

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

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

March - April 2023



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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

NOTICE CHANGE - Chapter 53 Meetings

March 21, 2023 (Tues)

Board Meeting @ noon General Meeting to follow @ 1300hrs.

Gardena Elks Lodge @ 1735 W 162nd St

Gardena - corner of 162nd/Western

April 18, 2023 (Tues)

MEETINGS TO BE DETERMINED



**Vietnam War
Veterans' Day
March 29**

date	day	March 2023 Monthly Calendar
1	wed	
2	thur	
3	fri	
4	sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of
		PCH/Pier, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
5	sun	Seabes Birthday
6	mon	
7	tue	
8	wed	
9	thur	
10	fri	
11	sat	
12	sun	Day Light Saving Times begins....
13	mon	K-9 Veterans" Day
14	tue	
15	wed	
16	thur	
17	fri	Happy St Patrick's Day
18	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of
		Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
19	sun	
20	mon	
21	tue	Business Mtg 12pm-General Mtg 1pm @
		1735 W. 162nd St Gardena; corner of 162nd/Western
22	wed	
23	thur	
24	fri	
25	sat	
26	sun	

date		April 2023 Monthly Calendar
1	sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of
		PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
		April Fool's Day...
2	sun	Palm Sunday.....
3	mon	
4	tue	
5	wed	Happy Passover (begins at sundown)
6	thur	U.S. enters WW I
		1991 - Gulf War ends.....
7	fri	Good Friday....
8	sat	
9	sun	Happy Easter.....
10	mon	
11	tue	
12	wed	
13	thur	Happy Birthday Thomas Jefferson
14	fri	
15	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of
		Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
16	sun	
17	mon	NOT so Good Friday.....Income Tax due
18	tue	Business Mtg 12pm - General Mtg 1pm
		TO BE DETERMINED
19	wed	
20	thur	
21	fri	
22	sat	
23	sun	
24	mon	
25	tue	
26	wed	

Ch53 Monthly Message Board March - April 2023

Chapter 53 March 2023 Meetings

When: March 21 (Tues) **Board Meeting** 12pm
General Meeting 1pm

Where: Gardena Elks Lodge
1735 W. 162nd Street, Gardena
corner of 162nd Street / Western

Chapter 53 April 2023 Meetings

April's meeting to be DETERMINED

Notice of Annual Elections

The Annual Elections for VVA, South Bay Chapter 53

Positions on the Ballot:

All officers and board members are up for reelection except John Masaki who has a year to go.

The Delegates have a year to go.

David Jonta is running the Election Committee.

If you are interesting in running for any of the above positions please notify David Jonta at our next General Meeting, March 21, 2023 or by emailing him at:

david.jonta@gmail.com.

Things to ponder as you age . . .

The inventor of the treadmill died at the age of 54

The originator of gymnastics died at the age of 57

The past world bodybuilding champion died at the age of 41

The best soccer player in history, Maradona, died at the age of 60.

And then . .

KFC inventor died at 94.

Inventor of Nutella brand died at the age of 88.

Cigarette maker Winston died at the age of 102

The inventor of opium died at the age of 116 in an earthquake.

Hennessy cognac, Irish inventor died at 98

How did doctors come to the conclusion that exercise prolongs life?

The rabbit is always jumping, but it lives for only 2 years.

The turtle that doesn't exercise at all, lives 400 years.

So . . .

Have a drink,

Take a nap,

And if you wake up, have bacon and eggs.

The WALL that HEALS

Where: Hawaiian Gardens

Fedde Middle School

21409 Elaine Ave - Hawaiian Gardens

When: March 23-26, 2023 open: 24hours

<https://www.vvmf.org/The-Wall-That-Heals/>

20 Years Ago.....Trip to Vietnam

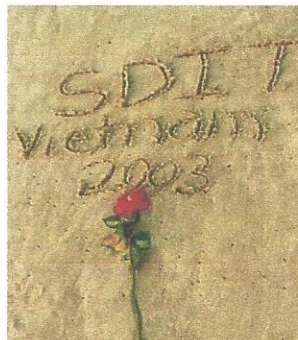
It was 20 years ago tonight - March 1, 2003 - when the Chapter hosted us for an incredible send-off BBQ before we journey to Vietnam.

