



THE BUZZ

VALENTINES DAY IS A DAY SET ASIDE
TO SHOW OUR LOVE FOR EACH OTHER
BUT OUR ANAF COMRADES LOVE EACH
OTHER EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR!!

Happy 94th Birthday
Ron 'Andy Capp'
Robinson



RON VALENTINE ROBINSON

THE BUZZ



YOUR PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Comrades

As reported last year in The Buzz, my wife and I were planning a move to Penticton, as we have an ageing parent in need of care. After living in Richmond together for over 40 years and 3 grown children with 6 grandchildren who all live in the Lower Mainland, such a move is life altering.

Of course my commitments to our Unit and the Colour Guard also entered as a major factor, but the time has come and we are moving on March 1, 2016; a decision we postponed as long as possible.

To my loyal Unit #68 members: I decided to try and continue as their President for 2016 as most of my duties can be preformed via email and cell phone, I have asked my executive if they support this decision and they voted 100% in favor. At our AGM meeting scheduled shortly, I will of course step down if that is the wishes of my membership. I am very proud to have served 8 consecutive years as their President and I know from our last

November 2015 meeting that I probably could have continued for many more years.

I also very reluctantly informed my Colour Guard members that I was unable to run for Colour Sergeant for 2016, a position I loved. I will however come to as many parades as possible in the coming year. If that wasn't enough I also gave up my post as srgt.-at-arms for Unit #284, a position I held for the last 3 years. Although I have probably been a pain to some of our leaders over the last 15 years, my only intention was to better my unit, this organization and of course our veterans.

I am confident that my editor will hound me for reports even though I live out of town and although I know it's the jokes that everyone loves in The Buzz, my reports have come from a lot of research and always from my heart. Not many people ever commented on my reports unless they had an issue *or I raised someone's ire*, but my father fought in WW11 for freedom of speech.

Farewell Comrades-- Until we meet again!!!

Fraternally,

Bob Rietveld
President Unit #68

VETERANS AFFAIRS REPORT

Comrades,

On December 26th I received a call from a member of "Sappers" Unit #305 in Chilliwack. He informed me that he had found a 30 year old veteran who was homeless, suffering from PTSD and was in desperate need of help. The caller had put the young man up for a few days in his apartment but after 3 days the soldier took off, as suffering with a mental disease has its demons. I immediately went into action since I have a lot of connections throughout our organization.

I started with a conversation to a B.C. Command Vice President who informed me that our organization does not have any mechanisms to do anything directly. Although I understand we do not have the financial ability to help these veterans, he did however send me to a homeless shelter in the lower Hastings area. I then approached our Advocate officer for B.C. Command who also informed me that there was nothing he could do and that I should contact Veterans Affairs.

Please understand I find no fault in our organization for this situation, but the key words in my first statement was "*desperately in need of help*" This is the government's responsibility and the ANAF/Legion can only advise or direct and put pressure on our parliament.

As suggested by Command, I spoke to Mr. Robert MacDonald, Program Officer of Veterans Affairs and asked if there was any immediate help available? I was then directed to a case manager and upon my request had a meeting with her, to educate myself for any future incidences of this nature.

In a recent Ottawa Newspaper, Pat Stogran past Veterans Affairs ombudsman wrote a book on his experiences "*Rude Awakening*" in which he lists that about 2.7 per cent of total homeless population in Canada are veterans, which according to the article represents 2,500 veterans across Canada.

Even one homeless veteran is too much in my opinion.

I mean no disrespect when I say, we can afford 25,000 Syrian refugees but our veterans are left homeless.

I have dedicated many years to our veterans because I too was a refugee in 1945 following WW11 but at that time the government first provided land, houses and job incentives to our veterans after they returned home. "*THAT'S ALL WE'RE ASKING*" - *dignified treatment.*

*The Man who does something,
makes mistakes!
The Man who does nothing, makes
all the mistakes!*

Please call your member of the new Liberal government and demand action.

Submitted in honour Of Roy Blair.

**Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld**



PROVINCIAL COLOUR GUARD REPORT

Comrades

As mentioned in my Presidents report, because of my move to Penticton the B.C. Command Colour Guard has been my pride and joy for 12 years. I have held every position on the executive and it feels surreal to finally have to become a minor player although I will always be a Past Colour Sergeant.

I have lost many comrades who we proudly marched with, to name those who have passed away is a long list I do not even have the strength to name.

My best friend Roy Blair was my mentor and although you might find this strange, I wear his black marching shoes at every Parade since he passed away (I even had them re-soled).

My comrade Rudy Elyman is at every convention since his passing where I wear his red master of ceremonies jacket.

Last but not least my friend May Nyce who attended every function even when she was out all night partying also succumbed to cancer and I have her complete uniform hanging in my closet as I am not ready to give that away.

But enough of the fallen, there are many comrades who have been loyal to me. Chuck McDonald and Shirley who both have become very close friends and I even named Chuck the God-Father of the Colour Guard. Inder who was always jealous of me, even though he won't admit it but I always looked for his advice and experience. Jan Holt, who at times was fed up but stayed the course because I asked her. And Hazel "can I buy you a beer?" after every parade and of course all my other fellow guard members.

And so it is written . . . life goes on, and I wish all my Colour Guard comrades a very successful year.

**Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld.
Past Color Sergeant**

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY to our
Unit #68 FEBRUARY Celebrants!**



Reginald Beaumont Dick Moore
Kathy Leminski Janet Lothian
Ron Robinson Mardi Zipursky
Happy Birthday Everyone!!!!



ANAF UNIT #68 MEMBERSHIP . . .

The membership chair for Unit #68 is our unit secretary - **Jan Holt** – please renew for the year 2016 as soon as possible so you may continue receiving all of the wonderful benefits membership accords.

PLEASE REMEMBER . . . We need 'YOU', and your continued support as loyal and dedicated Members. An active membership makes for an active club!

A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO ANAF UNIT #100

At our Installation in January of 2016, it was a pleasure for our ANAF Unit #68 to present our Host Unit, ANAF Unit #100, a cheque in the amount of \$5,000.00 as a Special Thank You for their warm hospitality over the past year.

WE JUST LUV OUR LITTLE JOHNNY . . .

Little Johnny was having problems in English class, so his teacher decided to stop by on her way home to speak with his parents.

When she rang the bell, Little Johnny answered. The teacher smiled and said, "I'd like to talk to your mother or father."

Little Johnny said, "Sorry, but they ain't here."

"Little Johnny!" she said, "what is it with your grammar?"

And Little Johnny said, "Beats me, but dad sure was mad that they had to go bail her out again!"



A New Mom took her baby daughter to the supermarket for the first time. She dressed her in pink from head to toe. At the store, she placed her in the shopping cart and put her purchases around her.

At the checkout line a small boy and his mother were ahead of them. The child was crying and begging for some special treat. He wants some candy or gum and his mother won't let him have any, she thought.

Then she heard his mother's reply. "No!" she said, looking in her direction. "You may not have a baby sister today. That lady got the last one!"



"How was your golf game, dear?" asked Jack's wife Tracy.

"Well, I was hitting pretty well, but my eyesight's gotten so bad I couldn't see where the ball went."

"But you're seventy-five years old, Jack!" admonished his wife, "Why don't you take my brother Scott along?"

"But he's eighty-five and doesn't even play golf anymore," protested Jack.

"But he's got perfect eyesight. He could watch your ball," Tracy pointed out.

The next day Jack teed off with Scott looking on. Jack swung, and the ball disappeared down the middle of the fairway. "Do you see it?" asked Jack.

"Yup," Scott answered.

"Well, where is it?" yelled Jack, peering off into the distance.

"Where is what?", Scott answered.

"My ball! My golf ball!"

"Oh, I don't know. I was watching that cute lady over there. Her ball went into the water."



"It was on my fifth birthday that Papa put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Remember, my son, if you ever need a helping hand, you'll find one at the end of your arm.'" --- Sam Levenson

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Patrick Buchannon, Executive Director
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Fax: 604-395-4376
E-mail: admin@newchelsea.ca

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A QUOTE TO PONDER . . .

