

# THE BUZZ



**MAY THE YEAR 2014 HOLD MANY  
SUCCESSSES FOR ALL OF US -  
HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OF OUR  
COMRADES AND FRIENDS**

# THE BUZZ



## YOUR PRESIDENT'S REPORT

**Comrades:**

When this issue is published we will already be 10 days into another exciting New Year for our Unit #68.

To all my members please attend the "INSTALLATION OF THE EXECUTIVE" on January 12th, 2014 at 1:00 P.M. at Unit #100. This will be the first time 3 Units will hold their installation together so make sure to come early for a good seat.

I am very proud to announce that this is my 7th year as your President and also together with the same executive all these years.

Our executive work endlessly to keep our unit exciting, vibrant and active and although we do not always agree, the glue that binds us is our ability to always vote on issues once we have had an open debate and the majority rules. Over the last 6 years there have been many important decisions and last month's report in our December Buzz says it all.

A special thank you to my Vice President Sandy Greenfield who looks after our

finance reports, to Mardi Zipursky and Fred Bugden for their tireless work with the 17th year for the "BUZZ" magazine--WOW!!!; to Dick Moore who does an excellent job with the B.C. Command sports all year, and of course the rest of our executive, May Nyce and Mike Carpenter who I can call on anytime for advice. Last but not least, is our unit secretary Jan Holt, who has been my saviour since she took on this busy portfolio and who is now also our membership chair. As they say in the army, a General is only as good as his troops, and I have the best!! THANK YOU ALL.

Although our comrade Dick Moore is a very private person, I wish to offer our condolences from every Unit #68 member with the passing of his beautiful daughter last month. I would ask you all to please respect Dick's privacy with no phone calls, and to offer a prayer at this difficult time.

We will announce the date of our A.G.M. Meeting in the next issue of The Buzz, with a mailing notice of time and place to every member, so please re-new your membership now, still only \$35.00.

P.S. We just applied for our Trout Lake Unit #68 picnic permit, so get your card, its only 180 days away---ouch!

Many thanks from both Rose and myself for all your well wishes after both our surgeries last month. We are both recovering and slowly getting back to normal. P.S. I hate hospitals!!!!

*Fraternally,*

**Bob Rietveld**  
President A.N.A.F. Unit #68

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## PROVINCIAL COLOUR GUARD REPORT

Comrades,  
Our elections for 2014 Executive and Colour Sergeant are on January 11, 2013 so as of this issue I cannot report the results.

Its been my honour to lead this distinguished group of Comrades as their Colour Sergeant for the last 4 years since the departure of Spider (Roy Breitcruetz) who moved to Kamloops and also left big boots to fill. Although I was never as military trained as Spider, one of my proudest achievements has been recruiting new members and finding harmony with our comrades from the Royal Canadian Legion Colour Party. In past years there was always friction when it came to who should lead the parades, the Colour Guard A.N.A.F. or the Legion. So when I took over, my first initiative was to meet with my counterpart, Scott Browning, R.C.L. Colour Sergeant and shake hands with him and come to a mutual agreement by which we would unofficially agree to take turns each year as to who should lead a parade. This is an arrangement that has worked now for 3 years to the benefit of both organizations. In fact, at many parades we join together and proudly carry our colours and banners, something that was unheard of 5 years ago.

Another exciting event last year was the re-initiation of my mentor Terry Misner

back into the Colour Guard after an unfortunate incident which unknown to us kept Terry from marching with us for many years. When I first joined 12 years ago, Terry used to make me go to the Navy Hall in Richmond every Saturday morning to try to teach me how to march and learn the rules and he was tough; stop lifting your knees like a German storm trooper, he would say until I got it right. Thanks Terry, I never forgot.

We always do our best to follow the traditions and protocol of the Colour Guard and march with dignity and respect for our past veterans, while at the same time we try to make joining our group a fun experience and as mentioned in past reports, most comrades are volunteers and not veterans.

I am ready to pass the torch and hope that my comrades support whoever that new leader might be. Although I was very sick last month following my surgery I forced myself out of the hospital to make a short appearance at our Colour Guard Appreciation Dinner and of course our godfather -- Chuck Mc Donald, gave me shit, but it was worth it.

*Fraternally,*

**Bob Rietveld**  
Color Sergeant

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## ANAF INSTALLATION

**INSTALLATION OF PRESIDENTS and EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF UNIT #68, UNIT #26 AND UNIT #100** on Sunday, January 12<sup>th</sup> at 1 pm at the 100 Club.

Everyone is welcome. Please come out to show your support for these executives.

**TOGETHER WE STAND  
SHOULDER TO  
SHOULDER**



## VETERAN'S AFFAIRS REPORT

Comrades.

The war in Afghanistan will be over in March of this year with most of our troops already home. A quote from Douglas MacArthur "*It is fatal to enter any war without the will to win*" and so we continue to ask the question, was it worth it?

