

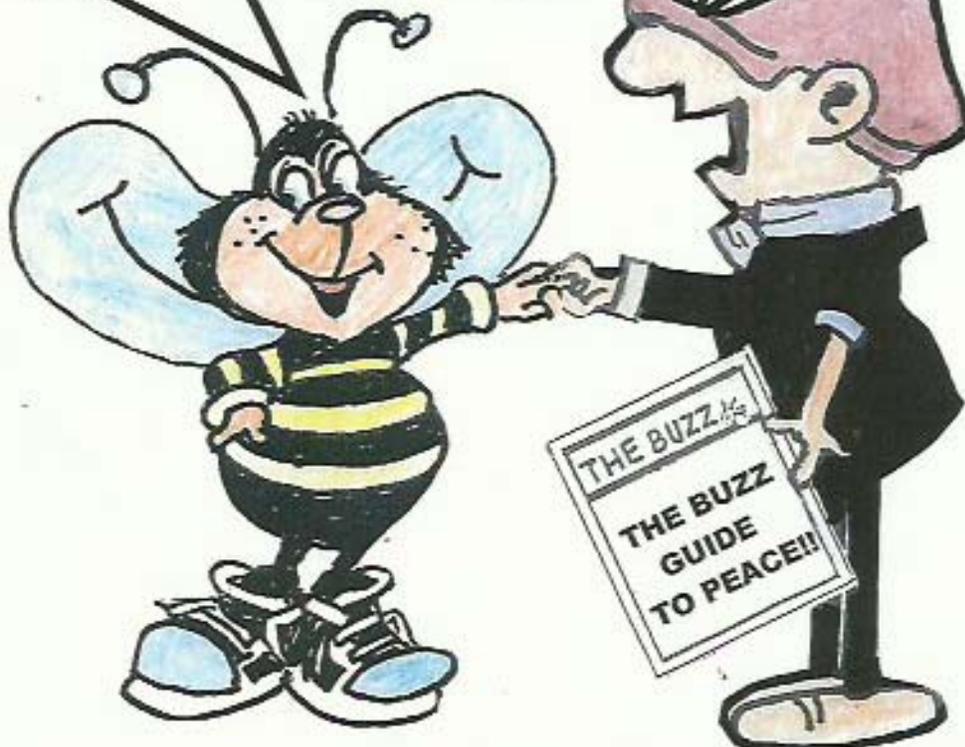
THE BUZZ



HAPPY NEW YEAR 2016 TO ALL
OF OUR COMRADES!

Happy New Year Andy Capp!
May 2016 be a Year Filled
with Peace in our World!!

Yessirree Mister Bee!!
Peace and Joy . . . and
Lots of Hugs to go
Around!!



Our Mister Bee and Andy Capp Designed and Drawn by our Ron 'Andy Capp' Robinson

THE BUZZ



YOUR PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Comrades

"HAPPY NEW YEAR"

MY 2016 NEW YEARS RESOLUTIONS FOR OUR ORGANIZATION:

- (1) Increased membership.
(On-Line renewing and payment for membership.)
(Login and access your membership profile.)
(Access unit events on-line.)
- (2) A committee set up to modernize our organization and Units.
(Open door policy at all units to admit the general public subject to liquor control board laws. No more locked doors)
(Friendlier welcome to visitors and less in-house squabbles.)
- (3) Up-dated Unit by-laws in respect to eligibility for executive elections.
(Every unit has difficulty recruiting executive members because you need to be an active or affiliate member to run for office. The only requirement should be experience and member in good standing.)

(4) More comrades to join the B.C. Command Colour Guard.

(Give 1st. year free membership to Cadets when they age out of their Corps to encourage joining ANAF)

(5) Continued pressure on the Federal Government on the Veteran's Charter.

MY PERSONAL NEW YEARS RESOLUTIONS FOR 2016.

(1) Lotto Max.

Thank you everyone who came out to our **"BON VOYAGE" event for our dear comrade Bert Darvault**. There was not a dry eye in the place when the entire 200 comrades sang a WW11 song "WE'LL MEET AGAIN." We all knew that because of Bert's cancer that the probability of ever seeing him again was only if our prayers for a miracle come true. As I walked around the club I heard people comment on the unity our club has for its members and as I have said many times, we are a family.

I printed song sheets for our executive and also invited the executive of our host unit #100 to join us on stage; one comrade said it felt like a pre-mature Celebration of Life, to which I responded, *every day of your life should be a celebration*, as Bob Hope would say and I quote **"EVERY DAY ABOVE GROUND IS A GOOD DAY"**

Please plan to join us for **the INSTALLATION OF OUR UNIT #68 OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 2016** --- Saturday, JANUARY 30, 2016 at 1:00 P.M.

ON BEHALF OF MY EXECUTIVE AND MEMBERS HAVE A PROSPEROUS AND HEALTHY HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

Fraternally,

Bob Rietveld
President Unit #68

VETERANS AFFAIRS REPORT

Comrades,
In my veteran's affairs report I sometimes try to give our readers stories of soldiers and their experiences following their return to society. The following story unfortunately shows why our organization can never stop its fight for our heroes.