*“A little nonsense now and then,
is cherished by the wisest men.”*

--- Roald Dahl

**THE LAW BEYOND THE
UNIFORM**

by Irving E. Rice

The law beyond the
uniform,
"No Soldier left behind."
Might not be the one we
know,
But it won't be hard to
find.

There's not one Soldier
missing,
From God's Honor Roll.
Their names are written
down by him,
He won't forget a soul.

You won't be needing
uniforms,
Because you'll be retired.
The angels won't be
giving shots,
No clinics are required.

God hears every
Soldier's prayer,
No matter what the rank.
He hears you if you're on
a boat,
Or if you're in a tank.

If you're hurting in a bed,
We pray our love you'll
find.
God's law was written
down with love,
"No Soldier left behind."



REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON . . .



Editor's Note: *In honour of Ronnie's 94th birthday this month we are running this wonderful cruise tale for you once again – one of our favorite columns!!*

Back in February on 2013 my Lilian presented me with an Alaskan Cruise for my 91st birthday present (I gave her a hanky from the \$1.25 store on Fraser).

This column is mostly about that wonderful cruise! I had never been on a cruise before. We were served breakfast in bed in our stateroom for all of our 8 days aboard the ship.

Every night we took in the theatres (there were two huge and beautiful theatres on the ship).

The entertainment consisted of comedy shows, chorus girls, a wonderful magician . . . every type of first class entertainment, Hollywood style. The theatres themselves were the largest I had ever been in.

Every night following these great shows we would drop in to the piano bar for a nightcap or two (mostly two). We became quite famous in the bar. As soon as Lilian and myself dropped in the piano player would stop playing and announce over his mike, "*Ron Robinson and Lilian have arrived.*" Then he would play a few Sinatra tunes for me, and English tunes for Lilian, and I must say the happy crowd loved it.

The day our ship docked in Juneau we decided to take a stroll down the main street (we had never seen so many jewelry stores on one street!)

When we came to the tail end of the street we discovered the world famous Red Dog Saloon. I had read about it through the years, never believing I would be standing in front of such a world-renown building, and now I was actually entering it!!!

As we were entering the saloon I had the feeling I would probably be disappointed. How wrong I was!!

It took Lilian and myself about 30 seconds to fall in love with that saloon. We spent the entire day there until we had to return to the ship. I'll do my best to describe the saloon.

The first thing you notice is its famous sawdust floor! The pretty waitresses were dressed in clothes from the Gay Nineties, the piano player was playing those old wonderful Honky-Tonk tunes, and in between the great tunes he would tell us wonderful jokes and a funny story or two, and they were sometimes a bit naughty!!

Most travelers would go miles and miles to gaze at the Great Wall of China, the Great Pyramids of Egypt, or the Tower of London, but just give me a few more hours in the Red Dog Saloon and I could die happy!!!

The next day we landed in Skagway, and our next adventure was a day-long train trip, and what an adventure it was. We travelled through some of the highest mountains in the world. The scenery was the greatest ever.

I found out later that my five kids had given me this wonderful part of our trip for my birthday. Thank you very much . . . Wanda, Sylvia, Brent, Barry and Gary! However I must confess your old man spent most of his time on his knees as the train was going over those train bridges!!

**A VERY SPECIAL BIRTHDAY
WISH TO A VERY SPECIAL
GENTLEMAN and FRIEND . . .**



**HAPPY 94th BIRTHDAY TO
OUR RON 'ANDY CAPP'
ROBINSON . . .**

**February 15th was the day
our 'Valentine' Robinson was
born!! May you enjoy many,
many more birthday
celebrations, Ronnie!**

*Dear Ronnie
I met you as a Stranger,
Took you as a Friend . . .
I hope our long friendship
Will never end!!!!*

*Your Buzz Editor and Friend,
Mardi*

**THANK YOU FOR BEING MY
FRIEND . . .**

Saying *thank you* may be the two hardest words that friends share. We like to see ourselves as independent and not needing anyone's help. When a friend does something for us, it is difficult to humble ourselves by thanking them. Believe it or not, as strong as your need is to believe yourself independent, your friend may have an even stronger need to hear the words "thank you". Your friend will appreciate that he is also a contributor to the friendship.

