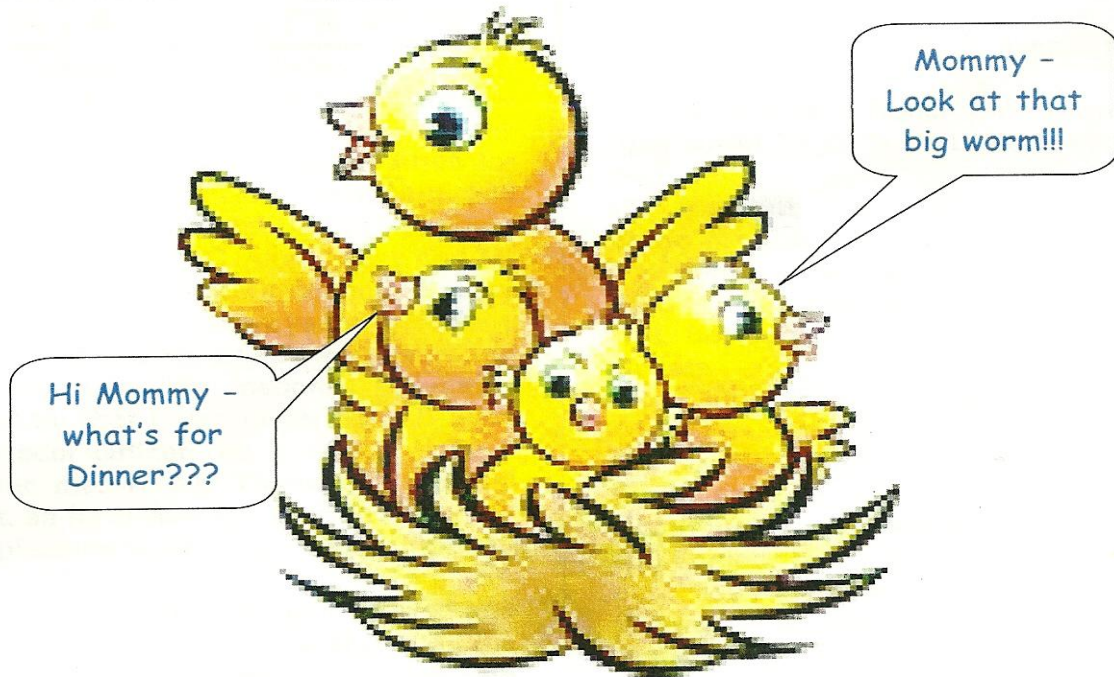


THE BUZZ



EVEN LITTLE BIRDIES LOVE
THEIR MOTHER!!

THE BUZZ



YOUR PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Dear Comrades and Associates:

We have just returned from our Provincial Convention in Kamloops. It was my honour, to escort as Sergeant at Arms for the Convention, our very own Unit #68 member, Shirley Aldridge for the position of President of the B.C. Army, Navy and Air Force of Canada, B.C. Command. Shirley has worked hard for many years to achieve this position and we are all very proud of her. This was the second Provincial Convention that I was given the job also, as Protocol Officer, so it was a busy 3 days for me. A big Thank You to Bill Calvert, as he is now the Past President, it was a pleasure working with you, Bill.

The Convention was very light hearted and Unit #290 Kamloops did a great job. All the Unit Presidents gave their reports and I am happy to announce that our membership has increased ever so slightly throughout the Province. My Unit #68 was given another letter of appreciation for increasing our membership for the forth consecutive year. P.S.: I still need 3 new members to hit the magic number of 101 for this year. I know I am a pain in the A----s but that's my job.

The Convention also passed a resolution that each member of B.C. Command will contribute \$2.00 a year towards a special fund to defray the cost of the next 3 year's Conventions. This money will be placed in the Dominion Delegates Trust Fund.

Please note the following events for your enjoyment:

(1)-- May 15th-- Bocci Ball Tournament, sponsored by both Unit #68 & #26 at our club.

(2)-- May 29th -- Unit #68 & #26 are the host clubs for the 61st International Memorial Day Parade. The theme of this year 2011 is "WOMEN Of THE MILITARY". Sandwiches will be served with hot dogs for the Cadets.

(3)-- June 18th-- A joint Par 3 Golf Tournament with Units #68, #26 and Branch #48 Legion. Tickets are available for the first 48 golfers only at \$25.00, which includes a steak barbecue at Branch #48 Legion. If you're not a golfer, you can purchase a barbecue ticket for only \$10.00. See myself or John Yates for tickets.

At our next Unit #68 General Membership Meeting, I will be asking our membership to approve a Donation of \$3,554.00 to George Derby Center, They are in much need of 3 Sit To Stand Lifts. At the Convention a request was made for much needed help and I know Unit #68 will be there for our Veterans.

The Building Committee has turned over "The Letter of Intent" to our lawyer for his review and a contract will be drafted shortly to begin the re-building process of our two clubs. Unit #68 and Unit #26 Executive are working together to negotiate an agreement by which we can become partners in this new venture and yet maintain each others Charters. Each membership will be kept up to date, as we come closer to an agreement, for the benefit of both Units. You can be proud of your two executives as they are working together "SHOULDER TO SHOULDER".

**Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld
Unit #68 President**

GREETINGS FROM UNIT 26



Comrades, you are the best!

