

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

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November - December 2023

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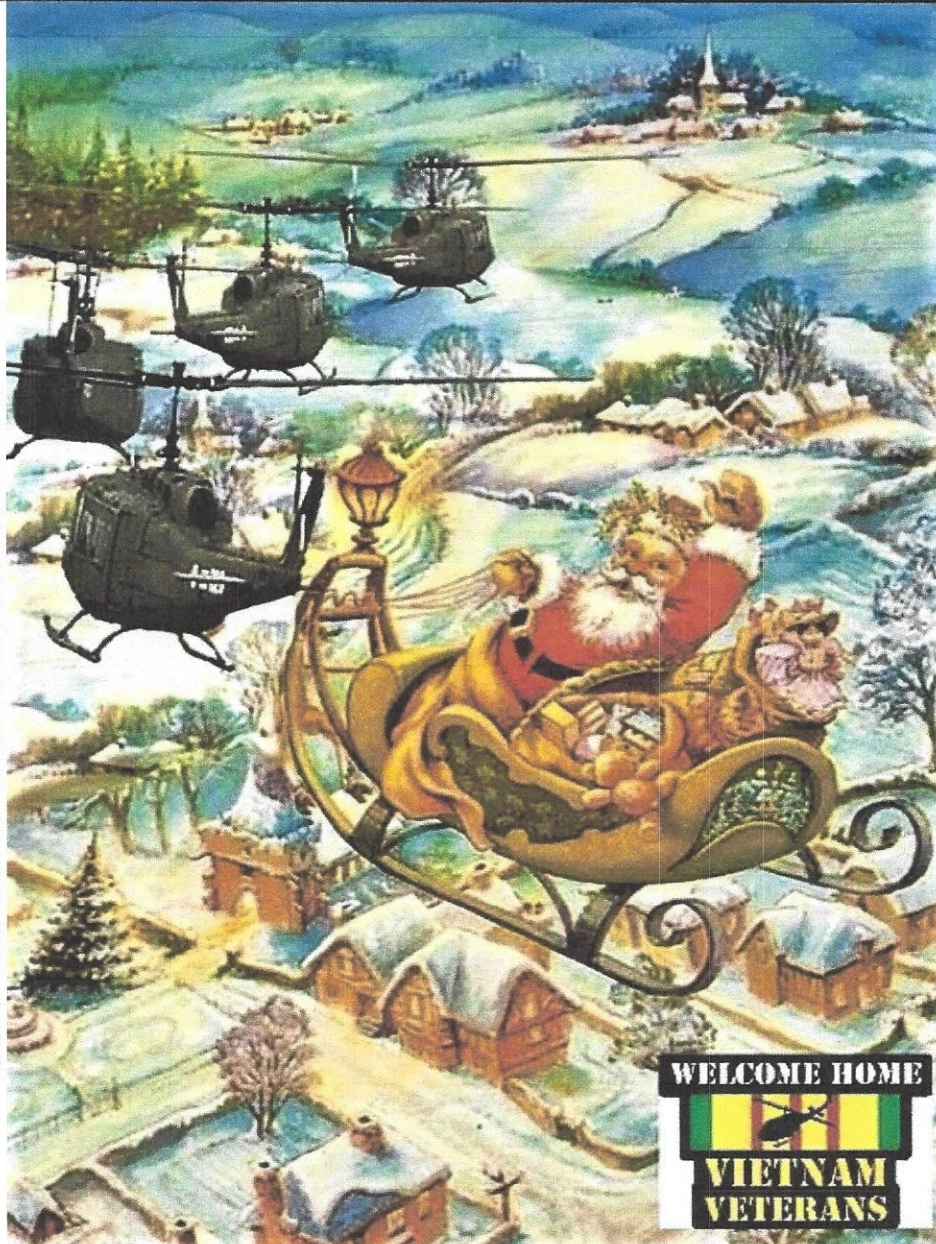
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*Please do not
throw this
newsletter
away. Pass it along to
another Veteran.*



