

THE BUZZ



THE BUZZ



YOUR PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Comrades and Associates:

Another year arrives and on January 7th, my 67th year on earth. As Ronnie Robinson would say "You're Just a Kid", so, Happy New Year to all my Unit #68 members and of course the same to our sister club, Unit #26 comrades. They say you are supposed to mellow with age, but I feel a new energy, with changes on the way and I will quote my friend, Ian Beebie "CHANGE IS GOOD DONKEY "

First I wish to thank my Unit #68 members for their continued vote of confidence in returning me for a 5th year as their President. You would think that they would tire of my Buzz articles, but I did some soul searching, and after many discussions with my executive and many members, the decision was an easy one. I pledge my full support to our unit and organization for another year. *So please attend our Joint Unit 26 & Unit 68 Installation Ceremony on January 22, 2012 at 2 pm following our A.G.M. membership meeting & executive elections at 12:30 pm.*

With all our troops now out of Afghanistan, please keep in mind that we still have

roughly 950 soldiers who will remain as part of a NATO-led mission to train the Afghan army. These soldiers will remain until 2014. Their objective is to create a 325,000-man Afghan security force, including army and police. Canada has handed over cooking equipment, generators, appliances, sports equipment and tents to a U.S. depot to distribute to the people of Kandahar. And so, the Canadian flag comes down for the last time and our pull-out is complete.

Two young men, about the same age, were going back to P.E.I. Each had recently encountered a life-altering experience. One of them had done an extended tour of duty in Afghanistan, the other a rookie season as a defence-man with the Boston Bruins, capped off by winning the Stanley Cup.

The hockey player said to the young soldier "YOU'RE A HERO!"

The soldier looked at the Stanley Cup champion and said "I AM A HERO? YOU WON THE STANLEY CUP!"

The hockey player replied "I WOULDN'T HAVE DIED FOR IT!"

Thanks to Lorne McCartney, Dominion Secretary-Treasurer ANAVETS who sent me this great story.

May you all have a prosperous and healthy New Year!

Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld
President Unit #68

GREETINGS FROM UNIT #26



Happy New Year!
Wow, that is a scary statement! Last month it was only a thought and this month it is reality!!! In full living color!!!

I hope you all had a great Christmas Season. And also

hope you were as good to Santa as he was to you! All our stockings are folded neatly and the decorations are all stowed away up in the attic for yet another year. Just waiting their turn to come alive yet once again....

As I look back over 2011, I can honestly say it was not a dull or boring year. Everyday brought about new challenges which I like to refer to as "*learning experiences*"! As time progressed, learning became easier and now nothing surprises me. All of our accomplishments were due to the people who stepped up to the plate to help out their Unit. To all of you I am gratefully appreciative! To be among you is a great honour!

As I look at our January calendar, I see that January 15th is a very important date for our Unit. On that date we will be holding a SGM at 11am to vote on the sale of our property with the first right of refusal to purchase up to 6,000 sq. ft. of commercial space on the main floor for our new club. Each voting member will be receiving an information package in the mail concerning the meeting and a comparison sheet explaining the offers received. The executive has unanimously selected one of the offers. Your attendance and input is important and the Executive Committee

urges all voting members to attend and participate. There will be a question and answer period followed by a closed ballot vote. At this time we should embrace the future and move on to our new digs!

January 22nd Unit 68 will be hosting their Installations for 2012. Although we did not hold a formal election this year, at our December General Meeting the membership endorsed the current Executive to continue on to fill their 3 year mandate. I have contacted our Provincial Command to have our Installations on the same day.

Members have said that they would like to celebrate our successes and our future. So let us celebrate our Units together and move on into 2012 in style!

Membership in your Unit is part of its future. If you have not renewed your membership yet, please do so soon. You can pay your dues at the bar or with Ruby in the office. Do not lose your voice and vote.

Janice Graham
Unit #26 President

JOINT ANAF INSTALLATION

Plan to join us for the JOINT INSTALLATION OF PRESIDENTS and EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF UNIT #68 AND UNIT #26 on Sunday, January 22nd at 2 pm.

Everyone is welcome. Please come out and show your support for these executive members.

*TOGETHER WE STAND
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER*



PROVINCIAL COLOUR GUARD REPORT

Comrades:

Wow, what a great Christmas Party we all had! Even Santa showed up and handed out Jello Shooters . . . just ask Chuck McDonald if they had any punch! To add to our surprise, the past Colour Sergeant graced us with his presence, It was great to see Spider and many thanks, for all his kind accolades. Also for all the kind words from many of my comrades, so I guess I have done a good job the last two years as your Colour Sergeant.

A very special tribute was held for our long devoted member, Charlie Lee. Charlie has decided to pack in his marching days but will continue to support us at every meeting and function for many years to come. I am very proud to have marched with this comrade and decorated Veteran for the last 10 years.

