

THE BUZZ



*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!!!*

HAPPY VALENTINES DAY TO ALL!!

THE BUZZ

BUZZ NEWS from your EDITOR-IN- CHIEF:



Comrades of Unit #68:

With a very heavy heart, I have decided to make this my last buzz report. After writing 3 articles every month for nearly 10 years, and without doubt causing a little controversy. I was simply reporting things I felt were informative or needed to be brought to my comrade's attention. It is time to move on.

Throughout my over 8 years as your President, I never took my position lightly nor did I ever lose touch with the purpose of our organization and especially our veterans.

I estimate that I presided as Master of Ceremonies for over 20 Celebrations of Life for former comrades. I wrote eulogies upon eulogies honoring veterans and leaders of our unit and sister units. I attended ceremonies honoring our fallen and above all, I did my best to raise funds for our soldiers and their families.

Together with an extremely dedicated executive we kept our financial books in the positive for all my 8 consecutive years,

even though we had no clubhouse of our own to generate income. Today our Unit #68 assets are almost exactly where there were 10 years ago when I took over, so I leave our unit in good hands.

Although I am once again re-instated as a unit member, thanks to Dominion Command, B.C. Command has stripped me of my beloved Past Colour Sergeants post, and are strictly adhering to the by-laws preventing me from the position as Past President of our Unit #68 after 14 years on the executive. So I leave you all with one last post.

May God bless my Unit #68 comrades, friends and loyal supporters and if you are ever in Penticton just look for my Canadian Flag flying proudly above our home. Also the Yellow Hummer with all the "*Support The Troop*" decals will continue to remind the public of our veterans.

It was an awesome 15 years, Thank You!

The following are my contributions to our Unit #68 and ANAF organization.

(1)-- 2002/2007 Unit #68 executive

(2)-- 2007/2015 Unit #68 President

(3)-- 2004/2016 B.C. Command Colour Guard and Colour Sergeant, for 2 years

(4)-- 2004/2011 Hands Across The Border Committee Member

- (5)-- 2005/2011 International Memorial Society member
- (6)-- 2006/2010 Director ANAF Seniors Housing
- (7)-- 2007/2009 Director R.C.L. Poppy Fund
- (8)-- 2008/2014 Member 9/11 Memorial committee
- (9)-- Member of Unit #26 Building Committee
- (10)- Sergeant- At- Arms for Unit #284
- (11)-- Membership Representative for B.C. Command at 3 Dominion Conventions
- (12)-- Fund raising Over \$45,000.00 for--
(a)-- Wounded warriors, (b)-- Citadel Canine Society, (c)-- Honor House, by giving speeches on P.T.S.D. at different Units and Branches
- (13)-- Awarded the American Legion Award
- (14)-- Awarded The Royal Canadian Legion Achievement Medal

"LEST WE FORGET "

**Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld**

Dear Bob

It is a very sad day for our Buzz learning that this will be your last column for our newsletter. Every month we have welcomed your words and insights on our Veteran's association, as well as your reports on Colour Guard events, and Veteran's Affairs as you took over for your close friend Roy Blair in his memory!

Some of our loyal readers may have disagreed with you on occasion, but all in all, your input was well respected and acknowledged as we all knew that you always wrote with our Veteran's good will in mind!

We would like to now issue you a sincere invitation to continue to contribute to our beloved newsletter as a Special Correspondent (Eat your heart out CNN – we have him first!) You can choose when you wish to contribute as events that affect our veterans happen throughout the year!! Whenever that is, we will welcome your column, and we know our loyal readers will look forward to your input, as always!!!

So Bob, we are requesting that you accept the position of Star Columnist with The Buzz and will continue as such for the coming years!! We all need you Bob, and we, as Editors, are very proud to accept you as a Star on our staff!!!

Sincerely . . .
Your Editors, Mardi & Fred

*You are always there for me
when my spirits need a little lift.
I cannot thank you enough for that.
You are truly an extraordinary gift.*

- MARGERY WANG



FRIENDSHIP

Best Friends means different things to different people. Some insist that you can have only one best friend. Others assert that they have best friends for different aspects of their personalities. Whatever the precise definition, your best friend is the person who gets you. They understand who you are and what you are saying. The greatest distance cannot separate best friends. You will always feel a kinship with them, and be able to instantly continue the friendship even after not talking for many years.

You may meet a person and instantly know that you will be best friends forever. Other friendships develop over an extended period of time. In some friendships you may feel a sense of equality, while in others there may be a clear sense that one is giving more to the friendship than the other. There are no rules about how a friendship has to be. If you are able to share your life with another human being, by all means go right ahead.