158 soldiers killed and over 2000 wounded between 2001 and 2011 with a cost to Canada of over 20 Billion dollars. It is said that the war was never accorded the seriousness it deserved.

Will the conflict end? It is unlikely and complicated; there was never enough force on the ground and yet our soldiers died to give Afghanistan a better future.

Over the last few years our NATO ALLIANCE trained an Afghan National Army but there is little hope the government can meet its expenses. The country faces high rates of poverty, unemployment and continued poppy cultivation.

At home, the remains of war are everywhere and it is our duty as a veteran's organization to help those who served so bravely.

Recently people enquired why I end my report with "**Respectfully submitted in honour of Roy Blair**".

Comrade Roy Blair, who passed away February 5, 2011, was my very best friend, a fellow Colour Guard member, a Unit #68 executive member, and long time author of the Veterans Affairs articles in The Buzz. Roy was also known as the "*Gentle Giant*" so with permission from our editors I asked if I could continue Roy's legacy and

therefore I dedicate each article to my friend.

*Respectfully submitted in honour of Roy Blair.*

Fraternally,  
**Bob Rietveld**

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## UNIT #68 MEMBERSHIP . . .

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

All cards and membership requirements will be done by Jan with a huge thank you from our executive.

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## HAPPY BIRTHDAY to our Unit #68 JANUARY Celebrants!



Virginia Overholt    Bob Rietveld

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

***Happy Birthday Everyone!!!***

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***“Do not go where the path may lead, go instead where there is no path and leave a trail.”***

*Unknown author*

## CHRISTMAS AT ROCK-AWAY REST

'Twas the night before Christmas  
at Rock-Away Rest,  
and all of us seniors were looking  
our best.

Our glasses, how sparkly, our wrinkles,  
how merry;  
Our punchbowl held prune juice plus three  
drops of sherry.

A bedsock was taped to each walker,  
in hope  
That Santa would bring us soft candy  
and soap.  
We surely were lucky to be there  
with friends,  
Secure in this residence and in  
our Depends.

Our grandkids had sent us some  
Christmasy crafts,  
Like angels in snowsuits and  
penguins on rafts.  
The dental assistant had borrowed  
our teeth,  
And from them she'd crafted a  
holiday wreath.

The bed pans, so shiny,  
all stood in a row,  
Reflecting our candle's  
magnificent glow.  
Our supper so festive --  
the joy wouldn't stop --  
Was creamy warm oatmeal  
with sprinkles on top.

Our salad was Jell-O, so jiggly and great,  
Then puree of fruitcake was spooned  
on each plate.

The social director then had us  
play games,  
Like "Where Are You Living?" and  
"What Are Your Names?"

Old Grandfather Looper was  
feeling his oats,

Proclaiming that reindeer were  
nothing but goats.  
Our resident wand'rer was tied  
to her chair,  
In hopes that at bedtime she still  
would be there.

Security lights on the new fallen snow  
Made outdoors seem noon to  
the old folks below.  
Then out on the porch there arose  
quite a clatter  
(But we are so deaf that it just  
didn't matter).

A strange little fellow flew in  
through the door,  
Then tripped on the sill and fell  
flat on the floor.  
'Twas just our director,  
all toggged out in red.  
He jiggled and chuckled and  
patted each head.

We knew from the way that he  
strutted and jived  
Our social- security checks had arrived.  
We sang -- how we sang --  
In our monotone croak,  
Till the clock tinkled out its soft  
eight-p.m. stroke.

And soon we were snuggling  
deep in our beds.  
While nurses distributed  
nocturnal meds.  
And so ends our Christmas at  
Rock-Away Rest.

'fore long you'll be with us,  
We wish you the best!

*Author Unknown*



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*“My Grandmother is over eighty and  
still doesn't need glasses.  
Drinks right out of the bottle.”*

--- Henny Youngman

**KEVIN HAD SHINGLES . . .**

Those of us who spend much time in a doctor's office should appreciate this! Doesn't it seem more and more that physicians are running their practices like an assembly line?

Here's what happened to Kevin:

Kevin walked into a doctor's office and the receptionist asked him what he had. Kevin said: '*Shingles.*' So she wrote down his name, address, medical insurance number and told him to have a seat.

Fifteen minutes later a nurse's aide came out and asked Kevin what he had. Kevin said, '*Shingles.*' So she wrote down his height, weight, a complete medical history and told Kevin to wait in the examining room.

A half hour later a nurse came in and asked Kevin what he had. Kevin said, '*Shingles.*' So the nurse gave Kevin a blood test, a blood pressure test, an electrocardiogram, and told Kevin to take off all his clothes and wait for the doctor.



An hour later the doctor came in and found Kevin sitting patiently in the nude and asked Kevin what he had.