This story was sent to me by Comrade Al Dunham, 2nd Vice President Provincial Command Manitoba & North West Ontario. *"I was with my soldiers last weekend doing some briefings before Christmas Dinner and the presenters were from OSSIS, an organization that helps Vets with PTSD injuries. I was told that there is a Veteran that lives in or around a heated transit bus shelter on Portage Ave. in Winnipeg. He frequents a café on Portage Ave. and I was going to see if his Tri-Service folks could track him down and look in on the Vet."*

MY TAKE:

This to me demonstrates the need out there; that we should all take the time to stop and look . . . not only during the Christmas season, but all year to see if we know anyone that could use a kind word or hand up. ANAVETS has a solid foundation

of helping our Canadian Veterans for over 175 years so let's not stop now.

If I sound like a broken record, I do not apologize, because a story like the above exemplifies the need that this terrible mental illness represents. Please support the different agencies that help our veterans and add that to your New Years Resolutions. Since 2002, 54 soldiers have committed suicide in Canada as a result of their broken minds. These casualties are not counted the same as soldiers killed in action and their names are not listed at Canada's Afghanistan Memorial Vigil in Ottawa.

As we begin a New Year remember the 159 fallen since 2002 in Afghanistan from our Canadian Armed Forces and thank God that there has not been a death since 2011. But let us also not ignore that on Monday December 21, 2015 -- 6 U. S. service men were killed in Afghanistan in an apparent suicide attack. It happened at the Bagram Air Base from which U.S. forces fly F-16 fighter jets. My heartfelt sympathies go out to the families, especially during this holiday season. As of December 18th, 14 American troops and one civilian had died in Afghanistan. An additional 68 were wounded in action. Total deaths as of February 2015 for coalition forces stands at 6,830 soldiers . . . I wish I had the space to name them all. **"LEST WE FORGET"**

Submitted in honour Of Roy Blair.

Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld
Past Color Sergeant



PROVINCIAL COLOUR GUARD REPORT

Comrades

What a great Colour Guard Appreciation Dinner we all attended on December 12th at Felicios Restaurant in Richmond. It was a lot of fun as we watched three senior veterans (over 92 years young) being entertained by a "Greek Belly Dancer" Even Charlie Lee, a WW11 veteran, tucked a \$5.00 dollar bill in her skimpy outfit. As the saying goes, "Boys Will Be Boys" at any age. Happy 93rd Birthday Charlie, December 29th.

Every year the Colour Guard invites Command officers, senior veterans and spouses to the dinner at our expense which pretty well eats up all our total allotment of funds that we receive from Command. Therefore in order to buy new equipment and to cover various costs throughout the year our group will ask Command to authorize a raffle this spring and we will ask all B.C. units to please help sell tickets at their clubs.

I will bring this item up at our B.C. Convention in April. Your B.C. Command Colour Guard is comprised of members of every lower mainland unit therefore please support us as we desperately need new flag poles and flags.

Our **election meeting** has been postponed until February 13, 2016 at Unit #284 / 11:00 A.M. It is important that all Colour Guard members attend, as nominations, elections and installations of officers are all done at that meeting.

**Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld.**

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to our Unit #68 JANUARY Celebrants!



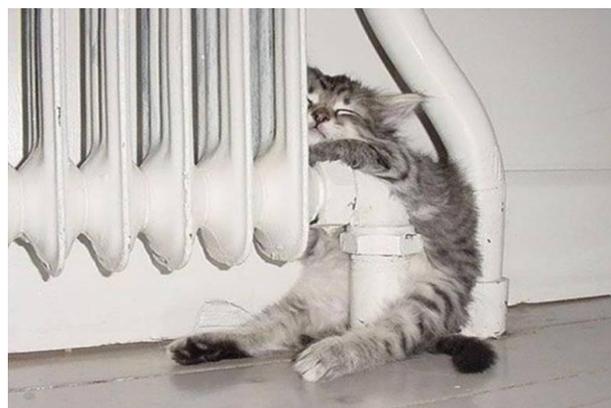
Virginia Overholt Bob Rietveld
Happy Birthday Everyone!!!!



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!



**KEEPING WARM THIS
JANUARY!!!!**

I'll Show You A Volunteer

--(Author Unknown)

Show me a person who spends endless hours in training without pay,
And, I'll show you a volunteer.

Show me a person where a cry for help brings split-second dispatch,
And, I'll show you a volunteer.

Show me a person who is devastated when lives are lost or maimed,
And, I'll show you a volunteer.

Show me a person who is graciously welcomed as a next-door neighbor,
And, I'll show you a volunteer.

Show me a person who often takes more ridicule than complaints,
And, I'll show you a volunteer.

Show me a person whose car is garaged with the grille facing out,
And, I'll show you a volunteer.

Show me a person who sacrifices home life, TV ... even tender moments,
And, I'll show you a volunteer.

Show me a person visibly moved at the strains of our National Anthem,
And, I'll show you a volunteer.

Show me a person who may be asked to give more than just dedication,
And, I'll show you a volunteer.

Show me a person who is asked to give more ... and more ... and more,
And, I'll show you a volunteer.