Your support for your Unit is validated by the fact that our bottom line is creeping up every month. That means that your extra visits to the Club are making a

difference. Your support for our Joint Committee functions is far beyond our expectations! Thank You all very much. I'm very proud of each and every one of you.

The Joint Committee that was established last year between Units 26 & 68 was maybe one of the best inventions in time: *executive members gathering together, sharing ideas to make a difference.* And the meetings are fun. Ideas coming from every direction.

I have to mention that Sandi Greenfield suggested the **Greek BBQ** and it was an overwhelming success. All the volunteers

that gathered together, whether to shop or chop or marinate or skewer the beef, chicken, pork or lamb for the BBQ did so with great pride. Talents are emerging from unexpected places! Thanks to everyone that played a role in making the event such a success.

And now we are looking forward to our **Bocce Challenge** on Sunday, May 15th. It actually started off as a small challenge to RCL Branches 16 & 48 and ANAF Units 26, 28, 100 & 298 – you know . . . Clubs and Branches in the immediate area. Then it boomeranged!!! Our sister Club in North Vancouver heard about it and said "hey, we want to play" and then that was echoed all over so now we have opened the challenge to any RCL or ANAF in Vancouver and surrounding municipalities! Pre registration of \$5.00 per person is required by Sunday, May 8th.

The games will be played on the John Oliver playing field. Gather at Unit 26 at noon on the 15th. Game format will depend on the number of registered players. We will be having a BBQ that day consisting of hot dogs, hamburgers and a few yet to be determined offerings! Come along and play or be a spectator! See ya there!

Thank you to Dick Moore and John Yates, our two poster boys! They have been visiting all the facilities delivering our eye catching posters to promote the event! Great job!

Two Units working together 'Shoulder To Shoulder' definitely has its rewards!

**Fraternally Yours.
Janice Graham
President Unit 26**

SPECIAL NOTICE:

Our bands on Saturday evenings are now starting at 6:30 pm – right after the meat draw!!

Band Times are:

Fridays: 7:30 pm – 11:30 pm

Saturdays: 6:30 pm – 10:30 pm

PROVINCIAL COLOUR GUARD REPORT

On Sunday May 29, 2011 at 2:00 P.M. you are all invited to join your Colour Guard at Mountain View Cemetery (33rd and Fraser) for The International Memorial Day Parade.

Come and lay a candle in Memory of our Heroes. This year the theme is "Women of the Military". There will be seating for those unable to March and all Ladies Auxiliary members from all Veterans organizations are strongly requested to March.

Unit #26 and Unit #68 are jointly sponsoring our club as the host club again this year. All attendees are invited back to the Andy Capp Club for sandwiches and hot dogs for the cadets. This was a huge success last year and it is a chance to meet with old friends from different Units and Legion Branches.

For the month of May we have four Parades, so let's see a strong turn out from my members. There is no meeting scheduled for May since we are busy every weekend.

If you need a reason to join the Colour Guard, please think of this quote "A Veteran is someone who, at one point in their life, wrote a blank cheque made payable to CANADA for the amount up to and including their life".

See me for an application today, I am proud to lead these dedicated and special people who volunteer all their summer weekends to our Veterans past and present. P.S. we have fun too.

Fraternally:

Bob Rietveld

B.C. Command Colour Sergeant

VETERANS AFFAIRS REPORT

May 7th is the Anniversary of the Battle of the Atlantic (1939 – 1945)

DATE: September 3rd, 1939 – May 7th, 1945

From the very outset of hostilities in the Second World War the Atlantic supply route from North America to the United Kingdom was threatened. Eventually gaining control of the entire coast of Europe, from Narvik to the Pyrenees, the Germans set out from every harbour and airfield in Western Europe to sever the lifelines to Britain.

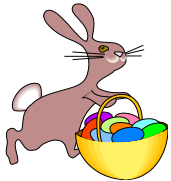
The Battle of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which saw German U-boats penetrate the Cabot Strait and the Strait of Belle Isle to sink 23 ships between 1942 and 1944, marked the only time since the War of 1812 that enemy warships inflicted death within Canada's inland waters. The battle advanced to within 300 kilometres of Québec City.

In both the First and Second World Wars, the men of the Allied Merchant Navies faced the daunting task of supplying that sea-borne lifeline. Against almost overwhelming odds, not only from U-boat attacks, but also from the perils of storm, surface raiders, air attacks and mines, they transported millions of tonnes of food, munitions, petroleum and troops across the oceans of the world.

Since the end of the First World War, Canadians around the world have taken time to remember the sacrifices and achievements of the men and women who served their country in times of war and peace.

WAYS AND MEANS REPORT

Our **UNIT #68 EASTER HAMPER RAFFLE WINNER** on **Saturday, April 16th** was . .



Mike Carpenter – Our Veterans Affairs Director!

**Congratulations Mike!!!!
ENJOY! ENJOY!**

UPCOMING RAFFLES

Unit #26 Ladies Auxiliary are holding a **MOTHER'S DAY RAFFLE** to be drawn on **Sunday, May 8th**.

Tickets are 12 for \$10 / 6 for \$5 or \$1 each

AND

VANCOUVER CANADIANS BASEBALL PRIZE RAFFLE . . .