It was especially nice to see support from our out-of-town guests . . . our Command Officers and of course our Provincial Command Secretary, Mary Mcleod and every one made it home safe.

Now tell me the truth comrades, was roast beef a good choice? Because I had a special chicken dinner prepared by our chef . . . I might have lost the vote on the meal selection, but *where there is a will, there is always a way*, so never underestimate your leader.

I am excited that the Colour Guard has been invited to march in the St Patrick's Day Parade this year. They say there is a little Irish in everyone. We will wait for permission from Command, but I am confident that will only be a formality and

each year we add more parades to our schedule.

Your Colour Guard was also awarded a trophy from the *New Westminster Hyack Committee* for our Santa Clause Parade in December 2011. It was the "Jingle Bell Music Award" - our second trophy in two years.

The B.C. Command Colour Guard is the most high profile part of our organization so please ask for a membership application and help us support our past and present veterans.

Saturday January 14, 2012 will be the Elections for the Colour Guard at Unit #26 at 1:00 P.M. All positions are up for election, so I ask you all to attend and support your new executive. Please bring your 2012 membership cards.

Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld
Color Sergeant

WE WILL REMEMBER HER . . .

It is with a deep sadness that we report on the passing of a long time member of our Unit #68. Our Comrade Nina Dreaney passed away on December 8th, 2011.

Nina was a Past President of our Unit #68 Ladies Auxiliary as well as a Past President of B.C. Command Ladies Auxiliary.

Nina always strove for the betterment of our Veterans Organization and she will be sadly missed.



SHUFF N' STUFF . . .

SHUFFLEBOARD:

Annual A-B-C Draft Tournament

When: January 7, 2012

Where: RCL 148, 4356 Hastings Street, Bby
(Willingdon & Hastings)

All come, All welcome

CURLING:

The 3rd Annual Western Canada Anavets Challenge takes place at the CN Curling Rink in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

When: the 17th, 18th and 19th of February
Entry Form: main bulletin board.

Happy New Year Everyone!

Dick Moore
Sports Director

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to all of our
Unit #68 January Celebrants!

Ivan Breton Rose Jennings
John Marrington Virginia Overholt
 Bob Rietveld

It is at this time of year that we are renewing our memberships so we may inadvertently miss some of our members and for this we apologize.

*Happy Birthday
Everyone!*



A CELEBRATION OF LIFE

*to honour John Yeomans
will be held at Unit #26
on Saturday, January 21st at 1 p.m.*

*All of John's comrades and friends
are welcome to join with his family
on this occasion.*

SICK & VISITING REPORT . . .

John Yates is in the Vancouver General Hospital and we wish him a very speedy return to us!

Virginia (Ginny) Overholt is recovering in Burnaby Hospital – we wish her all the best!

Joan McQuarrie is resting at home after a hospital stay and we wish her a speedy recovery.

Ernie Allan is in St. Joseph's Hospital. Hurry back to us soon Ernie – we miss your sunny smile at our 68 table.

Our Star Columnist and Cover Artist, Ronnie Robinson, has been 'under the weather' over the Holiday Season, and we wish him a Speedy Recovery. We miss you Ronnie – hope to see you back with us very soon!!!

Our condolences go out to Ivan Breton on the loss of his wife of 40 years, Elaine.

*FOR ALL OF OUR DEVOTED
READERS . . .*

OUR WISH FOR YOU IN 2012

May peace break into your home and may thieves come to steal your debts.

May the pockets of your jeans become a magnet for \$100 bills.

May love stick to your face like Vaseline and may laughter assault your lips!

May happiness slap you across the face and may your tears be that of joy

May the problems you had, forget your home address!

In simple words

May 2012 be the best year of your life!!!

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Vancouver, B. C. V5N

Patrick Buchannon, Executive Director

Telephone: (604) 874-6255 for Information

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866-522-2122

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DID YOU KNOW... that you may be eligible for Death Benefits of up to \$ 3,500.00?

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7337 - 137th St. Surrey, BC V3W 1A4

For information regarding financial assistance

for the burial of your loved ones, please

contact 572-3242 or 1 - 800 - 268-0248.

*Alone we can do so little;
together we can do so much. ~*

Helen Keller

JAN. 2012 at Unit #26

JOIN US FOR OUR JOINT UNIT #68

& UNIT #26 INSTALLATION -

Sunday Jan. 22nd

at 2 p.m.

Ladies Auxilliary Lunch & Bingo

Wednesday, January 25th

Seniors Luncheon

Tuesday, January 31st

Dancing to Great Bands all month

Friday & Saturday Jan. 6th & 7th - 7:30

AEC

Friday & Saturday, Jan. 13th & 14th - 7:30

Diehards

Friday & Saturday, Jan. 20th & 21st - 7:30

True Country

Friday & Saturday, Jan. 27th & 28th^t - 7:30

Sweetwater

TUESDAY IS TRIPLE T DAY!!