KABOOM!!!!

A son comes home from the Army. After a few hours, he finally gets to talk to his father alone behind the barn.

"So, son, what did the Army teach you?" asked the father.

"Well, they taught me how to kill people who were our countries' enemies," said the son.

"With what?" asked father.

"We used all kinds of things, like guns and knives, but my favorite was the grenade," said the son.

"How does a grenade work exactly?" asked the father.

"Well, I brought one home to show you. You just pull this pin out and throw it as far as you can," said the son.

The son then proceeded to give a demonstration. Lo and behold, the son throws the grenade on top of the outhouse.

KABOOM!!! The outhouse is demolished. All the lumber and everything else lands in a heap in the yard.



Grandpa sticks his head out of the pile and says, *'Whew, glad I didn't let THAT one loose in the house!'"*

"A friend is one who knows us, but loves us anyway."

--- Fr. Jerome Cummings

ANAVETS AFFAIRS

AFFORDABLE RENTAL
HOUSING FOR SENIORS

**ANAVET HOUSING**

Vancouver East
951 East 8th Avenue
Richmond - 11820 No. 1 Road
North Van. – 245 East 3rd St.
Call 874-8105 or email
bcanavets@telus.net for more information

New Chelsea Society
7501 – 6th Street,
Burnaby, B. C. V3N 3M2
Patrick Buchannon, Executive Director
Telephone: 604-395-4370
Fax: 604-395-4376
E-mail: admin@newchelsea.ca

**VETERANS AFFAIRS CANADA
MEDALS & SERVICE RECORDS**
P.O. Box 7700 Charlestown, P.E.I. C1A 8M9
VETERANS AFFAIRS ENQUIRIES
Suite 1000 – 605 Robson Street,
Vancouver, B.C. Toll-Free Telephone:
1-866-522-2122

**HEALTH & WELFARE CANADA
PENSION PLAN**
Inquiries: 1 – 800 – 277-9914
DID YOU KNOW... that you may be eligible
for Death Benefits of up to \$ 2,500.00?

LAST POST FUND INC.
British Columbia Branch #520
#203-7337 – 137th St. Surrey, BC V3W 1A4
For information regarding financial assistance
please contact 572-3242 or 1 – 800 – 268-0248.

A QUOTE FOR YOU . .

*"We can't all be heroes because
somebody has to sit on the curb
and clap as they go by."*

--- Will Rogers (1879 - 1935)

It Takes Courage

--(Author Unknown)

It takes courage

To refrain from gossip, when others
delight in it,
To stand up for the absent person, who is
being abused.

It takes courage

To live honestly, within your means,
And not dishonestly, on the means of
others.

It takes courage

To be a REAL man, or a TRUE woman,
To hold fast to your ideas,
When it causes you
To be looked upon as strange and
peculiar.

It takes courage

To be talked about, and remain silent,
When a word would justify you, in the eyes
of others,
But which you dare not speak,
Because it would injure another.

It takes courage

To refuse to do something that is wrong
Although everyone else may be doing it
With attitudes as carefree, as a summer
song.

It takes courage

To live according to your own convictions,
To deny yourself, that which you cannot
afford.
To love your neighbor - as yourself!

Of course
I know right from
wrong. Wrong's
the fun one.



REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON . . .



First, let me warn you readers with school-aged grandchildren **DO NOT** allow them to read any portion of this column because they could possibly end up like me.

As a young lad I attended two public schools. The first school was Sir Sanford Fleming, located at 49th Avenue and Knight Street. I started school at Fleming and we lived less than a quarter block from the school. Most of my 'school' stories involved Fleming. It was here that I discovered the school bell had miraculous powers. Whenever I was home sick with an illness as soon as the 3 o'clock bell rang out from Fleming all my illnesses disappeared and I was a good healthy boy once more. That bell saved me from going all the way to Lourdes in Southwest France and have my health regained at the Shrine.

When I was in Grade 4, we moved to St. George and 49th, and it became a much longer walk to school. At that time there existed a forest running from Ross Street to Knight Road (now called Knight Street), and from 49th Avenue almost to 41st Avenue. A large path ran right through the forest (the 'forest' was actually called the 'Big Bush' by most South Vancouver residents). Myself and my three buddies went through a long, long path through Big Bush every school day.

One drizzly morning on the way to school we discovered a man's body hanging from a tree. The four of us ran all the way to school and reported our discovery.

The school principal kept us in the office until the police arrived. After the police got to the school they had us take them to the spot where we discovered the man's body.

When we arrived back at the school the principal gave the four of us the rest of the day off. We always hoped we would find another body so we could get another day off from school, but it never happened.

All the years I attended school I never had the honour of ranking first in my class but I did rank last 6 times.

I can remember one time when my Mother was so proud of me. It happened when I was attending Mackenzie School. My teacher, Miss Henderton, called my Mother on the phone and told her I was taking space up in her classroom. My Mother phoned a few of her friends and told them her little Ronnie was going to be an Astronaut.