All friendships are unique and special in their own way. Each one is valuable.

“A true friend is the greatest of all blessings.”

*A friend is like gold that you should treasure
And take care of forever and ever*

ANAF UNIT #68 MEMBERSHIP . . .



The membership chair for Unit #68 is our unit secretary - **Jan Holt** – if you have not already enrolled for the year 2017 please do so NOW so you may continue receiving all of the wonderful benefits membership accords.

A membership is only \$35.00 per person and \$60.00 for a couple. If you wish to mail in your membership fee, Jan Holt's address is as follows:

#204 - 7850 Knight Street
Vancouver. B.C. V5P 2X6

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

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to our Unit #68 FEBRUARY Celebrants!



Reginald Beaumont
Dick Moore
Janet Lothian

Beverly Larkin
Kathy Leminski
Mardi Zipursky

Happy Birthday Everyone!!!!

A quote to live by

“Live in such a way that you would not be ashamed to sell your parrot to the town gossip.”

--- Will Rogers

A CASE OF 'THE BLUES' . . .

A chilly and overcast day in British Columbia reminds us that January and February are often a dull time in the social calendar. Most part of these months are spent indoors with uncountable servings of coffee. Often hugging a loving, furry pal helps keep us warm inside out.

There is a strange connection between the winter blues and missing someone special. Even a message from them can enliven the day and bring color into your life.

It is easy to drown in the ocean of sadness for any reason, big or small, but the winning moment is to emerge and evolve and also know the art of pulling others out of the drudgery.

There are ways to spruce up the dull days and suggest these 6 assured ways to bring the excitement back and do away with the monotony.

1. Decorating your space with snazzy and colorful January flowers; they are a good way to spread some cheer in your lives. orchids are special. These effervescent flowers bring a smile and fill us with a renewed sense of purpose.
2. Bake and share a sweet and spicy Pumpkin Pie. This 'sunshine dish' is delightful on a winter evening especially when it is shared with your loved ones and friends.
3. Spend quality time with your family. What do I mean by quality time is to listen actively and not merely listen to retort, to share what adds meaning to your life rather than engaging in small talks. Laugh, love or shed a tear or two but be with those who await you with all their

heart. Remember to appreciate with genuine compliments.

4. Let bygones be bygones and move forward with love and enthusiasm. Slow your pace to take stock of where you are headed.
5. Express your love in a subtle manner. It doesn't need a shout-out rather just a whisper or a nudge or that special look which can melt the heart in an instant.
6. Let music soothe your soul when you stay indoors with your loved ones. I love the many winter playlists compiled on YouTube. Watch or read uplifting messages to feed the fire in you.

A YEN TO LIVE

An older man was married to a younger woman. After several years of being happily married, the man had a heart attack. The doctor advised him that to prolong his life, he would have to stop having sex with his wife.

The man and his wife discussed the matter and decided that he should sleep in the family room downstairs to save them both from temptation.

One night, after several weeks, he decided that life without sex wasn't worth living. So he headed upstairs.

He met his wife on the staircase and said, *"I was coming up to die."*

She laughed and replied, *"And I was coming down to kill you!"*

They both outlived his doctor.

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Many girls like to marry a military
man - he can cook, sew,
and make beds, is in good health,
and he's already used to getting
yelled at and taking orders!!!

This Valentine poem is a funny
Valentine verse for those who are no
longer in the bloom of youth.

TIMELESS VALENTINE

As time goes by from year to year,
One thing is surely true, my dear;
Though decades come
and decades go,
Just seeing you sets me aglow.

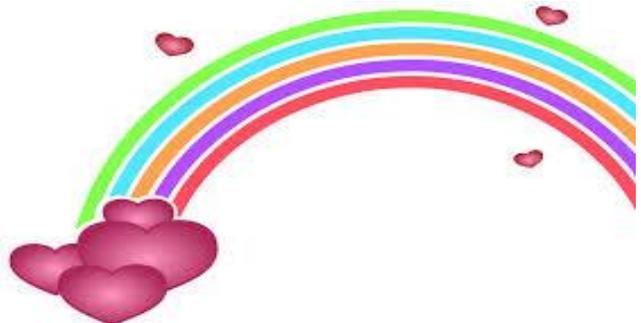
Time shifts my body; I start to sag,
When I pass a mirror,
it can make me gag.
My joints all ache; I can hardly move;
Still a smile from you, and
I'm in the groove.

Getting older can be a pain,
But with you along, I can't complain.
Despite the things
that we go through,
I know I'll never stop loving you.

Your loving heart turns life to play,
As we laugh at time from day to day.
So I write this poem, and
I'll hang my sign,
Saying, "*Always Be My Valentine.*"

By Karl and Joanna Fuchs
www.poemsource.com.

