

# The Box City Bulletin

## INSIDE THIS ISSUE

<i>Science Page</i>	2
<i>Poetry Page</i>	3
<i>A Tender Furry Tale</i>	4
<i>Word Origins</i>	5
<i>Editorial</i>	6
<i>Why We Say It</i>	7
<i>A Wise Man Tells You</i>	7
<i>Joke of The Month</i>	8

Published monthly by Box City, Inc. The Box City Bulletin is distributed to employees, vendors, customers and friends of Box City.

If you would like to receive this publication please write to:

Howard Suer, Editor  
The Box City Bulletin  
P.O. Box 7069  
Van Nuys, CA 91409-7069  
Phone - (818) 780-4032  
Fax: (818) 780-2607

Your poetry, or any interesting submission will be considered for publication. . . .Send it!!

Always remember, this is your Bulletin. If you disagree with any editorial content, we welcome opposing points of view as well as comments on public issues.

We have opinions, . . .but no agenda and will print all opposing points of view concerning any issue we editorialize.

## The History of Father's Day

### Fathers Day History

**T**he history of Father's Day goes back to 1909. In Spokane, Washington, Sonora Smart Dodd was listening to a Mother's Day sermon. The lecture inspired her to have a special day dedicated to her father, William Jackson Smart, who had brought her up and her siblings single-handedly after their mother died. She could realize the greatness of her father and wanted to let him know how deeply she was touched by his sacrifices, courage, selflessness and love. She held the first Father's Day celebration on 19th of June 1910, on the birthday of her father. The idea soon caught on, and in 1924, President Calvin Coolidge supported the idea of a national Father's Day on the petition Dodd sent to him on the acceptance of fatherhood. In 1926, a National Father's Day Committee was formed in New York City. However, it was thirty years later that a Joint Resolution of Congress gave recognition to Father's Day. Another 16

years passed before President Richard Nixon established the third Sunday of June as The permanent National observance of Father's Day in 1972 in honor of all good fathers who contribute in their own ways as much to the family as mothers. Even before Dodd came into the picture, Dr. Robert Webb of West Virginia is believed to have conducted the first Father's Day service in 1908 at the Central Church of Fairmont. However, it was the colossal efforts of Dodd, the devoted daughter of the Civil War veteran, who refused to remarry for the sake of his six children, and who took upon himself all the duties, love and care of a mother, that eventually led it to a National observance.



The Art Museum Council of LACMA presents

## Wet Paint

Sunday, June 1, 2008

10 am-4 pm

Roxbury Park, Beverly Hills

(Grassy area near the recreation center)

Admission is free! bring a picnic!

For more information call: (323) 857-6287

Meet some of Southern California's best artists as they create works of art that you can purchase and take home that day. Do not miss the fabulous silent auction and quick draw.



# The Box City Science Page

## CHANG AND ENG

**C**hang and Eng Bunker (1811-1874) were the original “Siamese Twins.”

They were born near Bangkok, Siam, in 1811, bound tightly stomach to stomach by an unforgiving armlike tube. Asian doctors had recommended separation, but Chang and Eng’s parents instead encouraged them to learn how to coexist. Working daily to stretch the thickening ligature, ultimately three and a half inches in length, eventually the boys could stand side to side, dress separately, walk and run.



In 1824, Scottish merchant Robert Hunter discovered the twins, and became a friend of the family. Later he asked the Siamese government for permission to take the boys to Europe, but his request was at first denied.

In 1829, Hunter and his associate Captain Abel Coffin offered money to the boy’s mother for permission to take them abroad; this time they succeeded. In 1832 Chang and Eng broke off their arrangement with Captain Coffin when they realized that he was taking the vast majority of the profits from their tours. The break led them to P. T. Barnum, with whom they toured until 1839. World fame came quickly, but at a price; By 1838, after seven years

of exhibiting themselves in the U.S., the twins were exhausted. Sick of the roving show-life, and wealthy enough now to retire, they had adopted American citizenship and taken the name Bunker, after a Boston acquaintance. Purchasing a plantation in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina, including slaves to go with it (33 of them), the brothers settled into a agrarian life that included marriage to unjoined American sisters, and, very quickly, they fathered numerous children. . . . Forced by their fleshy bond to sleep face to face, needing to cooperate on everything, they divided their time between two houses and two families, alternating three-day periods during which one or the other was in charge of their whereabouts and activities.