Draw Date: **Friday, May 13th**

4 Grandstand Seats – Prize Value \$88

Tickets are 12 for \$10 / 6 for \$5 or \$1 each

AND

UNIT #26 RAFFLE OF A SIGNED ALEX BURROWS PHOTO & TWO CANUCK JERSEYS

Tickets: \$2 each –Get your tickets today!!!

MONDAY DRAFT BEER PRICES ARE FALLING IN MAY . . .

\$1.70/glass

\$3.40/sleeve

\$10.20/jug

CHEERS!!!!



Grab you balls.....

It's BOCCE TIME!

Challenge Tournament

ALL ANAF UNITS

ALL RCL BRANCHES (we started out by challenging 100 & 298 and branch 16 and 48 but North Van said 'What about us? We would love to play.' So we have changed some of the posters to include everyone.

\$5.00 per person pre-registration and payment required by **Sunday, May 8th** at Unit 26 (at the bar)

We will match the entry fee to a total of \$100.00

The more that play, the bigger the pot.

Play format will depend on number of participants. Games will be played at John Oliver Field.

Meet at Unit 26 @ NOON.

Grilled hot dogs, hamburgers and such will be available at the Club.

**Sponsored by Units 26-68
Joint Committee.**



SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT . . . THE JOKER DRAW

Stand by for the Joker draw that is coming your way.

Tickets \$1.00 each.
Drawn once every Friday and Saturday during the meat draw.

Jackpot increases by \$10.00 every draw until won! That's \$20.00 per week and up to \$100.00 per month.



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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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British Columbia Branch #520
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.

*A mother understands what a child
does not say.*
- a Jewish Proverb

MAY 2011 at Unit #26**MOTHER'S DAY DINNER**

Sunday, May 8th from 3:30 – 5:30 pm

Delicious Cold Plate

Early Bird Tickets \$6 - \$8 at the door

LADIES AUXILIARY LUNCH & BINGO

Wednesday, May 25th at 12:30 p.m.

Everyone is Welcome

UNIT 26-68 SENIORS LUNCHEON

Tuesday, May 31st

Lunch served 12:30 p.m. in the Lounge

Dancing to Great Bands all month. . .

Friday & Saturday May 6th and 7th

Midnight Eagles

Friday & Saturday, May 13th & 14th

Mojo Sonic

Friday & Saturday, May 20th & 21st

Phil Moriarity

Friday & Saturday May 27th & 28th

Glengo

NOTE NEW TIMES:

Fridays 7:30 – 11:30 pm

Saturdays 6:30 – 10:30 pm

TEXAS HOLD'EM

Every Wednesday and Friday evenings –

Registration 6:30 pm

DROP-IN EUCHRE

Thursdays at 7 p.m.

TRIVIA with DANNY STETSKI

Tuesdays at 7 p.m

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!

JOIN US AND ENJOY!!

Remember: anavets26.ca

REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON...



Spring has sprung and they say that's the time a young man's fancy turns to romance. This month's column is all about romance, but not with one of those luscious and beautiful South Hill broads – no, this is about my love affair with my very first car – a **1926 Model T Ford!**



I bought it from a fellow I worked with. It cost me \$40 and I paid him off at \$10 per month.

I was the first one of our gang to own a car! I was 16, far too young to drive a car on Vancouver streets but I managed to do so without having a driver's license or medical insurance for all the years I owned the Model T.

My very first passenger in my car was my sister Bessie. She was so proud that her 'little brother' actually owned a car. I was driving her to her house at 47th Avenue and St. Catherine Street. As I was turning off 51st Avenue onto Prince Albert Street the car turned over on its side, directly in front of St. Mary Church. All three of us were uninjured – my sister, myself and the car. Funny thing about all this – my sister never drove in my car again!

In those days most cars were started by using a crank. They were made from heavy iron and sometimes were rather difficult to use. However, thanks to my very intelligent

(and rather weird Robinson brain) I thought up a way of not having to use the crank too often. I told my girl friend that I had just read in Readers Digest that a very famous Hollywood doctor had discovered that young Hollywood starlets who cranked their boyfriend's cars were enjoying larger breasts. My big lie worked! My girlfriend made life a little easier for me, as she insisted on cranking my Model T as often as she could.

Now that I owned a car, my girlfriend and myself began taking in the Drive-In movies once or twice a week. Sometimes we actually watched the movies!

All of my Model T memories were mostly happy ones, except for this one time when I was driving home from work. That day will remain in my memory forever. It was the most embarrassing moment in my entire life, and The Vancouver Sun newspaper didn't help me to get over it as quickly as I had wished. I was driving my Model T home from work. It was around 5 o'clock and the traffic was very heavy. I was turning off Fraser Street onto 49th Avenue. Suddenly the car decided to turn its motor off. Being the only one in the car I had to jump out with the crank in hand and begin cranking amid massive honking, drivers shaking their fists at me, and foul language I had only heard in pool halls. Traffic was building up, not only on Fraser, but also along 49th Avenue.

Amid all of this, I finally got the motor running. I ran back to my car, threw the crank in the front seat, and jumped in the back seat (all alone)!!! Besides the many drivers watching all this, there were just as many people standing on both sides of Fraser waiting for streetcars. Truly, this was my most embarrassing moment ever, but it got worse! Someone in the crowd must have phoned the Vancouver Sun because the story came out in the following day's newspaper!!