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

Ch 53 Monthly 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 MTGS

Nov. 21, 2023

Tues @

Hawthorne
VFW Post 2075
4563 W. 131 St
Hawthorne
Board Mtg
12pm Gen.
Mtg 1pm

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

date	day	November 2023 Monthly Calendar
1	wed	
2	thur	
3	fri	City of Torrance Veterans Appreciation Day
4	sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
5	sun	Daylight Saving Ends - set clocks back 1 hour
6	mon	
7	tue	Get out and vote - Election Day
8	wed	
9	thur	
10	fri	Happy "248yrs old" Birthday U.S. Marine Corps
11	sat	Veteran's Day - there will be numerous events and ceremonies
12	sun	
13	mon	
14	tue	
15	wed	
16	thur	
17	fri	
18	sat	
19	sun	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
20	mon	
21	tue	Business Mtg 12:15pm - General Mtg 1:00pm @ Hawthorne VFW 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne
22	wed	
23	thur	Happy Thanksgiving.....
24	fri	
25	sat	
26	sun	Redondo Elk's Veteran's Pancack Breakfast 9am-noon
27	mon	
28	tue	
29	wed	
30	thur	

date	day	December 2023 Monthly Calendar
1	fri	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
2	sat	
3	sun	
4	mon	
5	tue	
6	wed	
7	thur	Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day - Chanukkah begins
8	fri	
9	sat	
10	sun	
11	mon	
12	tue	
13	wed	Ch53 Christmas/Chanukkah Party @ Hawthorne VFW
14	thur	
15	fri	Chanukkah ends
16	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
17	sun	SANTA IS COMING - Hawthorne VFW Breakfast
18	mon	
19	tue	NO MEETINGS IN DECEMBER
20	wed	
21	thur	BRRRRR - first day of winter.....
22	fri	
23	sat	
24	sun	
25	mon	Merry Christmas....to all
26	tue	
27	wed	
28	thur	
29	fri	
30	sat	
31	sun	Happy New Years Eve.....

Monthly Message Board Nov - Dec 2023

PRESENT MESSAGE.....


I will begin by thanking all of you who are here in attendance tonight to celebrate the 40th Anniversary of Vietnam Veterans of America, South Bay Chapter 53. Forty Years of supporting our Veterans and the South Bay Communities. I think, we as members, should pat ourselves on the back for a job well done. Our Chapter has always adhered to VVA's Motto, "Never Again Will One Generation of Veterans Abandon Another." We have supported and will continue to support all Veterans of All Wars.

Abraham Lincoln once said, "Honor to the Soldier and Sailor everywhere who bravely bears his Country's cause. Honor, also, to the Citizens who cares for his Brother in the field and serves, as he best can, the same cause". Modernizing it just a bit, I would reword it this way. Honor to the Soldier, Sailor, Marine Airman and Coast Guardsman everywhere who bravely bears their Country's cause. Honor, also to the Citizens, Spouses and Significant Others who cares for their Brothers and Sisters in the field and serves, as best they can, the same cause.


Special thanks to the 40th Anniversary Committee for all their time and effort to make this a successful evening. Chairperson Thom Kaehler, members Dick Amemiya, John Warhank and AVVA member Kyle Orlemann. I would also like to thank Steve Crecy for all his effort in providing us with an excellent video of the Chapter's past and present.

Finally, I'm honored to be President of VVA South Bay Chapter 53. All of you are very special individuals. Have a Great Evening.