In 1860, Barnum’s big chance finally came. Self educated and literate, possessing fine penmanship, Chang and Eng decided to come out of retirement in order to raise money for the college tuitions of their now huge brood of children, and they signed with Barnum for a six-week engagement at his American Museum. Barnum had little control over these independent-minded brothers, or their families. “The truth is,” he wrote later, the wives of the twins fight like cats and dogs and they want their husbands separated,” . . . But it was

not just the wives; increasingly, the heavy-drinking, irritable Chang was coming to dislike his quiet, teetotaler brother.

In 1865, their wealth demolished by the Civil War, Chang and Eng came out of retirement once again. On August 31, 1868, Chang and Eng met again with Barnum. He announced his decision to send them on a tour of Great Britain and on a search for a surgeon who might separate them. The tour occurred, but the separation did not. Chang suffered a stroke in 1870 and from then on had to be partially carried by Eng. Just four years later, on January 17, 1874, to the horror of his brother, 62 year old Chang died. Eng managed to live on for four fearful hours.



Near the end of life. This photo, probably taken in 1865, captures the twins as they planned a tour in 1866, to recoup money lost during the Civil War. The Bunkers died in 1874.

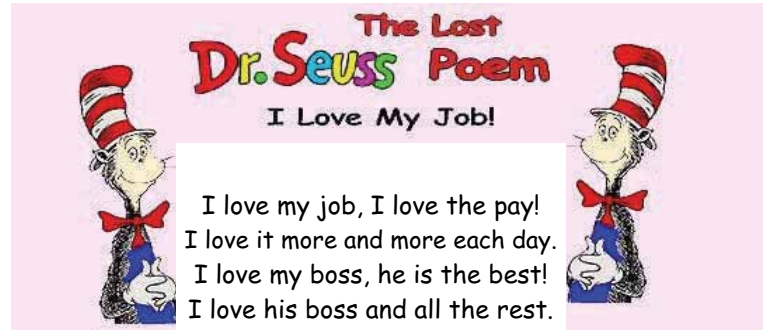
**Editor’s Note:** Although Eng and Chang’s fame coined the phrase ‘Siamese Twins’, they were not the first pair of conjoined twins recorded in medical annals. There were about 100 such pairs known by the time of their 1811 births. A fact which helped the King of Siam reverse an early death sentence on the brothers. The earliest known record of conjoined twins was in 945 in Armenia. The first pair of successfully separated conjoined twins took place in 1689.

# The Box City Poetry Corner

## What Makes A Dad

Author Unknown

God took the strength of a mountain,  
The majesty of a tree,  
The warmth of a summer sun,  
The calm of a quiet sea,  
The generous soul of nature,  
The comforting arm of night,  
The wisdom of the ages,  
The power of the eagle's flight,  
The joy of a morning in spring,  
The faith of a mustard seed,  
The patience of eternity,  
The depth of a family in need,  
Then God combined these qualities,  
When there was nothing more to add,  
He knew his masterpiece was complete,  
And so, he called it . . . Dad.



I love my job, I love the pay!  
I love it more and more each day.  
I love my boss, he is the best!  
I love his boss and all the rest.

I love my office and its location.  
I hate to have to go on vacation.  
I love my furniture, drab and grey,  
The piles of paper that grow each day!

I think my job is really swell,  
There's nothing else I love so well.  
Love to work among my peers,  
I love their leers and jeers and sneers.

I love my computer and its software:  
I hug it often though it won't care.  
I love each program and every file,  
I'd love them more if they worked a while.