Tuesday, Trivia, & Tacos

Trivia with Danny Stetski at 7 pm

TEXAS HOLD'EM

Every Wednesday and Friday evenings -

Registration 6:30 pm

DROP-IN EUCHRE Thursday at 7 pm

MEAT DRAWS every week

Fridays at 4:00 p.m. NOW 2 tickets for \$1

Saturdays at 4:00 p.m. NOW 2 tickets for \$1

MEMBERSHIP DRAW - every Saturday

during Meat Draw . . . Must be Here to Win!

THE JOKER DRAW

Joker Card Wins The Prize!

Play during the Fri. & Sat. Meat Draw

REMEMBER: anavets26.ca for all the latest news and events

REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON . . .



Sunday, October 23rd, 2005 – a date I shall never forget for a long, long time. It was the Battle of Britain Day up in the club (Unit #26). Most of my family came into town to join their dear old dad in the celebrations. Enjoy it, they did – they said the ham dinner was the best ever, the 'Big Band' music was great, and the meat draw was also the best (of course that was because they won four prizes!!)

Then the day came to an abrupt end! One of our members stopped me and in front of several people started to accuse me of attempting to pass myself off as a war hero with the medals I have on my blazer. Now, I realize I shouldn't be using this column to sound off, but I would like to explain why I was quite hurt to have this happen especially in front of my family. I have been around this club (Unit 26) for over fifty years and never once have I ever felt I was even close to being a hero.

I wear seven medals on my blazer and I'm very proud of each one of them. I shall list all seven now:

1. *Shoulder to Shoulder, ANAVETS*
2. *Past President – ANAF Unit #26*
3. *Life Member, ANAVETS*
4. *Award of Service, ANAVET's second highest award*
5. *The Award of Merit, highest award given in Canada*
6. *The Canadian Friendship Award, presented to me by the American Legion*
7. *The Queen's Golden Jubilee Medal.*

There would be eight medals on my blazer, but I lost that medal a few years ago – *Honourary Post Commander, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Washington State.*

I wonder if my accuser has noticed that I never wear any 'War' medals. I do have two such medals, but I choose not to wear them because I don't believe I'm worthy of them, and I'll tell you why:

I was not a very good soldier. Unfortunately, I was born with a very big mouth (my drinking companions in the club will vouch for that.) That 'mouth' got me in constant trouble during my army years. It ended up putting me behind bars in almost all of the 14 camps I managed to be stationed at during the war. I served time on the infamous 'Rock Pile', and even in 'Solitary Confinement'. But mostly my days were spent doing 'CB' which meant 'Confined to Barracks'. My fellow army comrades actually started calling me a 'Prisoner of War'.

But throughout all of this, I wasn't all bad – in fact I was the kind of young fellow you would trust with your sister or young daughter (as long as you came with us on our dates!)

My contribution to the war effort as a soldier, was drawing the maps used on maneuvers and chances are, if you were in the army you may have passed under one of the many signs I made at the entrance to army camps across Canada.

I like to think I have redeemed myself a little from being a damned poor soldier, by working continuously these last 50 years plus, and trying to make life a little better for all of our veterans. The medals I have received tell me that some people think so.

HERO? I hardly think so considering I was given the rank of Private on the day I joined the Army in 1940 and still had the rank of Private on the day I was discharged years later.

Editors Note: Wear them with pride,
Ronnie – wear them with pride!!!

TOUCH OF HUMOUR . . . thanks to Ronnie Robinson and Kamloops Ruthie

Lee, a seven-year-old boy, was asked to say thanks for the Christmas dinner. The family members bowed their heads in expectation. Lee began his prayer, thanking God for his mommy, daddy, brothers, sister, grandma, and all his aunts and uncles.



Then he began to thank God for the food. He gave thanks for the turkey, the stuffing, the Christmas pudding, even the cranberry sauce.

Then Lee paused, and everyone waited ... and waited.

After a long silence, the young fellow looked up at his mother and asked, *“If I thank God for the Brussels sprouts, won’t he know that I’m lying?”*

— — — — —
“The birds are gone,
The ground is white,
The winds are wild,
They chill and bite;

The ground is thick with slush and sleet,
And I barely feel my feet.”

~ Winter Poems

— — — — —
“January is named after the Roman god Janus, who was always shown as having two heads. He looked back to the last year and forward to the new one.

The Roman New Year festival was called the Calends, and people decorated their homes and gave each other gifts.”

— — — — —
“An optimist stays up until midnight to see the new year in.

A pessimist stays up to make sure the old year leaves.”

~ Bill Vaughan

— — — — —
“January brings the snow, makes our feet and fingers glow.”

~ Sara Coleridge

— — — — —
A little girl, dressed in her Sunday best, was running as fast as she could, trying not to be late for Bible class.

