

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

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

September - October 2023



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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

September 19, 2023 (Tues)

October 17, 2023 (Tues)

Board Meetings @ 1200 pm

General Meetings @ 1:00 pm

Hawthorne VFW Post 2075

4563 W. 131st Street - Hawthorne, Ca 90250



1775 - Happy " 247th " Birthday U.S. Navy

Happy Halloween

date	day	September 2023 Monthly Calendar
1	fri	
2	sat	Hermosa Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner PCH/Pier, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
3	sun	
4	mon	Happy Labor Day
5	tue	
6	wed	
7	thur	
8	fri	
9	sat	
10	sun	
11	mon	
12	tue	
13	wed	
14	thur	
15	fri	POW/MIA Recognition Day....
16	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
17	sun	Hawthorne VFW breakfast 9-noon 4563 W. 131st St. Hawthorne
18	mon	
19	tue	Business Mtg 12pm-General Mtg 1pm @ Hawthorne VFW 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne
20	wed	
21	thur	
22	fri	
23	sat	
24	sun	Gold Star Mother's Day.....
25	mon	Yom Kippur
26	tue	
27	wed	
28	thur	
29	fri	
30	sat	

date	day	October 2023 Monthly Calendar
1	sun	
2	mon	
3	tue	
4	wed	
5	thur	
6	fri	
7	sat	Hermosa Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
8	sun	
9	mon	Columbus Day.....
10	tue	
11	wed	
12	thur	
13	fri	1775 - Happy Birthday U.S. Navy
14	sat	
15	sun	Hawthorne VFW breakfast 9-noon 4563 W. 131st St. Hawthorne
16	mon	
17	tue	Business Mtg 12pm-General Mtg 1pm @ Hawthorne VFW 4563 W 131st St, Hawthorne
18	wed	
19	thur	
20	fri	
21	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
22	sun	
23	mon	
24	tue	
25	wed	1993 - U.S. invades Grenada.....
26	thur	
27	fri	
28	sat	
29	sun	
30/31		Mon.....Tues - Happy Halloween.....

Monthly Message Board for September - October 2023

Here are my bullet points from the National Convention meeting.....by Dick Cunningham

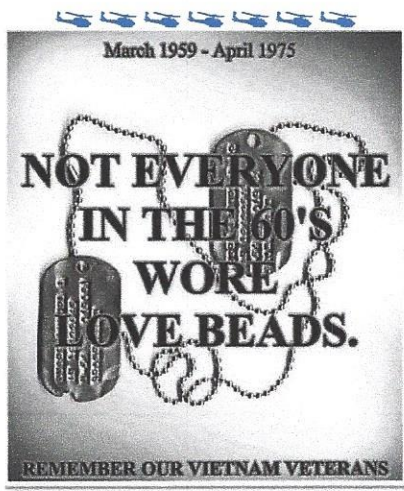
- Hypertension removed (NOW COVERED BY P.A.C.T.) Res Retired
- Tom Corey Medical Center West Palm Beach
- West LA VA
- Plan of Dissolution - make plan - date - CHANGE TO TBD
- Work with BVA to strengthen Veterans right of representation
- Strengthened Womans Veteran research
- Urge reassignment of Sexual Trauma and HARASSMENT cases out of immediate Chain of Command. More training for leadership along these lines.

An aside, I met Vietnam Vet and author, Homer Hickam. He was there to sign his book "Don't Blow Yourself Up". He's had a very interesting life. His writing about being a "butter bar" officer with the wrong MOS is "interesting" to say the least. I recommend reading. Available at HomerHickam.com

40TH ANNIVERSARY, VVA, SOUTH BAY,
CHAPTER 53

Wednesday September 27, 2023 (5pm - 9pm)
at the BLUEWATER GRILL - Redondo Beach
Don't forget to RSVP

VFW Post 2075 Hawthorne
Every 3rd Sunday Brunch 9:00 to Noon
(arrive early) \$12.00 - 4563 W. 131st St.
Hawthorne



This Poem with a unknown author "A Medal, please, for a service man's wife" was written by a returning soldier who wishes to give his wife a medal for enduring life without him.

"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.

Memorial Day 2023: Note on a white stone cross

I miss you. I'm thankful to have served alongside you

Hey Brother,

Just checking in. Looks like some of the other boys have come by today.