Kevin said, '*Shingles.*'

The doctor asked, '*Where?*'



Kevin said, '*Outside on the truck. Where do you want me to unload 'em??'*

## REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON



During the eighties my wife and I ran bus trips from Unit #26 to Reno, two or three times a year. Those trips to the Land of the Slots left us with many

happy memories.

One such trip began with a phone call to our home from a White Rock couple. The man said he had heard about our bus trip to Reno and he wondered if we still had space left on our bus. He sounded very happy when I said we had room for them. He also asked if we could pick them up at the border rather than having to drive into Vancouver to catch our bus, no trouble at all I told him.

A few weeks later our trip began. The couple was waiting with their luggage when we arrived at the border. They were a Jewish couple in their late sixties, and looked a little too dignified to fit in with us ANAF rowdies! I introduced them to everyone on the bus and we then began our trip to Nevada.

A few hours into our trip the gentleman said he was rather surprised that neither he nor his wife had recognized anyone on the bus. He said he and his wife had both worked for the Army and Navy store for almost 40 years and thought they would know almost everyone on the trip.

I then explained that we were from the Army and Navy Veterans club with no connection to the department store.

The couple didn't drink or smoke so my wife and I practically babysat them all the way to Reno. The problem here is that on our Reno trips it was almost illegal to be completely sober after we were three hours from our club. If any of our passengers appeared sober we found they

were either dead or were going through a change of life.

The trip back to Vancouver was quite a surprise. Our once dignified couple began to drink along with us and joined in our crazy games we played on the bus.

A few weeks after our trip my wife and I received a letter from White Rock thanking us for watching over them on the trip. They then proceeded to tell us that our group was the nicest bunch of people they had ever met and wanted us to make sure we let them know when our next trip was scheduled. They didn't want to miss it!



There must be a moral to this story but I'm damned if I can think of one except to say that letter proves that people belonging to the Army, Navy and Air Force clubs are the nicest human beings in the world!!

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

Ronnie, this one is without a doubt one of our very favorite of your life stories (and might we remind everyone that all of these stories you relate in your column are true stories – that actually happened in your lifetime). We still say Ronnie – there is a book or two or three in these wonderful experiences of yours!!!

And as we welcome a new year 2014 – we think your last paragraph says it all – *“people belonging to the Army Navy and Air Force clubs are the nicest human beings in the world!!!”*

And Ronnie – thank you for allowing us to re-print this fabulous story (originally in your October 2005 column) May that *‘writing group of fingers’* of yours have a real comeback in 2014!!!!

## BURNT BISCUITS . . .

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *This is a wonderful story, perfect for welcoming a brand new year – we have printed it before, but it is one of those tales that needs repeating every now and then. It came to us under 'anonymous author'. ENJOY!*



When I was a kid, my mom liked to make breakfast food for dinner every now and then. And I remember one night in particular when she had made breakfast after a long, hard day at work. On that evening so long ago, my mom placed a plate of eggs, sausage and extremely burned biscuits in front of my dad. I remember waiting to see if anyone noticed! Yet all my dad did was reach for his biscuit, smile at my mom and ask me how my day was at school. I don't remember what I told him that night, but I do remember watching him smear butter and jelly on that biscuit and eat every bite!

When I got up from the table that evening, I remember hearing my mom apologize to my dad for burning the biscuits. And I'll never forget what he said: *"Honey, I love burned biscuits."*

Later that night, I went to kiss Daddy good night and I asked him if he really liked his biscuits burned. He wrapped me in his arms and said, *"Your Momma put in a hard day at work today and she's real tired. And besides – a little burnt biscuit never hurt anyone!"*

Life is full of imperfect things . . . and imperfect people. I'm not the best at hardly anything, and I forget birthdays and anniversaries just like everyone else. But what I've learned over the years is that learning to accept each other's faults - and choosing to celebrate each other's differences - is one of the most important keys to creating a healthy, growing, and lasting relationship.

And that's our New Year prayer for you today. That you will learn to take the good, the bad, and the ugly parts of your life and lay them at the feet of God. Because in the end, He's the only One who will be able to give you a relationship where a burnt biscuit isn't a deal-breaker!

We could extend this to any relationship. In fact, understanding is the base of any relationship, be it a husband-wife or parent-child or friendship!

