imaginable, it is said to be atop Mt. Everest, the Statue of Liberty, the underside of the Arch De Triumphe, and even scrawled in the dust on the moon.

And as the war went on, the legend grew. Underwater demolition teams routinely sneaked ashore on Japanese-held islands in the Pacific to map the terrain for the coming invasions by U.S. troops (and thus, presumably, were the first GI's there). On one occasion, however, they reported seeing enemy troops painting over the Kilroy logo!

In 1945, an outhouse was built for the exclusive use of Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill at the Potsdam conference with it's own \*\*KILROY WAS HERE\*\*.

To help prove his authenticity in 1946, James Kilroy brought along officials from the shipyard and some of the riveters. He won the trolley car, which he gave it to his nine children as a Christmas gift and set it up as a playhouse in the Kilroy front yard in Halifax, Massachusetts.





# I TALKED TO A MAN TODAY

*Not sure if this was a real encounter,  
but I like the '90' plus yr old's message*

I talked with a man today, a 90+ year old man. I asked him if there was anything I can get him while this Corona Virus scare was gripping America.

He simply smiled, looked away and said:

"Let me tell you what I need! I need to believe, at some point, this country my generation fought for... I need to believe this nation was handed safely to our children and their children...

I need to know this generation will quit being a bunch of sissies...that they respect what they've been given...that they've earned what others sacrificed for."

I wasn't sure where the conversation was going or if it was going anywhere at all. So, I sat there, quietly observing.

"You know, I was a little boy during WWII. Those were scary days. We didn't know if we were going to be speaking English, German or Japanese at the end of the war. There was no certainty, no guarantees like Americans enjoy today.

And no home went without sacrifice or loss. Every house, up and down every street, had someone in harm's way. Maybe their Daddy was a soldier, maybe their son was a sailor, maybe it was an uncle. Sometimes it was the whole damn family...fathers, sons, uncles...

Having someone, you love, sent off to war...it wasn't less frightening than it is today. It was scary as Hell. If anything, it was more frightening. We didn't have battle front news. We didn't have email or cell phones. You sent them away and you hoped...you prayed. You may not hear from them for months, if ever. Sometimes a mother was getting her son's letters the same day Dad was comforting her over their child's death.

And we sacrificed. You couldn't buy things. Everything was rationed. You were only allowed so much milk per month, only so much bread, toilet paper. EVERYTHING was restricted for the war

effort. And what you weren't using, what you didn't need, things you threw away, they were saved and sorted for the war effort. My generation was the original recycling movement in America.

And we had viruses back then...serious viruses. Things like polio, measles, and such. It was nothing to walk to school and pass a house or two that was quarantined. We didn't shut down our schools. We didn't shut down our cities. We carried on, without masks, without hand sanitizer. And do you know what? We persevered. We overcame. We didn't attack our President, we came together. We rallied around the flag for the war. Thick or thin, we were in it to win. And we would lose more boys in an hour of combat than we lose in entire wars today."

He slowly looked away again. Maybe I saw a small tear in the corner of his eye. Then he continued:

"Today's kids don't know sacrifice. They think a sacrifice is not having coverage on their phone while they freely drive across the country. Today's kids are selfish and spoiled. In my generation, we looked out for our elders. We helped out with single moms whose husbands were either at war or dead from war. Today's kids rush the store, buying everything they can...no concern for anyone but themselves. It's shameful the way Americans behave these days. None of them deserve the sacrifices their grand dads made.

So, no I don't need anything. I appreciate your offer but, I know I've been through worse things than this virus. But maybe I should be asking you, what can I do to help you? Do you have enough pop to get through this, enough steak? Will you be able to survive with 113 channels on your TV?"

I smiled, fighting back a tear of my own...now humbled by a man in his 90's. All I could do was thank him for the history lesson, leave my number for emergency and leave with my ego firmly tucked in my rear.

I talked to a man today. A real man. An American man from an era long gone and forgotten. We will never understand the sacrifices. We will never fully earn their sacrifices. But we should work harder to learn about them..learn from them...to respect them.



## THE OLD MAN.....

As I came out of the supermarket that sunny day, pushing my cart of groceries towards my car, I saw an old man with the hood of his car up and a lady sitting inside the car, with the door open.

