

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

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

May - June 2022



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LZ 53 Newsletter

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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@dslextre.me.com

Chapter 53 Meetings

May 17, 2022 (Tues)

June 21, 2022 (Tues)

Board Meetings @ 1215 pm

General Meetings @ 1:00 pm

Lomita VFW Post 1622

1865 Lomita Blvd, Lomita, Ca 90717



Congrats to the Grads
&
Happy Mother's & Father's Day

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

date	day	May 2022 Monthly Calendar
1	sun	
2	mon	
3	tue	Teacher's Appreciation Day
4	wed	
5	thur	Happy Cinco De Mayo
6	fri	
7	sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
8	sun	Happy Mother's Day
9	mon	
10	tue	
11	wed	
12	thur	
13	fri	
14	sat	
15	sun	
16	mon	
17	tue	Business Mtg 12:15pm - General Mtg 1:00pm @ Lomita VFW - 1865 Lomita Blvd, Lomita, CA 90717
18	wed	
19	thur	
20	fri	
21	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat) Armed Forces Day....
22	sun	
23	mon	
24	tue	
25	wed	
26	thur	
27	fri	
28	sat	
29	sun	
30	mon	Memorial Day
31	tue	

date	day	June 2022 Monthly Calendar
1	wed	
2	thur	
3	fri	
4	sat	H.B. Vet Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of PCH/Pier Ave, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
5	sun	
6	mon	1944 - D-Day
7	tue	
8	wed	
9	thur	
10	fri	
11	sat	
12	sun	Women's Veterans Day
13	mon	
14	tue	1775 United States Army Birthday (247 yrs)
15	wed	
16	thur	
17	fri	
18	sat	Torrance Veteran Memorial clean-up @ 0830, corner of Torrance Bl/Maple, breakfast @ 930am (dutch treat)
19	sun	Happy Father's Day
20	mon	
21	tue	Business Mtg 12:15pm - General Mtg 1:00pm @ Lomita VFW - 1865 Lomita Blvd, Lomita, CA 90717 Summer begins.....
22	wed	
23	thur	
24	fri	
25	sat	1950 - Start of Korea War....
26	sun	
27	mon	
28	tue	
29	wed	
30	thur	

Monthly Message Board May - June 2022

VVA South Bay Chapter 53 Scholarships for 2022

Since 1995 Vietnam Veterans of America South Bay Chapter 53 has been awarding scholarships to graduating seniors from local South Bay area high schools. In addition to encouraging and supporting continued education, we are trying to heighten awareness of the Vietnam War, the men and women who served during that period, and the huge impact it has made on the United States, both then and now.

Applicants must submit an essay on a Vietnam Era Veteran, defined as any Veteran who served in the U.S. Armed Forces on active duty, for other than training purposes, either 1) in the Republic of Vietnam between November 1, 1955, and May 7, 1975, or 2) in any duty location between August 5, 1964, and May 7, 1975.

Submissions have been received VVA Chapter 53 is proud to announce that the following South Bay area high school seniors are each being awarded \$1,000.00 as winners in our 2022 Scholarship

Redondo Union High School: Bradley Bennett; Johnny Bleavins; Benjamin Ringel

PV Peninsula High School - Alexandra Paolucci

North High School - David Tsukamoto

CONGRATULATIONS!



LOCAL MEMORIAL DAY EVENTS

REDONDO BEACH MEMORIAL DAY SERVICE

.....and Elks BBQ

The BBQ is free to all veterans and members of the military, police officers, firefighters.....A \$5 dollar donation from all others.

When - Monday, 30 MAY 2022 @ 1:PM

Where - Veterans Park

309 The Esplanade Redondo Beach

(corner of Torrance Blvd and Catalina near RB Pier)



TORRANCE - Reading of the Names on the Torrance Memorial Wall begins at 2PM @ the corner of Torrance Blvd & Maple.



Hawthorne Memorial Day Ceremony

Beginning at 10 a.m. on May 30

Hawthorne Memorial Center

3901 W El Segundo Blvd, Hawthorne

Joint effort by Hawthorne VFW Post 2015

& Hawthorne American Legion Post 314

Lunch provided at Post 314

14124 Prairie Ave, Hawthorne

Check your local newspapers for other events on Memorial Day



Chapter 53 Elections. No change on our officers and board members BUT a new addition to our board this year is **John Masaki**. Congrats John.



