

THE BUZZ



YOUR PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Comrades.

I have been instructed by my editor to keep my June Presidents Report very positive.

The "*Friendly Club*" as we are known, will be having our Annual Trout Lake Birthday Barbecue on Saturday July 28, 2012 from 9 to 4:00 P.M. Everyone is welcome, so our chef Bert Darvault can do his magic on the BarBQ. We will also be having a mini-affle to help pay for the food and beer cost, and will be organized this year by Mardi and Rose. Elaine Donahue who sadly passed away in 2011. was Mardi's assistant for many years at this event and we will be thinking about her that day along with all our thoughts of the many dedicated members who are now in *Unit Heaven*. Oops, I have to stay positive, but my last respectful reminder did mention heaven!

We are now at 74 members for 2012 and with all the happenings in our unit I held a Unit #68 executive meeting to plan our future. We want those members who feel insecure to be assured that our Unit will be around for many more years to come. We are the only

unit in our organization that has successfully maintained a very healthy and active membership without the benefit of our own clubhouse and that is something to be commended.

As your proud President, I feel we should be doing a lot more for our loyal members. Sometimes we get complacent and I am guilty of that, so we will be awarding our long service lapel pins at our next membership meeting, which will be announced in our next issue of the buzz. At that meeting I would also like to have a fancy dinner and dance for our members with appreciation awards given to some very deserving comrades. Hours and hours are given by our volunteers and a small thank you goes a long way.

The Dominion Convention in September is in Winnipeg, and I originally had decided not to go.

Our Unit is entitled to two delegates, so it would have been the President and Past President Ken Griggs. According to our by-laws this leaves our Vice-President Sandy Greenfield no opportunity to attend as a delegate, and I felt this unfair after all her dedication to our unit. This decision has back-fired on me as many comrades have insisted that I attend. I am also the B.C. Command membership representative to Dominion Command. I will be talking to our executive and with permission from my members, the solution is to send all three comrades.

Hey-- being positive is not that hard, they say it takes as many muscles to frown as it does to smile . . . try it.



Fraternally
Bob Rietveld
President Unit # 68



GREETINGS FROM UNIT 26

As time marches on, we find ourselves looking forward to a busy summer schedule.

Our first summer event is our Annual Unit Golf Tournament on Saturday, June 9th at Country Meadows Golf Course in Richmond. The event organizers this year are Sylvia and Doug Kelsey. The \$65.00 cost includes the green fees, dinner, prizes and more! I understand the bookings are full so it should be a great day for all. Good luck and happy putting!

That leads us to the Queens Diamond Jubilee Celebrations. We are planning to visit 4 of our community Day Care and Kindergarten schools in our area. We will be delivering to them coloring pages of the British Flag and the Canadian Flag and also hats that they can make and color for the Celebration. We will arrive with collages, goodie bags, juice and cookies for all. As I understand it, the children are planning skits and songs to entertain us. We applied to Heritage Canada and received a grant of \$345.00 to use towards the Celebration with the children. Many thanks to all those involved with this endeavor. We are looking forward to celebrating with the children as they are our future.

We will celebrate all Father's on Sunday, June 17th with a Steak BBQ sponsored by the Ladies Auxilliary. The BBQ will be from 3-5pm and tickets are

\$6.00 each available at the bar. Let us honor all fathers and support our LA.

July 1st – Canada Day – Units 26 & 68 join together to sponsor a Multi-Cultural Celebration in honor of Canada's Birthday. This will be held between the hours of 11-4pm at 43rd Avenue between Fraser and Chester Streets. There will be music, dancers, face painting for the children, Police dog show, bocce tournament, Child Find plus many more demonstrations, booths and activities to watch and participate in. Hot dogs, juice and cupcakes for all! At 4:30pm we will have the cutting of the cake in the Unit and 5pm brings on *NASTY HABITS* who will be our dance band for the evening. Please come and join us for the day. If you feel you can volunteer for a few hours, please register with Jan Holt or Inder.

July 15th we are going to celebrate our Units 93rd birthday with a big BIRTHDAY BASH! We will be having a special dinner catered by our Chef Audrey, music, entertainment, draws, giveaways and much more. Tickets for members will be free with a \$10.00 reservation fee to be returned to the member when the dinner ticket is redeemed. This is to help us know how many dinners we need to order. All guests and visitors can purchase tickets for \$10.00 each. Tickets will be available in early June from the bar. Spread the word!