The old man was looking at the engine. I put my groceries away in my car and continued to watch the old gentleman from about twenty five feet away.

I saw a young man in his early twenties with a grocery bag in his arm, walking towards the old man. The old gentleman saw him coming too and took a few steps towards him.

I saw the old gentleman point to his open hood and say something. The young man put his grocery bag into what looked like a brand new Cadillac Escalade and then turn back to the old man and I heard him yell at the old gentleman saying, 'You shouldn't even be allowed to drive a car at your age.' And then with a wave of his hand, he got in his car and peeled rubber out of the parking lot.

I saw the old gentleman pull out his handkerchief and mop his brow as he went back to his car and again looked at the engine.

He then went to his wife and spoke with her and appeared to tell her it would be okay. I had seen enough and I approached the old man. He saw me coming and stood straight and as I got near him I said, 'Looks like you're having a problem.'

He smiled sheepishly and quietly nodded his head. I looked under the hood myself and knew that whatever the problem was, it was beyond me. Looking around I saw a gas station up the road and told the old man that I would be right back... I drove to the station and went inside and saw three attendants working on cars. I approached one of them and related the problem the old man had with his car and offered to pay them if they could follow me back down and help him.

The old man had pushed the heavy car under the shade of a tree and appeared to be comforting his wife. When he saw us he straightened up and thanked me for my help. As the mechanics diagnosed the problem (overheated engine) I spoke with

the old gentleman.

When I shook hands with him earlier, he had noticed my Marine Corps ring and had commented about it, telling me that he had been a Marine too. I nodded and asked the usual question, 'What outfit did you serve with?'

He had mentioned that he served with the first Marine Division at Tarawa, Saipan, Iwo Jima and Guadalcanal .

He had hit all the big ones and retired from the Corps after the war was over. As we talked we heard the car engine come on and saw the mechanics lower the hood. They came over to us as the old man reached for his wallet, but was stopped by me and I told him I would just put the bill on my AAA card.

He still reached for the wallet and handed me a card that I assumed had his name and address on it and I stuck it in my pocket.. We all shook hands all around again and I said my goodbye's to his wife.

I then told the two mechanics that I would follow them back up to the station. Once at the station I told them that they had interrupted their own jobs to come along with me and help the old man. I said I wanted to pay for the help, but they refused to charge me.

One of them pulled out a card from his pocket looking exactly like the card the old man had given to me. Both of the men told me then, that they were Marine Corps Reserves. Once again we shook hands all around and as I was leaving, one of them told me I should look at the card the old man had given to me. I said I would and drove off.

For some reason I had gone about two blocks when I pulled over and took the card out of my pocket and looked at it for a long, long time. The name of the old gentleman was on the card in golden leaf and under his name.....

'Congressional Medal of Honor Society.'

I sat there motionless looking at the card and reading it over and over. I looked up from the card and smiled to no one but myself and marveled that on this day, four Marines had all come together, because one of us needed help. He was an old man all right, but it felt good to have stood next to greatness and courage and an honor to have



been in his presence. Remember, OLD men like him gave you FREEDOM for America .

**Remember, Freedom isn't Free, thousands have paid the price so you can enjoy what you have today.**



### **YES, I'M A SENIOR CITIZEN!**

Some senior citizens are being criticized for the present deficiencies of our modern world; real or imaginary, present or past, foreign or domestic. We take responsibility for all our actions and omissions; we do not try to blame others for our past imperfections, ignorance or failures. Our generation saved the World from Fascism, Communism, and Racism, while we raised the Standard of Living, Health Care, and Life Expectancy.

HOWEVER, upon reflection, we would like to point out that it was NOT senior citizens who took:

The melody out of music,  
The pride out of appearance,  
The courtesy out of driving,  
The romance out of love,  
The commitment out of marriage,  
The responsibility out of parenthood,  
The togetherness out of the family,  
The learning out of education,  
The civility out of behavior,  
The refinement out of language,  
The dedication out of employment,  
The prudence out of spending,

And, we DO understand the meaning of patriotism, and remember those who have fought and died for our country.

### **YES, I'M A SENIOR CITIZEN!**

I'm the life of the party . . . even if it lasts until 8 p.m.

I'm very good at opening childproof caps-with a **hammer!**

I'm awake many hours before my body allows me to get up.