Dennis


NOTE: There are numerous Veteran Day ceremonies and events - TOO MANY TO LIST. BUT if you google, search your local newspapers you might find more - ceremonies and events


City of Torrance Veterans Appreciation event
Friday Nov 3 10am-1pm RSVP 310 618-5880
between Oct 2-Oct 27


VETERANS DAY TRIBUTE 2023 (Redondo Beach)
Saturday, 11th of November @ 1pm
where: Veterans Park; 309 Esplanade
Redondo Beach (corner Torr Blvd - Catalina)
RSVP by Monday, November 6, 2023



Hermosa Memorial Veterans Day

Nov 11 @1030am (small reception to follow)
(corner of PCH and Pier Ave)



Manhattan Beach Veterans Day Ceremony

corner of 15th Street and Valley Drive
11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month
Keynote speaker: Bob Holmes



SANTA CLAUS IS COMING

VFW Sunday Breakfast

Dec 17 @ 9am-noon

free gifts for kids, grandkids and great grandkids



Veteran Pancake Breakfast

Rendondo Beach Elk's Lodge #1378

4th Sunday of every month; 9am-noon

\$12.00 per person

veteran's, & 5yrs or younger are free



4th Annual VestFest 2023

where: Kinecta, 1440 Rosecrans Ave - Manhattan Beach

when: Saturday Nov 11 from 12pm-5pm

free for veterans & 1st responders, \$50. everyone else
BBQ, beer & wine tasting, music



Ch53 Christmas - Chanukkah Party

where: Hawthorne VFW (4563 W. 131st; Hawthorne)

when: Wednesday Dec 13 from 6pm-9pm



A LOVE STORY.....

I will seek and find you.

I shall take you to bed and have my way
with you.

I will make you ache, shake & sweat until
you moan & groan.

I will make you beg for mercy, beg for me
to stop.

I will exhaust you to the point that you will
be relieved when I'm finished with you.

And, when I am finished, you will be weak
for days.

All my love, **The Flu**

**Now get your mind out of the gutter
and go get your flu shot!**



"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."

545 vs. 300,000,000 (plus) People

By Charlie Reese

Politicians are the only people in the world who create problems and then campaign against them.

Have you ever wondered, if both the Democrats and the Republicans are against deficits, WHY do we have deficits?

Have you ever wondered, if all the politicians are against inflation and high taxes, WHY do we have inflation and high taxes?

You and I don't propose a federal budget. The President does.

You and I don't have the Constitutional authority to vote on appropriations. The House of Representatives does.

You and I don't write the tax code, Congress does.

You and I don't set fiscal policy, Congress does.

You and I don't control monetary policy, the Federal Reserve Bank does.

One hundred senators, 435 congressmen, one President, and nine Supreme Court justices equates to 545 human beings out of the 300 million are directly, legally, morally, and individually responsible for the domestic problems that plague this country.

I excluded the members of the Federal Reserve Board because that problem was created by the Congress. In 1913, Congress delegated its Constitutional duty to provide a sound currency to a federally chartered, but private, central bank.

I excluded all the special interests and lobbyists for a sound reason. They have no legal authority. They have no ability to coerce a senator, a congressman, or a President to do one cotton-picking thing. I don't care if they offer a politician \$1 million dollars in cash. The politician has the power to accept or reject it. No matter what the lobbyist promises, it is the legislator's responsibility to determine how he votes.

Those 545 human beings spend much of their energy convincing you that what they did is not their fault. They cooperate in this common con regardless of party.

What separates a politician from a normal human being is an excessive amount of gall. No normal human being would have the gall of a Speaker, who stood up and criticized the President for creating deficits. The President can only propose a budget. He cannot force the Congress to accept it.

The Constitution, which is the supreme law of

the land, gives sole responsibility to the House of Representatives for originating and approving appropriations and taxes. Who is the speaker of the House? John Boehner. He is the leader of the majority party. He and fellow House members, not the President, can approve any budget they want. If the President vetoes it, they can pass it over his veto if they agree to.

It seems inconceivable to me that a nation of 300 million cannot replace 545 people who stand convicted -- by present facts -- of incompetence and irresponsibility. I can't think of a single domestic problem that is not traceable directly to those 545 people. When you fully grasp the plain truth that 545 people exercise the power of the federal government, then it must follow that what exists is what they want to exist.