Source: FamilyFriendPoems

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Thank You

Thank you for being there; For showing me the path; Thank you for always caring and giving it all you have; Thank you for not running when I needed your help, and thank you for always caring about my health; Thank you for always staying by my side, and giving me the courage and the pride to do things I've never done before; Thank you for giving me something to stay alive for; Thank you for always loving me, and adoring my talents and skills; Thank you for always being there for all of the sad times and the thrills; Thank you for always telling me what's wrong and what's right, and thank you for helping me on the path to life!

READY OR NOT . . .*by Michael Josephson****Ready or not, some day it will
all come to an end.***

There will be no more sunrises,
no minutes, hours or days.
All the things you collected,
whether treasured or forgotten
will pass to someone else.

Your wealth, fame and temporal power will
shriveled to irrelevance.

It will not matter what you owned or what
you were owed.

Your grudges, resentments, frustrations
and jealousies will finally disappear.

So too, your hopes, ambitions, plans and
to-do lists will expire.

The wins and losses that once seemed so
important will fade away.

It won't matter where you came from
or what side of the tracks you lived
on at the end.

It won't matter whether you were
beautiful or brilliant.
Even your gender and skin color
will be irrelevant.

So what will matter?***How will the value of your days
be measured?***

What will matter is not what you bought
but what you built, not what you got
but what you gave.

What will matter is not your success
but your significance.

What will matter is not what you learned
but what you taught.

What will matter is every act of integrity,
compassion, courage, or sacrifice
that enriched, empowered or encouraged
others
to emulate your example.

What will matter is not your competence
but your character.

What will matter is not how many
people you knew,
but how many will feel a lasting
loss when you're gone.

What will matter is not your memories
but the memories that live in those
who loved you.

What will matter is how long
you will be remembered,
by whom and for what.

Living a life that matters doesn't happen
by accident.

It's not a matter of circumstance
but of choice.

Choose to live a life that matters.

***Happiness keeps you Sweet,
Trials keep you Strong,
Sorrows keep you Human,
Failures keep you Humble,
Success keeps you Glowing,
But ...Only Friends & Family...
Keep You Going !!!***

OOOOOOPS!!!!

Rick's mother was speeding north on Hwy 99 when she noticed a West Van Police car behind her with its flashing red and blue lights on. She was very nervous, as she had never been stopped in British Columbia before and didn't know what to expect.

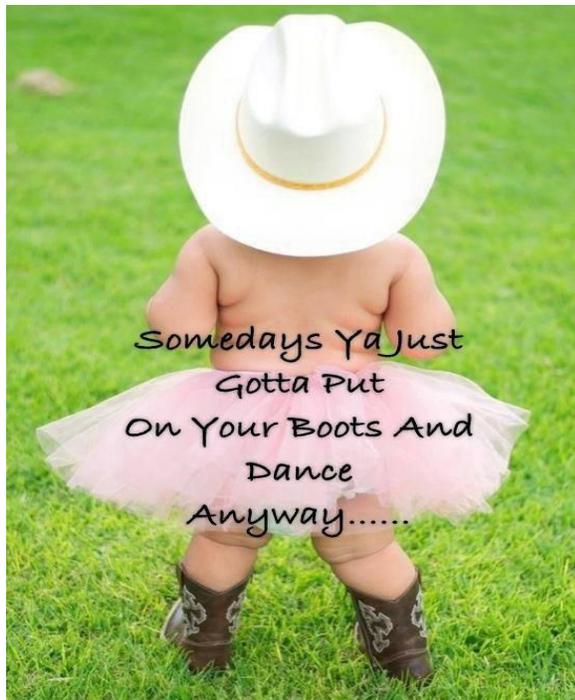
The officer approached her car then asked if she knew why he had stopped her. She said, "Oh, I bet I know why you stopped me. You want to sell me tickets to the policeman's ball."

The officer then told her that "The R.C.M.P. don't have balls."



Rick's mother just lost it and she started laughing uncontrollably.

The officer's face turned bright red. He turned about on his heel, marched back to his car and took off with squealing tires.