Happy Valentine's Day to All!!!



REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON . . .

In Loving Memory - - - -



In a few days we will be celebrating Valentine's Day so most of this column will concern my connection with Valentines.

My most embarrassing moment in my life came when I was in the fourth grade at Fleming School at Knight Street and 49th Avenue. And yes, I know it's hard to believe, but I was a child once. In front of the entire class Mrs. Gibbs, our teacher, asked me if Valentine was my real name or just a nickname. I stood up and had to admit that *'Yes, Valentine was my real name'*. All the boys in the class snickered and all the girls giggled. My face turned crimson and at that moment I could have been 'RED' Robinson. And no longer do the girls giggle at me, now they laugh out loud at me!

I often have wondered why my parents chose the name *'Valentine'* for me when I actually was born on February 15th, the day after Valentines Day. I break out in a cold sweat when I think of what name my parents would have named me if I had been born on Halloween night. I probably would have ended up with the name *Pumpkin Robinson*.

After that embarrassing moment in school I never used the name *'Valentine'* ever again until about 35 years later. I read that 5 stores in the Oakridge Shopping Mall had a Valentine contest going. To enter you had to draw up a Valentine relating to each of the stores. I decided my chances of winning would increase if I used the name *'Valentine' Robinson* on all of my entries. On Valentines Day I received 5 phone calls, all informing me that I had won all five first prizes – yes – all five!! Of course I never did find out if the name

'Valentine' Robinson won me the prizes, or my clever Valentines. The prizes ranged from gift certificates, chocolates, jewellery, a year supply of laundry detergent, but the best prize of all was a television set from the flower shop. My Valentine for the flower shop read:

"I get a thrill sending flowers to people because I know I'm sending something alive and colorful along with the wonderful fragrance of Mother Nature into their homes."

Now I hope our good friend, Reverend Dennis Morgan isn't reading this column because this confession coming up will probably ruin any chance I might have had of getting into Heaven. Those wonderful words I said about how happy I was sending flowers to people was one huge lie! The fact is I've never sent flowers to anyone in my entire life – the main reason is because I'm just plain CHEAP! But my lies got me a nice television set so there's a moral here – *If you can't tell the truth, lie like hell.*

Now, about our flag . . . you may ask what the Canadian flag has got to do with Valentines Day. Hey, if I ramble on long enough, I can find ways of connecting anything to Valentines Day.

On January 22, 1965, I became the first in Western Canada to fly our new Maple Leaf flag. The event was carried in all the daily newspapers with a full color photo taken in front of our clubrooms. Three weeks later our new flag became official. And on February 15th, Ottawa proclaimed February 15th (my birthday) as Canada's National Flag Day. I was so proud and happy that they chose my birthday even though it was actually just a coincident, although I did receive a letter from Prime Minister Lester Pearson thanking me for promoting the new flag.

Written in February 2008

Forever in our Memories

WHO OWNS THE COPYRIGHT TO PETER PAN?

J M Barrie gave all the rights to *Peter Pan* to Great Ormond Street Hospital in 1929, and this was later confirmed when he died in 1937.



Since then the hospital has received royalties every time a production of the play is put on, as well as from the sale of Peter Pan books and other products..

Barrie requested that the amount raised from *Peter Pan* should never be revealed, and the hospital has always honoured his wishes.



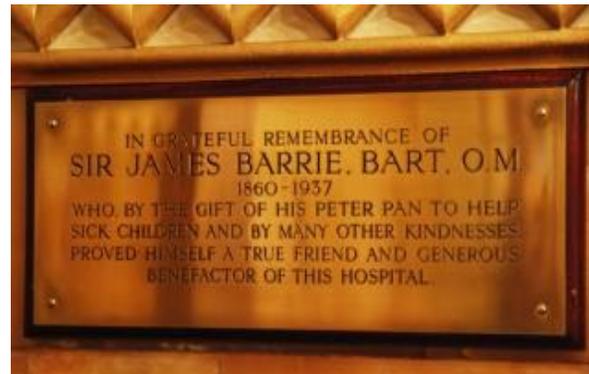
On 14 December 1929, at Barrie's suggestion, the cast of a London production of Peter Pan came to the hospital and they played out the nursery scene for the children, the first of a long tradition.

Although he and his wife were childless, Barrie loved children and had supported Great Ormond Street Hospital for many years.

In 1929 he was approached to sit on a committee to help buy some land so that the hospital could build a much needed new wing. Barrie declined to serve on the committee but said that he "*hoped to find another way to help*".