If the tax code is unfair, it's because they want it unfair.

If the budget is in the red, it's because they want it in the red.

If the Army & Marines are in Iraq and Afghanistan it's because they want them in Iraq and Afghanistan ...

If they do not receive social security but are on an elite retirement plan not available to the people, it's because they want it that way.

There are no insoluble government problems.

Do not let these 545 people shift the blame to bureaucrats, whom they hire and whose jobs they can abolish; to lobbyists, whose gifts and advice they can reject; to regulators, to whom they give the power to regulate and from whom they can take this power.

Above all, do not let them con you into the belief that there exists disembodied mystical forces like "the economy," "inflation," or "politics" that prevent them from doing what they take an oath to do.

Those 545 people, and they alone, are responsible.

They, and they alone, have the power.

They, and they alone, should be held accountable by the people who are their bosses.

Provided the voters have the gumption to manage their own employees...

We should vote all of them out of office and clean up their mess!

What you do with this article now that you have read it..

is up to you. This might be funny if it weren't so true.

Be sure to read all the way to the end:

Tax his land,
Tax his bed,
Tax the table,
At which he's fed.

Tax his tractor,
Tax his mule,
Teach him taxes
Are the rule.

Tax his work,
Tax his pay,
He works for
peanuts anyway!

Tax his cow,
Tax his goat,
Tax his pants,
Tax his coat.

Tax his ties,
Tax his shirt,
Tax his work,
Tax his dirt.

Tax his tobacco,
Tax his drink,
Tax him if he
Tries to think.

Tax his cigars,
Tax his beers,
If he cries
Tax his tears.

Tax his car,
Tax his gas,
Find other ways
To tax his ass.

Tax all he has
Then let him know
That you won't be
done
Till he has no dough.

When he screams and
hollers;
Then tax him some
more,
Tax him till
He's good and sore.

Then tax his coffin,
Tax his grave,

Tax the sod in
Which he's laid...

Put these words
Upon his tomb,
'Taxes drove me
to my doom...'

When he's gone,
Do not relax,
Its time to apply
The inheritance tax.

Accounts Receivable
Tax

Building Permit Tax

CDL license Tax

Cigarette Tax

Corporate Income
Tax

Dog License Tax

Excise Taxes

Federal Income Tax

Federal
Unemployment Tax
(FUTA)

Fishing License Tax

Food License Tax

Fuel Permit Tax

Gasoline Tax
(currently 44.75
cents per gallon)

Gross Receipts Tax

Hunting License Tax

Inheritance Tax

Inventory Tax

IRS Interest Charges
IRS Penalties

(tax on top of tax)

Liquor Tax

Luxury Taxes

Marriage License Tax

Medicare Tax

Personal Property Tax

Property Tax

Real Estate Tax

Service Charge Tax

Social Security Tax

Road Usage Tax

Recreational Vehicle
Tax

Sales Tax

School Tax

State Income Tax

State Unemployment
Tax (SUTA)

Telephone Federal
Excise Tax

Telephone Federal
Universal

Service Fee Tax

Telephone Federal,
State and

Local Surcharge
Taxes

Telephone Minimum
Usage

Surcharge Tax

Telephone Recurring
and

Nonrecurring Charges
Tax

Telephone State and
Local Tax

Telephone Usage
Charge Tax

Utility Taxes

Vehicle License
Registration Tax

Vehicle Sales Tax

Watercraft
Registration Tax

Well Permit Tax

Workers
Compensation Tax

**STILL THINK
THIS IS FUNNY?**

**Not one of these
taxes existed 100
years ago, & our
nation was the most
prosperous in the
world.**

**We had absolutely
no national debt,
had the largest
middle class in the
world, and Mom
stayed home to raise
the kids.**

**What in the heck
happened? Can you
spell 'politicians?'**

**I hope this goes
around THE USA at
least 545 times!!!
YOU can help it get
there!!!**

**GO AHEAD. . .
BE AN
AMERICAN!!**



**Get out there and
VOTE**

THE PHUNNIE HOLIDAY POEM PAGES

The Class Reunion

by Jo David Stockwell

Every ten years, as summertime nears,
An announcement arrives in the mail.
"A reunion is planned; it'll be really grand,
Make plans to attend without fail".