We will never forget that warm gesture and will always hold VVA and Chapter 53 dear in our hearts!

Tony & the 49 other Gold Star & POW/MIA 'sons and daughters' who made the pilgrimage!



www.sdit.org



NOTE: On the next few pages of this newsletter you will find TWO articles.

The first article appeared in the **LZ 53 Newsletter** dated **March 2003** about SDIT's trip to Vietnam.

The second article appeared in the **LZ Newsletter** dated **April 2003** about the involvement of Chapter 53 with the SDIT's Trip to Vietnam.

SOLDIERS' CHILDREN TRY TO FILL VIETNAM VOID

REMEMBRANCE: San Pedro man who lost his father will travel to Southeast Asia with 80 other survivors.

By Josh Grossberg
DAILY BREEZE

Eleven years ago, Tony Cordero came to a sad realization: He was to about turn 30, reaching an age his father never attained.

He'd no longer be able to use his dad as a guidepost. His father, Maj. William Cordero, an Air Force navigator, died in 1965 on a mission in Vietnam. Tony Cordero was 4 years old.

"Everyone has singled out that day they outlive their dad," said the 41-year-old San Pedro resident. "We grow up with the experience. The void is always there. I wondered if other people felt the same way."

Other people did feel the same way. Lots of people.

Now, about 80 of them are set to embark on a journey back to Vietnam, a place where world events shaped their lives, where their fathers went and never returned.

"The reason for us going is to see where our dads served, to see the people and the country they fought and died for," Cordero said.

In 1990, Cordero started looking around for others in his situation, people who lost a parent in the war. This was before the Internet revolution, so his search meant hours on the telephone with veterans groups and weeks waiting for letters to be returned.

"I wondered if other people felt the same way," he said. "I called around to see if there were other organizations, but there weren't."

So Cordero, who works in the business department of a bank, started Sons and

Daughters in Touch, a nonprofit organization that helps children of people lost in Vietnam stay in contact. "Because there was no other organization like this, we built it as we went along," he said. "Like it or not, I've been thrust into the role of leader of this whole movement." The trip is not about finding peace; Cordero has that. He's married with four children. His mother remarried and he has a strong relationship with

her husband. Instead, the trip, set to begin March 5, is about history and honor.

"There's enough closure, I already have that," Cordero said. "But while you can never get over it, you can come to terms with it and understand how it shaped you."

But there are moments when a look flashes across Cordero's face, moments when he thinks about watching his own children grow up or when he thinks about things his own father missed.

"It's not hard talking about unless I think about what I missed here," he said tapping a faded black notebook with worn edges.

Inside are pictures of his father, a man who looks like he could be Cordero's younger brother.

There are service patches, bawdy song lyrics that his father and his buddies must have sung together, pictures of his family — the kinds of things that most people take for granted. "The biggest thing we do is honor our fathers and others who served," he said. "We're not like the (Veterans Administration) where you get counseling. We're a resource. We're here to help locate military records or help obtain information about scholarships." A few people joined the group in the early years, but after a story appeared in Parade magazine, membership jumped to 3,500. At the annual event in 2000, they decided it was time to take a Vietnam trip. "The war is over," he said. "It's time for us to recognize Vietnam as a country, not an event. It became evident that the time was ripe to explore a trip."

It took two years to get everything in order and arrangements made. Among the largest supporters of the trips are other Vietnam veterans, who feel proud that the group is taking such a step all these decades later. Jan Scruggs the man who came up with the idea for the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. said the participants would come back changed people.

"It will rekindle in each of them a desire for some real historical perspective to the entire Vietnam experience," he said. "It's going to show them the meaning of what this sacrifice was."

SOLDIERS' CHILDREN TRY TO FILL VIETNAM VOID

Got Your Back

Not many others have ventured across the ocean like the Sons and Daughters have, said Scruggs, whose group, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund, will be conducting a memorial service in Vietnam for the visitors.

"There's never been this large a group of people affected in such a profound way that's returned to Vietnam," he said. "I have a very good feeling about it. Things like this really help the process of healing. I'm predicting that the Sons and Daughters will find that Vietnam is a very lovely and very peaceful place as well. It's a place where many veterans return and put many of their ghosts to rest." Cordero has few memories of his father. He remembers running through sugar cane fields with him when the family lived in the Philippines, but not much else.