As she ran she prayed, *“Dear Lord, please don’t let me be late! Dear Lord, please don’t let me be late!”*

While she was running and praying, she tripped on a curb and fell, getting her clothes dirty and tearing her dress.

She got up, brushed herself off, and started running again!



As she ran she once again began to pray, *“Dear Lord, please don’t let me be late . . . But please don’t shove me either!”*

— — — — —
Today’s thought:

Muscles come and go; flab lasts!

— — — — —
A father asked his prospective son-in-law, *“Son, can you support a family?”*

“Well, no, sir,” he replied. *“I was just planning on supporting your daughter. The rest of you will have to fend for yourselves.”*

— — — — —

Happy New Year!

HELLO TOES

An old fella was celebrating 92 years on this earth.

He spoke to his toes. "Hello toes," he said. "How are you? You know, you are 92 today. Oh the times we've had! Remember how we walked in the park in the summer every Sunday afternoon. The times we waltzed on the dance floor? Happy Birthday toes!"

"Hello, knees", he continued. "How are you? You know you're 92 today. Oh, the times we've had! Remember when we marched in the parade? Oh, the hurdles we've jumped together. Happy Birthday, knees."



Then, he looked down at his crotch. "Hello Willie! You little bugger. Just think. If you were alive today, you'd be 92."

Overheard in the Clubrooms.....

"My psychiatrist told me yesterday that the way to achieve true inner peace is to always finish what I start. I think I'm getting the hang of it - - .

So far today I've finished a bag of cheetos, a six-pack of beer, and the chocolate cake I baked for my sister's birthday party tomorrow."

GETTING OLD IS AWESOME . . .

Shot my first turkey yesterday



Scared the sh%#t out of everyone in the frozen food section It was awesome!

Getting old is so much fun....

TRAFFIC COPS HAVE ALL THE FUN!

I made a traffic stop on an elderly lady the other day for speeding on U.S. 166 Eastbound at Mile Marker 73 just East of Sedan, KS.

I asked for her driver's license, registration, and proof of insurance. The lady took out the required information and handed it to me.

In with the cards I was somewhat surprised (due to her advanced age) to see she had a conceal carry permit. I looked at her and asked if she had a weapon in her possession at this time.

She responded that she indeed had a .45 automatic in her glove box.

Something . . . body language, or the way she said it . . . made me want to ask if she had any other firearms. She did admit to also having a 9mm Glock in her center console.

Now I had to ask one more time if that was all. She responded once again that she did have just one more, a .38 special in her purse. I then asked her what was she so afraid of.



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She looked me right in the eye and said,

"Not a f#%^king thing!"

"A person always doing his or her best becomes a natural leader, just by example."



Joe DiMaggio

*GEMS from our Special Friend
Elsie Fraser of ANAF Assiniboia Unit
283 in Winnipeg, Manitoba . . .*

JUST STAY

A nurse took the tired, anxious serviceman to the bedside.

"Your son is here," she said to the old man. She had to repeat the words several times before the patient's eyes opened. Heavily sedated because of the pain of his heart attack, he dimly saw the young uniformed Soldier standing outside the oxygen tent. He reached out his hand. The Soldier wrapped his toughened fingers around the old man's limp ones, squeezing a message of love and encouragement.

The nurse brought a chair so that the Soldier could sit beside the bed. All through the night the young Soldier sat there in the poorly lighted ward, holding the old man's hand and offering him words of love and strength. Occasionally, the nurse suggested that the Soldier move away and rest awhile.

He refused. Whenever the nurse came into the ward, the Soldier was oblivious of her and of the night noises of the hospital - the clanking of the oxygen tank, the laughter of the night staff members exchanging greetings, the cries and moans of the other patients.

Now and then she heard him say a few gentle words. The dying man said nothing, only held tightly to his son all through the night.

Along towards dawn, the old man died. The Soldier released the now lifeless hand he had been holding and went to tell the nurse. While she did what she had to do, he waited.

Finally, she returned. She started to offer words of sympathy, but the Soldier interrupted her.

"Who was that man?" he asked.

The nurse was startled, "He was your father," she answered.

"No, he wasn't," the Soldier replied. "I never saw him before in my life."

"Then why didn't you say something when I took you to him?"

"I knew right away there had been a mistake, but I also knew he needed his son, and his son just wasn't here. When I realized that he was too sick to tell whether or not I was his son, knowing how much he needed me, I stayed.

I came here tonight to find a Mr. William Grey. His Son was killed in Afghanistan today, and I was sent to inform him. What was this gentleman's name?"

The nurse with tears in her eyes answered, "Mr. William Grey....."

The next time someone needs you ... just be there. Stay.

SUCCESS:

At age 4 success is

Not piddling in your pants.

At age 12 success is . . . *Having friends.*

At age 17 success is . . .

Having a driver's license.

At age 35 success is . . . *having money.*

At age 50 success is . . . *Having money....*

At age 70 success is . . .