I'll never forget the first time we met,
We tried so hard to impress.
We drove fancy cars, smoked big cigars,
And wore our most elegant dress.

It was quite an affair; the whole class was there.
It was held at a fancy hotel.
We wined, and we dined, and we acted refined,
And everyone thought it was swell.

The men all conversed about who had been first
To achieve great fortune and fame.
Meanwhile, their spouses described their fine
houses
And how beautiful their children became.

The homecoming queen, who once had been lean,
Now weighed in at one-ninety-six.
The jocks who were there had all lost their hair,
And the cheerleaders could no longer do kicks.

No one had heard about the class nerd
Who'd guided a spacecraft to the moon;
Or poor little Jane, who's always been plain,
She married a shipping tycoon.

The boy we'd decreed "most apt to succeed"
Was serving ten years in the pen,
While the one voted "least" now was a priest;
Just shows you can be wrong now and then.

They awarded a prize to one of the guys
Who seemed to have aged the least.
Another was given to the grad who had driven
The farthest to attend the feast.

They took a class picture, a curious mixture
Of beehives, crew cuts and wide ties.
Tall, short, or skinny, the style was the mini,
You never saw so many thighs.

At our next get-together, no one cared whether
They impressed their classmates or not.
The mood was informal, a whole lot more normal,
By this time we'd all gone to pot.
It was held out-of-doors, at the lake shores,

We ate hamburgers, coleslaw, and beans.
Then most of us lay around in the shade,
In our comfortable T-shirts and jeans.

By the fortieth year, it was abundantly clear,
We were definitely over the hill.
Those who weren't dead had to crawl out of bed,
And be home in time for their pill.

And now I can't wait--they've set the date,
Our fiftieth is coming, I'm told.
It should be a ball, they've rented a hall
At the Shady Rest Home of the old.

Repairs have been made on my hearing aid,
My pacemaker's been turned up on high.
My wheelchair is oiled, and my teeth have been
boiled,
And I've bought a new wig and glass eye.

I'm feeling quite hearty, and I'm ready to party,
I'm gonna dance 'til dawn's early light.
It'll be lots of fun. but I just hope that there's one
Other person who can make it that night.



TEST RESULTS.....

Thought I'd let my doctor check me,
'Cause I didn't feel quite right. . .
All those aches and pains annoyed me
And I couldn't sleep at night.

He could find no real disorder
But he wouldn't let it rest.
What with Medicare and Blue Cross,
We would do a couple tests.

To the hospital he sent me
Though I didn't feel that bad.
He arranged for them to give me
Every test that could be had.

I was fluoroscoped and cystoscoped,
My aging frame displayed.
Stripped, on an ice cold table,
While my gizzards were x-rayed.

I was checked for worms and parasites,
For fungus and the crud,
While they pierced me with long needles
Taking samples of my blood.
Doctors came to check me over,
Probed and pushed and poked around,
And to make sure I was living

THE PHUNNIE HOLIDAY POEM PAGES

They then wired me for sound.
They have finally concluded,
Their results have filled a page.
What I have will someday kill me;
My affliction is OLD AGE

I just need a Nap!



SEASONED CITIZENS

A row of bottles on my shelf
Caused me to analyze myself.

One yellow pill I have to pop
Goes to my heart so it won't stop.

A little white one that I take
Goes to my hands so they won't shake.

The blue ones that I use a lot
Tell me I'm happy when I'm not.

The purple pill goes to my brain
And tells me that I have no pain.