"The worst thing that happens in war is little kids lose their dads," he said. But although his father wasn't there to guide him through life, he still left something of a legacy. "I know what my dad left behind," he said. "I know what he didn't experience. I know what he missed. My dad didn't teach me how to drive, but I got to teach my kids. It made me a better father."

Once in Vietnam, the visitors will break into small groups and venture into the jungles to the exact spots where their dads died.

"If I saw wheels and a tail section and I knew this is where my life changed forever, I don't know how I'd handle that," he said. "This should be their glory years. They should be leading families and the country. But our fathers didn't have that chance." **ON THE WEB:**

For more information about Sons and Daughters in Touch, visit www.sdit.org.

Publish Date: February 24, 2003

I am a small and precious child,
my dads been sent to fight..
The only place I'll see his face,
is in my dreams at night.

He will be gone too many days
for my young mind to keep track.
I may be sad, but I am proud.
My daddy's got your back..

I am a caring mother.
My son has gone to war..
My mind is filled with worries that
I have never known before.

Everyday I try to keep my thoughts from
turning black.
I may be scared, but I am proud.
My son has got your back..

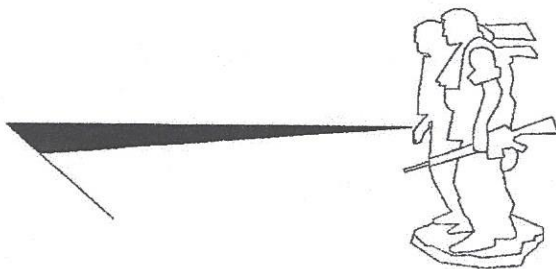
I am a strong and loving wife,
with a husband soon to go.
There are times I'm terrified in a way most
never know.

I bite my lip, and force a smile as I watch my
husband pack..
My heart may break, but I am
proud..
My husbands got your back..

I am a Sailor ..Serving Proudly, standing tall.
I fight for freedom, yours and mine by
answering this call.
I do my job while knowing,
the thanks it sometimes lacks.

Say a prayer that I'll come home. It's me
who's got your back.

(Author Unknown)



CHAPTER 53 NEWS

SDIT Sendoff BBQ Dinner.....

The State Council SDIT Sendoff BBQ Dinner on March 1st at the Hermosa Kiwanis Center was quite a gala event for the 60 SDIT members and support staff traveling to Nam plus the 56 persons who came to see them off. All attendees were feasted with tri-tip steak, beans, salad, garlic bread, cake for sdit and lots of coffee, soda and water. Words of welcome and thanks were expressed by Tony Cordero, SDIT Executive Director, Tom Corey, VVA National President, Rich Sander, President of VietNow and Dick Southern, California State Council President. Chapter 53 members were joined by avva and vva members from Santa Clarita Chapter 355, Riverside Chapter 47, and CSC State Officers and SDIT State Liaison Debbie Cleghorn in setting up the dining room and kitchen, cooking and serving the food and cleanup.

At my invitation State Senator Debra Bowen and Assemblyman George Nakano attended to present Certificates from their legislative bodies to the SDIT group. Our friend and long-time member Hermosa Councilman JR Reviczky came to welcome the group, but, unfortunately, was not allowed to do so by the event emcee. Two Welcome Certificates were delivered from Governor Gray Davis; one by UPS and one to the Kiwanis Center by our friend Lt. Col. Tom Lasser, USA (ret), military legislative liaison to the Governor. Thanx Debra, JR and George for making the effort to attend and extending well wishes to the travelers. Your presence added a special extra glow to the event.

I wish to thank the following Ch 53 members and friends who contributed to the success of the dinner or set up or worked at the dinner. All, unless otherwise noted, are Ch 53 members. Your generous contribution to the effort made it a great success.