Lots of flowers. Did you ever think you'd be getting a bunch of flowers from guys in the platoon? I sure didn't.

But here you go.

They'll look good for a little while anyway.

Then they'll wilt and brown. Then the gravekeeper will take them away.

Nothing stays forever.

I wish you could have stayed a little longer, though.

I'd really like to see you smile again. Hear you laugh.

Your laugh made other people laugh—me included.

A little joy in the world.

Joy that is now gone. I miss that.

I miss you.

But the world moves on. Time stops for no man.

Look at me. Gray hair. Wrinkled skin.

I will not squander a moment—not a breath, not a sunset, not a laugh. I will

live to honor the gift you gave me.

I'm the old guy we used to laugh about.

Who's laughing now?

Even my kids are all grown up.

They aren't kids anymore. You'd be proud.

Time goes quick.

You taught me that.

You taught me so much.

I was angry at first—angry at you, angry at myself, angry at the world.

I couldn't understand why—why you?

Why were you taken from this world? Taken from me?

My anger grew—but it was all for me. Selfish.

Eventually, the anger consumed itself.

I realized my anger was unwarranted.

Over time, it diminished.

Instead, I became thankful.

Thankful to have known you.

Thankful to have spent time with you.

Thankful to have served alongside you.

Thankful to call you friend and brother.

Thankful for this life you have given me.

You won't grow old so I can.

Your dreams were lost so my dreams could be found.

Your hopes were extinguished, so my hopes could be realized.

Your future was cut short—so my future could flourish.

In your death, you gave me life.

I will live this life to the fullest.

I promise:

I will not squander a moment—not a breath, not a sunset, not a laugh.

I will live to honor the gift you gave me.

The life I owe to you.

I will never forget.

Until next time,

Your Brother

By **Jocko Willink - Fox News**

Jocko Willink is a retired SEAL Officer, author of several books including "Extreme Ownership," "Discipline Equals Freedom Field Manual," "The Dichotomy of Leadership" and the "Way of the Warrior Kid" series, and hosts the top-rated podcast: Jocko Podcast.

THEY WON'T LET ME FLY FIGHTERS ANYMORE

SENT BY A RETIRED FIGHTER PILOT SENIOR CITIZEN.

They won't let me fly their jet fighters anymore. The day after I no longer pulled 5-6 Gs (or more) multiple times every day, my middle started expanding. It hasn't stopped. First my toes disappeared, and then the equipment in the Nether Regions disappeared except on outstanding occasions. My feet might as well be in China. My toenails are turning into claws.

The ladies no longer look at my ass as I walk by.

My eyesight has started to fade. I once had the best vision of anyone I ever flew with except Chuck Yeager. He could see another aircraft at 60 miles and I could not see it until 50 miles. And he was older than me. I guess that is why he was an Ace.

The music has faded. Twenty-five years in close proximity of screaming jet engines will do more damage to your hearing than a rock band. The VA gave me some very nice hearing aids but I don't wear the damned things. I don't want to look like an old man. However, it can be a blessing when I piss off my roommate.

My prostate started to enlarge and I have to pee every 5 minutes. Speaking of which: The pressure is too low, the hose is too short, and the nozzle is set on spray. I find it advisable to sit down to pee to avoid getting Wet Foot Syndrome. I know the location of every publically accessible bathroom within 100 miles.

My gyro tumbled and I have vertigo. I have had it many times while flying in Instrument Flight Rules (IFR) weather but this is different. This is Visual Flight Rules (VFR) weather all the time. I walk like a drunken sailor. My golfing days are over. My back swing would put me flat of my back. A walker may not be far in the future.

If I were to find myself on the ground in the middle of an empty Wal-Mart parking lot, I would not be able to get up onto my feet. The legs are just not there anymore. I would have to crawl to a shopping cart or fence to pull myself up.

My smoking days finally caught up with me and I have emphysema/COPD. I used to cuss while climbing out returning from North Vietnam if I was so high that my Zippo lighter would not light so I could have a smoke to help me come down from an adrenalin high. I have had to go on oxygen in order to have enough to live. It is a real bummer to have to haul a bottle of O2 around with me when I go out of the house. I wear a nose harness at home and drag a plastic tube around and an oxygen concentrator out in the garage runs 24/7. The tube is

always snagging on something or someone steps on the damn thing and it almost jerks me ears off. Don't get me wrong. I like oxygen. I used to really like it after a night of serious partying when I had an early morning mission. As soon as I got into the cockpit I went on 100% O2 for startup, taxi, and weapons arming pit. By the time I had wheels up I was ready to fight.