The capsules tell me not to wheeze
Or cough or choke or even sneeze.

The red ones, smallest of them all
Go to my blood so I won't fall.

The orange ones, very big and bright
Prevent my leg cramps in the night

Such an array of brilliant pills
Helping to cure all kinds of ills.
But what I'd really like to know...
Is what tells each one where to go!



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 Relatives 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,

THE PHUNNIE HOLIDAY POEM PAGES

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.....



A Heavy Calorie Christmas

T'was the month after Christmas, and all through
the house
Nothing would fit me, not even a blouse.

The cookies I'd nibbled, the eggnog I'd taste
At the holiday parties had gone to my waist.

When I got on the scales there arose such a number!
When I walked to the store (less a walk than a
lumber).

I'd remember the marvelous meals I'd prepared;
The gravies and sauces and beef nicely rared,

The cakes and the pies, the bread and the cheese
And the way I'd never said, "No thank you, please."

As I dressed myself in my husband's old shirt
And prepared once again to do battle with dirt

I said to myself, as I only can -
"You can't spend a winter disguised as a man!"

So, away with the last of the sour cream dip,
Get rid of the fruit cake, every cracker and chip

Every last bit of food that I like must be banished
Till all the additional ounces have vanished.
I won't have a cookie, not even a lick.
I'll only chew on a long celery stick.
I won't have hot biscuits, or corn bread, or pie,
I'll munch on a carrot and quietly cry.
I'm hungry, I'm lonesome, and life is a bore ...
But isn't that what January is for?
Unable to giggle, no longer a riot.
Happy New Year to all and to all a good diet!

**This last poem is not a Holiday
Phunnie Poem BUT a poem for a
tribute to a soldier's wife.**

"A MEDAL, PLEASE FOR A SERVICE MAN'S WIFE"

*This Poem was written by a returning World War II
soldier who wishes to give his wife a medal for
enduring life without him. unknown author*

"A Medal, please, for a service man's wife,"
I heard the young man say,
"I want her to wear it the rest of her life;
So make it large and gold and gay".

The clerk looked over the counter
At the young man standing there;
He was tired and weary from battle.
She saw premature gray in his hair.

"I'm sorry, sir," she answered.
We medals for soldiers, it's true,
But one for a service man's wife
Is obviously something quite new.
"We've lockets and bracelets and compacts,
And trinkets to please any wife;
Perhaps you would care to see them-
They are all guaranteed for life."

But the soldier smiled a kindly smile
And said in his own simple way,
"Don't bother, Miss, you've nothing here
I would take her on this special day.
You see, she's been more than a wife these years -
She's been "Daddy" to baby as well,
She never complained, or mentioned the tears
That no doubt very often fell.
Well, I'm home, and I'm safe, and I'm happy.
I'm on the way to her right now.
I'm sorry you haven't the medal.
But I'll make it up, somehow."

As the soldier went on his homeward way,
I couldn't help thinking aloud
That the best medal on earth a service's man wife -
And one of which she will always be proud-
Is the return of her dear one forever,
And to know that the battle is won;
To be safe from fear, and to know he is near
When the end of the day is done.

THE PHUNNY PAGES

A group of Vietnam Veterans, all aged about 40, discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally, it was agreed that they would meet at the "Ocean View" restaurant because the waitresses there were pretty.

Ten years later, at age 50, the Veterans once again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally, it was agreed that they would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the food was excellent and the wine selection was extensive.

Ten years later, at age 60, the Veterans again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally, it was agreed that they would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they could dine in peace and quiet, and the restaurant had a beautiful view of the ocean.

Ten years later, at age 70, the Veterans discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally, it was agreed that they would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the restaurant was wheelchair accessible and had an elevator.

Ten years later, at age 80, the Veterans discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally, it was agreed that they would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they had never been there before.



Funny and Cringe-Worthy Puns

The Roman emperor's wife hates playing hide and seek because wherever she goes, Julius Caesar.