*"Don't put the key to your happiness in someone else's pocket - keep it in your own."*

***Happy New Year 2014 everyone . . . and please pass me a biscuit, and yes, the burnt one will do just fine.!..!!***

***PLEASE pass this along to someone who has enriched your life...we just did!***



## ALZHEIMER'S REQUEST

*Do not ask me to remember,  
don't try to make me understand.  
Let me rest and know you're with me, kiss  
my cheek and hold my hand.*

*I'm confused beyond your concept,  
I'm sad and sick and lost.  
All I know is that I need you,  
to be with me at all cost.*

*Do not lose your patience with me,  
do not scold or curse or cry.  
I can't help the way I'm acting,  
I can't be different though I try.*

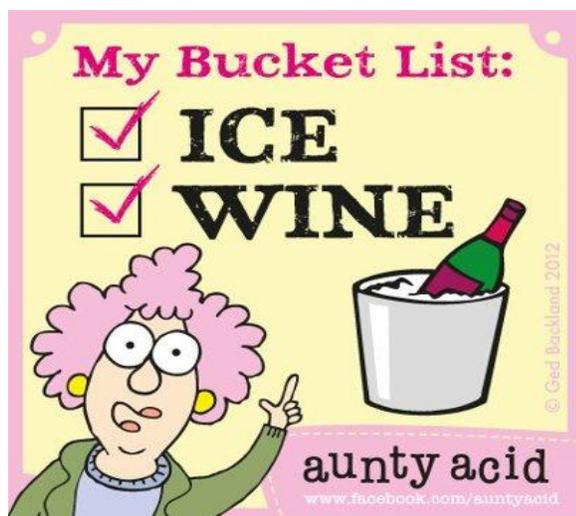
*Just remember that I need you,  
that the best of me is gone.  
Please don't fail to stand beside me,  
love me 'til my life is gone.*

Author unknown

Asked by his teacher to spell "straight,"  
the third-grade boy did so without error.

"Excellent," said the teacher, "now, what  
does it mean?"

"Without water."



Even Mother Superior knew good milk when she drank it. The 98-year-old Mother Superior from Ireland was dying. The nuns gathered around her bed trying to make her last journey comfortable.

They gave her some warm milk to drink but she refused.

Then one of the nuns took the glass back to the kitchen. Remembering a bottle of Irish whiskey received as a gift the previous Christmas, she opened and poured a generous amount into the warm milk.

Back at Mother Superior's bed, she held the glass to her lips. Mother Superior drank a little, then a little more and before they knew it, she had drunk the whole glass down to the last drop.

"Mother," the nuns asked with humility, "please give us some wisdom before you die."



She raised herself up in bed and with a pious look on her face said, "Don't sell that cow."

The little girl said to her Grandpa, "I noticed that when you sneeze, you put your hand in front of your mouth."



"Of course," explained Grandpa. "How else can I catch my teeth???"

Being a husband is like any  
other job . . .  
It helps a lot if you like  
the boss.

## GRANDPA'S CHRISTMAS EVE

Author Unknown...

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *Unfortunately we often receive these wonderful stories after our Christmas edition is out and printed – but we couldn't resist putting this one into our New Year's issue – it is so true of many of today's 'tech' families - - -*

'Twas the night before Christmas &  
out on the ranch  
The pond was froze over & so  
was the branch.  
The snow was piled up belly-deep  
to a mule.  
The kids were all home on vacation  
from school,  
And happier young folks  
you never did see-  
Just all sprawled around a-watchin' TV.  
(or maybe texting their friends  
on their iphones)

Then suddenly, sometime around  
8 o'clock,  
There came a surprise that gave  
them a shock!  
The power went off, the TV went dead!  
When Grandpa came in from  
out in the shed  
With an armload of wood,  
the house was all dark.  
"Just what I expected,"  
they heard him remark.  
"Them power line wires must be down  
from the snow.  
Seems sorter like times on  
the ranch long ago."

"I'll hunt up some candles," said Mom.  
"With their light,  
And the fireplace, I reckon we'll  
make out all right."  
The teen-agers all seemed  
enveloped in gloom.  
Then Grandpa came back from a  
trip to his room,

Uncased his old fiddle & started to play  
That old Christmas song about  
bells on a sleigh.

Mom started to sing, and  
1st thing they knew  
Both Pop & the kids were all  
singing it, too.  
They sang Christmas carols,  
they sang "Holy Night,"  
Their eyes all a-shine in  
the ruddy firelight.  
They played some charades Mom recalled  
from her youth,  
And Pop read a passage from  
God's Book of Truth.

They stayed up till midnight-and,  
would you believe,  
The youngsters agreed 'twas a  
fine Christmas Eve.  
Grandpa rose early, sometime  
before dawn;  
And when the kids wakened,  
the power was on..  
"The power company sure got the  
line repaired quick,"  
Said Grandpa - & no one suspected  
his trick.



Last night, for the  
sake of some  
old-fashioned fun,  
He had pulled the  
main switch -  
the old Son-of-a-Gun!

*"And . . . Remember . . .  
If you are being run out of  
town, get in front of the  
crowd and make it look like  
a parade"*

## ***FOOD FOR THOUGHT? SCAREY SITUATION?***

### **Ten Things That Will Most Likely Disappear In Our Lifetime:**

Whether these changes are good or bad depends in part on how we adapt to them. But, ready or not, here they come.