Lomeli Fundraiser..... Congratulations to our Fundraising Committee, **DICK AMEMIYA, DAWN ANZACK and JOHN MASAKI** for their first project! The proceeds from the generous offer of Lomeli's Restaurant netted the Chapter: **\$573.93**



GOOD SENIOR ADVICE

For those in their 60's, 70's - heading towards 80.

1. After loving my parents, my siblings, my spouse, my children and my friends, I have now started loving myself.
2. I have realized that I am not "Atlas". The world does not rest on my shoulders.
3. I have stopped bargaining with vegetable & fruit vendors. A few pennies more is not going to break me, but it might help the poor fellow save for his daughter's school fees.
4. I leave my waitress a big tip. The extra money might bring a smile to her face. She is toiling much harder for a living than I am.
5. I stopped telling the elderly that they've already told that story many times. The story makes them walk down memory lane & relive their past.
6. I have learned not to correct people even when I know they are wrong. The onus of making everyone perfect is not on me. Peace is more precious than perfection.
7. I give compliments freely & generously. Compliments are a mood enhancer not only for the recipient, but also for me. And a small tip for the recipient of a compliment, never, NEVER turn it down, just say "Thank You."
8. I have learned not to bother about a crease or a spot on my shirt. Personality speaks louder than appearances.
9. I walk away from people who don't value me. They might not know my worth, but I do.
10. I remain cool when someone plays dirty to outrun me in the rat race. I am not a rat & neither am I in any race.
11. I am learning not to be embarrassed by my emotions. It's my emotions that make me human.
12. I have learned that it's better to drop the ego than to break a relationship. My ego will keep me aloof, whereas with relationships, I will never be alone.
13. I have learned to live each day as if it's the last. After all, it might be the last.
14. I am doing what makes me happy. I am responsible for my happiness, and I owe it to myself. Happiness is a choice. You can be happy at any time, just choose to be!

I decided to share this for all my friends. Why do we have to wait to be 70 or 80, why can't we practice this at any stage and age?



THE MEANEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHAT MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME.....

1. **My mother taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE.**
"If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning."
2. **My mother taught me RELIGION.**
"You better pray that will come out of the carpet."
3. **My mother taught me about TIME TRAVEL.**
"If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"
4. **My mother taught me LOGIC.**
"Because I said so, that's why."
5. **My mother taught me MORE LOGIC.**
"If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the store with me."
6. **My mother taught me FORESIGHT.**
"Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."
7. **My mother taught me IRONY.**
"Keep crying, and I'll give you something to cry about."
8. **My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS.**
"Shut your mouth and eat your supper."
9. **My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM.**
"Will you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!"
10. **My mother taught me about STAMINA.**
"You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone."
11. **My mother taught me about WEATHER.**
"This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it."
12. **My mother taught me about HYPOCRISY.**
"If I told you once, I've told you a million times. Don't exaggerate!"
13. **My mother taught me the CIRCLE OF LIFE.**
"I brought you into this world, and I can take you out."
14. **My mother taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION.**
"Stop acting like your father!"
15. **My mother taught me about ENVY.**
"There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do."
16. **My mother taught me about ANTICIPATION.**
"Just wait until we get home."
17. **My mother taught me about RECEIVING.**
"You are going to get it when you get home!"
18. **My mother taught me MEDICAL SCIENCE.**
"If you don't stop crossing your eyes, They are going to freeze that way."
19. **My mother taught me ESP.**
"Put your sweater on; don't you think I know when you are cold?"
20. **My mother taught me HUMOR.**
"When that lawn mower cuts off your toes, don't come running to me."
21. **My mother taught me HOW TO BECOME AN ADULT.**
"If you don't eat your vegetables, you'll never grow up."
22. **My mother taught me GENETICS.**
"You're just like your father."
23. **My mother taught me about my ROOTS.**
"Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?"
24. **My mother taught me WISDOM.**
"When you get to be my age, you'll understand."
25. **And my favorite: my mother taught me about JUSTICE.**
"One day you'll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you."

THANKS MOM
HAVE A WONDERFUL
MOTHER'S DAY

Cemetery Watchman

I just wanted to get the day over with and go down to Smokey's. Sneaking a look at my watch, I saw the time, 1655. Five minutes to go before the cemetery gates are closed for the day. Full dress was hot in the August sun. Oklahoma summertime was as bad as ever--the heat and humidity at the same level--both too high.