One last 'school' story once again concerns my favorite teacher, Miss Gobbs (who incidentally hated my guts). I suppose most school children have their own favorite teachers. Mine was Miss Gobbs. It wasn't her great teaching skills or humorous ways, it was mainly because she had a great body, a definite cross between Mae West and Dolly Parton all in one package!!!

Anyways, she decided to take us to Stanley Park on a Field Trip, paying for the bus herself. I was in Heaven – a day off from school as well as a free bus trip!! After a tour of most of Stanley Park we went on a walk through that majestic forest.

Somewhere along the way I became separated from the rest of the class. I was lost! I went up and down path after path looking for Miss Gobbs and the class.

Finally after almost an hour, the class found me. For many years after this incident I have had my suspicions that perhaps Miss Gobbs deliberately tried to lose me that day in Stanley Park.

No matter what I have said about Miss. Gobbs, this world would be a better place if all school teachers were like her!

EDITORS NOTE: Ronnie, maybe you and your Lilian should take a ride though that infamous park in one of those horse-drawn wagons they operate in Stanley Park every day – it would be like a ride down ‘Memory Lane’!!!!

A MATTER OF THE HEART . .

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!"



"Some national parks have long waiting lists for camping reservations. When you have to wait a year to sleep next to a tree, something is wrong."

--- George Carlin (1937 - 2008)

WHAT A GAME!

An elderly lady from a remote little town in British Columbia went to one of Surrey's most fashionable suburbs to visit her niece and her husband. Nearby was a very well known golf course.

On the second afternoon of her visit, the elderly lady went for a stroll. Upon her return, the niece asked, "Well, Auntie, did you enjoy yourself?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Auntie, beaming. "Before I had walked very far, I came to some beautiful rolling fields. There seemed to be a number of people about, mostly men in weird clothes. Some of them kept shouting at me in a very eccentric manner, but I took no notice."



There were four men who followed me for some time, uttering curious excited barking sounds. Naturally, I ignored them, too."

"Oh, by the way," she added, as she held out her hands, "You know how I detest littering. I found a number of these curious little round white balls, so I picked them all up and brought them home hoping you could explain what they're all about. I got my whole purse full of them."



THE SANDPIPER

by Robert Peterson

She was six years old when I first met her on the beach near where I live. I drive to this beach, a distance of three or four miles, whenever the world begins to close in on me. She was building a sand castle or something and looked up, her eyes as blue as the sea.

"Hello," she said.

I answered with a nod, not really in the mood to bother with a small child.

"I'm building," she said.

"I see that. What is it?" I asked, not really caring.

"Oh, I don't know, I just like the feel of sand."

That sounds good, I thought, and slipped off my shoes.

A sandpiper glided by.

"That's a joy," the child said.

"It's a what?"

"It's a joy. My mama says sandpipers come to bring us joy."

The bird went gliding down the beach. Good-bye joy, I muttered to myself, hello pain, and turned to walk on. I was depressed, my life seemed completely out of balance.

"What's your name?" She wouldn't give up.

"Robert," I answered. "I'm Robert Peterson."

"Mine's Wendy... I'm six."

"Hi, Wendy."

She giggled. "You're funny," she said.

In spite of my gloom, I laughed too and walked on. Her musical giggle followed me.

"Come again, Mr. P," she called. "We'll have another happy day."

The next few days consisted of a group of unruly Boy Scouts, PTA meetings, and an ailing mother. The sun was shining one morning as I took my hands out of the dishwater. I need a sandpiper, I said to myself, gathering up my coat.

The ever-changing balm of the seashore awaited me. The breeze was chilly but I strode along, trying to recapture the serenity I needed.

"Hello, Mr. P," she said. "Do you want to play?"

"What did you have in mind?" I asked, with a twinge of annoyance.

"I don't know. You say."

"How about charades?" I asked sarcastically.

The tinkling laughter burst forth again. "I don't know what that is."

"Then let's just walk."

Looking at her, I noticed the delicate fairness of her face. "Where do you live?" I asked.

"Over there." She pointed toward a row of summer cottages. Strange, I thought, in winter.

"Where do you go to school?"

"I don't go to school. Mommy says we're on vacation"

She chattered little girl talk as we strolled up the beach, but my mind was on other things. When I left for home, Wendy said it had been a happy day. Feeling surprisingly better, I smiled at her and agreed.

Three weeks later, I rushed to my beach in a state of near panic. I was in no mood to even greet Wendy. I thought I saw her mother on the porch and felt like demanding she keep her child at home.

"Look, if you don't mind," I said crossly when Wendy caught up with me, "I'd rather be alone today." She seemed unusually pale and out of breath.

"Why?" she asked.

I turned to her and shouted, "Because my mother died!" and thought, My God, why was I saying this to a little child?

"Oh," she said quietly, "then this is a bad day."

"Yes," I said, "and yesterday and the day before and -- oh, go away!"

"Did it hurt?" she inquired.

"Did what hurt?" I was exasperated with her, with myself.

"When she died?"

"Of course it hurt!" I snapped, misunderstanding, wrapped up in myself. I strode off.

A month or so after that, when I next went to the beach, she wasn't there. Feeling guilty, ashamed, and admitting to myself I missed her, I went up to the cottage after

my walk and knocked at the door. A drawn looking young woman with honey-colored hair opened the door.