And we culminate the month of July with the Joint Unit 26 & 68 Picnic at Trout Lake on Saturday, July 28th. And these are only the events that I know about. There could be others just lurking around the corner. Watch for information posters in the Unit for all the above activities. See you around,

Janice Graham
President Unit 26

PROVINCIAL COLOUR
GUARD REPORT

Comrades:

Thank you to all my Colour Guard members who showed up in full force to support Comrade 2.I.C. John Yates at his Celebration of Life. Also to Mike Carpenter and the New Westminster Pipe Band who marched us in. John loved the pipes. Many friends commented on the respectful way our Colour Guard presented themselves on honour of one of our own. A deep sadness is always felt when we lose a member of our dedicated group.

B.C. Command liaison officer Lou Mazur is back home following heart surgery. All our members wish him well and we look forward to his return. It is not the same without Lou on the reviewing stand, it as always my honour to salute such a dedicated Comrade.

Our newly elected 2.I.C. Inder Malawarair took my place as Colour Sergeant at the Cloverdale parade and from all reports I had better watch my back at the next election-- just kidding my friend, a job well done.

Hands Across The Border has asked me to be Parade Marshall for a second year and I will be recommending our own member Charlie Lee, to be the Honorary Veteran for Canada at this ceremony.

Last year we had Ron Robinson as our representative and we still laugh when they announced him as the "*oldest living Veteran in Canada*". Join us June 10th at the Peace Arch and witness thousands of kids from both countries, led by your Colour Guard, as we march through the Arch.

The Colour Guard sets up a huge tent and you are all welcome to join us for a barbecue. Be there early - 12 noon is perfect.

Still looking for new members . . . see any Colour Guard member for an application or contact our B.C. Command office.

Fraternally:

Bob Rietveld

B.C. Command Colour Sergeant

SHUFF N' STUFF . . .

Provincial Command Cribbage Tournament was played Saturday, May 5th at Sidney Unit #302 on a weather perfect day. Twelve teams participated in the event. The crib crown will remain on the island with Victoria being next years team BC. Runners up were Unit 284 from Steveston. Congratulations to both. Our band of representatives finished in the middle of the pack.

Annual Provincial Command Golf Tournament

Where: Delta Golf Club

When: Saturday, June 23rd, 2012.

Tee off at 1:30pm

Each Unit may enter 2 teams of 4 players, those wishing to register please note the cut off is Friday June 8th, 2012. Please indicate which 2 players from your team of 4 wish to play together.

Registration form and a map to Delta Golf Club are at the main bulletin board.

Only those providing all the information the registration form requires will be considered.

With Canada Day approaching, please consider warming up your Bocce balls.

Dick Moore, Director - Sports

VERY TRUTHFUL

"Most folks are as happy as they make up their minds to be."

Abraham Lincoln

http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/authors/a/abraham_lincoln_4.html - GxcBoEDeeixqSx6o.99

VETERANS AFFAIRS REPORT

I want to share an article I read recently entitled "Broken Arrow" a code name for a Cold War Mystery.

The remains of an American airman found 60 years ago in B.C. have finally been laid to rest. Srtg. Elbert Pollard, a decorated U.S. air force gunner was in flight, in a B-36 bomber along with 17 other airmen on February 13, 1950. They were carrying an Mk-4 nuclear bomb en route to California from an airbase in Alaska. The bomb - which contained 5 tons of explosives was dropped and exploded over the ocean before the crew bailed out of the failing aircraft. It eventually crashed into Mount Kologet, 500 Kilometres north of Vancouver. Twelve men from the doomed B-36 parachuted to safety and were rescued by a fishing boat, but the other five drowned. In 1952, a fisherman snagged a parachute and military-issued boot containing a man's left foot.

In 2001, a request by family members to exhume the bones led to advanced DNA testing and proved that the boot and parachute belonged to Stg. Pollard. Friday May 25, 2012 Srtg Pollard's daughter, Betty Wheeler, now 64, attended a burial at Presido-U.S.National Cemetery near San Francisco, California, a compound within sight of the Golden Gate Bridge.

With full military honours, Betty Wheeler's father was finally laid to rest, a place his daughter described as the most beautiful place on earth.

All the exhibits of Broken Arrow are now on display at a museum in Ottawa.

I was touched by the strong desire to honour this hero and the respect that the military shows to it's fallen, even after 62 years. It is precisely this reason that our organization carries on its dedication to veterans and why your membership is so important. We must never forget.

Respectfully submitted in honour of
Roy Blair.
Bob Rietveld

*At the going down of the sun
and in the morning
we will remember them!!*

Always
&
Forever



A.N.A.F. UNIT #68/26

ANNUAL PICNIC AT
TROUT LAKE

Saturday, July 28th from 8 - 4



Delicious Food, Competative Bocci,
Great Comradery, and a whole pack of
Terrific Raffle Prize!