#### **1. The Post Office**

Get ready to imagine a world without the post office. They are so deeply in financial trouble that there is probably no way to sustain it long term. Email and Courier Services have just about wiped out the minimum revenue needed to keep the post office alive. Most of your mail every day is junk mail and bills, while more & more people are getting/paying their bills on line. Canada Post is already planning to abolish home delivery to the 30% (or so) of people who still get it, in favour of "Super Boxes".

#### **2. The Cheque**

Britain is already laying the groundwork to do away with cheque by 2018. It costs the financial system billions of dollars a year to process cheques. Plastic cards and online transactions will lead to the eventual demise of the cheque. This plays right into the death of the post office. If you never paid your bills by mail and never received them by mail, the post office would absolutely go out of business.

#### **3. The Newspaper**

The younger generation simply doesn't read the newspaper. They certainly don't subscribe to a daily delivered print edition. That may go the way of the milkman and the laundry man. As for reading the paper online, get ready to pay for it. The rise in mobile Internet devices and e-readers has caused all the newspaper and magazine publishers to form an alliance. They have

met with Apple, Amazon, and the major cell phone companies to develop a model for paid subscription services.

#### **4. The Book**

You say you will never give up the physical book that you hold in your hand and turn the literal pages. I said the same thing about downloading music from iTunes. I wanted my hard copy CD. But I quickly changed my mind when I discovered that I could get albums for half the price without ever leaving home to get the latest music. The same thing will happen with books. You can browse a bookstore online and even read a preview chapter before you buy, and the price is less than half that of a real book. Just think of the convenience! Once you start flicking your fingers on the screen instead of the book, you find that you are lost in the story, can't wait to see what happens next, and you forget that you're holding a gadget instead of a book.

#### **5. The Land Line Telephone**

Unless you have a large family and make a lot of local calls, you don't need it anymore. Most people keep it simply because they've always had it. But you are paying double charges for that extra service. Some cell phone companies will let you call customers using the same cell provider for no charge against your minutes and many have unlimited text & talk plans.

#### **6. Music**

This is one of the saddest parts of the change story. The music industry is dying a slow death. Not just because of illegal downloading. It's the lack of innovative new music being given a chance to get to the people who would like to hear it. Greed and corruption is the problem. The record labels and the radio conglomerates are simply self-destructing. Over 40% of the music purchased today is "catalogue items," meaning traditional music that the

public is familiar with. Older established artists. This is also true on the live concert circuit. To explore this fascinating and disturbing topic further, check out the book, "Appetite for Self-Destruction" by Steve Knopper, and the video documentary, "Before the Music Dies."

### 7. Television

Revenues to the networks are down dramatically. Not just because of the economy. People are watching TV and movies streamed from their computers. And they're playing games and doing lots of other things that take up the time that used to be spent watching TV. Prime time shows have degenerated down to lower than the lowest common denominator. Cable rates are skyrocketing and commercials run about every 4 minutes and 30 seconds. I say good riddance to most of it. It's time for the cable companies to be put out of our misery. Let the people choose what they want to watch online and through Netflix.

### 8. The "Things" That You Own

Many of the very possessions that we used to own are still in our lives, but we may not actually own them in the future. They may simply reside in "the cloud." Today your computer has a hard drive and you store your pictures, music, movies, and documents. Your software is on a CD or DVD, and you can always re-install it if need be. But all of that is changing. Apple, Microsoft, and Google are all finishing up their latest "cloud services." That means that when you turn on a computer, the Internet will be built into the operating system. So, Windows, Google, and the Mac OS will be tied straight into the Internet. If you click an icon, it will open something in the Internet cloud. If you save something, it will be saved to the cloud. And you may pay a monthly subscription fee to the cloud provider. In this virtual world, you can access your

music or your books, or your whatever from any laptop or handheld device. That's the good news. But, will you actually own any of this "stuff" or will it all be able to disappear at any moment in a big "Poof?" Will most of the things in our lives be disposable and whimsical? It makes you want to run to the closet and pull out that photo album, grab a book from the shelf, or open up a CD case and pull out the insert.

### 9. Joined Handwriting (Cursive)

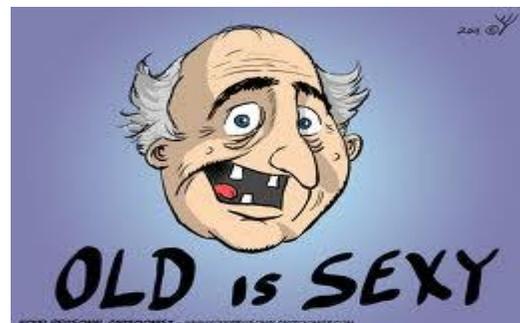
Some schools no longer teach cursive because nearly everything is now done on computers or keyboards/screens of some sort.