My sex life is 99.9% in my head. But I think that is pretty normal for the male population, which thinks about sex on the average about every 10 seconds. At least that has always been my average.

And they won't let me fly their jet fighters anymore.

Getting old is a bitch.

Some after Thoughts:

Some people wonder why old fighter pilots (there are no Ex Fighter Pilots) miss flying high performance jets so much. A couple of examples:

1. I start up, taxi out and line up on the centerline of a 10,000-foot runway. I throttle up to full power, release the brakes and go into afterburner. There is a huge shove against my back that pins my helmet against the back headrest. The runway streaks under me faster and faster. At flying speed I raise the gear to get the wheels free of the earth. Flaps up. Sink down a foot or two until the end of the runway and then the field boundary flashes underneath and I pull the nose up to point to the sky and freedom. The horizon rapidly expands and after about three minutes and 6-7 miles above the earth I come out of burner, roll inverted and at zero Gs let the nose slowly drift down to the horizon. I look out the top of my canopy at the earth far below and think about all those pedestrian assholes down there that will never know what true joy is.

2. I complete my mission in North Vietnam and climb out South toward home base far away. I have to go to 53,000 feet in order to have enough fuel to make it. Once there, the adrenalin is subsiding and I turn off my cockpit lights to enjoy the view. There is not one light visible on the ground. But above: Oh my God!! It is unbelievable! The sight is not describable. Only God could have created something like this. The stars and galaxies are so bright that I do not need cockpit lights to read my instruments. This is something that an old fighter pilot cannot forget and it is only one of thousands of memories that only an Old Fighter Pilot can have.

And they won't let me fly their jet fighters anymore.

The Origins of 'Taps'

It is just 24 notes sounded on a bugle - and it lasts only 50 to 60 seconds. Yet no piece of music is more widely known in America than the strains of Taps or more apt to render emotion with a melody that is both eloquent and haunting.

According to legend, Taps was composed in July 1862 during the American Civil War near Harrison's Landing, Virginia during the Peninsular Campaign. On one side of a narrow strip of land, Union Army soldiers faced elements of the Confederate Army camped on the other side.

During the night, moans of a mortally wounded soldier awaked Union Captain Robert Ellicombe. Not knowing if it was a Union or Confederate soldier, the captain decided to risk his life and bring the stricken man back for medical attention.

Crawling on his stomach through no-man's land as periodic gunfire coming from both sides pierced the air above his head, the captain reached the stricken soldier and began pulling him toward his encampment. When the captain finally reached his own lines, he discovered in the dim light of a lantern it was actually a Confederate soldier who was already dead. Suddenly, he caught his breath and went numb with shock when he saw the face of the soldier; it was his own son. The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke out. Without telling his father, he had enlisted in the Confederate Army. The following morning, heartbroken, the father asked permission of his superiors to give his son a full military burial despite his enemy status.

The captain had asked if he could have a group of Army band members play a funeral dirge for the son at the funeral. That request was turned down since the soldier was a Confederate. Out of respect for the father, they did say they could give him only one musician.

The captain chose a bugler. He asked the bugler to play a series of musical notes he had found on a piece of paper in the pocket of his dead son's uniform. This wish was granted.

As romantic and gut-wrenching as this story is, it is not true; there was no dead son, Confederate or otherwise; no lone bugler sounding out the dead boy's last composition. More importantly, there is no record whatsoever of a Union Army captain by

the name of Robert Ellicombe. When or where this fable began is uncertain but it persisted for decades supported by many believers.

The revision that gave us present-day Taps was made during America's Civil War by Union Gen. Daniel Adams Butterfield, Commander of the 3rd Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Army Corps, Army of the Potomac camped at Harrison Landing, Va. Up to that time, the U.S. Army's infantry call to end the day was the French final call, "L'Extinction des feux." Gen. Butterfield decided the "lights out" music was too formal to signal the day's end. One day in July 1862 he recalled the tattoo music and hummed a version of it to an aide, who wrote it down in music.