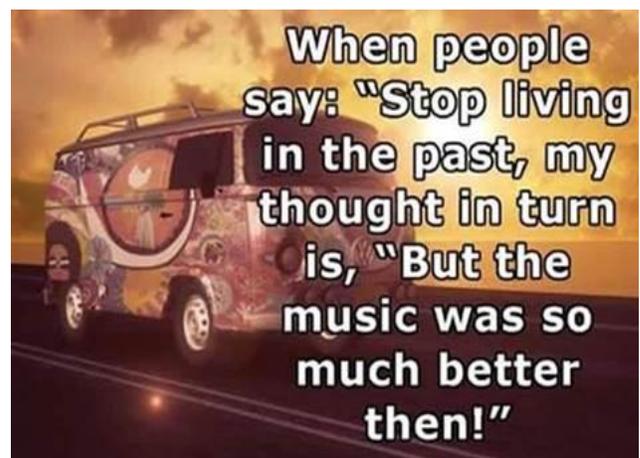
Two months later, the hospital board was stunned to learn that Sir James had handed over all his rights to *Peter Pan*.

At a Guildhall dinner later that year Barrie, as host, claimed that Peter Pan had been a patient in Great Ormond Street Hospital and that "*it was he who put me up to the little thing I did for the hospital*".



JM Barrie dedication plaque

So began the enduring link between the author and the children of Great Ormond Street Hospital (GOSH). *This hospital is one of the world's leading children's hospitals and is located in central London.*



PIANO LESSONS

True Story

At the prodding of my friends I am writing this story. My name is Mildred Honor. I am a former elementary school music teacher from Des Moines, Iowa.

I have always supplemented my income by teaching piano lessons... something I have done for over 30 years. During those years, I found that children have many levels of musical ability, and even though I have never had the prodigy, I have taught some very talented students. However, I have also had my share of what I call *'Musically Challenged Pupils'*.

One such pupil being Robby. Robby was 11 years old when his mother (a single mom) dropped him off for his first piano lesson.

I prefer that students (especially boys) begin at an earlier age, which I explained to Robby. But Robby said that it had always been his mother's dream to hear him play the piano, so I took him as a student.

At the end of each weekly lesson he would always say *'My mom's going to hear me play someday.'* But to me, it seemed hopeless; he just did not have any inborn ability.

I only knew his mother from a distance as she dropped Robby off or waited in her aged car to pick him up. She always waved and smiled, but never dropped in.

Then one day Robby stopped coming for his lessons. I thought about calling him, but assumed that because of his lack of ability he had decided to pursue something else. I was also glad that he had stopped coming. He was a bad advertisement for my teaching!

Several weeks later I mailed a flyer recital to the students' homes. To my surprise, Robby (who had received a flyer) asked if he could be in the recital. I told him that the recital was for current pupils and that because he had dropped out, he really did not qualify.

He told me that his Mother had been sick and unable to take him to his piano lessons, but that he had been practicing. *'Please Miss Honor, I've just got to play,'* he insisted. I don't know what led me to allow him to play in the recital - perhaps it was his insistence or maybe something inside of me saying that it would be all right.

The night of the recital came and the high school gymnasium was packed with parents, relatives and friends. I put Robby last in the program, just before I was to come up and thank all the students and play a finishing piece. I thought that any damage he might do would come at the end of the program and I could always salvage his poor performance through my *'Curtain Closer'*.

Well, the recital went off without a hitch; the students had been practicing and it showed. Then Robby came up on the stage. His clothes were wrinkled and his hair looked as though he had run an egg beater through it. *'Why wasn't he dressed up like the other students?'* I thought. *'Why didn't his Mother at least make him comb his hair for this special night?'*

Robby pulled out the piano bench, and I was surprised when he announced that he had chosen to play Mozart's Concerto No.21 in C Major. I was not prepared for what I heard next. His fingers were light on the keys, they even danced nimbly on the ivories. He went from pianissimo to fortissimo, from allegro to virtuoso; his suspended chords that Mozart demands

were magnificent! Never had I heard Mozart played so well by anyone his age.

After six and a half minutes, he ended in a grand crescendo, and everyone was on their feet in wild applause!!! Overcome and in tears, I ran up on stage and put my arms around Robby in joy.

'I have never heard you play like that Robby, how did you do it? Through the microphone Robby explained: 'Well, Miss Honor, remember I told you that my mom was sick? Well, she actually had cancer and passed away this morning. And well... she was born deaf, so tonight was the first time she had ever heard me play, and I wanted to make it special.'

There wasn't a dry eye in the house that evening. As people from Social Services led Robby from the stage to be placed in to foster care, I noticed that even their eyes were red and puffy. I thought to myself then how much richer my life had been for taking Robby as my pupil.