This is a fun poem we found in 2012 and we think many of us can appreciate

Funny Valentine Poem For Seniors

by Julie (Reno, NV, USA)

*My dear, my love, my one and only,
my reason for joy (that's no baloney),
you're no longer young,
you have hair on your toes,
you snore in your sleep,
there's a wart on your nose.*

*You've aged there's no doubt, I have too.
In our old age, dear, I still love you,
more than I did when young and pretty,
that's why I wrote this Valentine ditty.*

*We've been together for a lifetime
it seems,
through good times and bad
we've shared our dreams.
We've grown old and saggy,
turned gray together.
Skin that was soft now wrinkled
like leather.*

*You with your walker, me with my cane,
we shuffle together down life's
winding lane.*

*Together so long now,
I'm yours and you're mine.
We're older than dirt now, Valentine.*



**HAPPY
VALENTINES
DAY
EVERYONE!!**

**ENJOY!
ENJOY!!**

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE COWS????

Bobby, a devout cowboy lost his favorite Bible while he was mending fences on Uncle Jack's farm.

Three weeks later a cow walked up to him carrying the Bible in its mouth. The cowboy couldn't believe his eyes.

He took the precious book out of the cow's mouth, raised his eyes heavenward and exclaimed, with great joy... "It's a miracle!"

"Not really," said the cow. "Your name is written inside the cover."



Many a golfer prefers a golf cart to a caddy because the cart cannot count, criticize or laugh.



THE SENILITY PRAYER:

Grant me the
senility to forget
the people I never
liked anyway,

the good fortune to run into the ones
I do, and the eyesight to tell
the difference.

ARCTIC ICE REPORT

The Arctic Ocean is warming up, icebergs are growing scarcer and in some places the seals are finding the water too hot, according to a report to the Commerce Department from Consulate, at Bergen, Norway.

Reports from fishermen, seal hunters and explorers all point to a radical change in climate conditions and hitherto unheard-of temperatures in the Arctic zone.

Exploration expeditions report that scarcely any ice has been met as far north as 81 degrees 29 minutes. Soundings to a depth of 3,100 meters showed the gulfstream still very warm.

Great masses of ice have been replaced by moraines of earth and stones, the report continued, while at many points well known glaciers have entirely disappeared.

Very few seals and no white fish are found in the eastern Arctic, while vast shoals of herring and smelts which have never before ventured so far north, are being encountered in the old seal fishing grounds. Within a few years it is predicted that due to the ice melt the sea will rise and make most coastal cities uninhabitable.

I must apologize. I neglected to mention that this report was from **November 2, 1922** as reported by the AP and published in The Washington Post -- 93 years ago. Alarmist global warning even back then. No doubt caused by Model T Ford emissions.

Home computers are the perfect thing for women who don't feel that men provide them with enough frustration.

GOOD TRAVEL TIP!

This is an EXCELLENT TIP - ALWAYS INSERT YOUR EMAIL ID IN YOUR PASSPORT ON THE ADDRESS PAGE.



This is an incident that occurred at the airport recently.

A passenger with an American passport, changed money, and in the process, forgot his passport and boarding pass on my counter. As it was placed on the side, where my monitor blocks the view; it remained there for over 20 minutes.

The next customer brought it to my attention. I went outside, to search for him but to no avail.

The passport was well worn, with numerous visas, including Japan. He had travelled from Narita to LAX.

The page in the U.S. passport where one can write home address and third party contact was blank. All it had was his e-mail address.

I went on line, and e-mailed him a brief message, including my phone number.

He turned up about a half hour later, profoundly grateful. He was blissfully unaware that his passport was missing!

He was checking his e-mail in the cab when he saw the mail I had sent. He turned the cab around and came back to the airport to collect it.

He works in Japan and his work permit was attached to the Japanese visa in the passport. He was in the US only for a week.

In retrospect, it is evident that even if he had written his address in the passport, it would not have helped. Even a phone number is not much help, as a finder may not be willing to call long distance, if 'found' in another country.

An e-mail, any one would send, from any place; and you can access your e-mail from anywhere in the world, when you are traveling!