1) Steve Crecy-driver, pick up (literally) and setup bbq grill and buy propane; 2) Kirk Gillett-driver, pick up grill and setup bbq grill and buy propane; 3) Bob Styles-pick up, transport/dropoff and setup grill; 4) Paul Verner-driver, read poem; 5) Iris Perkins (ch 48)-guest book sign in; 6) Cliff Perkins (ch 48)-guest book sign in; 7) Joe Taylor-buy food, put out trash can fire, kitchen server & kp staff; 8) Judy Garland (AVVA)-kitchen server volunteer; 9) Gloria Roof (Kiwanis Club member) and frequent volunteer-Kitchen server (guest); 10) JR Reviczky-Hermosa Beach Councilmember and Council rep; 11) anonymous donor; 12) Jerry Yamamoto-State Council Sendoff Dinner Committee and go-fer; 13) Dean Bugenhagen (Ch 53 Secretary)-attendee; 14) Chris Meyers (Ch 53 Board member)-attendee; 15) Matt Davison (AVVA) and Anne Davison (guest)-attendees; 16) Bob Perry-attendee; 17) Jeanette Chervony (Chapter SDIT rep & "chapter daughter")(SDIT National Webmaster) greeting & son Eddie (chapter "grandson"); 18) Steve Mandel (Ch 53 Treasurer)-newsletter dinner ad & attendee; 19) Brad Bradbury (chapter 53 Webmaster)(did not attend)-put dinner ad on line; (20) Dallas Yost-(did not attend) Kiwanis Club contact approved our use of hall & gave key, bbq grill, mike and speakers.

On Sunday March 2nd I attended the mandatory briefing for the travelers. Many came up to thank chapter 53 and our state committee for giving them an enjoyable and dinner the night before.

I joined the SDIT-Los Angeles Team at LAX on Tuesday March 18th to welcome back the tired travelers. About 40 of them attended a relaxing welcome home reception where they were fed 100 in-n-out burgers, fries and drinks. They really enjoyed the welcome back greeting that they received. they expressed relief that they were given such a joyous reception and expressed their dissatisfaction that their fathers' buddies were not given the same type of warm greeting home and thanx 30 years ago. Jeanette Chervony, Patty Lee (from San Diego Chapter 472, Kate Halpin (from Long Beach Chapter 756, Bill Cordero (Tony's brother) and Rick Rasmussen (who snuck in from Blair,

OLD MAN AND A BUCKET OF SHRIMP..

This is a wonderful story and it is true. You will be glad that you read it, and I hope you will pass it on.

It happened every Friday evening, almost without fail, when the sun resembled a giant orange and was starting to dip into the blue ocean.

Old Ed came strolling along the beach to his favorite pier.

Clutched in his bony hand was a bucket of shrimp. Ed walks out to the end of the pier, where it seems he almost has the world to himself. The glow of the sun is a golden bronze now.

Everybody's gone, except for a few joggers on the beach. Standing out on the end of the pier, Ed is alone with his thoughts...and his bucket of shrimp.

Before long, however, he is no longer alone. Up in the sky a thousand white dots come screeching and squawking, winging their way toward that lanky frame standing there on the end of the pier.

Before long, dozens of seagulls have enveloped him, their wings fluttering and flapping wildly. Ed stands there tossing shrimp to the hungry birds. As he does, if you listen closely, you can hear him say with a smile, 'Thank you. Thank you.'

In a few short minutes the bucket is empty. But Ed doesn't leave. He stands there lost in thought, as though transported to another time and place.

When he finally turns around and begins to walk back toward the beach, a few of the birds hop along the pier with him until he gets to the stairs, and then they, too, fly away. And old Ed quietly makes his way down to the end of the beach and on home.

If you were sitting there on the pier with your fishing line in the water, Ed might seem like 'a funny old duck,' as my dad used to say. Or, to onlookers, he's just another old codger, lost in his own weird world, feeding the seagulls with a bucket full of shrimp.

To the onlooker, rituals can look either very strange or very empty. They can seem altogether unimportantmaybe even a lot of nonsense.

Old folks often do strange things, at least in the eyes of Boomers and Busters.

Most of them would probably write Old Ed off, down there in Florida ... That's too bad. They'd do well to know him better.

His full name: Eddie Rickenbacker. He was a famous hero in World War I, and then he was in WWII. On one

of his flying missions across the Pacific, he and his seven-member crew went down. Miraculously, all of the men survived, crawled out of their plane, and climbed into a life raft.

Captain Rickenbacker and his crew floated for days on the rough waters of the Pacific. They fought the sun. They fought sharks. Most of all, they fought hunger and thirst. By the eighth day their rations ran out. No food. No water. They were hundreds of miles from land and no one knew where they were or even if they were alive.

Every day across America millions wondered and prayed that Eddie Rickenbacker might somehow be found alive.