No, I have never had a prodigy, but that night I became a prodigy ... of Robby. He was the teacher and I was the pupil, for he had taught me the meaning of perseverance and love and believing in yourself, and may be even taking a chance on someone and you didn't know why.

Robby was killed years later in the senseless bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City in April, 1995.

A footnote to the story: The person who sent this to you believes that we can all make a difference!!! So many seemingly trivial interactions between two people present us with a choice. Do we act with compassion or do we pass up that opportunity!

Remember to: Live simply. Love generously. Care deeply. Speak kindly.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS?

Over breakfast one morning, a woman said to her husband, *"I'll bet you don't know what day this is."*

"Of course I do," he answered as if he was offended, and left for the office.

At 10:00 a.m., the doorbell rang and when the woman opened the door, she was handed a box of a dozen long stemmed red roses.

At 1:00 p.m., a foil-wrapped, two-pound box of her favorite chocolates was delivered.

Later, a boutique delivered a designer dress. The woman couldn't wait for her husband to come home.

"First the flowers, then the chocolates and then the dress!" she exclaimed. *"I've never had a more wonderful Groundhog Day in my life!"*



Winter is nature's way of saying, "Up yours." ~Robert Byrne

Spring is nature's way of saying, "Let's party!" ~Robin Williams

Wherever you go, no matter what the weather, always bring your own sunshine. ~Anthony J. D'Angelo, *The College Blue Book*

'UNKNOWN' is sometimes RIGHT ON

There comes a point in your life when you realize who really matters, who never did, and who always will.

- Unknown

A friend is someone who can see the truth and pain in you even when you are fooling everyone else.

- Unknown

"If you're alone, I'll be your shadow. If you want to cry, I'll be your shoulder. If you want a hug, I'll be your pillow. If you need to be happy, I'll be your smile... But anytime you need a friend, I'll just be me."

- Unknown

It's the times we're so crazy,
that people think we're high.
It's the times we laugh so hard,
we can't help but cry.
It's all the inside jokes
and "remember whens".
those are all the reasons
that we're best friends!

- Unknown

A friend is someone who knows the song in your heart and can sing it back to you when you have forgotten the words.

- Unknown

*I May Not Be The Most
Important Person In Your
Life... I Just Hope When
You Hear My Name, You
Smile And Say That's My Friend!*



SOME HANDY WINTER HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR YOU:



Salt Stains on Leather . . .

If you get salt stains on your leather shoes or boots in the wintertime, mix one tablespoon of white vinegar in one cup of water. Dip a clean soft rag in the liquid, then wipe the salt stains. Allow to dry and your shoes should be good as new!

Keep Your Feet Dry in The Slush With Plastic Bags . . .

When we were kids and wanted to play outside in the rain or snow and didn't have boots, my mother would put plastic bags over our socks then put our shoes on then cover the plastic bags up with our pants. My mom used bread bags but you can now use recycled plastic grocery bags. These rainy, winter days we can still cover our socks with plastic bags before we go out into the snow. It's one more useful thing you can do with those plastic bags that are just waiting to be reused!

Delicious house scents

Place vanilla scented tea lights in a bowl of coffee beans. The candles will heat the coffee beans making your house smell like delicious French vanilla coffee!!!



AND FOR THOSE PIE SNACKS . . .

Make and Freeze Pie Filling . . .

Buy apples in quantity when they are on sale. Cut them up and mix with your favorite apple pie recipe. Freeze them in zip lock bags in pie size portions. When you want a pie just dump the bag into a pie shell and bake!

A TOUCH OF HOLY HUMOUR . . .

While driving in Pennsylvania, a family caught up to an Amish carriage. The owner of the carriage obviously had a sense of humour, because attached to the back of the carriage was a hand printed sign...
"Energy efficient vehicle: Runs on oats and grass. Caution: Do not step in exhaust."

OVERHEAD ON THE SKY TRAIN . . .

I just picked up a copy of People's 100 Most Eligible Bachelors . . . I've searched cover to cover and I still can't find the order form.

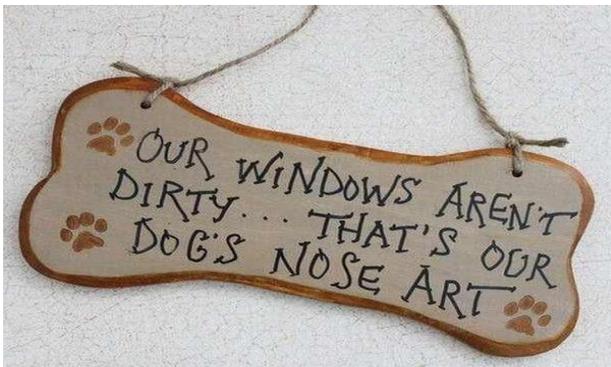
HELP ME DOCTOR . . .