Therefore PLEASE WRITE YOUR E-MAIL ADDRESS IN YOUR PASSPORT; it can really 'save your bacon' someday! (putting it politely :-)

Source: Internet

A REAL CUTE BLONDE POLE DANCER . .



AFTER I'M GONE

A woman went to her doctor. The doctor, after an examination, sighed and said, *'I've some bad news. You have cancer, and you'd best put your affairs in order.'* The woman was shocked, but managed to compose herself and walk into the waiting room where her daughter had been waiting.

'Well daughter, we women celebrate when things are good, and we celebrate when things don't go so well. In this case, things aren't well. I have cancer. Let's head to the club and have a martini.'

After 3 or 4 martinis, the two were feeling a little less somber. There were some laughs and more martinis. They were eventually approached by some of the woman's old friends, who were curious as to what the two were celebrating. The woman told her friends they were drinking to her impending end. *'I've been diagnosed with AIDS.'* The friends were aghast and gave the woman their condolences.

After the friends left, the woman's daughter leaned over and whispered, *'Momma, I thought you said you were dying of cancer, and you just told your friends you were dying of AIDS.'* The woman said, *'I don't want any of those b###tches sleeping with your father after I'm gone.'*



Now that's *'Putting Your Affairs In Order'*!!!

YOU GO GIRL!!!

THOUGHTS TO PONDER . . .

Life is overflowing with the new, but it is necessary to empty out the old to make room for the new to enter!

You will never be the person you can be if pressure, tension and discipline are taken out of your life!

An adult is a person who has stopped growing at both ends and is now growing in the middle!

Opportunity is missed by a lot of people as it is dressed in overalls and looks like work!

Character is like a tree, and reputation a shadow. The shadow is what we think of it, the tree is the real thing!

Humans are like tea bags. They never realize their strength until they are put in hot water.

Computers can be a lot like children, sometimes they know more than you do!

If you think the parade of life is passing you by, perhaps you are not listening to the music!

And remember some days you are the bug and some days you are the windshield!

YEOUZER!!



NIGHT WATCH

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 opened his eyes. 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 constant 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"

The next time someone needs you . . . just be there. Stay. We are not human beings going through a temporary spiritual experience. We are spiritual beings going through a temporary human experience.



DOG FOR SALE!

- * Free to a good home.
- * Excellent guard dog.
- * Owner cannot afford to feed him anymore, as there are no more thieves, murderers, or molesters left in the neighborhood for him to eat.

* Most of them knew him as **'Holy Shit.'**!!!!