The men adrift needed a miracle. That afternoon they had a simple devotional service and prayed for a miracle.

They tried to nap. Eddie leaned back and pulled his military cap over his nose. Time dragged on. All he could hear was the slap of the waves against the raft...suddenly Eddie felt something land on the top of his cap. It was a seagull!

Old Ed would later describe how he sat perfectly still, planning his next move. With a flash of his hand and a squawk from the gull, he managed to grab it and wring its neck. He tore the feathers off, and he and his starving crew made a meal of it - a very slight meal for eight men. Then they used the intestines for bait. With it, they caught fish, which gave them food and more bait....and the cycle continued. With that simple survival technique, they were able to endure the rigors of the sea until they were found and rescued after 24 days at sea.

Eddie Rickenbacker lived many years beyond that ordeal, but he never forgot the sacrifice of that first life-saving seagull... And he never stopped saying, 'Thank you.' That's why almost every Friday night he would walk to the end of the pier with a bucket full of shrimp and a heart full of gratitude.

PS: Eddie Rickenbacker was the founder of Eastern Airlines. Before WWI he was race car driver. In WWI he was a pilot and became America's first ace. In WWII he was an instructor and military adviser, and he flew missions with the combat pilots. Eddie Rickenbacker is a true American hero. And now you know another story about the trials and sacrifices that brave men have endured for your freedom.

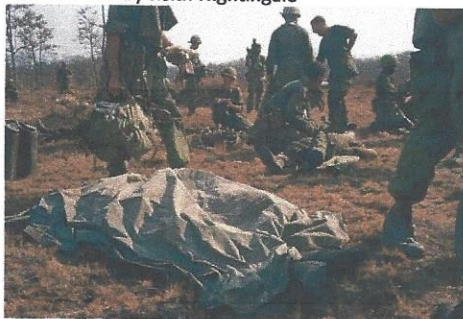
NOTE: There are numerous versions of this story - this is one



A Vietnam War Story

The Cherry

By Keith Nightingale



We need him.

We hate him.

He is here because others are not.

We hate what he means.

Why he is here.

We have to save him, so we don't
need more of him.

The uniform is so clean.

The weapon and gear are fresh and
bright.

The boots are shined.

Overloaded ruck.

The cherry.

Glazed look.

Quiet, reflective.

Haunting, inquisitive looks.

A deer in the headlight.

Go to 1st squad.

They are lightest.

Hope he sees daylight.

Getting dark quick. Burned
daylight to get him.

Make him smart quick.

Overburdened hump to the
perimeter.

What's his name?

Dunno.

We will get introduced later.

Dark is quick. 1st squad has OP.

Pair the cherry with Davis. Get
him trained quick.

You lead.

He can follow.

Stay with him.

Fire. Explosions.

OP Claymore touches off.

Do not go out there!

Arty. Danger Close. Down!

Bright flashes.

Overwhelming noise.

Mad minute.

Deathly silent.

Now.....

Deep breaths.

A panting perimeter.

Silence shrouds.

OP status?

No status.

Do not move.

Wait for daylight.

Clear the OP.

Found Davis and parts of the
cherry.

Bring in the log bird.

Shined boots hold the poncho.

Cherry inbound.

Cherry KIA outbound.

What was his name?

Dunno.

Ask Doc.

Not important.

Move out.

THE LAND THAT MADE ME, ME.

Long ago and far away, in a land
that time forgot,
Before the days of Dylan, or the
dawn of Camelot.
There lived a race of innocents,
and they were you and me,
For Menzies was in the Parliament
in that land where we were born,
Where navels were for oranges,
and Peyton Place was porn.

We longed for love and romance,
and waited for our Prince,
Eddie Fisher married Liz, and no
one's seen him since.
We danced to 'Little Darlin,' and
sang to 'Stagger Lee'
And cried for Buddy Holly in the
Land That Made Me, Me.

Only girls wore earrings then, and
3 was one too many,
And only boys wore flat-top cuts,
except for Jean McKinney.
And only in our wildest dreams did
we expect to see
A boy named George with
Lipstick, in the Land That Made
Me, Me.

We fell for Frankie Avalon,
Annette was oh, so nice,
And when they made a movie,
they never made it twice.
We didn't have a Star Trek Five, or
Psycho Two and Three,
Or Rocky-Rambo Twenty in the
Land That Made Me, Me.