### 10. Privacy

If there ever was a concept that we can look back on nostalgically, it would be privacy. That's gone. It's been gone for a long time anyway. There are cameras on the street, in most of the buildings, and even built into your computer and cell phone. But you can be sure that 24/7, "They" know who you are and where you are, right down to the GPS coordinates, and the Google Street View. If you buy something, your habit is put into a zillion profiles, and your ads will change to reflect those habits. "They" will try to get you to buy something else. Again and again.

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**BUT DO REMEMBER AS YOU  
ENTER THE YEAR 2014 . . .**



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**HUMOUROUS GEMS from our  
Special Friend Elsie Fraser of ANAF  
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### **CHOOSING A WIFE . . .**

A man wanted to get married. He was having trouble choosing among three likely candidates. He gives each woman a present of \$5,000 and watches to see what they do with the money.

The first does a total makeover. She goes to a fancy beauty salon, gets her hair done, new makeup; buys several new outfits and dresses up very nicely for the man. She tells him that she has done this to be more attractive for him because she loves him so much.

The man was impressed.

The second goes shopping to buy the man gifts. She gets him a new set of golf clubs, some new gizmos for his computer, and some expensive clothes. As she presents these gifts, she tells him that she has spent all the money on him because she loves him so much.

Again, the man is impressed.

The third invests the money in the stock market. She earns several times the \$5,000. She gives him back his \$5,000 and reinvests the remainder in a joint account. She tells him that she wants to save for their future because she loves him so much.

Obviously, the man was impressed.

The man thought for a long time about what each woman had done with the money he'd given her. Then he married the one with the biggest boobs.

*Men are like that, you know.*

— — — — —

***There were two nuns...*** One of them was known as Sister Mathematical (SM),

and the other one was known as Sister Logical (SL).

It is getting dark and they are still far away from the convent.

**SM:** Have you noticed that a man has been following us for the past thirty-eight and a half minutes? I wonder what he wants.

**SL:** It's logical. He wants to rape us.

**SM:** Oh, no! At this rate he will reach us in 15 minutes at the most! What can we do?

**SL:** The only logical thing to do of course is to walk faster.

**SM:** It's not working.

**SL:** Of course it's not working. The man did the only logical thing. He started to walk faster, too.

**SM:** So, what shall we do? At this rate he will reach us in one minute.

**SL:** The only logical thing we can do is split. You go that way and I'll go this way. He cannot follow us both.

So the man decided to follow Sister Logical.

Sister Mathematical arrives at the convent and is worried about what has happened to Sister Logical.

Then Sister Logical arrives.

**SM:** Sister Logical! Thank God you are here! Tell me what happened!

**SL:** The only logical thing happened. The man couldn't follow us both, so he followed me

**SM:** Yes, yes! But what happened then?

SL: The only logical thing happened. I started to run as fast as I could and he started to run as fast as he could.

SM: And?

SL: The only logical thing happened. He reached me

SM: Oh, dear! What did you do?

SL: The only logical thing to do. I lifted my dress up.

SM: Oh, Sister! What did the man do?

SL: The only logical thing to do. He pulled down his pants.

SM: Oh, no! What happened then?

SL: Isn't it logical, Sister? A nun with her dress up can run faster than a man with his pants down.

**And for those of you who thought it would be dirty, I'll pray for you!**

Two little old ladies were sitting on a park bench outside the local town hall where a flower show was in progress.

The older one leaned over and said, *"Life is so boring. We never have any fun any more. For \$10.00 I'd take my clothes off and streak through that stupid, boring flower show!"*

*"You're on!"* said the other old lady, holding up a \$10.00 note.

The first little old lady slowly fumbled her way out of her clothes and completely naked, streaked (as fast as an old lady can) through the front door of the flower show.

Waiting outside, her friend soon heard a huge commotion inside the hall, followed by loud applause and shrill whistling.

Finally, the smiling and naked old lady came through the exit door surrounded by a cheering, clapping crowd.

*"What happened?"* asked her waiting friend.

*"I won \$1000 as 1st prize for 'Best Dried Arrangement'."*

Jane and Arlene are outside their nursing home, having a drink and a smoke, when it starts to rain. Jane pulls out a condom, cuts off the end, puts it over her cigarette, and continues smoking.

Arlene: *"What in the hell is that?"*

Jane: *"A condom. This way my cigarette doesn't get wet."*

Arlene: *"Where did you get it?"*

Jane: *"You can get them at any pharmacy."*

The next day, Arlene hobbles herself to the pharmacy and asks the pharmacist for a box of condoms.

The pharmacist obviously embarrassed, looks at her kind of strangely (she is, after all, over 80 years of age), but very delicately asks what brand of condom she prefers.

*'Doesn't matter Sonny, as long as it fits on a Camel.'*

The pharmacist fainted.

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

## ***THE OLD VETERAN ON OUR \$10 BILL***

If you look at the back right-hand side of a Canadian \$10 bill, you will see an old veteran standing at attention near the Ottawa war memorial. His name is Robert Metcalfe and he died last month at the age of 90.