I joined the Army on June 18th, 1940. A few months later I came home on my very first furlough.

The first thing I did was to race out to our garage to see my trusty Model T. The garage was empty!!

I rushed into the house and asked my mother where was my car. She told me my Dad sold it for ten dollars because he didn't think I would be interested in it any more. It was a very, very sad day for me. I had lost my very first love!!!

Following the end of the war and up until 1992 I owned four cars – 2 Fords, 1 Chevy, and 1 Plymouth – all very fine cars, but my 1926 Model T will always remain my all-time favorite automobile!!

Editors Note: *What a fabulous story, Ronnie – as always!!!*

A TOUCH OF HUMOUR

thanks to our Ronnie Robinson and Kamloops Ruthie

Three sons left home, went out on their own and prospered. Getting back together, they discussed the gifts that they were able to give to their elderly mother.

The first said, *"I built a big house for our mother."*

The second said, *"I sent her a Mercedes with a driver."*

The third said, *"I've got you both beat. You know how Mom enjoys the Bible and you know she can't see very well. I sent her a brown parrot that can recite the entire Bible. It took twenty monks in a monastery 12 years to teach him. I had to pledge to contribute \$100,000 a year for twenty years but it was worth it. Mom just has to name the chapter and verse, and the parrot will recite it."*

Soon thereafter, Mom sent out her letters of thanks.

She wrote to the first son, *"Milton, the house you built is too big. I live in only one room, but I have to clean the whole house."*

She wrote to the second son, *"Marvin, I am too old to travel. I stay home all the time, so I never used the Mercedes... and the driver is SO rude."*

She wrote to the third son, *"Dearest Melvin, you were the only son to have the good sense to know what your mother likes... The chicken was delicious."*

Two kids are talking to each other. One kid said *"I'm really worried. My dad works twelve hours a day to give me a nice home and good food. My mom spends the whole day cleaning and cooking for me. I'm worried sick!"*

The other kid asked, *"What have you got to worry about? Sounds to me like you've got it made!"*

The first kid replied, *"What if they try to escape?"*

Little Johnny's new baby brother was screaming up a storm. He asked his mom, *"Where'd we get him?"*

His mother replied, *"He came from heaven, Johnny."*

Johnny says, *"WOW! I can see why they threw him out!!"*

A GREAT QUOTE . . .

I want my children
to have all the things
I couldn't afford.
Then I want to move in
with them. ~ Phyllis Diller

A MOTHERS TEARS

*I left her standing by the train,
Through tears of grief and pain,
My Khaki collar showed the trace,
Of tears from that beloved face.*

*I wonder then why she would fright,
For wasn't I prepared to fight?
For victory, freedom, peace and love,
Protected by my God above.*

*For days I thought her standing there,
Her smiling face, her graying hair,
Till God helped me to realize,
The mystery of those tearful eyes.*

*Dear mother yours is the hardest fight,
For yours is the misery of a sleepless
night.
The dragging days in the house alone,
Watching for mail and the silent phone.*

*And when at last peace reins over the
world,
You'll stand at the station, your flag
unfurled.
To receive the medals that you have won,
The loving smile of your home coming
son.*

Written by Herman W. Murray, with the
PPCLI - written while in Italy.

Reason: I found this poem written by my Great Uncle Herman in a family album and I thought it was a beautiful poem. He was wounded twice in action and discharged in 1946 and died March 13 1979 when I was 6 years old. The poem was about his mom my Great Gram Elma

Angela (Murray) Castle

**HAPPY MOTHERS DAY TO ALL
OF OUR MUMS, GRANDMUMS &
GREAT GRANDMUMS!!!
BLESS US ALL!!!!**

SEX AND GOOD ENGLISH!

On his 74th birthday, a man got a gift certificate from his wife. The certificate paid for a visit to a medicine man living on a nearby reservation who was rumored to have a wonderful cure for erectile dysfunction. After being persuaded, he drove to the reservation, handed his ticket to the medicine man, and wondered what he was in for.

The old man slowly, methodically produced a potion, handed it to him, and with a grip on his shoulder, warned, "*This is a powerful medicine, and it must be respected. You take only a teaspoonful, and then say '1-2-3.'*" When you do that, you will become more manly than you have ever been in your life, and you can perform as long as you want."

The man was encouraged. As he walked away, he turned and asked, "*How do I stop the medicine from working?*" "Your partner must say '1-2-3-4,'" he responded, "*but when she does, the medicine will not work again until the next full moon.*"

He was very eager to see if it worked so he went home, showered, shaved, took a spoonful of the medicine, and then invited his wife to join him in the bedroom. When she came in, he took off his clothes and said, "1-2-3!" Immediately, he was the manliest of men.

His wife was excited and began throwing off her clothes, and then she asked, "*What was the 1-2-3 for?*"

And that, boys and girls, is why we should never end our sentences with a preposition, because we could end up with a dangling participle.