Even with Mother Nature rains on our
parade we are under cover and
therefore you won't get wet!!!

It is a FUN DAY . . . and

EVERYONE IS WELCOME!!!!!!

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DID YOU KNOW... that you may be eligible
for Death Benefits of up to \$ 3,500.00?

LAST POST FUND INC.

British Columbia Branch #520
7337 – 137th St. Surrey, BC V3W 1A4

For information regarding financial
assistance for the burial of your loved ones,
please contact 572-3242 or
1 – 800 – 268-0248.

*"I can remember when the
air was clean and sex was
dirty."*

--- George Burns

JUNE 2012 at Unit #26

FATHER'S DAY STEAK DINNER

Sunday, June 17th from 3 – 5 pm
This dinner is hosted by Unit 26 LA
Tickets \$6 each at the bar
Make this a Special Day for all Fathers
and Grandfathers!!!

Dancing to Great Bands all month. . .
Friday June 1st

Woody James

Saturday, June 2nd – Closed Event
Friday & Saturday, June 8th & 9th

Willie MacCalder

Friday & Saturday, June 15th & 16th
Lone Street

Friday & Saturday, June 22nd & 23rd
The Great Outdoors

Friday & Saturday, June 29th & 30th
The Road Crew

NOTE NEW TIMES:

Fridays 7:30 – 11:30 pm

Saturdays 6:30 – 10:30 pm

TEXAS HOLD'EM

Every Wednesday and Friday evenings –
Registration 6:30 pm
Last night of Friday Poker – June 15th

DROP-IN EUCHRE

Thursdays at 7 p.m.

TRIVIA with DANNY STETSKI

Tuesdays at 7 p.m

MEAT DRAWS every week

Fridays at 4:00 p.m. 2 tickets for \$1

Saturdays at 4:00 p.m. 2 tickets for \$1

MEMBERSHIP DRAW – every Saturday
during Meat Draw . . . Must be Here to Win!

JOIN US AND ENJOY!!

Remember: anavets26.ca

REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON...



IN THIS CORNER . . .

IT'S ONLY A BLEARY-EYED MEMORY NOW BUT OUR 26TH ANNUAL TRIP DOWN TO BELLINGHAM ON GOOD FRIDAY WAS IN MY OPINION, ONE OF THE BEST. GOOD WEATHER, GOOD PEOPLE, GOOD MUSIC. I GUESS THAT'S WHY IT'S CALLED GOOD FRIDAY.

48 HARDY SOULS MADE THE BUS TRIP. THOSE NEVADA PULL-TABS PAID OFF BETTER FOR SOME OF US THIS TRIP. .

. \$200 PRIZE MONEY AT ONE TABLE.



OUR THANKS TO MOE STILES AND HIS FIRE HOUSE FIVE BAND WHO NOT ONLY PLAYED FOR US ON THE BUS AND IN THE VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS CLUB BUT TOOK THE BAND DOWN TO GUS AND NAPS BAR IN DOWNTOWN BELLINGHAM AND ENTERTAINED THE CROWD THERE.

MY THANKS TO ANNE SIMMONS AND MY BETTER HALF, HESTER, FOR HELPING ME RUN THE PRIZE DRAWS ON THE BUS.

ALSO THANKS TO JACK SNAITH, HE TOOK OVER FOR ME ON THE RETURN TRIP TO VANCOUVER. I THINK I WAS POISONED FROM SOMETHING I DIDN'T EAT.

I INVITED THE COMMANDER OF THE V.F.W. TO BRING THEIR MEMBERS UP TO UNIT 26 FOR A RETURN VISIT.

THE PICTURES TAKEN DOWN IN BELLINGHAM THAT DAY ARE NOW ON VIEW ON OUR CANDID CAMERA BOARD IN THE CLUBROOMS, ANOTHER FINE JOB BY OUR PHOTOGRAPHER, JOHN ADAMSON.

You have just read a column that I wrote back in 1984 in the Unit 26 newsletter.

In the newspaper I created many years ago, I mentioned one of our most cherished members, Moe Stiles, who created The Firehouse Five Band that originated from Unit 26 and played most of the clubs around BC! Moe played the banjo and was known as 'the Banjo Man.'

Moe and his beloved wife celebrated their 64th wedding anniversary a few weeks ago (April 3rd to be precise). I intend to have a complete story about Moe posted in my History Museum in the clubrooms shortly.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Those surely were the 'good old days' Ronnie

. . .
What *Fun Bus Trips* you must have enjoyed!!



THAT'S ME, 1984!

We will look forward to reading Moe's story and the history of his Firehouse Five Band in your museum shortly. Thanks Ronnie, as always!!!