Having a drivers license.

At age 75 success is . . .

Having friends.

At age 80 success is . . .

Not piddling in your pants.

THE PAINT CAN . . .

A newlywed couple wanted to join a church. The pastor told them, *"We have special requirements for new parishioners. You must abstain from sex for an entire month."*

The couple agreed and, after two-and-a-half weeks, returned to the church. When the Pastor ushered them into his office, the wife was crying, and the husband obviously was very depressed.

"You are back so soon... Is there a problem?" the pastor inquired.

"We are terribly ashamed to admit that we did not manage to abstain from sex for the required month," the young man replied sadly.

The pastor asked him what happened. *"Well, the first week was difficult; however, we managed to abstain through sheer willpower."*

The second week was terrible, but with the use of prayer, we managed to abstain.

The third week, however, was unbearable. We tried cold showers, prayer, reading from the Bible, or anything to keep our minds free of carnal thoughts.

But one afternoon, my wife reached for a can of paint and dropped it. When she bent over to pick it up, I noticed that she didn't have panties on and I was overcome with lust and I had my way with her, right then and there," admitted the man, shamefacedly.

"You understand this means you will not be welcome into our church," stated the pastor.

"We know," said the young man, hanging his head. *"We're not welcome at Home Depot anymore, either. Thanks again to our pal Elsie"*

THE BEST DRUNK STORY OF THE MONTH . . .

A drunken man walks into a biker bar, sits down at the bar and orders a drink. Looking around, he sees three men sitting at a corner table. He gets up, staggers to the table, leans over, looks the biggest, meanest, biker in the face and says: *"I went by your grandma's house today and I saw her in the hallway buck naked. Man, she is one fine looking woman!"*

The biker looks at him and doesn't say a word.

His buddies are confused, because he is one bad biker and would fight at the drop of a hat.

The drunk leans on the table again and says: *"I got it on with your grandma and she is good, the best I ever had!"*

The biker's buddies are starting to get really mad but the biker still says nothing.

The drunk leans on the table one more time, and says, *"I'll tell you something else, boy, your grandma liked it!"*



At this point the biker stands up, takes the drunk by the shoulders, looks him square in the eyes and says . . .

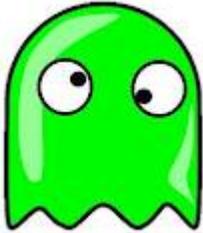
'Grandpa . . . Go home! You're drunk!'