I'm happy to be here. I am, I am.  
I'm the happiest slave of the firm, I am.  
I love this work. I love these chores.  
I love the meetings with deadly bores.  
I love my job — I'll say it again —  
I even love those friendly men.  
Those friendly men who've come today,  
In clean white coats to take me away!!



# A Box City Furry Tale

## The Story of BJ

By Howard Suer

I was just pulling up to the curb in front of Balboa Park for our morning walk. It was a cool autumn morning, still dark at 5:30 AM. Suddenly, an ominous looking dark figure appeared in front of my car. I slowed down, and as we got closer I could see a large black German shepherd facing me directly in front of my car. He was barely visible in the darkness. I stopped at the curb and the wolf like creature walked around to my driver's side door. My first instinct was to drive away, but it was too late . . . We had already made eye contact and I knew he was asking for help.

I opened the door and extended my hand (palm down). He licked my hand with his large tongue and I knew he was okay. I opened the rear hatch and my dog, Miko jumped out. The two of them sniffed one another for a moment, then Miko ran into the park for his morning run sniffing trees, chasing rabbits and having a great time.

Meanwhile, the large shepherd stayed close to my side. He didn't let me get more than a foot away for our entire 3 mile walk. It was obvious that he had adopted me.

When we returned to the car he jumped in with Miko and we drove home. Once at the house I gave him some food, which he ate ravenously. For the entire weekend he didn't let me out of his sight. He followed me from room to room, out to the trash bin, upstairs to my office . . . Everywhere. —Interestingly, he and Miko had an immediate understanding. Miko was the alpha dog, and this new guy was submissive to him. They played nicely together.

It was never my intention to keep the new guy. He was so beautiful, that I was sure that someone would be looking for him. Therefore, on Monday we made the trip to the pound. I explained the circumstances to the attendants and instructed them that if no one claimed him I would adopt him.

Before we left the pound, Miko and I wanted to say goodbye to our new friend. We walked down the aisle of kennels all the way to the last one. There he was, lying down, his head on his front paws, looking so dejected. When he saw me he leaped to his feet, tail wagging and ran up to the cage bars.

It was about 3 weeks later. No one claimed the big guy, so I bailed him out for \$82. That included the license, neutering, shots and all other fees. We got home on Saturday morning. Everything was fine until Sunday evening at 10:00 PM. He was lying on the living room floor gasping for breath. I rushed him to a veterinary emergency hospital. X-rays revealed that he had pneumonia. Furthermore, they revealed a condition called megasophagus. That is a congenital defect where his esophagus is enlarged like a balloon. Food lodges there. When the animal tries to regurgitate, sometimes they aspirate some food into their lungs, causing pneumonia.

That explained to me why he was alone in the park. His owners probably couldn't handle all the sickness and veterinary bills. Rather than put him down they decided to turn him loose in the park hoping that somehow he would survive. I don't know how long he was in Balboa Park, but it was long enough for desperation to cause him to flag down my car.

BJ spent two weeks in the hospital. When he came home, we decided to try an experiment. At feeding time he would put his front paws on top of the kitchen counter (yes, he was that big). Then I would hold the food in a spoon high over his head causing him to stretch his neck to reach it. That way his esophagus stretched out, permitting the food to enter his digestive tract. IT WORKED! BJ stopped vomiting and during the next year he gained 28 lbs. More exciting was the way he started acting like a happy puppy. Even though he was about 3 years old, it was probably the first time in his life he really felt good. He would romp with Miko. He loved to chase a ball, and in general he was



a happy dog.

This went on for five years until one day BJ vomited some blood. Both of the doctors at our regular veterinary hospital were in surgery and couldn't see him that day. I didn't want to wait so we went to another vet whom we didn't know, Dr. Michael Pitt on Saticoy Street in the Ralphs Market Shopping Center in Van Nuys .

Dr. Pitt examined BJ and told me, "He's a very sick dog and needs to be monitored." I said, "What do you suggest?" He responded, "You will have to leave him here where we can monitor his condition. The charges will be about \$1,200, and I will need a \$600 deposit." I gave Dr. Pitt the \$600 and left feeling that BJ was in good hands.