OVERHEARD IN THE CLUBROOMS . . .

I took my granddaughter to the doctor for her 2-year-old check.

They had her do coordination tests, like stacking blocks, and they watch and see if they walk properly.

And then the doctor said, "*Allison, can you stand on one foot for me?*"

So she walked over and stood on his foot.

A CHILD'S
PERSPECTIVE ON



ADULT BEHAVIOR . . .

How you decide who to marry?

You got to find somebody who likes the same stuff. Like, if you like sports, she should like it that you like sports, and she should keep the chips and dip coming.

--Alan, age 10

No person really decides before they grow up who they're going to marry. God decides it all way before, and you get to find out later who you're stuck with.

--Kirsten, age 10

What is the right age to get married?

Twenty-three is the best age because you know the person FOREVER by then.

--Camille, age 10

No age is good to get married at. You got to be a fool to get married. It just leads to fighting and kids.

--Freddie, age 6

How can a stranger tell if two people are married?

You might have to guess, depending on whether they seem to be yelling at the same kids.

--Derrick, age 8

What do you think your Mum and Dad have in common?

Both don't want any more kids.

--Lori, age 8

What do most people do on a date?

Dates are for having fun, and people should use them to get to know each other. Even boys have something to say if you listen long enough.

--Lynnette, age 8

On the first date, they just tell each other lies, and that usually gets them interested enough to go for a second date.

--Martin, age 10

When is it okay to kiss someone?

When they're rich.

--Pam, age 7

The law says you have to be eighteen, so I wouldn't want to mess with that.

--Curt, age 7

The rule goes like this: If you kiss someone, then you should marry them and have kids with them. It's the right thing to do.

--Howard, age 8

Is it better to be single or married?

It's better for girls to be single but not for boys. Boys need someone to clean up after them.

--Anita, age 9

How would the world be different if people didn't get married?

There sure would be a lot of kids to explain, wouldn't there?

--Kelvin, age 8

How would you make a marriage work?

Tell your wife that she looks pretty, even if she looks like a garbage truck.

--Katrina, age 10

Take the garbage out to the curb at night, so that the morning does not start with a fight.

--Peter, age 7

I would build a treehouse for the kids, as far away as possible, for some peace and quiet when I want to cuddle up with my wife on the couch.

--Thomas, age 8

The husband should not start laughing every time the smoke detector goes off in the kitchen and make the wife mad for the rest of the day.

--Barbie, age 10

If the daddy brings home some flowers, even if they are the weird ones from the cemetery, then the mom forgets what she was going to argue about and they smile and smooch instead.

--Holly, age 9

*CORRECT TIME TO DRINK WATER
... VERY IMPORTANT*

*ADVICE FROM A CARDIAC
SPECIALIST!*

Drinking water at a certain time maximizes its effectiveness on the body:

2 glasses of water after waking up - helps activate internal organs

1 glass of water 30 minutes before a meal - helps digestion

1 glass of water before taking a bath - helps lower blood pressure

1 glass of water before going to bed - avoids stroke or heart attack



A Physician also advises that water at bed time will also help prevent night time leg cramps. Your leg muscles are seeking hydration when they cramp and wake you up

with a Charlie Horse!!



*YOU DIDNT SAVE ANYTHING
FOR RETIREMENT DID YOU??*

A FATHER

by Beautiful Chaos

A father never wants to see
His child go astray
Everyday he tries his best
To help you on your way

Knows at times you'll have to fail
Learn things on your own
No matter how it hurts to see
His baby bird has flown

Protector of a youthful heart
Consoler of all pains
A hero in the eyes of love
The blood within your veins

Child love your father now
Give him all your praise
Our time in life is limited
Wisely use these days

Give back all he's given you
This love is something rare
It's flow is unconditional
Strength beyond compare

SENIORS ROCK!!!!

Two paramedics were dispatched to check on a 92-year-old man who had become disoriented. They decided to take him to the hospital for evaluation. En route, with siren going, they questioned the man to determine his level of awareness.

Leaning close, one paramedic asked, "Sir, do you know what we're doing right now?"

The old man slowly looked up at him, then gazed out the ambulance window. He slowly turned back to the paramedic and said, "Oh, I'd say about 50, maybe 55."

BOOM!!!!

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 defend ourselves and kill people if we had to," 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.

"What's a grenade?" 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 proceeded to give a demonstration. Lo and behold, the son throws the grenade and it lands just twenty feet behind the outhouse.



BOOM!!! 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!'*

HOW MANY OF YOU REMEMBER GRACIE ALLEN?

"When I was born I was so surprised I didn't talk for a year and a half!"

"Smartness runs in my family. When I went to school I was so smart my teacher was in my class for 5 years."