I'm smiling all the time, because I can't hear a thing you're saying.

I'm sure everything I can't find is in a safe secure place, **somewhere.**

I'm wrinkled, saggy, lumpy, and that's just my left leg; but I haven't made my skin look like wall paper or snake skin.

My ears, nose, tongue, or naval haven't been pieced with metal rings.

I'm beginning to realize that aging is not for wimps.

**Yes, I'm a SENIOR CITIZEN,**

and I think I am having the time of my life!  
Now if I could only remember who sent this to me,  
I wouldn't send it back to them.

Or, maybe I should send it to all my friends anyway. They won't remember, even if they did send it.

Spread the laughter  
Share the cheer!

**Let's be happy while we're here!**



### **SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE**

**78 Years ago** - Carefully study this artwork. Then, read what they did.

Not only is the picture awesome, but so are the statistics!



During the 3-1/2 years of World War II that started with the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor in December of 1941 and ended with the surrender of Germany and Japan in 1945, "We the People of the U.S.A." produced the following:

22 aircraft carriers  
8 battleships  
48 cruisers  
349 destroyers  
420 destroyer escorts  
203 submarines  
3 4 million tons of merchant ships  
100,000 fighter aircraft  
98,000 bombers  
24,000 transport aircraft  
58,000 training aircraft  
93,000 tanks  
257,000 artillery pieces  
105,000 mortars  
3,000,000 machine guns and  
2,500,000 military trucks

We put 16.1 million men in uniform in the various armed services, invaded Africa, invaded Sicily and Italy, won the battle for the Atlantic, planned and executed D-Day, marched across the Pacific and Europe, developed the atomic bomb and, ultimately, conquered Japan and Germany..  
**It ' s amazing what America did in those days.....**



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me, I wouldn't send it back to them.  
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anyway. They won't remember, even if they did  
send it.

Spread the laughter - Share the cheer!



Around the corner I have a friend,  
In this great city that has no end,

Yet the days go by and weeks rush on,

And before I know it, a year is gone.

And I never see my old friends face,

For life is a swift and terrible race,

He knows I like him just as well,

As in the days when I rang his bell.

And he rang mine but we were younger then,

And now we are busy, tired men.

Tired of playing a foolish game,

Tired of trying to make a name.

"Tomorrow" I say! "I will call on Jim

Just to show that I'm thinking of him."

But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes,

And distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner, yet miles away,

"Here's a telegram sir," "Jim died today."

And that's what we get and deserve in the end.

Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Unknown author.....



## THE PHUNNIE PAGES

### A FEW HUMOROUS THOUGHTS TO START YOUR DAY.

Every box of raisins is a tragic tale of grapes that could have been wine.

They say we can have gatherings with up to eight people without issues. I don't even know eight people without issues.

Theme parks can snap a crystal-clear picture of you on a roller coaster going 70 mph, but bank cameras can't get a clear shot of a robber standing still.

Dear paranoid people who check behind their shower curtains for murderers . . . if you do find one, what's your plan?

The more I get to know people, the more I realize why Noah only let animals on the ark.

Facial recognition software can pick a person out of a crowd but the vending machine at work can't recognize a dollar bill with a bent corner.

When all this pandemic stuff is over, I still plan to wear a mask. It hides the perpetual look of annoyance I have for most people.

I never make the same mistake twice. I do it like, five or six times, you know, to make sure.

Someone just honked to get me out of my parking space faster, so now I just have to sit here until both of us are dead.

If you see someone buying candy, popcorn and a soda at the movies, they must be a drug dealer. There's no other explanation for that type of income.

I know it's time to clean out my purse when my car assumes it's an extra passenger who isn't wearing a seat belt.

Dr. Oz says rubbing coffee grounds on your naked body will get rid of cellulite. Apparently you can't do this in Starbucks. And now the cops are here.

Some people seem to have aged like fine wine. I aged like milk ... I got sour and chunky.

Dear Sneeze: If you're going to happen, happen. Don't just put a stupid look on my face and then leave.

Vegetarians live up to nine years longer than meat-eaters. Nine horrible, worthless, baconless years.

I still have a full deck; I just shuffle slower.