"Hello," I said, "I'm Robert Peterson. I missed your little girl today and wondered where she was."

"Oh yes, Mr. Peterson, please come in. Wendy spoke of you so much. I'm afraid I allowed her to bother you. If she was a nuisance, please, accept my apologies."

"Not at all! She's a delightful child." I said, suddenly realizing that I meant what I had just said.

"Wendy died last week, Mr. Peterson. She had leukemia Maybe she didn't tell you."

Struck dumb, I groped for a chair. I had to catch my breath.

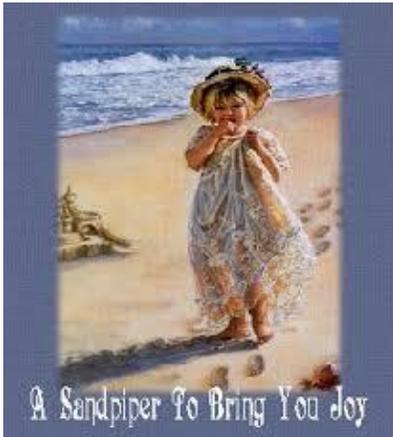
"She loved this beach, so when she asked to come, we couldn't say no. She seemed so much better here and had a lot of what she called happy days. But the last few weeks, she declined rapidly..." Her voice faltered, "She left something for you, if only I can find it. Could you wait a moment while I look?"

I nodded stupidly, my mind racing for something to say to this lovely young woman. She handed me a smeared envelope with "MR. P" printed in bold childish letters. Inside was a drawing in bright crayon hues -- a yellow beach, a blue sea, and a brown bird. Underneath was carefully printed:

A SANDPIPER TO BRING YOU JOY.

Tears welled up in my eyes, and a heart that had almost forgotten to love opened wide. I took Wendy's mother in my arms. "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry," I uttered over and over, and we wept

together. The precious little picture is framed now and hangs in my study. Six words -- one for each year of her life -- that speak to me of harmony, courage, and undemanding love.



***A gift from
a child with
sea blue
eyes and
hair the
color of
sand - who
taught me
the gift of
love.***

NOTE: This is a true story sent out by Robert Peterson. It happened over 20 years ago and the incident changed his life forever. It serves as a reminder to all of us that we need to take time to enjoy living and life and each other. The price of hating other human beings is loving oneself less.

Life is so complicated; the hustle and bustle of everyday traumas can make us lose focus about what is truly important or what is only a momentary setback or crisis.

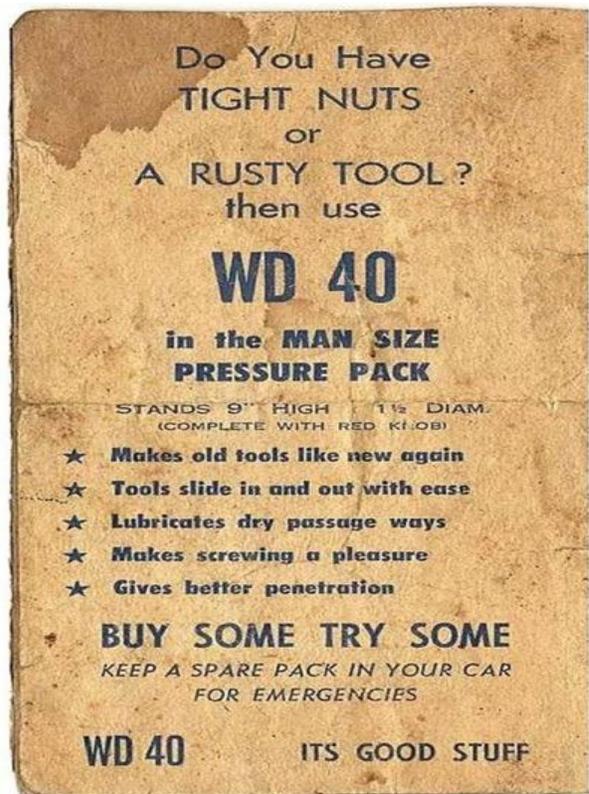
This week, be sure to give your loved ones an extra hug, and by all means, take a moment... even if it is only ten seconds, to stop and smell the roses.

This comes from someone's heart, and is read by many and now we share it with you.

May God Bless everyone who receives this! There are NO coincidences! Everything that happens to us happens for a reason.

WD-40 1964 Ad . . .

This is a genuine Ad from 1964 when WD-40 was first released. Their Ad department sure had a delightful way with words.



WITH SINCERE CONDOLENCES ... to our Comrades who lost Loved Ones this past month:

Rose Rietveld --- Her Aunt Died
on December 24th
Bobbie Cameron --- Her Mom
Died on December 19th
Lynn Wonnacott --- Her Dad Died
on December 26th



WISHING A SPEEDY RECOVERY

to Sandy Greenfield's Mom,
Ann Kimoff, in Hospital in
December

WISE WORDS

As we grow older, and hence wiser, we slowly realize that wearing a \$300.00 or \$30.00 watch - - - they both tell the same time.