OVERHEARD IN THE CLUBROOMS . . .

I went to the club the other night and told Bartender Jim, *"A glass of your finest Less, please."*

"'Less'? Never heard of it," he said.

"C'mon, surely you have."

"No, really, we don't stock it. What is it? Some kind of foreign beer?"



"I'm not sure," I replied. *"It was my doctor who mentioned it. He said I should 'drink Less.'"*

THE URINALS TOO HIGH!!

(an oldie but a goodie!)

A group of 2nd, 3rd and 4th graders, accompanied by two female teachers, went on a field trip to the local racetrack (Hastings Racetrack) to learn about thoroughbred horses. When it was time to take the children to the bathroom, it was decided that the girls would go with one teacher and the boys would go with the other.

The teacher assigned to the boys was waiting outside the men's room when one of the boys came out and told her that none of them could reach the urinal. Having no choice, she went inside, helped the boys with their pants, and began hoisting the little boys up one by one. As she lifted one, she couldn't help but notice that he was unusually well endowed. Trying not to show that she was staring, the teacher said, *"You must be in the 4th grade."*

"No ma'am," he replied. *"I'm the jockey riding Silver Arrow in the seventh."*

A BEAUTIFUL TRUE STORY . . .

This is a true story and it will give you the chills.

This is a beautiful and touching story of love and perseverance. Well worth the read.

A t the prodding of my friends I am writing

this story. My name is Mildred Honor, and 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 pleasure of having a 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.

Well, Robby began his piano lessons and from the beginning I thought it was a hopeless endeavor. As much as Robby tried, he lacked the sense of tone and basic rhythm needed to excel. But he dutifully reviewed his scales and some elementary piano pieces that I require all my students to learn. Over the months he tried and tried while I listened and cringed and tried to encourage him.

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 me 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 onstage 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 the 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. Murray Federal Building in Oklahoma City in April, 1995.

And now, a footnote to the story. If you are thinking about repeating this story, you are probably wondering which of your friends aren't the 'appropriate' ones to receive this type of message. The person who sent this to us 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 and leave the world a bit colder in the process?

Thank you for reading this.

And always remember . . .

Live simply.
Love generously.
Care deeply.
Speak kindly.

WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW

One evening during a poker game, a man was bragging to his friends about how his sister disguised herself as a man and was able to join the Navy, without having to go onto the waiting list for women.

"But, wait a minute," said one listener. *"Your sister will have to dress with the boys and shower with them, too. Won't she?"*

"Sure," replied the man.

"Well, won't they find out?" asked another poker player.

The first man shrugged his shoulders and replied, *"Sure. But who is gonna tell?"*



LOUD MOUTHED CELL PHONE USERS . . .

Have you ever felt like strangling one of those 'loud mouthed' cell phone users who seem to sit near you in a restaurant or any other place and forcibly share their private call with you.

Here's one solution, provided by a commuter on how to combat this display of bad manners. After a very busy day, a commuter settled down in her seat and



closed her eyes as the train departed Montreal for Hudson.

As the train rolled out of the station, the guy sitting next to her pulled out his cell phone and started talking in a loud voice: *"Hi sweetheart it's Eric, I'm on the train - yes, I know it's the six thirty and not the four thirty but I had a long meeting - no, honey, not with that floozie from the accounts office, with the boss. No sweetheart, you're the only one in my life - yes, I'm sure, cross my heart"* etc., etc.

Fifteen minutes later at St. Anne de Bellevue he was still talking loudly, when the young woman sitting next to him, who was obviously angered by his continuous diatribe, yelled at the top of her voice:

"Hey, Eric, turn that stupid phone off and come back to bed!"

My guess would be that Eric doesn't use his cell phone in public any longer.

A NOTE FROM THE EDGE OF LIFE . . .

Dear Man,
Yes, it is cute, but can you pick up peanuts with it?



Sincerely,
Elephant

VERY USEFUL INFO . . .

ATM PIN Number
Reversal - Good to Know!!



If you should ever be forced by a robber to withdraw money from an ATM machine, you can notify the police by entering your PIN in reverse.

For example, if your pin number is 1234, then you would put in 4321. The ATM system recognizes that your PIN number is backwards from the ATM card you placed in the machine. The machine will still give you

the money you requested, but unknown to the robber, the police will be immediately dispatched to the location.

All ATM machines carry this emergency sequencer by law.

This information was recently broadcast on Crime Stoppers however it is seldom used because people just don't know about it.

RETIREMENT SEX

Two men were sitting on a bench in the park enjoying the sunshine one day when one old man asks his friend, 'So, *how's your sex life?*'

'Oh, nothing special. I'm having Pension Sex.'