Summoning his brigade's bugler, Private Oliver Willcox Norton to his tent one evening, Butterfield showed him the notes written in pencil on the back of an envelope. Several times Norton would sound them on his bugle. Butterfield changed it somewhat, lengthening some notes and shortening others, but retaining the melody as he first gave it to Norton. After getting it to his satisfaction, he directed Norton to sound that call for 'Taps' thereafter in place of the regulation call. The music was beautiful on that still summer night, and was heard far beyond the limits of the brigade.

Although no general order was issued from army headquarters authorizing the substitution of this for the regulation call, each brigade commander exercised his own discretion in such minor matters. Before long Taps was gradually taken up through the Army of the Potomac call for "light's out" signal. It quickly came into use by the Army of Confederate States of America as well.

It was officially recognized by the United States Army in 1874.

The first use of Butterfield's Taps at a funeral was also at Harrison's Landing a few days later when a soldier of Captain John C. Tidball of Battery A, 2nd Artillery was buried at a time when the battery occupied a concealed position in the woods. It was unsafe to fire the customary three volleys over the grave on account of the proximity of the enemy, and it occurred to Captain Tidball that the sounding of Taps would be used instead. Thus began the custom of playing Taps at a military funeral although it did not become a standard component to U.S. military funerals until 1891.

Ten months after it was composed, Taps was also played at the funeral of Confederate Gen. Stonewall "Stonewall" Jackson at Lexington, Virginia.

This brings us to how 'Taps' got its name. One story claims it was a derivation of "Tattoo," a French bugle signal that notified soldiers to cease an evening's drinking and return to their garrisons. It was sounded an hour before the final bugle call to end the day by extinguishing fires and lights. The word 'tattoo' itself comes from the Dutch term 'taptoe,' meaning "close the (beer) taps (and send the troops back to camp)."

The more likely explanation, however, is that it carried over from a term already in use before the American Civil War. Three single, slow drum beats were struck after the sounding of the Tattoo or "Extinguish Lights." This signal was known as the "Drum Taps," "The Taps," or simply as "Taps" in soldier's slang.

This first sounding of Taps at the Capt. Tidball's soldier's military funeral is commemorated in a stained glass window at The Chapel of the Centurion (The Old Post Chapel) at Fort Monroe, Virginia. The window, made by R. Geissler of New York and based on a painting by Sidney King, was dedicated in 1958 and shows a bugler and a flag at half-staff. In that picture a drummer boy stands beside the bugler.

The site where Taps was born is also commemorated by a monument located on the grounds of Berkeley Plantation. This monument to Taps was erected by the Virginia American Legion and dedicated on July 4, 1969.

The haunting yet beautiful melody of Taps can be heard at the following site:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bfe4TxvUOiw>

There are no official words to the music but here are some of the more popular verses:

Day is done, gone the sun,
From the hills, from the lake,
From the skies.
All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh.

Go to sleep, peaceful sleep,
May the soldier or sailor,
God keep.

On the land or the deep,
Safe in sleep.

Love, good night, Must thou go,
When the day, And the night
Need thee so?
All is well. Speedeth all
To their rest.

Fades the light; And afar
Goeth day, And the stars
Shineth bright,
Fare thee well; Day has gone,
Night is on.

Thanks and praise, For our days,
'Neath the sun, Neath the stars,
'Neath the sky,
As we go, This we know,
God is nigh.

NOTE: There are numerous versions of the Story of Taps - this is just one of them



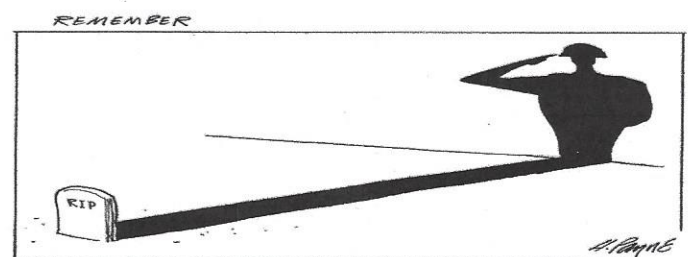
Unless You've Been a Soldier

by Clive Sanders

Unless you've been a soldier,
You just won't understand.
The things that we have seen and done,
In the service of our land.
We were trained to live in combat,
And to deal with dreadful sights,
That shouldn't be seen by anyone
And keep you awake at nights.

We don't discuss the wounds we have,
To the body or the mind.
We just put our hurts behind us,
And turn our memories blind.
We are proud we served our country,
But remember those we lost.
For the freedom that you have today,
They paid the awful cost.