GEMS, SOME HUMOUROUS AND SOME VERY TOUCHING, from our Special Friend Elsie Fraser of ANAF Assiniboia Unit 283 in Winnipeg, Manitoba:

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

I exercise regularly. I eat moderate amounts of healthy food. I make sure to get plenty of rest. I see my doctor once a year and my dentist twice a year. I floss every night. I've had chest x-rays, cardio stress tests, EKG's and colonoscopies. I've seen a psychologist once, and she thought I was A-OK. I have a variety of hobbies to reduce stress. I don't drink and drive. I quit smoking. I don't do drugs. I try not to disparage others. I don't have crazy, reckless sex with strangers.

If Charlie Sheen outlives me, I'm gonna be really, really pissed.

The husband had just finished reading a new book entitled, YOU CAN BE THE MAN OF YOUR HOUSE.

He stormed into the kitchen and announced to his wife, *"From now on, you need to know that I am the man of this house and my word is Law. You will prepare me a gourmet meal tonight, and when I'm finished eating my meal, you will serve me a sumptuous dessert. After dinner, you are going to go upstairs with me and we will have the kind of sex that I want."*

"Afterwards, you are going to draw me a bath so I can relax. You will wash my back and towel me dry and bring me my robe. Then, you will massage my feet and hands. Then tomorrow, guess who's going to dress me and do my hair?"

Without even looking up from her morning

paper the wife replied, *"The fockin' funeral director would be my first guess."*

THE POSITIVE SIDE OF LIFE:

Living on Earth is expensive, but it does include a free trip around the sun every year.

Birthdays are good for you; the more you have, the longer you live.

Happiness comes through doors you didn't even know you left open.

Ever notice that the people who are late are often much jollier than the people who have to wait for them?

You may be only one person in the world, but you may also be the world to one person.

Some mistakes are too much fun to only make once.



We could learn a lot from crayons: some are sharp, some are pretty, some are dull, some have weird names, and all are different colours but they all exist very nicely in the same box.



A friend is someone who thinks you're a good egg even though you're slightly cracked!

SMALL TOWNS

Those who grew up in small towns will laugh when they read this.

Those who didn't will be in disbelief and won't understand how true it is.

- 1) You can name everyone you graduated with.
- 2) You know what 4-H means.
- 3) You went to parties at a pasture, barn, gravel pit, or in the middle of a dirt road. On Monday you could always tell who was at the party because of the scratches on their legs from running through the woods when the party was busted. (See #6.)
- 4) You used to 'drag' Main .
- 5) You whispered the 'F' word and your parents knew within the hour.
- 6) You scheduled parties around the schedules of different police officers, because you new which ones would bust you and which ones wouldn't.
- 7) You could never buy cigarettes because all the store clerks knew how old you were (and if you were old enough, they'd tell your parents anyhow.) Besides, where would you get the money?
- 8) When you did find somebody old enough and brave enough to buy cigarettes, you still had to go out into the country and drive on back roads to smoke them.
- 9) You knew which section of the ditch you would find the beer your buyer dropped off.
- 10) It was cool to date somebody from the neighboring town.
- 11) The whole school went to the same party after graduation.
- 12) You didn't give directions by street names but rather by references. Turn by Nelson's house, go 2 blocks to Anerson's, and it's four houses left of the track field.

- 13) The golf course had only 9 holes.
- 14) You couldn't help but date a friend's ex-boyfriend/girlfriend.
- 15) Your car stayed filthy because of the dirt roads, and you will never own a dark vehicle for this reason.
- 16) The town next to you was considered 'trashy' or 'snooty,' but was actually just like your town.
- 17) You referred to anyone with a house newer then 1955 as the 'rich' people.
- 18) The people in the 'big city' dressed funny, and then you picked up the trend 2 years later.
- 19) Anyone you wanted could be found at the local gas station or the dairy bar.
- 20) You saw at least one friend a week driving a tractor through town or one of your friends driving a grain truck to school occasionally.
- 21) The gym teacher suggested you haul hay for the summer to get stronger.
- 22) Directions were given using THE stop sign as a reference.
- 23) When you decided to walk somewhere for exercise, 5 people would pull over and ask if you wanted a ride.
- 24) Your teachers called you by your older siblings' names.
- 25) Your teachers remembered when they taught your parents.
- 26) You could charge at any local store or write checks without any ID.
- 27) There was no McDonalds.
- 28) The closest mall was over an hour away.
- 29) It was normal to see an old man riding through town on a riding lawn mower.
- 30) You've pee'd in a cornfield.
- 31) Most people went by a nickname.

32) You laughed your butt off reading this because you know it is true, and you forward it to everyone who may have lived in a small town.

I would not have wanted to have been raised any other way!!!!

**Tough times don't last...
Tough people do.**

DONALD & DAISY . . .

Donald Duck and Daisy Duck were spending the night together in a hotel room and Donald wanted to have sex with Daisy.



The first thing Daisy asked was, *"Do you have a condom?"*

Donald frowned and said, *"No."*

Daisy told Donald that if he didn't get a condom, they could not have sex.

"Maybe they sell them at the front desk," she suggested.

So Donald went down to the lobby and asked the hotel clerk if they had condoms.

"Yes, we do," the clerk said and pulled a box out from under the counter and gave it to Donald.

The clerk asked, *"Would you like me to put them on your bill?"*

"Thit no!" Donald quacked, *"I'll thuffocate!"*

You smiled I saw you!!

This is an oldie but a real goodie

NO SEX SINCE 1955.