'Pension sex?'

'Yeah, you know; I get a little each month, but not enough to live on!'



BUTTERCUPS AND

GOLF BALLS

(In honour of Golf Season . . .)

Towards the end of a round of golf, Dave hit his ball into the woods and found it in a patch of pretty, yellow buttercups.

Trying to get his ball back in play, he ended up thrashing just about every buttercup in the patch.

All of a sudden? POOF!!

In a flash and puff of smoke, a little old woman appeared.

She said, *'I'm Mother Nature! Do you know how long it took me to make those buttercups? Just for doing what you have done, you won't have any butter for your popcorn for the rest of your life... better still, you won't have any butter for your toast for the rest of your life.... As a matter of fact, you'll never have any butter for anything for the rest of your life!!!'*



Then POOF!... she was gone!

After Dave recovered from the shock, he hollered for his friend, *'Fred, where are you?'*

Fred yells back *'I'm over here in the pussy willows.'*

Dave shouts back, *'DON'T SWING, Fred! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, DON'T SWING!!!'*

TRUE QUOTES . . .

"The odds of going to the store for a loaf of bread and coming out with only a loaf of bread are three billion to one." ~Erma Bombeck

"Everything is funny as long as it is happening to somebody else." – Will Rogers

HOW RETIRED PEOPLE GET THEIR KICKS

Working people frequently ask retired people what they do to make their days interesting.

One older gent told us this story:

Well, for example, the other day, Marilyn, my wife, and I went downtown and visited an interesting curio shop.

When we came out, there was a cop writing out a parking ticket.

We went up to him and I said, *'Come on, man, how about giving a senior citizen a break?'*

He ignored us and continued writing the ticket.

I called him an a**hole. He glared at me and started writing another ticket for having worn-out tires.

So Marilyn called him a s**t head. He finished the second ticket and put it on the windshield with the first. Then he started writing more tickets. This went on for about 20 minutes. The more we abused him, the more tickets he wrote.

Just then our bus arrived, and we got on it and went home.



We try to have a little fun each day now that we're retired.

It's important at our age.

"As a child my family's menu consisted of two choices – take it or leave it."
- Buddy Hackett

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

USEFUL HEALTH ADVICE

1. F***ing once a week is good for your health, but it's harmful if done every day.
2. F***ing gives proper relaxation for your mind & body.
3. F* **ing refreshes you.

4. After F***ing don't eat too much; go for more liquids.
5. Try to do f***ing in bed cause it can save your valuable energy.
6. F***ing can even reduce your cholesterol level.

SO, REMEMBER . . .

FASTING is good for your health and may God cleanse your dirty mind!

— — — — —

A young engineer was leaving the office at 5:45 p.m. when he found the CEO standing in front of a shredder with a piece of paper in his hand.

"Listen," said the CEO, "this is a very sensitive and important document, and my secretary is not here. Can you make this thing work?"

"Certainly," said the young engineer. He turned on the machine, inserted the paper, and pressed the start button.

"Excellent, excellent!" said the CEO as his paper disappeared inside the machine. "I just need one copy."

Lesson: Never, never, ever assume that your boss knows what he's doing.

— — — — —

A woman and her ever-nagging husband went on vacation in Jerusalem. While they were there, the husband passed away.

The undertaker told the wife, *"You can have him buried here in the Holy Land for \$150, or we can have him shipped back stateside for \$5,000."*

The wife thought about it and told the undertaker she would have him shipped back home.

The undertaker asked her, *"Why would you spend \$5,000 to have him shipped home when you could have a beautiful burial here, and it would only cost \$150?????"*

The wife replied, "Long ago, a man died here, was buried here, and three days later, he rose from the dead. I just can't take that chance!"

— — — — —
**NEW DRINKING WARNING
 JUST RELEASED!!!**

Vodka and ice will ruin your kidneys;
 Rum and ice will ruin your liver;
 Whiskey and ice will ruin your heart;
 Gin and ice will ruin your brain;
 Pepsi and ice will ruin your teeth;

There you have it!!!
 ICE is flipping lethal!

Warn all your friends immediately;
 Lay off the ice, just drink it straight!
 This could save a life!

And don't forget what the damn thing did to the Titanic!

DEAR OLD AUNT MILDRED . . .

Aging Aunt Mildred was a 93-year-old woman who was particularly despondent over the recent death of her husband. She decided that she would just kill herself and join him in death.

Thinking that it would be best to get it over with quickly, she took out his old Army pistol and made the decision to shoot herself in the heart, since it was badly broken in the first place.

Not wanting to miss the vital organ and become a vegetable and a burden to someone, she called her doctor's office to inquire as to just exactly where the heart would be on a woman.