Miss Kitty had a heart of gold, and
Chester had a limp,
And Tarzan was a loner whose co-
star was a chimp.
We had a Mr. Wizard, but not a
Mr. T,
And Oprah couldn't talk yet, in the
Land That Made Me, Me.

We had our share of heroes, we
never thought they'd go,
At least not Bobby Darin, or
Marilyn Monroe.
For youth was still eternal, and life

was yet to be,
And Elvis was forever in the Land
That Made Me, Me.

We'd never seen the rock band that
was Grateful to be Dead,
And Aeroplanes weren't named
Jefferson, and Zeppelins were not
Led.

And Beatles lived in gardens then,
and Monkees lived in trees,
Madonna was Mary in the Land
That Made Me, Me.

We'd never heard of microwaves,
or telephones in cars,
And babies might be bottle-fed,
but they were not grown in jars.
And pumping iron got wrinkles
out, and 'gay' meant fancy-free,
And dorms were never co-Ed in
the Land That Made Me, Me.
We hadn't seen enough of jets to
talk about the lag,

And microchips were what was
left at the bottom of the bag.
And hardware was a box of nails,
and bytes came from a flea,
And rocket ships were fiction in
the Land That Made Me, Me.

T-Birds came with portholes, and
side shows came with freaks,
And bathing suits came big enough
to cover both your cheeks.
And Coke came just in bottles, and
skirts below the knee,
And Castro came to power near the
Land That Made Me, Me.

We had no Crest with Fluoride, we
had no Hill Street Blues,
We had no patterned pantyhose or
Lipton herbal tea
Or prime-time ads for those
dysfunctions in the Land That
Made Me, Me.

There were no golden arches, no
Perrier to chill,
And fish were not called Wanda,
and cats were not called Bill.
And middle-aged was 35 and old
was forty-three,
And ancients were our parents in
the Land That Made Me, Me.

But all things have a season, or so
we've heard them say,
And now instead of Maybelline we
swear by Retin-A.

They send us invitations to join
AARP,

We've come a long way, baby,
from the Land That Made Me, Me.

So now we face a brave new
world in slightly larger jeans,
And wonder why they're using
smaller print in magazines.

And we tell our children's
children of the way it used to
be,

Long ago and far away in the
Land That Made Me, Me.



I REMEMBER MOST OF IT WELL!

I grew up and never once
questioned my parents income.
We didn't eat a lot of fast food
because it was considered a treat,
not a food group. We drank Kool-
Aid made from water that came
from our kitchen sink with real
sugar. We ate bologna
sandwiches, or even tuna (which
was in a can not a pouch), PB&J &
grilled cheese sandwiches, hot
dogs, but mostly homemade
meals consisting of meat,
potatoes, vegetables.

We grew up during a time when
we mowed lawns, pulled weeds,
babysat, helped neighbors with
chores to be able to earn our own
money.

We went outside a lot to play, ride
bikes, run with friends, play hide
and seek, or went swimming. We
rarely just sat inside. We drank tap
water from the water hose
outside, bottled water was
unheard of. If we had a coke, it
was in a glass bottle, and we
didn't break the bottle when

finished. We saved it and cashed it
back in at the store for a refund.
We watched TV shows like Good
Times, The Jefferson's, Bonanza,
Alf, Different Strokes, Leave It To
Beaver, Gilligan's Island, Happy
Days, Bewitched, The Brady
Bunch, The Rifleman, Looney
Tunes, The Flintstones, The
Jetsons, Sanford and Son, Dukes of
Hazzard, and I Love Lucy. After
school, we came home and did
homework and chores, before
going outside or having friends
over. We would ride our bikes for
hours. We had to tell our parents
where we were going, who we
were going with, and be home
when the street lights came on!
You LEARNED from your parents
instead of disrespecting them, and
treating them as if they knew
absolutely nothing. What they said
was LAW, and you did not
question it, and you had better
know it!!!

We watched what we said around
our elders because we knew if we
DISRESPECTED any grown-up we
would get our behinds whipped, it
wasn't called abuse, it was called
discipline! We held doors, carried
groceries, and gave up our seat for
an older person without being
asked. You didn't hear curse words
on the radio in songs or TV, and if
you cursed and got caught you
had a bar of soap stuck in your
mouth.