The elderly man told his doctor that he wasn't able to do all the things around the house that he used to do.

When the examination was complete, he said, *"Now, Doc, I can take it. Tell me in plain English what is wrong with me."*

"Well, in plain English," the doctor replied, *"you're just a lazy old fart."*

"Okay," said the man. *"Now give me the latin term so I can tell my wife."*

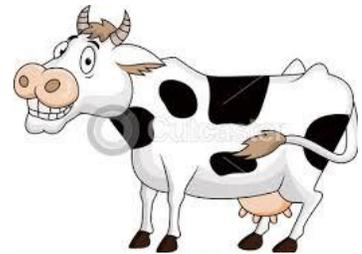


GOTTA LOVE 'TALKING COWS' . . .

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."*



MILITARY HUMOUR . . .

A career military man, who had retired as a corporal, was telling the younger men how he handled officers during his years of service.

"It didn't matter a hoot if he was a Major General, an Admiral, or the Commander-in-Chief. I always told those guys exactly where to get off."

"Wow, you must have been something," the admiring young soldiers remarked. *"What was your job in the service?"*

"Elevator operator in the Pentagon."

Friendship isn't about whom you have known the longest... It's about who came, and never left your side...

- Unknown

THE OSTRICH!

A man walks into a restaurant with a full-grown Ostrich behind him. The waitress asks them for their orders. The man says, "A hamburger, fries and a coke," and turns to the ostrich, "What's yours?" "I'll have the same," says the ostrich.

A short time later the waitress returns with the order. "That will be \$9.40 please." The man reaches into his pocket and pulls out the exact change for payment.

The next day, the man and the ostrich come again and the man says, "A hamburger, fries and a coke." The ostrich says, "I'll have the same."

Again the man reaches into his pocket and pays with exact change.

This becomes routine until the two enter again. "The usual?" asks the waitress. "No, this is Friday night, so I will have a steak, baked potato and a salad," says the man. "Same," says the Ostrich. Shortly the waitress brings the order and says, "That will be \$32.62." Once again the man pulls the exact change out of his pocket and places it on the table.

The waitress cannot hold back her curiosity any longer. "Excuse me, Sir. How do you manage to always come up with the exact change in your pocket every time?"

"Well," says the man, "several years ago I was cleaning the attic and found an old lamp. When I rubbed it, a Genie appeared and offered me two wishes. My first wish was that if I ever had to pay for anything, I would just put my hand in my pocket and the right amount of money would always be there."

"That's brilliant!" says the waitress. "Most people would ask for a million dollars or

something, but you'll always be as rich as you want for as long as you live!"

"That's right. Whether it's a gallon of milk or a Rolls Royce, the exact money is always there," says the man.



The waitress asks, "What's with the ostrich?"

The man sighs, pauses and answers, "My second wish was for a tall chick with a big ass and long legs who agrees with everything I say."

WELL HELLO !!!!!

It's winter in Canada!
And the gentle breezes blow,
Seventy miles an hour
At thirty-five below.
Oh, how I love Canada
When the snows up to your butt
You take a breath of winter
And your nose gets frozen shut.
Yes, the winter here is wonderful
So I guess I'll hang around
I could never leave Canada
I'm frozen to the bloody ground!!!



GOLF-AHOLICS HUMOUR . . .

Four old-timers were playing their weekly game of golf.

One remarked how nice it would be to wake up on Christmas morning, roll out of bed and without an argument go directly to the golf course, meet his buddies and play a round.

His buddies all chimed in said, "*Let's do it! We'll make it a priority - figure out a way and meet here early, Christmas morning.*"

Months later, that special morning arrives, and there they are on the golf course.

The first guy says, "*Boy this game cost me a fortune! I bought my wife a diamond ring that she can't take her eyes off of.*"

The second guy says, "*I spent a ton too. My wife is at home planning the cruise I gave her. She was up to her eyeballs in brochures.*"

The third guy says "*Well my wife is at home admiring her new car, reading the manual.*"

They all turned to the last guy in the group who is staring at them like they have lost their minds. "*I can't believe you all went to such expense for this golf game. I slapped my wife on the bum and said, 'Well babe, Merry Christmas! It's a great morning - golf course or intercourse?' She said, 'Don't forget your hat.'*"



THE MAILMAN'S LAST DAY

It was the mailman's last day on the job after 35 years of carrying the mail through all kinds of weather to the same neighborhood.