I saw the car pull into the drive, '69 or '70 model Cadillac Deville, looked factory-new. It pulled into the parking lot at a snail's pace.. An old woman got out so slow I thought she was paralyzed; she had a cane and a sheaf of flowers--about four or five bunches as best I could tell.

I couldn't help myself. The thought came unwanted, and left a slightly bitter taste: 'She's going to spend an hour, and for this old soldier, my hip hurts like hell and I'm ready to get out of here right now!' But for this day, my duty was to assist anyone coming in.

Kevin would lock the 'In' gate and if I could hurry the old biddy along, we might make it to Smokey's in time.

I broke post attention. My hip made gritty noises when I took the first step and the pain went up a notch. I must have made a real military sight: middle-aged man with a small pot gut and half a limp, in marine full-dress uniform, which had lost its razor crease about thirty minutes after I began the watch at the cemetery.

I stopped in front of her, halfway up the walk. She looked up at me with an old woman's squint.

'Ma'am, may I assist you in any way?'

She took long enough to answer.

'Yes, son. Can you carry these flowers? I seem to be moving a tad slow these days.'

'My pleasure, ma'am.' Well, it wasn't too much of a lie.

She looked again. 'Marine, where were you stationed?'

' Vietnam , ma'am.. Ground-pounder. '69 to '71.'

She looked at me closer. 'Wounded in action, I see. Well done, Marine. I'll be as quick as I can.'

I lied a little bigger: 'No hurry, ma'am.'

She smiled and winked at me. 'Son, I'm 85-years-old and I can tell a lie from a long way off.. Let's get this done. Might be the last time I can do this. My name's Joanne Wieserman, and I've a few Marines I'd like to see one more time.'

'Yes, ma 'am. At your service.'

She headed for the World War I section, stopping at a stone. She picked one of the flowers out of my arm and laid it on top of the stone. She murmured something I couldn't quite make out.. The name on the marble was **Donald S. Davidson, USMC: France 1918.**

She turned away and made a straight line for the World War II section, stopping at one stone. I saw a tear slowly tracking its way down her cheek. She put a bunch on a stone; the name was **Stephen X. Davidson, USMC, 1943.**

She went up the row a ways and laid another bunch on a stone, **Stanley J. Wieserman, USMC, 1944..**

She paused for a second. 'Two more, son, and we'll be done'

I almost didn't say anything, but, 'Yes, ma'am. Take your time.'

She looked confused.. 'Where's the Vietnam section, son? I seem to have lost my way.'

I pointed with my chin. 'That way, ma'am.'

'Oh!' she chuckled quietly. 'Son, me and old age ain't too friendly.'

She headed down the walk I'd pointed at. She stopped at a couple of stones before she found the ones she wanted. She placed a bunch on **Larry Wieserman, USMC, 1968**, and the last on **Darrel Wieserman, USMC, 1970**. She stood there and murmured a few words I still couldn't make out.

'OK, son, I'm finished. Get me back to my car and you can go home.'

Yes, ma'am. If I may ask, were those your kinfolk?'

She paused. 'Yes, Donald Davidson was my father, Stephen was my uncle, Stanley was my husband, Larry and Darrel were our sons. All killed in action, all marines.'

She stopped. Whether she had finished, or couldn't finish, I don't know. She made her way to her car, slowly and painfully.

I waited for a polite distance to come between us and then double-timed it over to Kevin, waiting by the car.

'Get to the 'Out' gate quick.. I have something I've got to do.'

Kevin started to say something, but saw the look I gave him. He broke the rules to get us there down the service road. We beat her. She hadn't made it around the rotunda yet.

'Kevin, stand at attention next to the gatepost. Follow my lead.' I humped it across the drive to the other post.

When the Cadillac came puttering around from the hedges and began the short straight traverse to the gate, I called in my best gunny's voice: 'Tehen Hut! Present Haaa arms!'

I have to hand it to Kevin; he never blinked an eye--full dress attention and a salute that would make his DI proud.

She drove through that gate with two old worn-out soldiers giving her a send-off she deserved, for service rendered to her country, and for knowing duty, honor and sacrifice.

I am not sure, but I think I saw a salute returned from that Cadillac.