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

~~~~~

*The irony of life is that, by the time you're old enough to know your way around, you're not going anywhere.*

## THE GREEN THING



Checking out at the store, the young cashier suggested to the older woman, that she should bring her own grocery bags because plastic bags weren't good for the environment.

The woman apologized and explained, "*We didn't have this green thing back in my earlier days.*"

The clerk responded, "*That's our problem today. Your generation did not care enough to save our environment for future generations.*"

She was right -- our generation didn't have the green thing in its day.

Back then, we returned milk bottles, soda bottles and beer bottles to the store. The store sent them back to the plant to be washed and sterilized and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over. So they really were recycled. But we didn't have the green thing back in our day.

We walked up stairs, because we didn't have an escalator in every store and office building. We walked to the grocery store and didn't climb into a 300-horsepower machine every time we had to go two blocks. But she was right. We didn't have the green thing in our day.

Back then, we washed the baby's diapers because we didn't have the throw-away kind. We dried clothes on a line, not in an energy gobbling machine burning up 220 volts -- wind and solar power really did dry our clothes back in our early days. Kids got hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always brand-new clothing. But that young lady is right; we

didn't have the green thing back in our day.

Back then, we had one TV, or radio, in the house -- not a TV in every room. And the TV had a small screen the size of a handkerchief (remember them?), not a screen the size of the state of Montana. In the kitchen, we blended and stirred by hand because we didn't have electric machines to do everything for us. When we packaged a fragile item to send in the mail, we used wadded up old newspapers to cushion it, not Styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap.

Back then, we didn't fire up an engine and burn gasoline just to cut the lawn. We used a push mower that ran on human power. We exercised by working so we didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity. But she's right; we didn't have the green thing back then.

We drank from a fountain when we were thirsty instead of using a cup or a plastic bottle every time we had a drink of water. We refilled writing pens with ink instead of buying a new pen, and we replaced the razor blades in a razor instead of throwing away the whole razor just because the blade got dull. But we didn't have the green thing back then.



Back then, people took the streetcar or a bus and kids rode their bikes to school or walked instead of turning their moms into a 24-hour taxi service. We had one electrical outlet in a room, not an entire bank of sockets to power a dozen appliances. And we didn't need a computerized gadget to receive a signal beamed from satellites

2,000 miles out in space in order to find the nearest pizza joint.

But isn't it sad the current generation laments how wasteful we old folks were just because we didn't have the green thing back then?

Please forward this on to another selfish old person who needs a lesson in conservation from a smartass young person.

Remember: Don't make old People mad.

We don't like being old in the first place, so it doesn't take much to piss us off.

---

### ***OUR UPCOMING BUS TRIP!!!!***

*To help save the economy, the Government will announce next month that the Immigration Department will start deporting seniors (instead of illegals) in order to lower Social Security and Medicare costs.*

*Older people are easier to catch and will not remember how to get back home.*

*We started to cry when we thought of all of you, our faithful readers . .*

*Then it dawned on us . . .  
oh, crap . . .we'll see you  
on the bus!*




---

*As you get older - Remember -  
your secrets are safe with your  
friends because they can't remember  
them either!*

***REMEMBER THIS AS WE  
WELCOME 2012 . . .***

**Happiness keeps you sweet,  
Difficulties make you stronger,  
Errors make you human,  
Mistakes make you humble,  
Success makes you shine**



**But ..... only friends  
make you feel  
comfortable and  
free!!!**

***HAPPY NEW  
YEAR  
COMRADES!!!!***

---

Two guys were discussing popular family trends on sex, marriage, and values.

Stu said, "I didn't sleep with my wife before we got married, Did you?"

Leroy replied, "I'm not sure. What was her maiden name?"

— — — — —  
"Mr. Clark, I have reviewed this case very carefully," the divorce Court Judge said, "And I've decided to give your wife \$775 a week,"

"That's very fair, your honor," the husband said. "And every now and then I'll try to send her a few bucks myself,"

— — — — —  
An old man goes to the Wizard to ask him if he can remove a curse he has been living with for the last 40 years. The Wizard says, "Maybe, but you will have to tell me the exact words that were used to put the curse on you."

The old man says without hesitation, "I now pronounce you man and wife."

*A TRIBUTE TO CANADIAN VETERANS . . . the true "SPIRIT OF CANADA" . . . (we have related this story to you in earlier issues but sometimes we feel a story needs retelling!)*

A lesson that should be taught in all schools .... And colleges

Back in September, on the first day of school, Martha Cothren, a social studies school teacher at Robinson High School , did something not to be forgotten. On the first day of school, with the permission of the school superintendent, the principal and the building supervisor, she removed all of the desks out of her classroom.

When the first period kids entered the room they discovered that there were no desks.

*'Ms. Cothren, where're our desks?'*

She replied, *'You can't have a desk until you tell me how you earn the right to sit at a desk.'*

They thought, *'Well, maybe it's our grades.'*

*'No,'* she said.

*'Maybe it's our behavior.'*

She told them, *'No, it's not even your behaviour.'*

And so, they came and went, the first period, second period, third period. Still no desks in the classroom.

By early afternoon television news crews had started gathering in Ms.Cothren's classroom to report about this crazy teacher who had taken all the desks out of her room.