The doctor said, *'Your heart would be just below your left breast'*.

Later that night..... Mildred was admitted to the hospital with a gunshot wound to her knee.

YES . . . I'M A SENIOR CITIZEN!!

Senior citizens are constantly being criticized for every conceivable deficiency of the modern world, real or imaginary. We know we take responsibility for all we have done and do not blame others.

HOWEVER, upon reflection, we would like to point out that it was **NOT** the senior citizens who took:

The melody out of music,
 The pride out of appearance,
 The courtesy out of driving,
 The romance out of love,
 The commitment out of marriage,
 The responsibility out of parenthood,
 The togetherness out of the family,
 The learning out of education,
 The service out of patriotism,
 The Golden Rule from rulers,
 The nativity scene out of cities,
 The civility out of behavior,
 The refinement out of language,
 The dedication out of employment,
 The prudence out of spending,
 The ambition out of achievement or
 God out of government and school.

And we certainly are **NOT** the ones who eliminated patience and tolerance from personal relationships and interactions with others!!

And, we do understand the meaning of patriotism, and remember those who have fought and died for our country. Just look at the Seniors with tears in their eyes and pride in their hearts as they stand at attention with their hand over their hearts!

YES, I'M A SENIOR CITIZEN!

* I'm the life of the party..... even if it lasts until 8 p.m.

* I'm very good at opening childproof caps.... with a hammer.

* I'm awake many hours before my body allows me to get up.

* I'm smiling all the time because I can't hear a thing you're saying.

* I'm sure everything I can't find is in a safe secure place, somewhere.

* I'm wrinkled, saggy, lumpy, and that's just my left leg.

* I'm beginning to realize that aging is not for wimps.

Yes, I'm a SENIOR CITIZEN and I think I am having the time of my life!

Spread the laughter
 Share the cheer
 Let's be happy
 While we're here.

The Pickle Jar . . .

The pickle jar as far back as I can remember sat on the floor beside the dresser in my parents' bedroom. When he got ready for bed, Dad would empty his pockets and toss his coins into the jar.

As a small boy, I was always fascinated at the sounds the coins made as they were dropped into the jar. They landed with a merry jingle when the jar was almost empty. Then the tones gradually muted to a dull thud as the jar was filled.

I used to squat on the floor in front of the jar to admire the copper and silver circles that glinted like a pirate's treasure when the sun poured through the bedroom window. When the jar was filled, Dad would sit at the kitchen table and roll the coins before taking them to the bank.

Taking the coins to the bank was always a big production. Stacked neatly in a small cardboard box, the coins were placed between Dad and me on the seat of his old truck.

Each and every time, as we drove to the bank, Dad would look at me hopefully. 'Those coins are going to keep you out of the textile mill, son. You're going to do better than me. This old mill town's not going to hold you back.'

Also, each and every time, as he slid the box of rolled coins across the counter at the bank toward the cashier, he would grin proudly. 'These are for my son's college fund. He'll never work at the mill all his life like me.'

We would always celebrate each deposit by stopping for an ice cream cone. I always got chocolate. Dad always got vanilla. When the clerk at the ice cream parlor handed Dad his change, he would show me the few coins nestled in his palm. 'When we get home, we'll start filling the jar again.' He always let me drop the first coins into the empty jar. As they rattled around with a brief, happy jingle, we grinned at each other. 'You'll get to college on pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters,' he said. 'But you'll get there; I'll see to that.'

No matter how rough things got at home, Dad continued to doggedly drop his coins into the jar. Even the summer when Dad got laid off from the mill, and Mama had to serve dried beans several times a week, not a single dime was taken from the jar.

To the contrary, as Dad looked across the

table at me, pouring catsup over my beans to make them more palatable, he became more determined than ever to make a way out for me 'When you finish college, Son,' he told me, his eyes glistening, 'You'll never have to eat beans again - unless you want to.'

The years passed, and I finished college and took a job in another town. Once, while visiting my parents, I used the phone in their bedroom, and noticed that the pickle jar was gone. It had served its purpose and had been removed.

A lump rose in my throat as I stared at the spot beside the dresser where the jar had always stood. My dad was a man of few words: he never lectured me on the values of determination, perseverance, and faith. The pickle jar had taught me all these virtues far more eloquently than the most flowery of words could have done. When I married, I told my wife Susan about the significant part the lowly pickle jar had played in my life as a boy. In my mind, it defined, more than anything else, how much my dad had loved me.