Whether we carry a \$300.00 or \$30.00 wallet/handbag - - - the amount of money inside spends the same; You just buy more expensive items if you have more money!

Whether one drinks a bottle of \$300.00 or \$10.00 wine - - - the hangover is the same;

Whether the house we live in is 300 or 3000 sq. ft. - - - loneliness is the same.

Whether you fly first or economy class, if the plane goes down - - - you go down with it.

You will realize, your true inner happiness does not come from the material things of this world.

Therefore, I hope you realize, when you have mates, buddies and old friends, brothers and sisters, who you chat with, laugh with, talk with, have sing songs with, talk with about north-south-east-west or heaven & earth, That is true happiness!!

Five Undeniable Facts of Life:

1. Don't educate your children to be rich. Educate them to be Happy. So when they grow up they will know the value of things not the price.
2. Best awarded words in London ... "Eat your food as your medicines. Otherwise you have to eat medicines as your food."
3. The one who loves you will never leave you, because even if there are 100 reasons

to give up, he or she will find one reason to hold on.

4. There is a big difference between a human being, and being human. Only a few really understand it.

5. You are loved when you are born. You will be loved when you die. In between, You have to manage!

If you just want to Walk Fast, Walk Alone!
But if you want to Walk Far, Walk Together!

Six Best Doctors in the World

1. Sunlight
2. Rest
3. Exercise
4. Diet
5. Self Confidence and
6. Friends

... Maintain them in all stages of Life and enjoy healthy life.

Sent with smiles.



"Don't hurry, don't worry. You're only here for a short visit. So be sure to stop and smell the flowers."

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

A New Year's Wish for You and Yours...

May you get a clean bill of health from your dentist, your ophthalmologist, your psychiatrist, your cardiologist, your urologist, your proctologist, your gynecologist, your podiatrist, your plumber, and REVENUE CANADA.

May your hair, your teeth, your face-lift, your love handles, and your stocks never fall, and may your blood pressure, your triglycerides, your cholesterol, your white blood count, your weight, and your property assessments never increase.

May you be sensitive to the needs of others and may you create within yourself a balance of your own needs.

May you laugh at yourself and realize if you were supposed to touch your toes while exercising, the Lord would have placed them further up, and may you realize the reason so many people take up jogging is to hear heavy breathing again.

May what you see in the mirror delight you and what others see in you delight them. May someone love you enough to accept and forgive your faults and be blind to your blemishes, and tell the whole world about your virtues.

May you live in a world at peace, with an awareness of the beauty of every sunset, every flower, every child's smile, and every wonderful astonishing beat of your own heart.

If by laughter, I can cause you to wipe one tear from your cheek, that is my only reward.

Above all, may you continue to smile, may your life be filled with laughter, and may you never forget the words found in the Book of Proverbs ...

"A gloomy spirit rots the bones; but a merry heart is like good medicine."



WHY???????????????? THIS IS A VERY GOOD QUESTION!!!

Why has no one been able to explain to me why young men and women serve in the British, Canadian, Australian, or U.S. Military for 20 years, risking their lives protecting freedom, and only get up to 50% of their pay on retirement? While Politicians hold their political positions in the safe confines of all of our nation's capitals, protected by these same men and women, and receive full-pay retirement after serving one term. It just doesn't not make any sense.

In the U.K. some soldiers and their families come home only to be put out into the streets – Homeless..! Whilst immigrants and asylum seekers who have done nothing for our countries are treated to Free Housing, Medical Care and Benefits of every description..!

If each person who reads this will tell it to 20 people, in three days, most people here in the UK, Canada, United States and Australia will have the message! Your desire for Freedom will never die, so please have the will to allow our retired

soldiers to live out their lives in peace, comfort and a little happiness.

I have chosen to be part of the 1% who will pass it on, will you? "If you are one of the 99% who choose not to pass it on, you still have made a choice," and these brave soldiers have given you that right...!!



THE LAST WILL & TESTIMENT!!!

Doug Smith is on his death bed and knows the end is near. His nurse, his wife, his daughter and 2 sons are with him. He asks for 2 witnesses to be present and a camcorder be in place to record his last wishes, and when all is ready he begins to speak:

"My son, Bernie, I want you to take the Mayfair houses."

"My daughter Sybil, you take the apartments over in the east end."

"My son, Jamie, I want you to take the offices over in the City Centre."

"Sarah, my dear wife, please take all the residential buildings on the banks of the river."

The nurse and witnesses are blown away as they did not realize his extensive holdings, and as Doug slips away, the nurse says,

"Mrs. Smith, your husband must have been such a hard-working man to have accumulated all this property".

Sarah replies, "Property? the a###hole had a paper route!"

A TOUCH OF HOLY HUMOUR

Editor's Note: An 'Oldie but a Goodie'

The wise old Mother Superior was dying. The nuns gathered around her bed. She asked for a little warm milk to sip so a nun went to the kitchen to warm some milk.

Remembering a bottle of whiskey received as a gift the previous Christmas, she opened it and poured a generous amount into the warm milk.

Mother Superior drank a little, then a little more, then before they knew it, she had drunk the whole glass down to the last drop.