"Please, Thank you, yes please, no
thank you, yes ma'am, no ma'am
yes sir, and no sir were part of our
daily vocabulary!

The world we live in now is just so
full of crooked people, hate and
disrespect for others

Re-post if you're thankful for your
childhood. I will never forget
where I came from and only wish
children now days had half the
chance at the fun and respect for
real life we grew up with!

And we were never bored!!!

THE PHUNNIE PAGES

Garden of Eden.....

One day in the Garden of Eden, Eve calls out to God,
"Lord, I have a problem!"

"What's the problem, Eve?"

"Lord, I know you've created me and have provided this beautiful garden and all of these wonderful animals, and that hilarious comedic snake, but I'm just not happy."

"Why is that, Eve?" came the reply from above.

"Lord, I am lonely. And I'm sick to death of apples."

"Well, Eve, in that case, I have a solution. I shall create a man for you."

"What's a 'man,' Lord?"

"This man will be a flawed creature, with many bad traits. He'll lie, cheat, and be vainglorious; all in all, he'll give you a hard time. But, he'll be bigger, faster, and will like to hunt and kill things. He will provide you with companionship and satisfy your desires. Yet, he'll be witless and will revel in childish things like fighting and kicking a ball about. He won't be too smart, so he'll also need your advice to think properly."

"Sounds great," says Eve, with an ironically raised eyebrow. "What's the catch, Lord?"

"As I said, he'll be proud, arrogant, and self-admiring. . So you'll have to let him believe that I made him first. . So, just remember: it's our secret. Woman to Woman."



Four CEOs of beer companies are having a meeting and they decide to get a drink.

The CEO of Budweiser orders a Bud Light.

The CEO of Miller orders a Miller Lite.

The CEO of Coors orders a Coors Light.

The CEO of Guinness orders a Coke.

The three CEOs then ask him, "Why aren't you ordering a Guinness?"

He replies,

"If you guys aren't drinking beer, then neither will I."



Our teacher asked what my favorite animal was, and I said, "Fried chicken."

She said I wasn't funny, but she couldn't have been right, because everyone else laughed. My parents told me to always tell the truth. I did. Fried chicken is my favorite animal. I told my dad what happened, and he said my teacher was probably a member of PETA. He said they love animals very much. I do, too. Especially chicken, pork and beef.

Anyway, my teacher sent me to the principal's office. I told him what happened, and he laughed, too.

Then he told me not to do it again.

The next day in class, my teacher asked me what my favorite live animal was. I told her it was chicken. She asked me why, so I told her it was because you could make them into fried chicken. She sent me back to the principal's office. He laughed, and told me not to do it again.

I don't understand. My parents taught me to be honest, but my teacher doesn't like it when I am. Today, my teacher asked me to tell her what famous person I admired most.

I told her, "Colonel Sanders."

Guess where I am now ...



A Guy Walks Into A Restaurant With A Full-Grown Ostrich Behind Him.

The waitress asks for their orders. The guy says, "A hamburger, fries, and a coke," and turns to the ostrich, "What's yours?"

"I'll have the same," says the ostrich.

A short time later the waitress returns with the order. "That will be \$18.40 please." The man reaches into his pocket and, without looking, pulls out the exact change for payment.

The next day, the guy and the ostrich come again and the guy says, "A hamburger, fries, and a coke."

The ostrich says, "I'll have the same."

Again the guy reaches into his pocket and pays with exact change. This becomes routine until one night they enter the restaurant and the waitress asks, "The usual?"

"No, this is Friday night, so I will have a steak, baked potato, and salad", says the guy.

"Me too," says the ostrich.

The waitress brings the order and says, "That will be \$42.62."

Once again the guy pulls the exact change out of his pocket and places it on the table. The waitress can't hold back her curiosity any longer. "Excuse me, sir. How do you manage to always come up with the exact change out of your pocket every time?"

"Well," says the guy, "several years ago I was cleaning my attic and found an old lamp. When I rubbed it a genie appeared and offered me two wishes. My first wish was that if I ever had to pay for anything, I would just put my hand in my pocket and the right amount of money would always be there."

"That's brilliant!" says the waitress. "Most people would wish for a million dollars or something, but you'll always be as rich as you want for as long as you live!"