A crusty old Marine Sergeant Major found himself at a gala event hosted by a local liberal arts college. There was no shortage of extremely young idealistic liberal ladies in attendance, one of whom approached the Sergeant Major for conversation.

"Excuse me, Sergeant Major, but you seem to be a very serious man. Is something bothering you?"

"Negative, ma'am. Just serious by nature."

The young lady looked at his awards and decorations and said, *"It looks like you have seen a lot of action."*

"Yes, ma'am, a lot of action."

The young lady, tiring of trying to start up a conversation, said, *"You know, you should lighten up a little. Relax and enjoy yourself."*

The Sergeant Major just stared at her in his serious manner. Finally the young lady said, *"You know, I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but when was the last time you had sex?"*

"1955, ma'am."

"Well, there you are. No wonder you're so serious. You really need to chill out and relax! I mean no sex since 1955! Come with me." She took his hand and led him to a private room where she proceeded to "relax" him several times.

Afterward, panting for breath, she leaned against his grizzled bare chest and said, *"Wow, you sure didn't forget much since 1955."*

The Sergeant Major said in his serious voice, after glancing at his watch, *"I hope not. It's only 2130 now."*

Gotta love military time!

\$ 5.37

It could happen to any of us... This is so funny; I hope you enjoy it.

\$5.37! That's what the kid behind the counter at Tim Horton's said to me. I dug into my pocket and pulled out some lint and two dimes and something that used to be a Lifesaver. Having already handed the kid a five-spot, I started to head back out to the truck to grab some change when the kid with the Elmo hairdo said the worst thing anyone has ever said to me. He said, *"It's OK. I'll just give you the senior citizen discount."*

I turned to see who he was talking to and then heard the sound of change hitting the counter in front of me. *"Only \$4.68"* he said cheerfully.

I stood there stupefied. I am 56, not even 60 yet? A mere child! Senior citizen?

I took my food and walked out to the truck wondering what was wrong with Elmo. Was he blind? As I sat in the truck, my blood began to boil. Old? Me?

I'll show him, I thought. I opened the door and headed back inside. I strode to the counter, and there he was waiting with a smile.

Before I could say a word, he held up something and jingled it in front of me, like I could be that easily distracted! What am I now? A toddler?

"Dude! Can't get too far without your car keys, eh?" I stared with utter disdain at the keys. I began to rationalize in my mind.

"Leaving keys behind hardly makes a man elderly! It could happen to anyone!"

I turned and headed back to the truck. I slipped the key into the ignition, but it wouldn't turn. What now? I checked my keys and tried another. Still nothing.

That's when I noticed the purple beads hanging from my rear view mirror. I had no purple beads hanging from my rear view mirror.

Then, a few other objects came into focus. The car seat in the back seat. Happy Meal toys spread all over the floorboard. A partially eaten doughnut on the dashboard.

Faster than you can say ginkgo biloba, I flew out of the alien vehicle.

Moments later I was speeding out of the parking lot, relieved to finally be leaving this nightmarish stop in my life. That is when I felt it, deep in the bowels of my stomach: hunger! My stomach growled and churned, and I reached to grab my coffee, only it was nowhere to be found.

I swung the truck around, gathered my courage, and strode back into the restaurant one final time. There Elmo stood, draped in youth and black nail polish. All I could think was, *"What is the world coming to?"*

All I could say was, *"Did I leave my food and drink in here"?*

At this point I was ready to ask a Boy Scout to help me back to my vehicle, and then go straight home and apply for Social Assistance benefits.

Elmo had no clue. I walked back out to the truck, and suddenly a young lad came up and tugged on my jeans to get my attention. He was holding up a drink and a bag.

His mother explained, *"I think you left this in my truck by mistake."*

I took the food and drink from the little boy and sheepishly apologized.

She offered these kind words: *"It's OK. My grandfather does stuff like this all the time."*

All of this is to explain how I got a ticket doing 85 in a 40. Yes, I was racing some punk kid in a Toyota Prius. And no, I told the officer, I'm not too old to be driving this fast.

As I walked in the front door, my wife met me halfway down the hall. I handed her a bag of cold food and a \$300 speeding ticket. I promptly sat in my rocking chair and covered up my legs with a blankey. The good news was I had successfully found my way home.

SHUFF N' STUFF . . .

The Annual Provincial Command Cribbage Tournament is scheduled for Saturday, May 14th, 2011. The event is being hosted by ANAF Unit #45 which is located at 119 East 3rd Avenue (3rd & Lonsdale). The registration form is located on the main bulletin board. Please provide all the information the form requires. Registration at Unit #45 commences 10:30 am and the cards will be dealt at 11:00 AM. You must sign up at the club prior to May 6th, 2011.

Shuffleboard Players:

Please mark your calendars. The Canadian Masters Shuffleboard Tournament is set for August 19th, 20th and 21st, 2011. This information is provided for those that never seem to get enough notice. Reminders will be provided in upcoming issues of the BUZZ along with additional information.

Dick Moore
Director / Sports



Maxine took her car to her mechanic. She told him, *'Every time I take any of my friends out in my car, after a while there is this terrible smell!! It never happens when I am driving alone'!!!*

This intrigued the mechanic, so he said, *'OK, let's go for a spin and see what the problem is.'* Off they went.