"Mother, Mother" the nuns cried, "Give us some wisdom before you die!"

She raised herself up in bed with a pious look on her face, and pointing out the window she said, "Don't EVER sell that cow!"





GRANDMA SHOES

When I was very little,
All the Grandmas that I
knew

All walked around this world,
In ugly grandma shoes.

You know the ones I speak of,
Those black clunky heeled kind,
They just looked so very awful
That it weighed upon my mind,

For I knew, when I grew old,
I'd have to wear those shoes,
I'd think of that, from time to time
It seemed like such bad news.

I never was a rebel,
I wore saddle shoes to school.
And next came ballerinas
Then the sandals, pretty cool.

And then came spikes with pointed toes,
Then platforms, very tall,
As each new fashion came
I wore them, one and all.

But always, in the distance,
Looming in my future, there,
Was that awful pair of ugly shoes,
The kind that Grandmas wear.

I eventually got married
And then I became a Mom.
Our kids grew up and left,
And then their children came along.

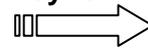
I knew I was a Grandma
And the time was drawing near,
When those clunky, black, old lace up
shoes
Was what I'd have to wear.

How would I do my gardening?
Or take my morning hike?
I couldn't even think about
How I would ride my bike!

But fashions kept evolving,
And one day I realized
That the shape of things to come
Was changing, right before my eyes.

And now, when I go shopping
What I see, fills me with glee.
For, in my jeans and Reeboks
I'm as comfy as can be.

And I look at all these
teenage girls
And there, upon their feet
Are clunky, black, old
Grandma shoes,
And they really think they're
neat.



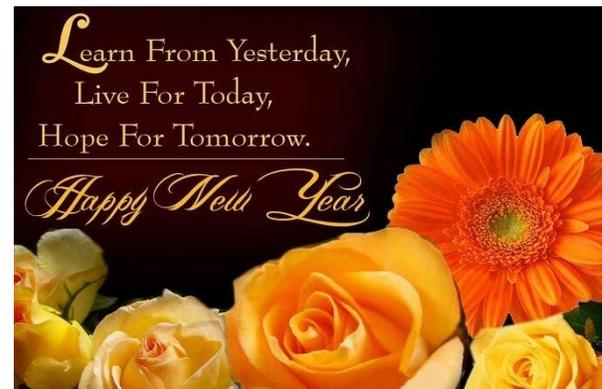
GOLDEN THOUGHTS

The happy couple was being interviewed
on their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

The society reporter asked, "*In all that
time, did you ever consider a divorce?*"

"*Oh, no, not divorce,
we're too old
fashioned for that,*"
the husband replied.

"*Murder frequently,*"
the wife offered, "*but
never divorce.*"



A "NEW YEAR"

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

I

*I rack my brain for happy
thoughts, to put down on my pad,
But lots of things that come to
mind that make me kind of sad.*

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

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

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

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

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

*We used to go out shopping
for new clothing at the Mall*

*But, now we never bother...
all the sizes are too small.*

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

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

God Bless & Happy New Year



A POSITIVE ATTITUDE

Late in the night, he finally regained consciousness. He was in the hospital, in terrible pain.

He found himself in the ICU with tubes in his mouth, needles and IV drips in both arms, a breathing mask, wires monitoring every function, and a nurse hovering over him. He realized that he was obviously in a life-threatening situation.

The nurse gave him a serious, deep look, straight into his eyes, then spoke to him slowly and clearly, enunciating each word and syllable, "You may not feel anything from the waist down."

Somehow he managed to mumble in reply, "Can I feel your boobs, then?"

**AND THAT, MY FRIEND, IS
A POSITIVE ATTITUDE**

LAUGHTER IS THE BEST MEDICINE

A bookseller conducting a market survey asked a woman – *“Which book has helped you most in your life?”*

The woman replied – *“My husband’s cheque book!!”*

— — — — —

A prospective husband in a book store *“Do you have a book called, ‘Husband – the Master of the House’?”*

Sales Girl: *“Sir, Fiction and Comics are on the 2nd floor.”*

— — — — —

Someone asked an old man: *“Even after 70 years, you still call your wife – Darling, Honey, Luv. What’s the secret?”*

Old man: *“I forgot her name and I’m scared to ask.”*

— — — — —

Wife: *“I wish I were a newspaper so I’d be in your hands all day.”*

Husband: *“I too wish that you were a newspaper, so I could have a new one every day!”*

— — — — —

Husband to wife: *“Today is a fine day.”*
Next day he says: *“Today is a fine day.”*
Again next day, he says same thing – *“today is a fine day.”*

Finally after a week, the wife asks her husband – *“since last week, you are saying today is a fine day. I am fed up. What’s the matter?”*

Husband: *“Last week when we had an argument, you said, I will leave you one fine day. I was just trying to remind you.”*

Have a laugh, laughter is the best medicine, Pass it on.

THIS ONE IS FOR BERT – our Special Friend and Comrade!!!!

Who is also an AVID Canadiens Fan!!