That he managed to live to that age is rather remarkable, given what happened in the Second World War. Born in England, he was one of the 400,000 members of the British Expeditionary Force sent to the mainland where they found themselves facing the new German warfare technique - the Blitzkrieg.

He was treating a wounded comrade when he was hit in the legs by shrapnel.

En route to hospital, his ambulance came under fire from a German tank, which then miraculously ceased fire. Evacuated from Dunkirk on HMS Grenade, two of the sister ships with them were sunk.

Recovered, he was sent to allied campaigns in North Africa and Italy. En route his ship was chased by the German battleship Bismarck.

In North Africa he served under General Montgomery against the Desert Fox, Rommel.

Sent into the Italian campaign, he met his future wife, a lieutenant and physiotherapist in a Canadian hospital. They were married in the morning by the

mayor of the Italian town, and again in the afternoon by a British padre.

After the war they settled in Chatham where he went into politics and became the warden (chairman) of the county and on his retirement he and his wife moved to Ottawa. At the age of 80 he wrote a book about his experiences.

One day out of the blue he received a call from a government official asking him to go downtown for a photo op. He wasn't told what the photo was for or why they chose him. *'He had no idea he would be on the bill,'* his daughter said.

And now you know the story of the old veteran on the \$10 bill.

*Thanks once again to our friend Elsie Fraser for making us aware once again on this bit of Canadian history.*

## **SHUFF N' STUFF . . .**

There are no Provincial Command sports events scheduled for January of this year.

Fair warning that the **5 pin Bowling Tournament** rolls around in February. Tournament information and registration form will be posted on the club's bulletin board when it becomes available.

## **ATTENTION SHUFFLEBOARDERS.**

An A-B-C format shuffleboard tournament is scheduled for Saturday, January 18th to be played at the 100 Club.

Registration commences at 11:00 AM. Come and enjoy.

**Dick Moore**  
**Director, Sports**

## AULD LANG SYNE

Auld Lang Syne was partially written by Robert Burns in the 1700's; it was first published in 1796 after Burns' death. Early variations of the song were sung prior to 1700 and inspired Burns to produce the modern rendition. An old Scotch tune, 'Auld Lang Syne' literally means 'old long ago,' or simply, 'the good old days.'

Here are the lyrics: however, many people seem to remember only the first verse.

### *Auld Lang Syne*

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
and never brought to mind?*

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
and days of auld lang syne?*

*For auld lang syne, my dear,  
for auld lang syne,  
we'll take a cup of kindness yet,  
for auld lang syne.*

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
and never brought to mind?*

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
and days of auld lang syne?*

*And here's a hand, my trusty friend*

*And gie's a hand o' thine*

*We'll tak' A cup o' kindness yet*

*For auld lang syne.*



If love was a raindrop  
I would send you a shower  
If hope was a minute  
I would send you an hour  
If happiness was a leaf  
I would send you a tree  
If you need a friend  
you will always have me!

**HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OF  
OUR COMRADES AND FRIENDS!**



## LIFE THOUGHTS by DUCKY

*As we enter the world of  
2014 here are some  
thoughts to ponder . . .*

Marriage changes passion.  
Suddenly you're in bed with a relative.

I saw a woman wearing a sweat shirt with  
'Guess' on it.  
So I said 'Implants?' She hit me.

Now that food has replaced sex in my life, I  
can't even get into my own pants.

When I was young we used to go 'skinny  
dipping,' now I just 'chunky dunk.'

Wouldn't you know it....  
Brain cells come and brain cells go, but  
FAT cells live forever.

And always remember: *life is like a roll of  
toilet paper. The closer it gets to the end,  
the faster it goes.*

## A TOUCH OF SNOW HUMOUR FROM MANITOBA . . .



## WHAT A GREAT STORY . . . .

An older, tired-looking dog wandered into my yard. I could tell from his collar and well-fed belly that he had a home and was very well taken care of.

He calmly came over to me; I gave him a few pats on his head. He then followed me into my house, slowly walked down the hall, curled up in the corner and fell asleep.



An hour later, he went to the door, and I let him out. The next day he was back, greeted me in my yard, walked inside and resumed his spot in the hall and again slept for about an hour. This continued off and on for several weeks.

Curious I pinned a note to his collar:

*'I would like to find out who the owner of this wonderful sweet dog is and ask if you are aware that almost every afternoon your dog comes to my house for a nap.'*

The next day he arrived for his nap, with a different note pinned to his collar:

*'He lives in a home with non-stop chatting wife, 6 children, 2 under the age of 3 - he's trying to catch up on his sleep. Can I come with him tomorrow?'*

## CONFUCIUS SAY. . . . (did he *really* say all this????)

### Confucius Say.

It's ok to let a fool kiss you,  
but don't let a kiss fool you.