The next morning, at 8:30 I called to see how BJ was doing. The girl who answered the phone said I would have to call back after 9:00 since no one is there until that time. I said, "What do you mean 'no one is there 'till 9:00?'" Dr. Pitt told me that BJ had to be monitored". She just repeated that no one was there until 9:00.

I was furious. I arrived at the animal hospital around 9:30 fully intending to move BJ to a facility where he would receive the care I expected. When I got there, I saw the veterinarian entering the office in front of me. They ushered me

Continued on next page →

# Interesting Word Origins

## ALIMONY

In English the word *aliment* means food. This traces to the Latin *alo*, "nourish." The way most of our divorce laws are written now, if a wife sues for release from her bonds, she expects *alimony*, which etymologically, is really "eating money,"



## ACCOLADE

An *accolade* with us is any honor that we give to a worthy person, but its Italian ancestor, *accolata*, meant a hug around the neck, ultimately from the Latin *ac*, "at" or "to," and *collum*, "neck." This was the *accolade* or embrace that was given to a man in earlier England when knighthood was conferred upon him. Then came the kiss and the tap on the shoulder with a sword.



## ALCOHOL

Queen Cleopatra of Egypt darkened and lengthened her eyebrows with antimony paste.

The Arabic word for this was *al-koh'l*, *al*, "the," and "*koh'l*," "powdered antimony." This word came into English as *al-cool*, a name for any fine powder or extract. Thus "*alcoool of wine*" was for drinking. It was not until the 19th century that the word *alcohol* was used only to signify drinking.



## The Story of BJ, continued from page 4

into a back room where BJ was lying on a stainless steel table with an oxygen cone over his snout. He was gasping for breath. I put my hand gently on his head and spoke to him, but BJ didn't even acknowledge me. He was obviously in shock. While I was standing there, in grief over my loved one's condition, the office manager said to me, "We have to straighten out the bill. There is another \$69 due." While we were discussing the

additional \$69 (which was allegedly for a second day of intensive care), BJ stopped breathing. He died at 10:30 AM on the second day. The veterinarian extended his sympathy and said, "We can dispose of the remains for an additional \$50."

Tears streaming down my face, I said, "You are doing nothing more to my dog!" I picked BJ up in my arms and

took him home where he is buried in our backyard close to his family.

I am aware that I am exposing myself to a libel suit for including the name and address of the veterinarian in this story. However everything stated here is true. I have reported the incident to the California Veterinary board.

This is my final shot for justice for BJ . . . the sweetest dog. . . Rest in peace BJ.

## The 10 Commandments for a Responsible Pet Owner, (As Dic-

1. My life will probably last 10 to 15 years. Any separation from you is likely to be painful.
2. Give me time to understand what you want of me.
3. Place your trust in me. It is crucial for my well-being.
4. Don't be angry with me for long and don't lock me up as punishment. You have your work, your friends, your entertainments. . . I only have you.
5. Talk to me. Even if I do not understand your words, I do understand your voice when you are speaking to me.
6. Be aware that however you treat me, I will never forget it.
7. Before you hit me, before you strike me, remember that I have teeth that could easily crush the bones in your hand, and yet I will not bite you.
8. Before you scold me for being lazy or uncooperative, ask yourself if something might be bothering me. Perhaps I'm not getting the right food, I have been in the sun too long or my heart might be getting old or weak.
9. Please take care of me when I grow old. You will grow old too some day.
10. On the ultimate difficult journey, please go with me. Never say you cannot bear to watch. Do not make me face this alone. Everything is easier for me if you are there, because I love you so.

# Editorial

## How is Your Business?

By Howard Suer

The soothsayers of doom are bemoaning our economic outlook. They are predicting a catastrophic recession, and economic disaster for our Country.

Every day, someone asks me how our business is doing. . . . Well, I can't answer for everyone else, but let me tell you how Box City is doing;

We are down about 10% over last year. It's the first year since we opened 25 years ago that we have not grown, but 10% is not a catastrophe.