These are the 8 Women on the Vietnam Memorial Wall

1st Lt. Sharon Ann Lane - 23W 112

Lt. Lane died from shrapnel wounds when the 312th Evac. at Chu Lai was hit by rockets on June 8, 1969. From Canton, OH, she was a month short of her 26th birthday. She was posthumously awarded the Vietnamese Gallantry Cross with Palm and the Bronze Star for Heroism. In 1970, the recovery room at Fitzsimmons Army Hospital in Denver, where Lt. Lane had been assigned before going to Viet Nam, was dedicated in her honor. In 1973, Aultman Hospital in Canton, OH, where Lane had attended nursing school, erected a bronze statue of Lane. The names of 110 local servicemen killed in Vietnam are on the base of the statue.

2nd Lt. Pamela D. Donovan - 53W 043

Lt. Donovan, from Allston, MA, became seriously ill and died on July 8, 1968. She was assigned to the 85th Evac. in Qui Nhon. She was 26 years old.

Lt. Col. Annie Ruth Graham - 48W 012

Chief Nurse at 91st Evac. Hospital, Tuy Hoa. From Efland, NC, she suffered a stroke in August 14, 1968 and was evacuated to Japan where she died four days later. A veteran of both World War II and Korea, she was 52.

Capt. Mary Therese Klinker - 01W 122

Capt. Klinker, a flight nurse assigned to Clark Air Base in the Philippines, was on the C-5A Galaxy which crashed on April 4 outside Saigon while evacuating Vietnamese orphans. This is known as the Operation Babylift crash. From Lafayette, IN, she was 27. She was posthumously awarded the Airman's Medal for Heroism and the Meritorious Service Medal.

2nd Lt. Carol Ann Elizabeth Drazba -05E 046

2nd Lt. Elizabeth Ann Jones - 05E 047

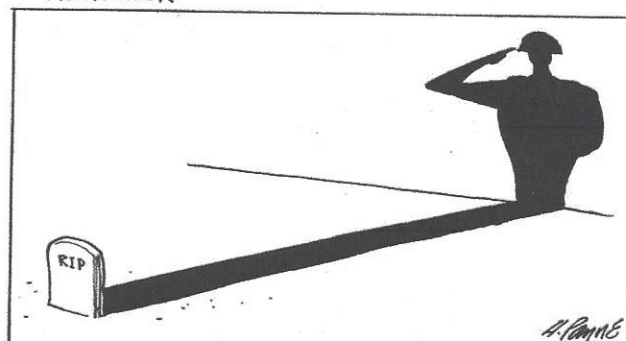
Lt. Drazba and Lt. Jones were assigned to the 3rd Field Hospital in Saigon. They died in a helicopter crash near Saigon, February 18, 1966. Drazba was from Dunmore, PA, Jones from Allendale, SC. Both were 22 years old.

Capt. Eleanor Grace Alexander - 31E 008

1st Lt. Hedwig Diane Orlowski - 31E 015

Capt. Alexander of Westwood, NJ, and Lt. Orlowski of Detroit, MI, died November 30, 1967. Alexander, stationed at the 85th Evac., and Orlowski, stationed at the 67th Evac. in Qui Nhon, had been sent to a hospital in Pleiku to help out during a push. With them when their plane crashed on the return trip to Qui Nhon were two other nurses, Jerome E. Olmstead of Clintonville, WI, and Kenneth R. Shoemaker, Jr. of Owensboro, KY. Alexander was 27, Orlowski 23. Both were posthumously awarded Bronze Stars.

REMEMBER



comics.com EMAIL: hpayne@delnet.com 510 PETECOLT MONS

Being a Military Parent

Dating back from the beginning to the present the parents thoughts are the same when their child is away at war.

Take a moment to remember what the parents of our brave military must go through every day their kids are deployed. Makes no difference when, where or what war it was. Remember these parents in your prayers. Those of us who were in combat zones can only imagine the prayers and anxieties of our parents, undoubtedly similar to these.

Robert Service's poetry of life is without equal. He captures the spirit, yearning and pain of life like no other poet that I have read.

YOUNG FELLOW, MY LAD

Robert Service 1913

"Where are you going, Young Fellow My Lad,
On this glittering morn of May?"

"I'm going to join the Colours, Dad;
They're looking for men, they say."

"But you're only a boy, Young Fellow My Lad;
You aren't obliged to go."

"I'm seventeen and a quarter, Dad,
And ever so strong, you know."

"So you're off to France, Young Fellow My
Lad,

And you're looking so fit and bright."

"I'm terribly sorry to leave you, Dad,
But I feel that I'm doing right."

"God bless you and keep you, Young Fellow
My Lad,

You're all of my life, you know."

"Don't worry. I'll soon be back, dear Dad,
And I'm awfully proud to go."