"That's right. Whether it's a gallon of milk or a Rolls Royce, the exact money is always there," says the guy.

The waitress asks, "But, sir, what's with the ostrich?"

THE PHUNNIE PAGES

The guy sighs and answers, "My second wish was for a tall chick with long legs who agrees with everything I say."



Dolphin Trainer....

An elderly man rear ends a guy driving an expensive sports car.

Enraged, the guy hops out of his car and confronts the old man. "Look what you did to my car" he yells. "You're gonna give me \$10,000 right now or I'm gonna beat you to a bloody pulp!"

"Oh my" says the old man, I don't have that kind of money. Let me call my son, he trains dolphins and he'll know what to do.

Dolphins, the other driver huffs, while rolling his eyes. The old man pulls out his phone, dials his son and just as the son answers, the irate man snatches the phone away from the old man.

So, YOU'RE a dolphin trainer, huh? Well, your old man here just rear ended my car and I need ten grand right now or I'm gonna beat you AND your old man to a bloody pulp.

I'll be there in 10 minutes, says the voice calmly on the other end. Exactly ten minutes later a jeep pulls up and a guy hops out and proceeds to pulverize the bully, leaving him in a bloody heap on the side of the road.

When he's finished, he walks over to his father and says: "for the LAST TIME dad.... I train SEALS.... NAVY SEALS.... NOT dolphins"



DEEP THOUGHTS

I was always taught to respect my elders, But it keeps getting harder to find one.

If lawyers are disbarred and clergymen defrocked, doesn't it follow that electricians can be delighted, musicians denoted, cowboys deranged, models deposed, tree surgeons debarked, and dry cleaners depressed?

Do Lipton Tea employees take coffee breaks?

What hair color do they put on the driver's licenses of bald men?

As income tax time approaches, did you ever notice:

When you put the two words "The" and "IRS" together it spells ! "THEIRS"?



WARNING.....Don't shampoo in the shower.....

Shampoo Warning! I don't know why I didn't figure this out sooner! I use shampoo in the shower! When I wash my hair, the shampoo runs down my whole body, and printed very clearly on the shampoo label is this

warning, "FOR EXTRA BODY AND VOLUME."
No wonder I have been gaining weight!

Well I got rid of that shampoo and I am going to start showering with Dawn dish washing soap instead. It's label reads, "DISSOLVES FAT THAT IS OTHERWISE DIFFICULT TO REMOVE."
Problem solved! If I don't answer the phone I'll be in the shower!



Police work at its best....

Two policemen call on their radio to the Police Station. "Hello. Is this, Sgt. Thomas?"

"Yes?"

"We have a case here, Sarge. A woman has shot her husband for stepping on the floor she had just mopped clean."

"Have you arrested the woman?"

"No sir. The floor is still wet."



PUNISHMENT.....

A US Air Force C-141 was scheduled to leave Thule Air Base, Greenland, at **midnight** during a winter month. During the pilot's pre-flight check, he discovers that the latrine holding tank is still full from the last flight. A message is sent to the base, and an airman who was off duty is called out to take care of it. The young man finally gets to the air base, makes his way to the aircraft, only to find that the latrine pump truck has been left outdoors, and is frozen solid, so he must find another one in the hangar, which takes even more time. He returns to the aircraft, and is less-than-enthusiastic about what he has to do. Nevertheless, he goes about the pumping job, deliberately and carefully, (and slowly), so as not to risk criticism later. As he's leaving the plane, the pilot stops him and says, "Son, your attitude and performance has caused this flight to be late. I'm going to personally see to it that you are not just reprimanded, but punished." Shivering in the cold, his task finished, he takes a deep breath, stands tall and says, "Sir, with all due respect, I'm not your son; I'm an Airman in the United States Air Force. I've been in Thule, Greenland for 11 months without any leave, and reindeers are beginning to look pretty good to me. I have one stripe, it is 2:30 in the morning, the temperature is 40° below zero, and my job here is to pump shit out of an aircraft! "Now, just exactly what form of punishment did you have in mind?"



**That's All Folks
To My Bunker I Shall Go**

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Do not throw this newsletter away - pass it along to another veteran



Here is our official photo from the Rededication of the original
Los Angeles County Vietnam Veterans Memorial Highway
sign on 28 January 2023