We've got great store managers, and a team of employees who all pull together to give good service, and set us apart from our competition.

With this formula for success, we are not worried about the future.

That being said, I honestly think the upcoming presidential elections are not coming any too soon. There is no question that our deficit spending, poor management, and the costly wars we are engaged in have the potential to damage our Country severely.

Sure, we were planning to open another store this year. We've put that on hold until we can get a clearer picture of the economy, but I must tell you, we are optimistic.

The most vigorous economy in the world today is China. Why? I think the major advantage China has is her ability to capitalize on her enormous population. China has a population of 1,250,000,000 people, and that figure is growing every minute. Almost one out of every five people in the world lives in China. That's right . . . 20 percent of the world's over 6 billion people live in China.

Instead of falling into a third world economy and struggling to feed all of these

people, China went industrial. Setting up factories to produce the world's needs, China has succeeded in making employment for her masses. Sure, they work for very little. But they all eat and the Country is experiencing unprecedented economic growth.

There is very little you can buy in the world today that is not manufactured in China.

It wasn't that long ago when almost everything in the world was marked, "Made in the USA." That seemed to change overnight. What happened? We pride ourselves on having a high standard of living here in America. What exactly is a "high standard of living?" Well, for starters, every family has at least one car, a dishwasher, a washing machine and a dryer, at least one computer, lots of toys and games, well paved streets, too much food (most of us are overweight), and everything it seems to take to live a good life.

We were not only the chief supplier to the world of manufactured goods, but these goods were shipped all over the world on American ships. Yes, the USA and England dominated the seas with the largest merchant fleets.

What happened? I blame much of the decline of American industry on greed: The greed of big business and the greed of the labor unions. It was England's constant maritime strikes continuously shutting down her harbors and shipping lines that eventually brought that great empire to its knees.

Here in the USA we followed suit. Our maritime unions were almost as bad as the teamsters— constantly striking for more wages until the shipping companies said, "Enough!" Slowly and quietly, all the American flag vessels started sporting Liberian flags as well as Panamanian and other African and South American flags. The American merchant fleet disappeared. Meanwhile, the steel worker's unions, the automobile worker's unions, the teamster's union, and others started demanding more under threat of shut-down strikes. Pretty soon we priced ourselves out of business.

For a while Japan became the manufacturing

center of the world. Soon Taiwan, Manila, and other far eastern countries took their market share.

Japan has proven herself as a brilliant high tech country as well as one of the best skilled automobile manufacturers. Whereas American automobile manufacturers can't seem to stay afloat in America and are moving their factories to Mexico and other places, Toyota is successfully building plants here in America. Toyota America has shown tremendous profits in recent years, while Ford has recorded record losses.

The employees who worked for all of those factories that we lost to other parts of the world were our "middle class." Now they are our "poor," while some employees, fearful of not finding another job in the dwindling job market, have elected to **buy** a job. They lease a store in a strip mall to sell donuts, pizza or chicken, or rent videos or? We have become a service nation. We cut one another's hair, we sell one another donuts, insurance, etc. We service cars, etc.

Sure, we still have some huge industrial manufacturing plants. But what do we provide to the world? We make the very best weapon: Tanks, fighter planes, rocket launchers, heavy assault weapons. As long as there is a war going on somewhere, some of us are doing okay.

Meanwhile, since we have to buy most of our manufactured goods from other countries, and our fruit from Ecuador, Guatemala, etc., our balance of trade is in deficit.

I say it's time our elected officials in Congress took a long hard look at our world position. We've got lobbyists from all the special interests calling on them. It's about time they honored their oath of office and put America and Americans first!

If Japan, China and Taiwan could pull themselves up by their bootstraps, surely we are just as smart and can do the same.

**How about it Congress?**

# Why We Say It — (Phrase Origins)

## Take A Solemn Oath

To *take a solemn oath* today means to swear to abide by something of a grave and serious nature. The word *solemn* derives from the Latin *sollemnis*, which was used by the Roman Catholic Church when referring to ceremonies performed every year. It was meant to clearly distinguish them from local and occasional festivals.