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You Can Leave The Military But It Rarely Leaves You

By Ken Burger, The Charleston Post and Courier

Occasionally, I venture back to NAS, Meridian, where I'm greeted by an imposing security guard who looks carefully at my identification card, hands it back and says, "Have a good day, Chief". Every time I go back to any Base it feels good to be called by my previous rank, but odd to be in civilian clothes, walking among the servicemen and servicewomen going about their duties as I once did, many years ago.

The military is a comfort zone for anyone who has ever worn the uniform. It's a place where you know the rules and know they are enforced - a place where everybody is busy, but not too busy to take care of business.

Because there exists behind the gates of every military facility an institutional understanding of respect, order, uniformity, accountability and dedication that becomes part of your marrow and never, ever leaves you.

Personally, I miss the fact that you always knew where you stood in the military, and who you were dealing with.

That's because you could read somebody's uniform from 20 feet away and know the score. Service personnel wear their careers on their sleeves, so to speak. When you approach each other, you can read their name tag, examine their rank and, if they are in dress uniform, read their ribbons and know where they've served.

I miss all those little things you take for granted when you're in the ranks, like breaking starch on a set of fatigues fresh from the laundry and standing in a perfectly straight line military formation that looks like a mirror as it stretches to the endless horizon.

I miss the sight of troops marching in the early morning mist, the sound of boot heels thumping in unison on the tarmac, the bark of drill instructors and the sing-song answers from the squads as they pass by in review.

To romanticize military service is to be far removed from its reality, because it's very

serious business -- especially in times of war. But I miss the salutes I'd throw at officers and the crisp returns as we criss-crossed with a "by your leave, sir".

I miss the smell of jet fuel hanging heavily on the night air and the sound of engines roaring down runways and disappearing into the clouds. The same while on carrier duty.

I even miss the hurry-up-and-wait mentality that enlisted men gripe about constantly, a masterful invention that bonded people more than they'll ever know or admit.

I miss people taking off their hats when they enter a building, speaking directly and clearly to others and never showing disrespect for rank, race, religion or gender.

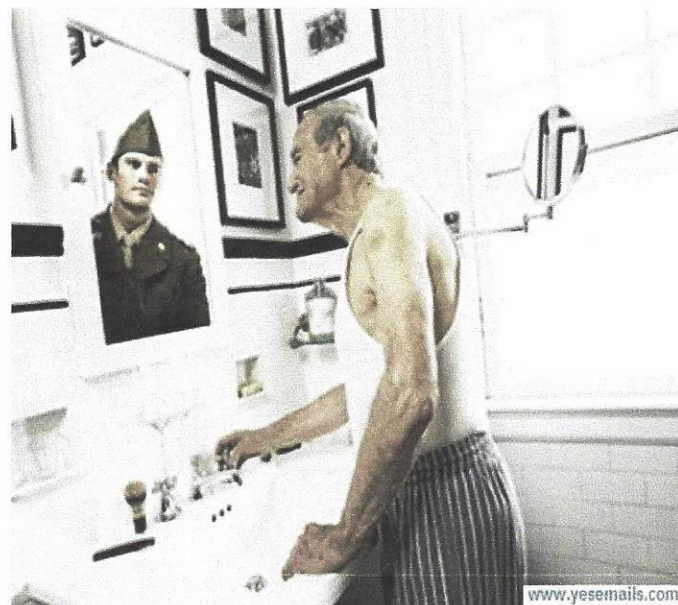
Mostly, I miss being a small cog in a machine so complex it constantly circumnavigates the Earth and so simple it feeds everyone on time, three times a day, on the ground, in the air or at sea.

Mostly, I don't know anyone who has served who regrets it, and doesn't feel a sense of pride when they pass through those gates and re-enter the world they left behind with their youth.

Face it guys - we all miss it.....Whether you had one tour or a career, it shaped your life.

"A veteran is someone who, at one point in his or her life, wrote a blank check made payable to

"The United States of America".