The final period of the day came and as the puzzled students found seats on the floor of the deskless classroom, Martha Cothren said, *'Throughout the day no one has been able to tell me just what he/she has done to earn the right to sit at the desks that are ordinarily found in this classroom. Now I am going to tell you.'*

At this point, Martha Cothren went over to the door of her classroom and opened it.

Twenty-seven (27) War Veterans, all in uniforms, walked into that classroom, each one carrying a school desk. The Vets began placing the school desks in rows, and then they would walk over and stand alongside the wall. By the time the last soldier had set the final desk in place those kids started to understand, perhaps for the first time in their lives, just how the right to sit at those desks had been earned.

Martha said, *'You didn't earn the right to sit at these desks. These heroes did it for you. They placed the desks here for you. Now, it's up to you to sit in them. It is your responsibility to learn, to be good students, to be good citizens. They paid the price so that you could have the freedom to get an education. Don't ever forget it.'*

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM



Thank you, Veterans,  
With sincere gratitude from all  
Canadians

*Source: 'Stories We Remember' Nov. 2010 SpiritofCanada.com honours Canadian Veterans, heroes all, by sharing their stories, memorabilia, photos, favourite books, songs and poems here in "Stories We Remember".*

*Veterans of all wars, our Peacekeepers, their families and friends are most welcome to contribute to this site. This includes both Canadian Veterans and those from other countries who came to Canada to join the Canadian services. Take the time to record a veterans experiences, and share it with us. It will last forever.*

A GREAT STORY . . .

This explains why we, as your editors, forward jokes and neat stories to our readers through our Buzz . . . .

A man and his dog were walking along a road. The man was enjoying the scenery, when it suddenly occurred to him that he was dead.

He remembered dying, and that the dog walking beside him had been dead for years.. He wondered where the road was leading them.

After a while, they came to a high, white stone wall along one side of the road. It looked like fine marble. At the top of a long hill, it was broken by a tall arch that glowed in the sunlight.

When he was standing before it he saw a magnificent gate in the arch that looked like mother-of-pearl, and the street that led to the gate looked like pure gold. He and the dog walked toward the gate, and as he got closer, he saw a man at a desk to one side. When he was close enough, he called out, *'Excuse me, where are we?'*

*'This is Heaven, sir,'* the man answered. *'Wow! Would you happen to have some water?'* the man asked.

*"Of course, sir. Come right in, and I'll have some ice water brought right up.'* The man gestured, and the gate began to open.

*'Can my friend,'* gesturing toward his dog, *'come in, too?'* the traveler asked.

*'I'm sorry, sir, but we don't accept pets.'*

The man thought a moment and then turned back toward the road and continued the way he had been going with his dog.

After another long walk, and at the top of another long hill, he came to a dirt road leading through a farm gate that looked as if it had never been closed. There was no fence.

As he approached the gate, he saw a man inside, leaning against a tree and reading a book.

*'Excuse me!'* he called to the man. *'Do you have any water?'*

*'Yeah, sure, there's a pump over there, come on in.'*

*'How about my friend here?'* the traveler gestured to the dog.

*'There should be a bowl by the pump.'*

They went through the gate, and sure enough, there was an old-fashioned hand pump with a bowl beside it.

The traveler filled the water bowl and took a long drink himself, then he gave some to the dog.

When they were full, he and the dog walked back toward the man who was standing by the tree.

*'What do you call this place?'* the traveler asked.

*'This is Heaven,'* he answered.

*'Well, that's confusing,'* the traveler said. *'The man down the road said that was Heaven, too.'*

*'Oh, you mean the place with the gold street and pearly gates? Nope. That's hell.'*

*'Doesn't it make you mad for them to use your name like that?'*

*'No, we're just happy that they screen out the folks who would leave their best friends behind.'*



Soooo...

Sometimes, we wonder why friends keep forwarding jokes to us without writing a word. Maybe this will explain.

When you are very busy, but still want to keep in touch, guess what you do? You forward jokes.

When you have nothing to say, but still want to keep contact, you forward jokes.

When you have something to say, but don't know what, and don't know how, you forward jokes.

Also to let you know that you are still remembered, you are still important, you are still loved, you are still cared for, guess what you get?

A forwarded joke.

So, next time if you get a joke, don't think that you've been sent just another forwarded joke, but that you've been thought of today and your friend on the other end of your computer wanted to send you a smile.

You are all welcome @ our water bowl anytime!

And . . . Please keep forwarding those jokes and stories to us .

....

**WHAT DID YOU  
STUFF YOUR**



### **CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEARS TURKEY WITH?????**

The turkey shot out of the oven  
And rocketed into the air  
It knocked every plate off the table  
And partly demolished a chair.

It ricocheted into a corner  
And burst with a deafening boom  
Then splattered all over the kitchen  
Completely obscuring the room.

It stuck to the walls and the windows  
It totally coated the floor  
There was turkey attached to the ceiling  
Where there'd never been turkey before.

It blanketed every appliance  
It smeared every saucer and bowl  
There wasn't a way I could stop it  
The turkey was out of control.

I scraped and scrubbed with displeasure  
And thought with chagrin as I mopped  
That I'll never again stuff a turkey  
With popcorn that hadn't been popped!!!

Editor's Note - another 'Oldie but Goodie' that particularly suits this season of the year!!



**AW-W-W! YOUR BED JUST FEELS  
SO-O-O-O GOOD!**

**BOTTLE OF WINE**

*(Women will LOVE this one!)*

A woman and a man are involved in a car accident on a snowy, cold Monday morning; it's a bad one. Both of their cars are totally demolished, but amazingly neither of them is hurt.