When he arrived at the first house on his route he was greeted by the whole family, who congratulated him and sent him on his way with a big gift certificate envelope.

At the second house they presented him with a box of fine imported cigars.

The folks at the third house handed him a selection of terrific fishing lures.

At each of the houses along his route, he was met with congratulations, farewells, cards, and gifts of all types and values.

At the final house he was met at the door by a strikingly beautiful young blonde in a revealing negligee. She took him by the hand, gently led him through the door (which she closed behind him), and led him up the stairs to the bedroom -- where they had a most passionate liaison.

Afterwards, they went downstairs where she fixed him a giant breakfast: eggs, potatoes, ham, sausage, blueberry waffles, and fresh-squeezed orange juice.

When he was truly satisfied she poured him a cup of steaming coffee. As she was pouring, he noticed a dollar bill sticking out from under the cup's bottom edge.

"*All this was just too wonderful for words,*" he said ... *'but what's the dollar for?'*

'Well,' she said, 'last night, I told my husband that today would be your last day ...and that we should do something special for you I asked him what to give you?' He said, "*....Screw himgive him a dollar.*"

She then blushed and added, '*....But the breakfast was my idea!*'

A SWEET LITTLE GIRL . . .

Here's a truly heartwarming story about the bond formed between a little 4-year-old girl & some construction workers that will make you believe that we all can make a difference when we give a child the gift of our time.



A young family moved into a house, next to a vacant lot. One day, a construction crew turned up to start building a house on the empty lot.

The young family's 4-year-old daughter naturally took an interest in all the activity going on next door and spent much of each day observing the workers.

Eventually the construction crew, all of them "gems-in-the-rough," more or less adopted her as a kind of project mascot. They chatted with her, let her sit with them while they had coffee and lunch breaks, & gave her 20 little jobs to do here and there to make her feel important.

At the end of the first week, they even presented her with a pay envelope containing ten dollars.

The little girl took this home to her mother who suggested that she take her 10 dollars "pay" she'd received to the bank the next day to start a savings account.

When the girl and her mom got to the bank, the teller was equally impressed & asked the little girl how she had come by her very own pay check at such a young age.

The little girl proudly replied, *"I worked last week with a real construction crew building the new house next door to us."*

"Oh my goodness gracious," said the teller, *"and will you be working on the house again this week, too?"*

The little girl replied, *"I will, if those assholes at Home Depot ever deliver the f#@kin' drywall."*

MEMORABLE MEDICAL

EXAMS . . .

While acquainting myself with a new elderly patient, I asked, *'How long have you been bedridden?'*

After a look of complete confusion she answered . . . *'Why, not for about twenty years - when my husband was alive.'*

Submitted by Dr. Steven Swanson-Corvallis, OR

.....
A nurse was on duty in the Emergency Room when a young woman with purple hair styled into a punk rocker Mohawk, sporting a variety of tattoos, and wearing strange clothing, entered . . . It was quickly determined that the patient had acute appendicitis, so she was scheduled for immediate surgery.. When she was completely disrobed on the operating table, the staff noticed that her pubic hair had been dyed green and above it there was a tattoo that read . . . *'Keep off the grass.'*

Once the surgery was completed, the surgeon wrote a short note on the patient's dressing, which said *'Sorry . . . had to mow the lawn.'*

Submitted by RN no name,

.....
At the beginning of my shift I placed a stethoscope on an elderly and slightly deaf female patient's anterior chest wall.

'Big breaths,'. . . I instructed.

'Yes, they used to be,'. . . replied the patient.

Submitted by Dr. Richard Byrnes
Seattle, WA

**FROM OUR UNIT
#68 BUZZ RECIPE
CORNER:**



**BACON
CHEESEBURGER PIE . . .**



INGREDIENTS:

- 1 uncooked pie crust (store bought or prepared)
- 1 pound lean ground beef
- 1 onion, chopped
- 5 slices raw bacon, chopped
- 1/3 cup panko bread crumbs
- 1 teaspoon yellow mustard
- 3 tablespoons barbecue sauce
- 1 tablespoon ketchup
- 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 teaspoon black pepper
- 2 cups shredded cheddar cheese
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup milk

METHOD:

1. Preheat oven to 400 degrees.
2. Brown ground beef, onion and bacon until no pink remains. Drain well. Remove from heat and stir in bread crumbs, mustard, barbecue sauce, ketchup, Worcestershire and

pepper. Place mixture in prepared pie crust.

3. In a small bowl, combine cheese, milk and egg. Spread over meat mixture.
4. Cover the edges of the pie crust with foil or a pie shield to prevent over browning. Bake 15 minutes, remove foil and bake an additional 15 minutes.