She drove down a one-way street in the wrong direction at 70 MPH, swerving, hitting the curb on both sides of the street, narrowly missed three pedestrians in pedestrian crossings, ran several red lights, and just missed a policeman on street traffic duty. Then, they returned to the shop, and she said, *'There it is now... there's that terrible smell! Can you smell it?'*

"Smell it? Lady, I'm sitting in it!!!"

Birthday to all of our Unit 68 MAY Celebrants!

| | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| Eric Artman | Reginald Beaumont |
| Dana Dufresne | Lilian Goodwin |
| Robert Ingram | Ralph Johansen |
| Douglas Moore | May Nyce |
| Howard Regan | |

We do apologize if we have missed any of our member's birthdays.



Happy Birthday
Everyone!

Maturity has more to do with what types of experiences you've had, and what you've learned from them, and less to do with how many birthdays you've celebrated.

MEDICAL HUMOUR . . .

Two medical students were walking along the street when they saw an old man walking with his legs spread apart. He was stiff-legged and walking slowly.

One student said to his friend: *"I'm sure that poor old man has Peltry Syndrome. Those people walk just like that."*



The other student says: *"No, I don't think so. The old man surely has*

Zovitzki Syndrome. He walks slowly and his legs are apart, just as we learned in class."

Since they couldn't agree they decided to ask the old man. They approached him and one of the students said to him, *"We're medical students and couldn't help but notice the way you walk, but we couldn't agree on the syndrome you might have. Could you tell us what it is?"*

The old man said, *"I'll tell you, but first you tell me what you two fine medical students think."*

The first student said, *"I think it's Peltry Syndrome."*

The old man said, *"You thought - but you are wrong."*

The other student said, *"I think you have Zovitzki Syndrome."*

The old man said, *"You thought - but you are wrong."*

So they asked him, *"Well, old timer, what do you have?"*

The old man said, *"I thought it was GAS - but I was wrong, too!"*



JUMPING ON THE BED

Gotta love women~

A fifty-ish woman was at home happily jumping on her bed and squealing with delight.

Her husband watches her for a while and asks, *"Do you have any idea how ridiculous you look? What's the matter with you?"*

The woman continues to bounce on the bed and says, *"I don't care, I just came from having a mammogram and the doctor says I have the breasts of an 18 year-old"*.

The husband said, *"What did he say about your 60 year old ass?"*

"Your name never came up," she replied.

(Men . . . They just never know when to shut up, do they?)

GO CANUCKS GO!!!!



Take time once in a while to just enjoy the moment...

No goal is too hard to attain when you persevere...

MURDER AT LOCAL SUPER MARKET

Tired of constantly being broke & stuck in an unhappy marriage, a young husband decided to solve both problems by taking out a large insurance policy on his wife with himself as the beneficiary, and then arranging to have her killed. A 'friend of a friend' put him in touch with a nefarious dark-side underworld figure who went by the name of 'Artie.' Artie explained to the husband that his going price for snuffing out a spouse was \$5,000.

The husband said he was willing to pay that amount, but that he wouldn't have any cash on hand until he could collect his wife's insurance money. Artie insisted on being paid at least something up front, so the man opened his wallet, displaying the single dollar bill that rested inside. Artie sighed, rolled his eyes, & reluctantly agreed to accept the dollar as down payment for the dirty deed.

A few days later, Artie followed the man's wife to the local Super Market store. There, he surprised her in the produce department & proceeded to strangle her with his gloved hands. As the poor unsuspecting woman drew her last breath & slumped to the floor, the manager of the produce department stumbled unexpectedly onto the murder scene. Unwilling to leave any living witnesses behind, ol' Artie had no choice but to strangle the produce manager as well.

However, unknown to Artie, the entire proceedings were captured by the hidden security cameras & observed by the store's security guard, who immediately called the police. Artie was caught and arrested before he could even leave the store. Under intense questioning at the police station, Artie revealed the whole sordid plan, including his unusual

financial arrangements with the hapless husband who was also quickly arrested.

The next day in the newspaper, the headline declared...

(You're going to hate us for this...)

'ARTIE CHOKES 2 for \$1.00 @ SUPER MARKET!'



Oh, quit groaning! We don't write this stuff, we receive it from our warped friends and then pass it on to you

INNER PEACE:

If you can start the day without caffeine,

If you can always be cheerful, ignoring aches and pains,

If you can resist complaining and boring people with your troubles,

If you can eat plain food every day and be grateful for it,

If you can understand when your loved ones are too busy to give you any time,

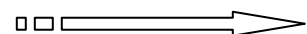
If you can take criticism and blame without resentment,

If you can conquer tension without medical help,

If you can relax without liquor,

If you can sleep without the aid of drugs,

... Then You Are Probably





THE FAMILY DOG!

And you thought we were going to get all spiritual didn't you..?

COWS, WIFE, AND GOLF . . .

A man staggered into a hospital with a concussion, multiple bruises, two black eyes, and a five iron wrapped tightly around his throat.

Naturally, the doctor asked him, "What happened to you?"

"Well, I was having a quiet round of golf with my wife, when at a difficult hole we both sliced our balls into a cow pasture. We went to look for them and while I was looking around, I noticed one of the cows had something white at its rear end. I walked over, lifted its tail, and sure enough, there was a golf ball with my wife's monogram on it - stuck right in the middle of the cow's butt."