God works in mysterious ways.

After they crawl out of their cars, the man is yelling about women drivers.

The woman says, *'So, you're a man. That's interesting. I'm a woman. Wow, just look at our cars! There's nothing left, but we're unhurt. This must be a sign from God that we should be friends and live in peace for the rest of our days.'*

Flattered, the man replies, *'Oh yes, I agree completely, this must be a sign from God! But you're still at fault...women shouldn't be allowed to drive.'*

The woman continues, *'And look at this, here's another miracle. My car is completely demolished but this bottle of wine didn't break. Surely God wants us to drink this wine and celebrate our good fortune.'*

She hands the bottle to the man. The man nods his head in agreement, opens it and drinks half the bottle and then hands it back to the woman.

The woman takes the bottle, puts the cap back on and hands it back to the man.

The man asks, *'Aren't you having any?'*

The woman replies, *'No. I think I'll just wait for the police.'*



*MORAL OF THE  
STORY:*

*Women are clever,  
evil people.  
Don't mess with  
them.*

FORGETTER BE  
FORGOTTEN

My forgetter's getting better,

But my rememberer is broke  
To you that may seem funny  
But, to me, that is no joke.

For when I'm 'here' I'm wondering  
If I really should be 'there'  
And, when I try to think it through,  
I haven't got a prayer!

Often times I walk into a room,  
Say 'what am I here for?'  
I wrack my brain, but all in vain!  
A zero, is my score.

At times I put something away  
Where it is safe, but, Gee!  
The person it is safest from  
Is, generally me!

When shopping I may see someone,  
Say 'Hi' and have a chat,  
Then, when the person walks away  
I ask myself, 'who the hell was that?'

Yes, my forgetter's getting better  
While my rememberer is broke,  
And it's driving me plumb crazy  
And that isn't any joke.

CAN YOU RELATE???



*"I'm getting so old all my friends in  
heaven will think I didn't make it!"*  
AND FROM OUR UNIT #68  
BUZZ RECIPE CORNER . . .



## CREAM OF MUSHROOM MEATLOAF

### INGREDIENTS:

1 pound ground beef or turkey  
1 egg  
1 teaspoon minced garlic  
2 tablespoons ketchup  
1 tablespoon mustard  
1/4 cup chopped onion  
salt and pepper to taste  
1 can Campbell's cream of mushroom soup (light or fat free cream of mushroom doesn't work well)  
McCormick's steak seasoning can be used instead of salt and pepper.



### METHOD:

- Mix everything except cream of mushroom in a large mixing bowl.
- Transfer to a baking pan and add cream of mushroom (condensed, don't add water or milk) to the top of the meatloaf.
- Poke some holes to let the cream of mushroom soak in, and bake for 1 hour at 375°F.

Very easy and super tasty

*Sounds like the perfect combination for this cold (Br-r-r-r) and wintery season!!!  
ENJOY!!!!*

A ??? FOR YOU . . .

Q: If there is H2O on the inside of a fire hydrant, what is on the outside?



A: K9P

OVERHEARD IN THE  
CLUBROOMS A WEEK AGO . . .

I would like to share an experience with

you all, about drinking and driving. As you well know, some of us have been known to have had brushes with the authorities on our way home from the odd social session over the years.

A couple of nights ago, I was out for a few drinks at the club with some friends and had a few too many beers and some rather nice merlot. Knowing full well I may have been slightly over the limit, I did something I've never done before - I took a bus home.

I arrived home safely and without incident, which was a real surprise, as I have never driven a bus before and I'm not sure where I got this one.

### AREN'T KIDS GREAT???

A ten-year-old girl asked and received help from a librarian on how to use the card catalog. In a little while, the girl approached the librarian again, wanting to know how to spell "tequila."

"T-e-q-u-i-l-a," spelled the librarian, as the girl thanked her and went back to her search. A short time later she came to the desk, looking quite distraught.

"I just can't find it." she said.

"What book are you looking for, dear?" the librarian asked.



Shrugging her shoulders morosely, the little girl replied, "Tequila Mockingbird."

A WILD NEW YEARS EVE AT OUR HOUSE



## HOW TRUE IT IS

Another year has passed  
and we're all a little older.  
Last summer felt hotter,  
this winter seems much colder.

There was a time not long ago  
when life was quite a blast.  
Now I fully understand  
about "Living in the Past."

We used to go to weddings,  
football games and lunches.  
Now we go to funeral homes,  
and after-funeral brunches.

We used to have hangovers,  
from parties that were gay.  
Now we suffer body aches  
and while the night away.

We used to go out dining,  
and couldn't get our fill.  
Now we ask for doggie bags,  
come home and take a pill.

We used to often travel  
to places near and far.  
Now we get sore asses  
from riding in the car.

We used to go to nightclubs  
and drink a little booze.  
Now we stay home at night  
and watch the evening news.

*That, my friend is how life is,  
and now my tale is told.  
So, enjoy each day and live it up...  
before you're too damned old!*

FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

The Holiday Season has come and gone and we warmly welcome the New Year 2012!!

Where did the year go? Suddenly it is December .....again - and we realize that with giant strides we started in January and within a blink of an eye, 2011 is on its back!

A big "*Thank You*" to each and every one of you, for any impact you had on our lives this year. Especially for all the e-mails we received.....without you, I'm sure that 2011 would have been extremely boring. Without your input to our Buzz newsletter how would we have managed to publish it each month?

May 2012 mark the beginning of a Tidal Wave of Love, Happiness and Bright Futures for all of us.

- And to those who need someone special, may you find that true love.
- To those who need money, may your finances overflow.
- To those who need caring, may you find a good heart.
- To those who need friends, we are still here for you!

Thanks for being our friends and comrades!

This has truly been a great year for our Buzz and we look forward to another fun year bringing you 'new' jokes and stories, as well as some '*Oldies but Goodies*'! It is always fun to go back and reminisce – and besides – your old editors are getting just that – OLD and *Forgetful*!!! ENJOY! ENJOY!

*Your Editors  
Mardi & Fred*