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THE MAGIC BANK ACCOUNT

THE AUTHOR IS NOT KNOWN. IT WAS FOUND IN THE BILLFOLD OF LEGENDARY ALABAMA FOOTBALL COACH PAUL "BEAR" BRYANT AFTER HE DIED IN 1982

The Magic Bank Account

Imagine that you had won the following *PRIZE* in a contest: Each morning your bank would deposit \$86,400 in your private account for your use. However, this prize has rules:

The set of rules:

1. Everything that you didn't spend during each day would be taken away from you.
2. You may not simply transfer money into some other account.
3. You may only spend it.
4. Each morning upon awakening, the bank opens your account with another \$86,400 for that day.
5. The bank can end the game without warning; at any time it can say, "Game Over!". It can close the account and you will not receive a new one.

What would you personally do?

You would buy anything and everything you wanted right? Not only for yourself, but for all the people you love and care for. Even for people you don't know, because you couldn't possibly spend it all on yourself, right?

You would try to spend every penny, and use it all, because you knew it would be replenished in the morning, right?

ACTUALLY, This GAME is REAL ...

Shocked ??? YES!

Each of us is already a winner of this *PRIZE*. We just can't seem to see it.

The PRIZE is *TIME*

1. Each morning we awaken to receive 86,400 seconds as a gift of life.
2. And when we go to sleep at night, any remaining time is Not credited to us.
3. What we haven't used up that day is forever lost.
4. Yesterday is forever gone.
5. Each morning the account is refilled, but the bank can dissolve your account at any time WITHOUT WARNING...

SO, what will YOU do with your 86,400 seconds?

Those seconds are worth so much more than the same amount in dollars. Think about it and remember to enjoy every second of your life, because time races by so much quicker than you think.

So take care of yourself, be happy, love deeply and enjoy life!

Here's wishing you a wonderful and beautiful day. Start "spending"....

"DON'T COMPLAIN ABOUT GROWING OLD...!"

SOME PEOPLE DON'T GET THE PRIVILEGE!

THE PHUNNIE PAGES

Older Men Scam

Women often receive warnings about protecting themselves at the mall and in dark parking lots, etc. This is the first warning I have seen for men. I wanted to pass it on in case you haven't heard about it. A 'heads up' for those men who may be regular customers at Lowe's, Home Depot, Costco, or even Wal-Mart.

This one caught me totally by surprise. Over the last month I became a victim of a clever scam while out shopping. Simply going out to get supplies has turned out to be quite traumatic. Don't be naive enough to think it couldn't happen to you or your friends.

Here's how the scam works; Two very beautiful, college-age girls will come over to your car or truck as you are packing your purchases into your vehicle. They both start wiping your windshield with a rag and Windex, with their breasts almost falling out of their skimpy T-shirts. (It's impossible not to look). When you thank them and offer them a tip, they say 'No' but instead ask for a ride to McDonald's.

You agree and they climb into the vehicle. On the way, they start undressing. Then one of them starts crawling all over you, while the other one steals your wallet.

I had my wallet stolen February 4th, 9th, 10th, twice on the 15th, again on the 17th, 20th, 24th, and the 28th. Also March 1st, 2nd, 8th, twice on the 9th & 10th, and very likely again tomorrow and Wednesday.

So tell your friends to be careful. What a horrible way to take advantage of us older men. Warn your friends to be vigilant.

Wal-Mart has wallets on sale for \$2.99 each. I found even cheaper ones for \$.99 at the Dollar Tree and bought them out in three of their stores.

Also, you never get to eat at McDonald's. I've already lost 11 pounds just running back and forth from Lowe's, to Home Depot, to Wal-Mart.

So please, send this on to all the older men that you know and warn them to be on the lookout for this scam. (The best times are just before lunch and around 4:30 in the afternoon.)



I once dated a girl who broke up with me because I only have 8 toes. Yes, she was lack-toes intolerant.

I've started telling everyone about the benefits of eating dried grapes. It's all about raisin awareness.

I've started investing in stocks: beef, vegetable, chicken. One day I hope to be a bouillianaire.

If you boil a funny bone, it becomes a laughing stock. Now that's humerus.

I accidentally rubbed ketchup in my eyes. Now I have Heinzsight.

Did you know muffins spelled backwards is what you do when you take them out of the oven?

Scientifically, a raven has 17 primary wing feathers, the big ones at the end of the wing are called pinion feathers. A crow has 16. So, the difference between a raven and a crow is only a matter of a pinion.

I was walking in the jungle and saw a lizard on his hind legs telling jokes. I turned to a local tribal leader and said, "That lizard is really funny!" The leader replied, "That's not a lizard. He's a stand-up chameleon."