**No matter what our kids
And the new generation think
about us,
WE ARE AWESOME!!!
Our Lives are LIVING PROOF!!**

**To Those of Us Born
1925 - 1970:**

~~~~~  
**TO ALL THE  
KIDS WHO SURVIVED THE  
1930s, '40s, '50s,  
'60s and '70s!!**

First, we survived being born to mothers who may have smoked and/or drank while they were pregnant.

They took aspirin, ate blue cheese dressing, tuna from a can, and didn't get tested for diabetes.

Then, after that trauma, we were put to sleep on our tummies in baby cribs covered with bright colored lead-based paints.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, locks on doors or cabinets, and, when we rode our bikes, we had baseball caps, not helmets, on our heads.

As infants and children, we would ride in cars with no car seats, no booster seats, no seat belts, no air bags, bald tires and sometimes no brakes.

Riding in the back of a pick-up truck on a warm day was always a very special treat.

We drank water from the garden hose and not from a bottle.  
We shared one soft drink with four friends, from one bottle, and no one actually died from this.

We ate cupcakes, white bread, real butter, and bacon. We drank Kool-Aid made with real white sugar, and we weren't overweight.

**WHY?**

Because we were always outside playing...that's why!

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on.

No one was able to reach us all day.  
-- And, we were OKAY.

We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then ride them down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times, we learned to solve the problem..

We did not have Play Stations, Nintendos and X-boxes. There were no video games, no 150 channels on cable, no video movies or DVDs,

No surround-sound or CDs, no cell phones, no personal computers, no Internet and no chat rooms.

**WE HAD FRIENDS  
and we went outside and  
found them!**

We fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones and teeth, and there were no lawsuits from those accidents.

We would get spankings with wooden spoons, switches, ping-pong paddles, or just a bare hand, and no one would call child services to report abuse.

We ate worms, and mud pies made from dirt, and the worms did not live in us forever.

We were given BB guns for our 10th birthdays, 22 rifles for our 12th, rode horses, made up games with sticks and tennis balls, and - although we were told it would happen- we did not put out very many eyes.

We rode bikes or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door or rang the bell, or just walked in and talked to them.

Little League had tryouts and not everyone made the team; those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment.

**Imagine that!!**

The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law!

These generations have produced some of the best risk-takers, problem solvers, and inventors ever.

The past 50 to 85 years have seen an explosion of innovation and new ideas.

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned how to deal with it all.

**If YOU are one of those  
born between 1925 - 1970 . . . .  
CONGRATULATIONS!**

You might want to share this with others who have had the luck to grow up as kids before the lawyers and the government regulated so much of our lives for our own good.

While you are at it, forward it to your kids, so they will know how brave and lucky their parents were.

Kind of makes you want to run through the house with scissors, doesn't it?

## A FEW HANDY HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR YOU . . .



### AN OLD SWEATER MOPHEAD

Use an old sweater's arm for a perfect fit on your rectangular mop. I find acrylic sweaters to gather the most dust and gunk while leaving a nice shine. You can use them and wash them for reuse over and over.

### NEWSPAPER WEEDS AWAY

**Just in time for spring planting:** Start putting in your plants; work the nutrients in your soil. Wet newspapers and put layers around the plants overlapping as you go then cover with mulch and forget about weeds. Weeds will get through some gardening plastic they will not get through wet newspapers.

### MEASURING CUPS

Before you pour sticky substances into a measuring cup, fill it with hot water. Dump out the hot water, but don't dry the cup. Next, add your ingredient, such as peanut butter, and watch how easily it comes right out.

**NASA's robot Curiosity  
landed on Mars. Early  
pictures show no signs of  
ESPN, beer, or porn. This  
makes it very clear that  
men are not from Mars.**





## THE CAKE OF FRIENDSHIP

Preheat the oven of love  
With plenty of secrets and hugs

Mix in giggles and laughs  
That make your sides split in half

Bake with the love and care  
And all the things you both should share

Decorate with the frosting of trust  
This is really a must

Enjoy the cake do not eat it fast  
Just like your new friendship make it last.

Source: #FamilyFriendPoems  
© Tyeisha S. Crutchfield

The biggest regret that people have on their deathbed is that they lived the life expected of them instead of a life true to themselves.



### Quotes to ponder . . .

*“A friend is one who walks in  
when others walk out.”*

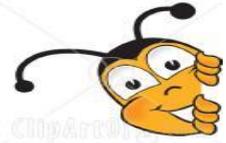
Walter Winchell

*“A friend is a gift you give  
yourself”*

Robert Louis Stevenson

## FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

We are looking forward to continuing a Very Successful New Year 2016 with our Unit #68 and our loyal readers and comrades!!!!



We enjoyed meeting and greeting old friends and new at our Unit #68 Executive Installation on Saturday, January 30<sup>th</sup>!! It was a very enjoyable event and definitely one for our Unit #68 Memory Books

We want to, as always, thank all of our loyal readers and all who send us great items and cartoons, etc. for our newsletter every month – it is very much appreciated!!

And our Special Thanks once again to our Star Columnist, Ron ‘Andy Capp’ Robinson!! We thank you once again for taking us with you down Memory Lane!! Your covers are definitely treasures to behold, and very much appreciated.

**Remember** – you have a standing invitation to visit our webpage at [anavets68.com](http://anavets68.com)

### MARK YOUR CALENDARS!!!!

**Our Unit #68 Annual Picnic/BarBQ** is on Saturday, July 23<sup>rd</sup> – all of our friends and comrades are very welcome!! It is a ‘Fun Day’ so plan to join us at Trout Lake in John Henry Park!!

Your Editors,  
Mardi & Fred

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### Words to live by . . .

*“The very least you can do in your life is to figure out what you hope for. And the most you can do is live inside that hope.”* Barbara Kingsolver