Still holding the cow's tail up, I yelled to my wife, "Hey, this looks like yours!"

"I don't remember much after that..."



WATER - WATER EVERYWHERE . . .

The following will probably amaze and startle you.

One glass of water shuts down midnight hunger pangs for almost 100% of the dieters studied in a University study: Lack of water is the #1 trigger of daytime fatigue.

Preliminary research indicates that 8-10 glasses of water a day could significantly ease back and joint pain for up to 80% of sufferers.

A mere 2% drop in body water can trigger fuzzy short-term memory, trouble with basic math, and difficulty focusing on the computer screen.

Drinking 5 glasses of water daily decreases the risk of colon cancer by 45%, plus it can slash the risk of breast cancer by 79%, and one is 50% less likely to develop bladder cancer.

Are you drinking the amount of water you should every day?



(No kidding, all of the above are true....)

Now that I have your attention, go get another glass of water!

Laugh often, long and loud...

Laugh until you gasp for breath.

And if you have friends who make you laugh, spend lots of time with them.

BACK IN THE DAY

In the line at the store, the cashier told the older woman that she should bring her own grocery bag because plastic bags weren't good for the environment.

The woman apologized to him and explained, "*We didn't have the 'green thing' back in my day.*"

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

He was right, that generation didn't have the green thing in her day.

Back then, they returned their 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 they didn't have the green thing back in that customer's day.

In her day, they walked up stairs, because they didn't have an escalator in every store and office building. They walked to the grocery store and didn't climb into a 300-horsepower machine every time they had to go two blocks.

But she was right. They didn't have the green thing in her day.

Back then, they washed the baby's diapers because they didn't have the throw-away kind. They dried clothes on a line, not in an energy gobbling machine burning up 220 volts - wind and solar power really did dry the clothes. Kids got hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always brand-new clothing.

But that old lady is right; they didn't have the green thing back in her day.

Back then, they 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, not a screen the size of the state of Montana. In the kitchen, they blended and stirred by hand because they didn't have electric machines to do everything for you. When they packaged a fragile item to send in the mail, they used a wadded up old newspaper to cushion it, not Styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap.

Back then, they didn't fire up an engine and burn gasoline just to cut the lawn. They used a push mower that ran on human power. They exercised by working so they didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity.

But she's right; they didn't have the green thing back in her day.

They drank from a fountain when they were thirsty instead of using a cup or a plastic bottle every time they had a drink of water. They refilled their writing pens with ink instead of buying a new pen, and they replaced the razor blades in a razor instead of throwing away the whole razor just because the blade got dull.

But they didn't have the green thing back in her day.

Back then, people took the streetcar or a bus and kids rode their bikes to school or rode the school bus instead of turning their moms into a 24-hour taxi service. They had one electrical outlet in a room, not an entire bank of sockets to power a dozen appliances. And they 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 the old folks were just because they didn't have the green thing back in their day?

AND FROM OUR UNIT 68 RECIPE CORNER

CROCKERY POT DELIGHT

INGREDIENTS:

2 - 3 lbs. boneless chuck, cut into 1 inch cubes
 1/2 c. flour
 1/4 c. butter
 1 onion, sliced
 1 tsp. salt
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 1 clove garlic, minced
 2 c. BEER
 1/4 c. flour

I THINK I CAN SQUEEZE 2
MORE CUPS OUT OF THIS!!!!



METHOD:

- Coat beef cubes with the 1/2 cup flour.
- Brown in melted butter. Drain off excess fat.
- In Crockery Pot, combine browned meat with onion, salt, pepper, garlic and beer.
- Cover and cook on low 5 - 7 hours (or all day) until meat is tender.
- Turn Crockery Pot to high. Dissolve remaining 1/4 cup flour in small amount of water.
- Stir into meat mixture, cook on high 30-40 minutes.

Serve with rice and salad for a complete meal. ENJOY! ENJOY!!

A little girl goes to the barber shop with her father. She stands next to the barber chair, while her dad gets his hair cut, eating a snack cake. The barber says to her, "Sweetheart, you're gonna get hair on your Twinkie." She says, "Yes, I know, and I'm gonna get boobs, too."

FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

While we Canuck fans are all standing around holding our collective breath we think Spring has finally arrived . . . maybe!



It is time to call on our Bee Sleuths again as our Bee Sticker supply is pretty depleted. They are really hard to find as I am sure you all know!! We do appreciate all of your help though in scouring the city!

We have RAFFLES, RAFFLES, RAFFLES - - happening in our club this month. Get your tickets now so you don't miss out on the treasures!!

Again, we want to thank every one of our Buzz contributors for your emails - we do appreciate all of the items you send us!! Elsie Fraser from our Winnipeg affiliate never fails to contribute - thanks so much Elsie for giving us many a morning Giggle!! Some jokes and stories we have repeated from time to time but that is only because they are so funny, meaningful, informative or just plain cute!!!

Special Thanks to Ronnie Robinson, as always, for his delightful monthly columns and his eye-catching covers!!!

We look forward to some great weather in the coming weeks and hopefully we will all get out there and enjoy our beautiful city!

Until next month, stay healthy and keep smiling!!!

Your Editors, Mardi & Fred

HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY

Mothers hold their children's hands
 for a short while,
 but their hearts forever.
 ~ Author Unknown