Latin remained the language of scholarship and worship even when missionaries began winning converts. In Britain the word was used for any official or established ceremony. Eventually it was anglicized to “*solemn*,” and was applied to any practice linked with formal worship. Through frequent use, it eventually came to mean anything of a grave and serious nature.



## To Wash One’s Hands

Modern drama was born in the *church*, where plays and interludes based upon the Bible were used for centuries as a means of instruction. Strolling bands of minstrels also performed biblical dramas at street fairs. They had a great impact on speech.

A favorite scene was the enactment of Jesus’ trial before Pilate. There were few props to make a background seem realistic, but it was customary to bring a basin of water. Pilate then washed his hands as he denied responsibility for the death sentence. This bit of stage play made a great hit with audiences. As a result, to *wash one’s hands* of a matter came into general use as an expression disclaiming accountability.



## Point Blank Range

Anglo Saxon bowmen were among the first to develop a standard type of archery range. They used a flat target whose center was marked by circles such as the cross-section of a tree trunk cut into a disk. The white bull’s eye contrasted sharply with the body of the target and was the goal of expert marksmen. Eventually the blank spot was standardized at the size of a crown piece. Even with the famous longbow, introduced by the Normans who conquered the kingdom, it was difficult to hit the bull’s eye at any distance. Every boy with his first bow knew that in order to hit the target at all, he had to try for the blank. Thus it became customary to refer to close range shooting as *point blank fire*. With the advent of firearms, the term attached to the use of the new weapons.



# A WISE MAN TELLS YOU



*“To the world, you may just be one person . . . But to one person you may be the world.”*

—Author Unknown

*“A man wrapped up in himself makes a very small bundle.”*

—Benjamin Franklin, 1706-1790

*“A lie gets halfway around the world before the truth has a chance to put its pants on.”*

—Winston Churchill, 1874-1965

*“Courage is going from failure to failure without losing enthusiasm.”*

—Winston Churchill, 1874-1965

*“When you reach the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on.”*

—Thomas Jefferson, 1743, 1826

*“The will of the people is the only legitimate foundation of any government, and to protect its free expression should be our first object.”*

—Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826

*“Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder.”*

—George Washington, 1732-1799

*“I hope that I shall possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.”*

—George Washington, 1732-1799

*“War is a poor chisel to carve out tomorrow.”*

—Martin Luther King, 1929-1968

*“If you can dream it, you can do it.”*

—Walt Disney, 1901-1966

*“Force is all-conquering, but its victories are short-lived.”*

—Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1865

*“Confidence is contagious, so is the lack of confidence.”*

—Vince Lombardi, 1913-1970

*“No one can make you feel inferior without your consent.”*

—Eleanor Roosevelt, 1884-1962

*“The final battle against intolerance is to be fought—not in the chambers of any legislature—but in the hearts of men.”*

—Dwight Eisenhower, 1890-1969

*“Imagination is more important than knowledge.”*

—Albert Einstein, 1879-1955



P.O. Box 7069  
Van Nuys, CA 91409-7069

**First Class Postage**

Website— [www.Boxcity.com](http://www.Boxcity.com)  
Email— [Boxcity@aol.com](mailto:Boxcity@aol.com)



## Pick The Store Near You (Now 8 Stores)

Pasadena	West L.A.	Van Nuys	No. Hollywood	Valencia	Marina Del Rey	Canoga Park	*Orange
1230 E. Colorado Bl. (626) 432-1678	2056 Westwood Bl. (310) 474-5144	16113 Sherman Wy (818) 901-0336	12800 Victory Bl. (818) 982-5675	23403 Lyons Ave. (661) 254-1178	4220 Lincoln Bl. (310) 305-4682	7008 Topanga Cyn. Bl. (818) 346-5390	211 W. Katella Ave. (714) 771-0010 <small>* Independently Owned</small>

*Distributors of Corrugated Boxes, Gift Boxes, Moving & Storage Supplies, and Shipping and Mailing Supplies*

# Cartoons of The Month