ENJOY!!!!

GREAT TIMELESS TRUTHS

In my many years I have come to a conclusion that one useless man is a shame, two is a law firm and three or more is a government.

John Adams

If you don't read the newspaper you are uninformed, if you do read the newspaper you are misinformed.

Mark Twain

Suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of government. But then I repeat myself.

Mark Twain

I don't make jokes. I just watch the government and report the facts.

Will Rogers

No man's life, liberty, or property is safe while the legislature is in session.

Mark Twain

The government is like a baby's alimentary canal, with a happy appetite at one end and no responsibility at the other.

Ronald Reagan

PET 'SEX FROGS' ...

A blonde goes to her local pet store in search of an 'exotic' pet. As she looks about the store, she notices a box FULL of frogs. The sign says: 'SEX FROGS' Only \$20 each: comes with 'complete' instructions.

The girl excitedly looks around to see if anybody's watching her. She whispers softly to the man behind the counter, '*I'll TAKE one!*' As the man packages the frog, he quietly says to her, '*Just follow the instructions!*' The blonde nods, grabs the box, and is quickly on her way home.

As soon as she closes the door to her apartment, she opens the instructions and reads them very carefully. She does EXACTLY what is specified:

1. *Take a shower.*
2. *Splash on some nice perfume.*
3. *Slip into a very sexy nightie.*
4. *Crawl into bed and place the frog down beside you, and allow the frog to do what he has been trained to do.*

She then quickly gets into bed with the frog and to her surprise . . . NOTHING happens! The blonde is very disappointed and quite upset at this point. She re-reads the instructions and notices at the bottom of the paper it says, '*If you have any problems or questions ... please call the pet store.*' So, she calls the pet store. The man says, '*I'll be right over.*' Within minutes, the man is ringing her doorbell.

The blonde welcomes him in and says, '*See, I've done everything according to the instructions. The damn frog just sits there!*'

The man, looking very concerned, picks up the frog, stares directly into its eyes and STERNLY says: '*LISTEN TO ME!! I'm only going to show you how to do this ONE MORE TIME...*'

WHEN YOU'RE OVER SEVENTY

I was standing at the bar one night minding my own business. This rather ugly chick came up behind me, grabbed my behind and said, "*You're kinda cute. You gotta phone number?*"



I said, "*Yeah, you gotta pen?*"
She said, "*Yeah, I got a pen.*"

I said, "*You better get back in it before the farmer misses you.*"

Cost me 6 stitches, but when you're over seventy...who cares?

.....

I was talking to a young woman in the bar last night. She said, "*If you lost a few pounds, had a shave and got your hair cut, you'd look all right.*"

I said, "*If I did that, I'd be talking to your friends over there instead of you.*"

Cost me a fat lip, but when you're over seventy ... who cares?

.....

I was telling a woman in the pub about my ability to guess what day a woman was born just by feeling her breasts.

"Really?" she said "Go on then... try".

After about thirty seconds of fondling and squeezing she began to lose patience and said, "*Come on, what day was I born?*"

I said, "*Yesterday.*"

Cost me a kick in the groin, but when you're over seventy...who cares?

.....

I went to the pub last night and saw a BIG woman dancing on a table. I said, "Good legs."

The girl giggled and said, "Do you really think so?"

I said, "Definitely! Most tables would have collapsed by now."

Cost me 6 more stitches, but when you're over seventy ...who cares?

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.

WHEN I DIE



Please don't say:
 "I won't have another dog"
 Search for one who is not loved,
 abandoned or kept in a sanctuary
 and let him take my place

FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

Will it *EVER* stop snowing!?! YIKES! This is getting too much like the Prairies or the East!!!! Where is our beautiful, green LotusLand??? We would even welcome RAIN!!!! *Green and Wet* – that's us!



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!!

We want to wish all of our loyal readers a Happy and Fun Valentine's Day!! ENJOY! ENJOY! It is a Day for HUGS – so hug often and warmly!!

Remember – you have a standing invitation to visit our webpage at anavets68.com

MARK YOUR CALENDARS!!!!

This year 2017, our Unit #68 Annual Picnic/BarBQ is on Saturday, July 22nd – at Trout Lake in John Henry Park . . . all of our friends and comrades are very welcome!! Plan to join us!!

**Your Editors,
 Mardi & Fred**

Wouldn't life be perfect
 If sweatpants were sexy,
 Mondays were fun,
 Junk food didn't make you fat,
 Girls didn't cause such drama,
 Guys weren't so confusing, and
 Goodbyes only meant until
 tomorrow.