Many years ago at the Montreal forum. End of game between Canadiens & Wings. Color commentator (CC) asking Rocket Richard (R), who’s out with an injury, to name the 3 stars of the game.

CC: Well, Rocket, quite a fast game tonite.

R: Dats for shore!

CC: so who's your first star?

R: Well, for my first star I 'ave to pick Jean Beliveau He score 2 goal and 'ad one assist.

CC: and your second star?

R: For my second star I 'ave to pick my broder Ohnree. He score 1 goal. He skate good boat ways. He was all over the hice.

CC: and your third star?

R: Well, for my turd star I 'ave to pick Boom Boom Geoffrion. He skate. He shoot de puck. And he 'ad 2 assist.

CC: Well, Rocket, if you had an honorable mention, who would it be.

R: I 'ave to say Gordie 'Owe. If it wasn't for his 4 goals, we would have won the game.



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



**MEATLOAF
CUPCAKES**

This is a great
'*comfort food*
... just in time
for the BRRR of
January ...
ENJOY!

INGREDIENTS:

Meatloaf

- 1 teaspoon olive oil
- 1 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/2 cup finely chopped carrot
- 1 teaspoon dried oregano
- 2 garlic cloves, minced
- 1 cup ketchup, divided
- 1 1/2 pounds ground beef, extra lean (raw)
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons prepared mustard
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- 2 large eggs
- Cooking spray

Mashed Potatoes

- 4 cups cubed peeled Yukon gold potato (about 2 pounds)
- 1/4 cup 2% reduced-fat milk
- 1/4 cup low-fat sour cream
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper

Garnish

- 3 tablespoons chopped chives
- 4 pieces of bacon cooked and then chopped

METHOD:

- Preheat oven to 350°.
- Heat the olive oil in a large nonstick skillet over medium-high heat.
- Add chopped onion, chopped carrot, dried oregano, and minced garlic; sauté 2 minutes. Cool.
- Combine onion mixture, 1/2 cup ketchup, and the remaining ingredients except cooking spray in a large bowl.
- Spoon the meat mixture into 12 muffin cups coated with cooking spray.
- Top each with 2 teaspoons ketchup. Bake at 350° for 25 minutes or until a thermometer registers 160°. Let stand for 5 minutes.
- While the meatloaf is cooking, make the mashed potatoes. Place potato in a saucepan; cover with water.
- Bring to a boil; cover, reduce heat, and simmer 10 minutes or until tender. Drain. Put potatoes into a ricer for best results. Return potato to pan. Add milk and remaining ingredients; stir with a spoon to desired consistency. If they are not creamy enough for you, add up to 1/4 cup more milk; although they need to be stiff enough to pipe on top.
- Put the potatoes into a pastry bag with a wide star tip and pipe the mashed potatoes on top of the meatloaf.
- Sprinkle with bacon crumbles and chopped chives.

SPECIAL THANKS . . .

Last month just before finishing the December issue of The Buzz our computer monitor gasped its last!!! I called President Bob in a panic and he put out the word to our wonderful Unit 68 Family - and our Vice President Sandi Greenfield came to the rescue and saved the day with a donated 'gently used' monitor - Thanks Sandi . . . You are fantastic!

A PHOTO FOR THE MEMORY BOOKS . . . taken at our Bon Voyage Party for Bert



Gilles & Micheline Darvault, Rose Rietveld as Mrs. Santa, Bert, and President Bob as Santa Claus!!!

FRIENDS FOREVER

Sometimes we have a friend and we sense that our souls are very closely connected. We know that the connection is above time and space.

We know that wherever we are in our lives we will always remain friends. Even if we do not see each other for years we are able to pick up right where we left off. This is what people mean when they say *friends forever*.

~~~~~  
*Friendship is one of life's greatest treasures.* Friends that are loyal are always there to make you laugh when you are down, they are not afraid to help you avoid mistakes and they look out for your best interest. This kind of friend can be hard to find, but they offer a friendship that will last a lifetime.



### **FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .**

What a wonderful Bon Voyage Party we celebrated with Bert – the Pres. Is right – there wasn't a dry eye in the house when we sang – 'We'll Meet Again . . . .' What cherished memories to hold in our hearts for years to come!! We miss you, Bert!!!!



We are looking forward to meeting and greeting old friends and new at our Unit #68 Executive Installation on Saturday, January 30<sup>th</sup>!!

As we begin our new Buzz year we want to, as always, thank all of our loyal readers and all who send us great items and cartoons, etc. for our newsletter – it is very much appreciated!! And of course, our Special Thanks once again to our Star Columnist, Ron 'Andy Capp' Robinson!! What a fabulous life story Ronnie, and we thank you always for taking us with you down Memory Lane!!

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



**A Special New Year Wish for all of our Comrades and Friends . . . .**

*"Our Happy New Year wish for you,  
 Is for your best year yet,  
 A year where life is peaceful,  
 And what you want, you get,  
 A year in which you cherish,  
 The past year's memories,  
 Full of bright expectancies,  
 We wish for you a holiday,  
 With happiness galore,  
 And when it's done, we wish you,  
 Happy New Year, and many more."*

**Your Editors,  
 Mardi & Fred**