I like what mechanics wear, overall.

If you are being chased by a pack of taxidermists, do not play dead.

I tried to steal spaghetti from the shop, but the female guard saw me and I couldn't get pasta.

My friend told me he was going to a fancy dress party as an Italian island. I said to him, "Don't be Sicily."

I don't know what you call a small spillage from a pen but I have an inkling.

I hate funerals — I'm not a mourning person.

I used to work in a shoe-recycling shop. It was sole-destroying.

When she saw her first strands of gray hair, she thought she'd dye.

A boiled egg is hard to beat.

Once you've seen one shopping center, you've seen a mall.

It's hard to explain puns to kleptomaniacs because they always take things literally.

Yesterday, a clown held the door open for me. It was such a nice jester.

Becoming a vegetarian is a huge missed steak.

The other day she tried to make a chemistry joke, but got no reaction.

It's funny — England doesn't have a kidney bank, but has a Liverpool.

Acupuncture is a jab well done.

When a clock is hungry, it goes back four seconds.



Ponderings.....

I had amnesia once... or was it twice.

Protons have mass? I didn't even know they were Catholic.

All I ask is a chance to prove that money can't make me happy.

If the world were a logical place, men would be the ones who ride horses sidesaddle.

What is a "free gift"? Aren't all gifts free?

They told me I was gullible... and I believed them.

Experience is the one thing you have left when everything else is gone.

One nice thing about egotists: they don't talk about other people.

I used to be indecisive. Now, I'm not sure.

Is it just me, or do buffalo wings taste like chicken?

Why can you drink a drink but you can't food a food?

The word queue is just a Q followed by four silent letters...

Why is a W called "double-u" when it's clearly a "double-v"?

I did some financial planning, and it looks like I can retire at 85 and live comfortably for 11 minutes.

We all know that mirrors don't lie... I'm just grateful that they don't laugh.

THE PHUNNY PAGES

Funny Stuff.....but

Due to my isolation, I finished three books yesterday. And believe me, that's a lot of coloring.

What did our parents do to kill boredom before the internet? I asked my 26 brothers and sisters and they didn't know either.

When I offer to wash your back in the shower, all you have to say is 'yes' or 'no'.
Not all this "Who are you and how did you get in here?" nonsense.

Today, I melted an ice cube with my mind just by staring at it. It took a lot longer than I thought it would.

Just sold my homing pigeon on eBay for the 22nd time.

I grew up with Bob Hope, Steve Jobs, and Johnny Cash. Now there's no jobs, no cash, and no hope. Please don't let anything happen to Kevin Bacon.

Shout out to everyone who can still remember their childhood phone number but can't remember the password they created yesterday. You are my people.

One minute you're young and fun. And next, you're turning down the stereo in your car to see better.

There's nothing scarier than that split second when you lose your balance in the shower and you think, "They are going to find me naked."

Not in jail, not in a mental hospital, not in a grave—I say I'm having a very good day.



I HAVE EVERYTHING.....

I have everything that I wanted as a teenager, only 60 years later. I don't have to go to school or work. I get an allowance every month. I have my own pad. I don't have a curfew. I have a driver's license and my own car. The people I hang around with are not scared of getting pregnant and I don't have acne. Life is great. I changed my car horn to gunshot sounds. People get out of the way much faster now.

Gone are the days when girls used to cook like their mothers. Now they drink like their fathers. I didn't make it to the gym today. That makes five years in a row. I decided to stop calling the bathroom "John" and renamed it the "Jim". I feel so much better saying I went to the Jim this morning.

Old age is coming at a really bad time.

When I was a child I thought "nap time" was a punishment. Now it feels like a small vacation.

The biggest lie I tell myself is... "I don't have to write that down, I'll remember it".

I don't have gray hair... I have "wisdom highlights"! I'm just very wise.