### THE BBQ CHAIN OF EVENTS....

During barbecue season, there is an etiquette to follow when it comes to this sublime outdoor cooking activity, as it's the only type of cooking a "real man" will do, probably because there is an element of danger involved. When a man volunteers to do the BBQ the following chain of events are put into motion:

1. The woman buys the food.
2. The woman makes the salad, prepares the vegetables, and makes dessert.
3. The woman prepares the meat for cooking, places it on a tray along with the necessary cooking utensils and sauces, and takes it to the man who is lounging beside the grill – beer in hand.

**Here comes the important part:**

#### 4. THE MAN PLACES THE MEAT ON THE GRILL.

5. The woman goes inside to organize the plates and cutlery.
6. The woman comes out to tell the man that the meat is burning. He thanks her and asks if she will bring him another beer while he deals with the situation.

Important again:

#### 7. THE MAN TAKES THE MEAT OFF THE GRILL AND HANDS IT TO THE WOMAN.

8. The woman prepares the plates, salad, bread, utensils, napkins, sauces, and brings them to the table.
9. After eating, the woman clears the table and does the dishes.

**And most important of all:**

10. Everyone praises the MAN and thanks HIM for his cooking efforts.
11. The man asks the woman how she enjoyed "her night off." And, upon seeing her annoyed reaction, concludes that there's just no pleasing some women.



#### GrandParent's Answering Machine

Good morning . . . At present we are not at home but, please Leave your message after you hear the beep. beeeeeppp ....

If you are one of our children, **dial 1** and then select the option from 1 to 5 in order of "arrival" so we know who it is.

If you need us to stay with the children, **press 2**

If you want to borrow the car, **press 3**

If you want us to wash your clothes and ironing, **press 4**

If you want the grandkids to sleep here tonight, **press 5**

If you want us to pick up the kids at school, **press 6**

If you want us to prepare a meal for Sunday or to have it delivered to your home, **press 7**

If you want to come to eat here, **press 8**

If you need money, **press 9**

If you are going to invite us to dinner, or take us to the theater, start talking **we are listening !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**





## THE PHUNNIE PAGES

### A THANKSGIVING POEM

TWAS THE NIGHT OF THANKSGIVING,  
BUT I JUST COULDN'T SLEEP.  
I TRIED COUNTING BACKWARDS,  
I TRIED COUNTING SHEEP.

THE LEFTOVERS BECKONED -  
THE DARK MEAT AND WHITE,  
BUT I FOUGHT THE TEMPTATION  
WITH ALL OF MY MIGHT.

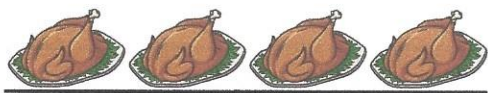
TOSSING AND TURNING WITH ANTICIPATION,  
THE THOUGHT OF A SNACK BECAME  
INFATUATION.  
SO, I RACED TO THE KITCHEN, FLUNG OPEN  
THE DOOR,  
AND GAZED AT THE FRIDGE, FULL OF GOODIES  
GALORE.

GOBBLED UP TURKEY AND BUTTERED  
POTATOES,  
PICKLES AND CARROTS, BEANS AND  
TOMATOES.  
I FELT MYSELF SWELLING SO PLUMP AND SO  
ROUND,  
'TIL ALL OF A SUDDEN, I ROSE OFF THE  
GROUND.

I CRASHED THROUGH THE CEILING, FLOATING  
INTO THE SKY,  
WITH A MOUTHFUL OF PUDDING AND A  
HANDFUL OF PIE.  
BUT, I MANAGED TO YELL AS I SOARED PAST  
THE TREES....  
HAPPY EATING TO ALL - PASS THE  
CRANBERRIES, PLEASE.

MAY YOUR STUFFING BE TASTY,  
MAY YOUR TURKEY BE PLUMP.  
MAY YOUR POTATOES 'N GRAVY  
HAVE NARY A LUMP.

MAY YOUR YAMS BE DELICIOUS.  
MAY YOUR PIES TAKE THE PRIZE,  
MAY YOUR THANKSGIVING DINNER STAY  
OFF OF YOUR THIGHS.



### THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

IT'S ONE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS  
I'M CRABBY AND I'M BROKE.  
I'M SO FULL OF HAM AND FRUITCAKE,  
I THINK I'M GONNA CROAK.