"Why don't you write, Young Fellow My
Lad?

I watch for the post each day;

And I miss you so, and I'm awfully sad,
And it's months since you went away.

And I've had the fire in the parlour lit,
And I'm keeping it burning bright
Till my boy comes home; and here I sit
Into the quiet night."

"What is the matter, Young Fellow My Lad?
No letter again to-day.

Why did the postman look so sad,
And sigh as he turned away?

I hear them tell that we've gained new
ground,
But a terrible price we've paid:
God grant, my boy, that your're safe and
sound;

But oh I'm afraid, afraid."

"They've told me the truth, Young Fellow My
Lad;

You'll never come back again:
(Oh God: the dreams and the dreams I've
had,
And the hopes I've nursed in vain!)

For you passed in the night, Young Fellow My
Lad,

And you proved in the cruel test
Of the screaming shell and the battle hell
That my boy was one of the best."

"So you'll live, you'll live, Young Fellow My
Lad,

In the gleam of the evening star,
In the wood-note wild and the laugh of the
child,
In all sweet things that are.

And you'll never die, my wonderful boy,
While life is noble and true;
For all our beauty and hope and joy
We will owe to our lads like you."

This is one of the best editorials that I have ever read regarding the United States. I put this in the LZ 53 newsletter quite a while ago. I felt that it should be repeated since the info is always relevant. I only wish that the rest of the world would realize it. We are always blamed for everything, and never even get a thank you for the things we do.

America: The Good Neighbor

taken from a Canadian newspaper

Widespread but only partial news coverage was given recently to a remarkable editorial broadcast from Toronto by Gordon Sinclair, a Canadian television commentator. What follows is the full text of his trenchant remarks as printed in the Congressional Record:

"This Canadian thinks it is time to speak up for the Americans as the most generous and possibly the least appreciated people on all the earth.

Germany, Japan and, to a lesser extent, Britain and Italy were lifted out of the debris of war by the Americans who poured in billions of dollars, and forgave other billions in debts. None of these countries is today paying even the interest on its remaining debts to the United States.

When the France was in danger of collapsing it was the Americans who propped it up, and their reward was to be insulted and swindled on the streets of Paris. I was there. I saw it.

When earthquakes hit distant cities, it is the United States that hurries in to help. This spring, 59 American communities were flattened by tornadoes. Nobody helped.

The Marshall Plan and the Truman Policy pumped billions of dollars into discouraged countries. Now newspapers in those countries are writing about the decadent, warmongering Americans.

I'd like to see just one of those countries that is gloating over the erosion of the United States dollar build its own airplane. Does any other country

in the world have a plane to equal the Boeing Jumbo Jet, the Lockheed Tri-Star, or the Douglas DC10? If so, why don't they fly them? Why do all the International lines except Russia fly American Planes?

Why does no other land on earth even consider putting a man or woman on the moon? You talk about Japanese technocracy, and you get radios. You talk about German technocracy, and you get automobiles.

You talk about American technocracy, and you find men on the moon - not once, but several times - and safely home again.

You talk about scandals, and the Americans put theirs right in the store window for everybody to look at.

Even their draft-dodgers are not pursued and hounded. They are here on our streets, and most of them, unless they are breaking Canadian laws, are getting American dollars from ma and pa at home to spend here.

When the railways of France, Germany and India were breaking down through age, it was the Americans who rebuilt them. When the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central went broke, nobody loaned them an old caboose. Both are still broke.

I can name you 5000 times when the Americans raced to the help of other people in trouble. Can you name me even one time when someone else raced to the Americans in trouble? I don't think there was outside help even during the San Francisco earthquake.

Our neighbors have faced it alone, and I'm one Canadian who is damned tired of hearing them get kicked around. They will come out of this thing with their flag high. And when they do, they are entitled to thumb their nose at the lands that are gloating over their present troubles. I hope Canada is not one of those."

THE PHUNNIE PAGES

SOME THINGS TO PONDER AS WE AGE

The inventor of the treadmill died at the age of 54.

The inventor of gymnastics died at the age of 57.

The world bodybuilding champion died at the age of 41.

The best soccer player in the world, 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 200 years.

So...

Have a drink...

Take a nap ...

And when you wake up, have some bacon and eggs.



I halve a spelling checker,

It came with my pea see.

It plainly marks four my revue

Mistakes I dew knot sea.