If God wanted me to touch my toes, He would've put them on my knees.

Last year I joined a support group for procrastinators. We haven't met yet.

Why do I have to press one for English when you're just going to transfer me to someone I can't understand anyway?

Of course, I talk to myself. Sometimes I need expert advice.

At my age "Getting Lucky" means walking into a room and remembering what I came in there for.

I have more friends I should send this to, but right now I can't remember their names.

Now, I'm wondering... did I steal this meme from you, or did you steal it from me?



'REPUBLICAN' IS SITTING IN A BAR

A union boss walks in from the factory next door and is about to order a beer when he sees a guy at the far end of the bar wearing a TRUMP "Make America Great Again" cap with two beers sitting in front of him.

The union boss doesn't need to be an Einstein to know that this guy is a Republican, so he shouts over to the bartender so loudly that everyone can hear, "Drinks for everyone in here, bartender... but not for the Republican."

Soon after the drinks have been passed out, the Republican gives him a big smile, waves at him then says, "Thank you!" in an equally loud voice. This infuriates the 'Union Boss'.

After a few minutes, the union boss once again loudly orders drinks for everyone except the Republican. As before, this doesn't seem to bother the Republican. He nods and smiles, and again yells, "Thank you!"

A few more minutes pass and the union boss orders another round of drinks for everyone except the Republican.

Just as before, this STILL doesn't seem to faze the Republican who continues smiling and again yells out, "Thank you!!"

Frustrated that he can't seem to get the guy angered, the union boss asks the bartender, "What is wrong with that Republican? I've ordered three rounds of drinks for everyone in the bar but him, and all the dummy does is smile and thank me. Is he nuts...?"

"Nope," replies the bartender. "He owns the place."

That's All Folks

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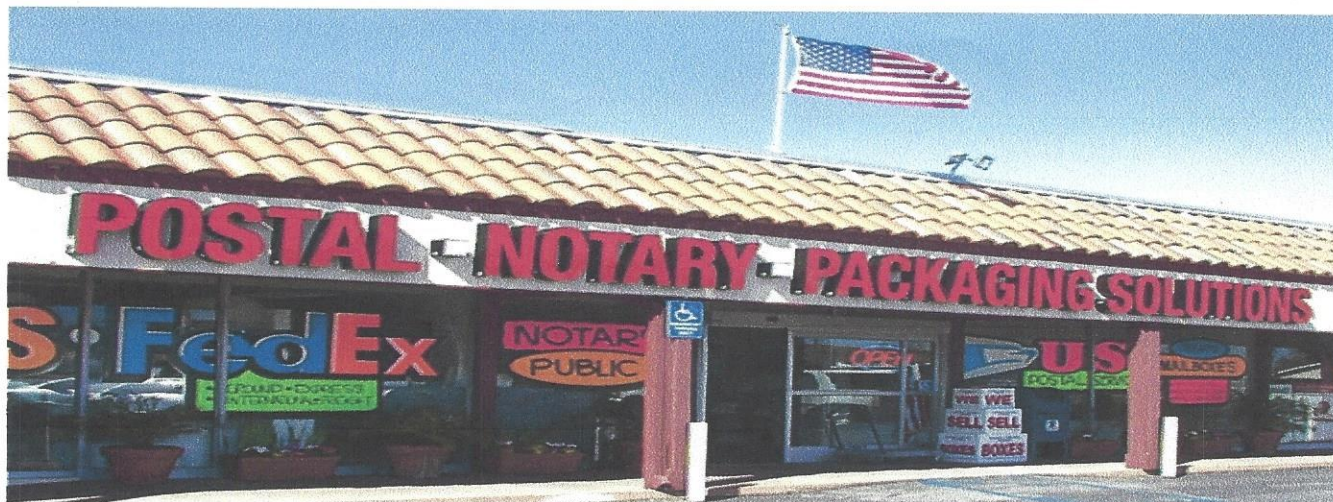
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