I tried to come up with a carpentry pun that woodwork. I thought I nailed it but nobody saw it.

Singing in the shower is fine until you get soap in your mouth. Then it's a soap opera.

The Black-Eyed Peas can sing us a song but the chick peas can only hummus one.

Then there was the time Fruit of the Loom took Hanes to court... it was a brief case.

How much does a chimney cost? Nothing, it's on the house.

Once upon a time there was a King who was only 12 inches tall. He was a terrible King but he made a great ruler.

Ran out of toilet paper and now using lettuce leaves. Today was just the tip of the iceberg, and tomorrow romaines to be seen.

My friend Jack says he can communicate with vegetables. That's right... Jack and the beans talk.

THE PHUNNIE PAGES

I was struggling to understand how lightning works and then it struck me.

Six cows were smoking joints and playing poker. That's right. The steaks were pretty high.

I went to the paint store to get thinner. It didn't work.



01. If a bottle of poison reaches its expiration date, is it more poisonous or is it no longer poisonous?

02. Which letter is silent in the word "Scent," the S or the C?

03. Do twins ever realize that one of them is unplanned?

04. Every time you clean something, you just make something else dirty.

05. The word "swims" upside-down is still "swims".

06. Over 100 years ago, everyone owned a horse and only the rich had cars. Today everyone has cars and only the rich own horses.

07. If people evolved from monkeys, why are monkeys still around?

08. Why is there a 'D' in fridge, but not in refrigerator?

09. As I've grown older, I've learned that pleasing everyone is impossible, but pissing everyone off is a piece of cake!

10. I'm responsible for what I say, not for what you understand.

11. Common sense is like deodorant. The people who need it the most never use it.

12. My tolerance for idiots is extremely low these days. I used to have some immunity built up, but obviously, there's a new strain out there.

13. It's not my age that bothers me - it's the side effects.

14. I'm not saying I'm old and worn out, but I make sure I'm nowhere near the curb on trash day.

15. As I watch this generation try and rewrite our history, I'm sure of one thing: it will be misspelled and have no punctuation.

16. As I've gotten older, people think I've become lazy. The truth is I'm just being more energy-efficient.

17. I haven't gotten anything done today. I've been in the Produce Department trying to open this stupid plastic bag.

18. If you find yourself feeling useless, remember: it took 20 years, trillions of dollars, thousands of lives and four presidents to replace the Taliban with the Taliban.

19. Turns out that being a "senior" is mostly just googling how to do stuff.

20. I want to be 18 again and ruin my life differently. I have new ideas.

21. I'm on two simultaneous diets. I wasn't getting enough food on one.

22. I put my scale in the bathroom corner and that's where the little liar will stay until it apologizes.

23. My mind is like an internet browser. At least 18 open tabs, 3 of them are frozen, and I have no clue where the music is coming from.

24. Hard to believe I once had a phone attached to a wall, and when it rang, I picked it up without knowing who was calling.

25. My wife says I keep pushing her buttons. If that were true, I would have found mute by now.

26. There is no such thing as a grouchy old person. The truth is that once you get old, you stop being polite and start being honest.



ONE WISH.....

A man was riding his Harley along a California beach when suddenly the sky clouded above his head and, in a booming voice, the Lord said, "Because you have tried to be faithful to me in always, I will grant you one wish."

The biker pulled over and said, "Build a bridge to Hawaii so I can ride over anytime I want."

The Lord said, "Your request is materialistic, think of the enormous challenges for that kind of undertaking; the supports required reaching the bottom of the Pacific and the concrete and steel it would take! It will nearly exhaust several natural resources. I can do it, but it is hard for me to justify your desire for worldly things. Take a little more time and think of something that could possibly help mankind."

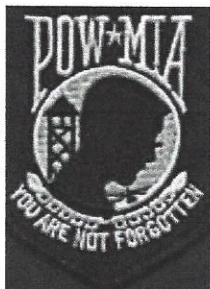
The biker thought about it for a long time. Finally, he said, "Lord, I wish that I and all men could understand women; I want to know how she feels inside, what she's thinking when she gives me the silent treatment, why she cries, what she means when she says nothing's wrong, and how I can make a Woman truly happy".

The Lord replied, "You want two lanes or four on that bridge?"



THAT'S ALL FOLKS
until next month

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**Jane Fonda
Memorial Wall**