The first Christmas after our daughter Jessica was born, we spent the holiday with my parents. After dinner, Mom and Dad sat next to each other on the sofa, taking turns cuddling their first grandchild. Jessica began to whimper softly, and Susan took her from Dad's arms. 'She probably needs to be changed,' she said, carrying the baby into my parents' bedroom to diaper her. When Susan came back into the living room, there was a strange mist in her eyes.

She handed Jessica back to Dad before taking my hand and leading me into the room. 'Look,' she said softly, her eyes directing me to a spot on the floor beside the dresser. To my amazement, there, as if it had never been removed, stood the old pickle jar, the bottom already covered with coins. I walked over to the pickle jar, dug down into my pocket, and

pulled out a fistful of coins. With a gamut of emotions choking me, I dropped the coins into the jar. I looked up and saw that Dad, carrying Jessica, had slipped quietly into the room. Our eyes locked, and I knew he was feeling the same emotions I felt. Neither one of us could speak.

This truly touched my heart. Sometimes we are so busy adding up our troubles that we forget to count our blessings. Never underestimate the power of your actions. With one small gesture you can change a person's life, for better or for worse.

God puts us all in each other's lives to impact one another in some way. Look for GOOD in others.

"The best and most beautiful things cannot be seen or touched - they must be felt with the heart" ~ Helen Keller

Editors Note: We have printed this true story many months ago in 2011, but in honour of Fathers Day we felt it deserved a repeat.

HAPPY FATHERS DAY TO ALL THE
DADS AND GRANDDADS OUT THERE!!
I DIED OF SHAME
(SO VERY CUTE)...

Annie, 6 years old, gets home from school. She had just had her first family planning lesson at school.

Her mother, very interested, asks; "How did it go?"



"I died of shame!" She answers!

"Why?" Her Mother asked.

Annie said, "Karen from down the road, says that the stork brings babies. Sally next door said you can buy babies at the orphanage.

Peter in my class says you can buy babies at the hospital."

Her mother answers laughingly "But that's no reason to be ashamed?"

"No, but I can't tell them that we were so poor that you and daddy had to make me yourselves!"

Happy Birthday to all of our
Unit 68 JUNE Celebrants!

Joe & Sam Bruni	Alan Carson
Jim Degroot	Dale Hyska
Sharon McMurdo	Joan McQuarrie
Sharon Peterson	William Ritchie
William Wonnacott	

Happy Birthday

Everyone!

ENJOY YOUR DAY



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

AND FROM OUR UNIT 68
RECIPE CORNER . . .

A YUMMY
BREAKFAST
CASSEROLE



INGREDIENTS:

1 package frozen southern style hash browns
1 pound bacon
1 pound breakfast sausage, scrambled
12 eggs
2 cups grated cheddar cheese
1 cup diced onions (optional)
1 cup diced bell peppers (optional)

PREPARATION:

- In separate skillet, fry bacon, cook and break up sausage, brown hash browns (add onion and peppers), and scramble eggs.
- Take a large baking pan and spray with Pam. Layer potatoes, crumble bacon, add sausage, and eggs.
- Top with cheese and repeat layers one more time. Finish off with more cheese.
- Bake in 350 degree oven for about 15 minutes, or until cheese is melted and bubbly. Season with salt and pepper and serve.

This casserole serves 6 – ENJOY!

Gladys failed a Health and Safety course at the Senior Center today.



One of the questions was: *"In the event of a fire, what steps would you take?"*

*"F***ing' big ones"* was apparently the wrong answer.

FROM YOUR EDITORS . .



There is still a chill in the air here in 'Lotus Land' – Tsk!! We are sure hoping for a nice WARM & SUNNY SUMMER!!

We are looking forward to a fun and very enjoyable season at the club as we celebrate our Unit's 82nd birthday, and Unit 26's 93rd birthday, as well as Canada Day – and of course – our FABULOUS ANNUAL PICNIC!!!

We will be welcoming all of our Comrades and friends – so please plan to join with us and ENJOY!!

Just a Gentle Reminder . . . we sometimes duplicate or repeat some items in our Buzz but if and when we do we feel they warrant

another read so please bear with us! Besides, your Editors have 'Old Timers Disease' and the good old memory just gets up and goes sometimes – where?? We don't know!!

As we welcome June we want to leave you with these thoughts to ponder . . .

SOME THINGS JUST MAKE YOUR HEART SMILE

"Life is not the way it's supposed to be, it's the way it is. The way we cope with it, is what makes the difference.

"Until one has loved an animal, part of their soul remains unawakened"

May you always walk in sunshine, my friend!

May you always have Love to Share, Health to Spare, and Friends that Care!

Laughter is good exercise.
It's like jogging on the inside.

Life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass, it's about learning to dance in the rain!

Your Editors, Mardi & Fred