IT'S NICE TO SEE THE RELATIVES,  
I WONDER WHEN THEY'LL LEAVE.  
THEY'VE BEEN CAMPING IN MY BATHROOM,  
SINCE EARLY CHRISTMAS EVE.  
THEY'RE EATING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT,  
AND SLEEPING IN MY BED.  
I'VE BEEN SACKED OUT IN THE BASEMENT,  
WITH MY BEAGLE I CALL, FRED.

THE REALTIVES HAVE ALL GONE OUT,  
AND LEFT THEIR SCREAMING BRATS.  
THE TOILET BOWL IS ALL PLUGGED UP,  
AND I CANNOT FIND THE CAT.

IT'S CHRISTMAS TIME AT MY HOUSE  
THE RELATIVES ARE HERE.  
THEY EAT ME OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME,  
AND DRINK UP ALL MY BEER.

I LOVE THE DECORATIONS,  
AND THE SLEIGH BELLS IN THE SNOW,  
BUT I WISH THOSE PESKY RELATIVES,  
WOULD TAKE THEIR KIDS AND GO.

THOSE COOKIE CRUNCHERS FED THE DOG,  
A TWENTY POUND RIB ROAST.  
HIS FEET ARE STICKING IN THE AIR,  
LIKE SKINNY OLD FENCE POSTS.

NOW THEY'RE IN A FREE-FOR-ALL,  
THE GIRLS AGAINST THE BOYS.  
THEY'RE FIGHTING OVER BOXES,  
'CAUSE THEY'RE BORED WITH ALL THEIR TOYS'

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW IS SNORING  
IN MY FAVORITE TV CHAIR,  
THOSE KIDS ARE STRINGING LIGHTS ON HER,  
AND TINSELING UP HER HAIR.

I OUGHT A WAKE HER UP,  
BEFORE THE FIREWORKS BEGIN.  
BUT I WANNA SEE THOSE BLUE SPARKS FLY,  
WHEN THEY PLUG HER IN.....

**THE END**



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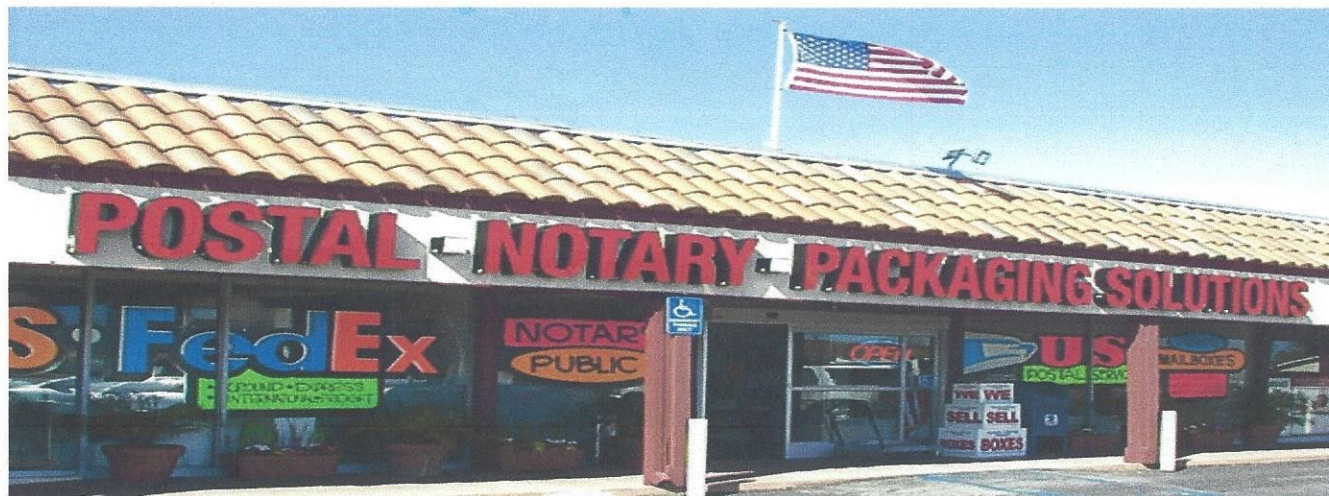
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