### Confucius Say.

A kiss is just shopping upstairs for  
downstairs merchandise.

### Confucius Say.

It is better to lose a lover  
than love a loser.

### Confucius Say.

Marriage is like a bank account.  
You put it in, you take it out, and  
you lose interest.

### Confucius Say.

Viagra is like Disneyland a one hour wait  
for a 2 minute ride.

### Confucius Say.

It is much better to want the mate  
you do not have  
than to have the mate  
you do not want.



### Confucius Say.

A joke is like sex.  
Neither is any good if  
you don't get it.

## Phyllis Diller says it like it is . . .

*"Whatever you may look like, marry a man your own age. As your beauty fades, so will his eyesight."*

*"Housework can't kill you, but why take a chance?"*

## THE SNEEZE

They walked in tandem, each of the ninety-two students filing into the already crowded auditorium. With their rich maroon gowns flowing and the traditional caps, they looked almost as grown up as they felt. Dads swallowed hard behind broad smiles, and Moms freely brushed away tears.

This class would NOT pray during the commencements, not by choice, but because of a recent court ruling prohibiting it.

The principal and several students were careful to stay within the guidelines allowed by the ruling. They gave inspirational and challenging speeches, but no one mentioned divine guidance and no one asked for blessings on the graduates or their families.

The speeches were nice, but they were routine until the final speech received a standing ovation.

A solitary student walked proudly to the microphone. He stood still and silent for just a moment, and then, it happened.

All 92 students, every single one of them, suddenly SNEEZED!!!!

The student on stage simply looked at the audience and said,

**'GOD BLESS YOU'**

And he walked off the stage...

The audience exploded into applause. This graduating class had found a unique way to invoke God's blessing on their future with or without the court's approval.

*This is a true story; it happened at Eastern Shore District High School in Musquodoboit Harbour, Nova Scotia.*

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



### HASH BROWN PIZZA

#### INGREDIENTS:

1 pkg frozen, shredded hash browns, thawed  
 1 can cheddar cheese soup  
 1 egg  
 1 tsp salt  
 1/2 tsp pepper  
 1 lb ground beef  
 1 med. onion, chopped  
 2 tbsp flour  
 1 can tomato soup  
 1/2 tsp salt  
 1/4 tsp garlic powder  
 1/8 tsp pepper  
 2 cups shredded cheddar cheese

#### METHOD:

In a large bowl, combine hash browns, cheddar cheese soup, egg, 1 tsp salt and 1/2 tsp pepper.

Press firmly into a greased pizza pan.

Bake at 450°F for 20-25 minutes.

Meanwhile, fry beef and onion until meat is no longer pink; drain.

Stir in flour until blended.

Add tomato soup, 1/2 tsp salt, garlic powder and 1/8 tsp pepper.

Bring to a boil; cook and stir for 2 minutes.

Sprinkle crust with 1 cup cheese.

Top with beef mixture and remaining cheese.

Bake 5 minutes until cheese is melted. Let stand 5-10 minutes before cutting.

#### ENJOY!!!

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**Go on-line and check out our new  
Unit #68 website!! [anavets68.com](http://anavets68.com)**

## NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

by Charlotte Anselmo

Thank you Lord for giving me  
The brand new year ahead  
Help me live the way I should  
As each new day I tread.

Give me gentle wisdom  
That I might help a friend  
Give me strength and courage  
So a shoulder I might lend.

The year ahead is empty  
Help me fill it with good things  
Each new day filled with joy  
And the happiness it brings.

Please give the leaders of our world  
A courage born of peace  
That they might lead us gently  
And all the fighting cease.

Please give to all upon this earth  
A heart that's filled with love  
A gentle happy way to live  
With Your blessings from above.



*The New Year lies before you,  
like a spotless track of snow...  
be careful how you tread on it,  
for every mark will show.*

## FROM YOUR EDITORS . .

**Happy 2014 Everyone!**



AS we begin a new year – our 17<sup>th</sup> – we look forward to each and every issue – putting this newsletter together is always informative and a lot of fun. As we often mention, we do repeat some stories and jokes from time to time – we apologize for that but when you think about it – they most often deserve a second or even a third printing!!!

As always, we thank all who contribute to our Buzz on a daily or weekly basis – we couldn't do it without your help – it is very much appreciated.

**Special Thanks** to our **Ronnie Robinson** for his fabulous covers and his fun and informative column each month!

Until next month – stay well, hug your comrades, laugh out loud . . . and enjoy life here in Lotus Land – Good Grief – we could be living on the Prairies or in the Maritimes - YIKES!!!

### **OUR WISH FOR YOU IN 2014**

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

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

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

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

*May the problems you had, forget your home address!*

*In simple words .....*

***May 2014 be the best year of your life!!!***

**Your Editors,  
Mardi & Fred**