Eye strike a key and type a word

And weight four it two say

Weather eye am wrong oar write

It shows me strait aweigh.

As soon as a mist ache is maid

It nose bee fore two long

And eye can put the era rite

It's rarely ever wrong.

I've scent this massage threw it,

And I'm shore your pleased too no

Its letter prefect in every weigh;

My checker tolled me sew.



John Travolta tested negative for coronavirus last night. Turns out it was just Saturday night fever.

The World Health Organization has announced that dogs cannot contract Covid-19. Dogs previously held in quarantine can now be released. To be clear, WHO let the dogs out.

I saw an ad for burial plots, and thought to myself - that's the last thing I need.

Intelligence is like underwear. It is important that you have it, but not necessary that you show it off.

Relationships are a lot like algebra. Have you ever looked at your X and wondered Y?

A courtroom artist was arrested today for an unknown reason. Details are sketchy.

People are making end of the world jokes like there's no tomorrow.

Whatever you do, always give 100%. Unless you're donating blood.

A girl said she recognized me from her vegetarian club but I'd never met herbivore.

I've always had an irrational fear of speed bumps, but I'm slowly getting over it.

I've finally told my suitcases there will be no holiday this year. Now I'm dealing with the emotional baggage.

If you're not supposed to eat at night, why is there a light bulb in the refrigerator?

My dad died when we couldn't remember his blood type. As he died, he kept insisting "be positive," but it's hard without him.

Don't let your worries get the best of you; remember, Moses started out as a basket case.



THE PHUNNIE PAGES

Medicare Cuts.....

The A.M.A. has weighed in on the President's proposed cuts in Medicare payments

The Allergists voted to scratch it, but the Dermatologists advised not to make any rash moves.

The Gastroenterologists had a sort of a gut feeling about it, but the neurologists thought the Administration had a lot of nerve.

The Obstetricians felt they were all laboring under a misconception.

Ophthalmologists considered the idea short-sighted.

Pathologists yelled, "Over my dead body!" while the Pediatricians said, "Oh, Grow up!"

The Psychiatrists thought the whole idea was madness, while the Radiologists could see right through it.

The Surgeons were fed up with the cuts and decided to wash their hands of the whole thing.

The ENT specialists didn't swallow it, and just wouldn't hear of it.

The Pharmacologists thought it was a bitter pill to swallow, and the Plastic Surgeons said, "This puts a whole new face on the matter...."

The Podiatrists thought it was a step forward, but the Urologists were pissed off at the whole idea.

The Anesthetists thought the whole idea was a gas, but the Cardiologists didn't have the heart to say no.

In the end, the Proctologists won out, leaving the entire decision up to the assholes in Washington.



TRUCKERS BREAKFAST

A trucker came into a Truck Stop Cafe and placed his order. He said he wanted three flat tires, a pair of headlights and a pair of running boards. The brand new blonde waitress, not wanting to appear stupid, went to the kitchen and said to the cook, "This guy out there just ordered three flat tires, a pair of headlights and a pair of running boards. What does he think this place is, an auto parts store?"

"No," the cook said. "Three flat tires means three pancakes; a pair of headlights is two eggs sunny side up; and a pair of running boards...are two slices of crisp bacon!"

"Oh...OK!" said the blonde. She thought about it for a moment and then spooned up a bowl of beans and gave it to the customer.

The trucker asked, "What are the beans for, Blondie?"

She replied, "I thought while you were waiting for the flat tires, headlights and running boards, you might as well gas up!"

FOR ONCE, THE BLONDE GETS EVEN.



An engineer dies and goes to heaven. However, when St. Peter meets him at the gate he says, "Wait a second! You're in the wrong place! Beat it!"

So, the engineer goes down to Hell, and gets settled in. He soon becomes dissatisfied with conditions there, and begins to make improvements. Before long, there's running water, flush toilets, escalators, and even air conditioning! The engineer is a pretty popular guy.

One day God calls Satan on the telephone and says with a sneer, "So, how's it going down there?"

Satan replies, "Hey, things are going great. We've got air conditioning, flush toilets and escalators, and there's no telling what this engineer is going to come up with next."

God replies, "What! You've got an engineer? That's a mistake - he should never have gotten down there. Send him up right away!"

Satan says, "No way! I like having an engineer on the staff, and I'm keeping him."

God says, "Send him back up here or I'll sue!"

"Oh, yeah?" the Devil replies. "Where are you going to get a lawyer?!"



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Honoring Our Women Veterans

