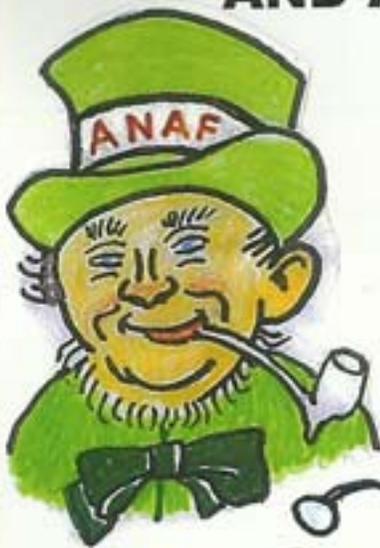


# THE BUZZ



**WISHING ALL OF OUR COMRADES AND FRIENDS A VERY HAPPY ST PATRICKS DAY AND A JOYFUL EASTER 2016**



# THE BUZZ



## YOUR PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Comrades

This is my first report from Penticton B.C, as we are now officially permanent residents.

Although some people have commented on me remaining President of Unit #68 from so far away, it was a decision made by our executive and will be discussed at our AGM meeting on April 17, 2016.

Since our unit has no club house of our own, most decisions are made via email or other social media, also I will be returning to Vancouver monthly to see our kids and grandchildren. I have set up a small office for my computer and club material, so it seems, all is good.

I have worked my entire adult life as a self employed contractor so trying to be retired is a whole new challenge -- poor Rose!!!

So I went to Home Hardware to buy some paint and I bump into a retired RCMP officer who marched with me for years through the Colour Guard. Right away he offers me a job part time but I refused

because I need a break for a few months and then maybe boredom will set in. It's a small world and around the corner is a couple from Steveston Unit #284 Terry and Sheila who have also recently moved here.

Unit #97 ANAF is only 3 miles away so we can re-stock our freezer and of course the Hummer will be in the Penticton Peach Festival Parade so Chuck McDonald, Agnes Keagan and Charlie Lee will just have to come here by private Lear Jet; Buzz One!!!

Fraternally,

**Bob Rietveld**  
President Unit #68



## 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!*

## PROVINCIAL COLOUR GUARD REPORT

Comrades

The recent Colour Guard election has been postponed until Sunday, March 13th due to a few hiccups. It is getting more difficult to fill positions as our numbers have taken a toll. Unless more comrades join the Colour Guard it is quite feasible that our marching days are numbered.

What a sad state if some day our grandchildren no longer see the Canadian flag on parade but it seems, with life's heavy demand on our volunteers and most veterans now in their 80's it was inevitable.

March 13th is our first parade (St Patrick's Day) when everyone claims to be Irish, followed by the South Van Little League opener in April, so please comrades, join the Colour Guard to save this distinguished group of dedicated comrades.

Contact our secretary Jan Holt, or any unit President for an application. All you need to be is a member in good standing and healthy enough to carry a flag.



We are invited this year to go to Hawaii to the **75th Anniversary of Pearl Harbour.**

Now if that isn't reason enough to join, I do not know what is!!!!

**ALOHA!!!!!!**

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

## VETERANS AFFAIRS REPORT

Comrades

Although this is not related to Veterans Affairs, I would like to keep everyone updated on the Citadel Canine Society's recent achievements. As many of our units donated so generously in 2015 it is always important to know what is being done with your donations. I reported earlier that 19 service dogs have been given in B.C. to date for veterans, RCMP and first responders, so I am very pleased to announce another 3 dogs, one each to Kelowna, Campbell River and Victoria this month with a probability of another to Chilliwack in the near future.

Thank You all again for supporting my fund raising effort and remember another donation in 2016 would do a great service to our veterans. Although I now live in Penticton my cell remains the same 604-240-7084. I can not stress the life changing benefits these service dogs provide.

*Submitted in honour of Roy Blair.*

**Fraternally Yours,  
Bob Rietveld**

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



**Kerr Adamson    Andy Picard  
Douglas Sheppard**

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

## **A VETERAN'S WAR IS FOR LIFE.**

**by Elvis Baptiste**

Though many years have gone by,  
the terror I still hear.  
The voices still echo of the dying warrior.  
My heart still ponders as if I am still there.  
When I was fighting for my life and  
relying on prayer.  
I was always in fear trying to survive.  
A veteran's war is for life.

Night after night as I lay in darkness.  
Sleep is slow in coming when it's  
anchored, with dungeons.  
When the bullets fell around me as  
wounded crawled to safety.  
Some never making it and died  
in front of me.  
Some I managed to reach and heard  
their last words.  
Tell mom and dad, "I love them both".

I was given recognition with medals and a  
uniform.  
Saluted at the gate when I have made  
it home.  
A million tears fell that day for the  
welcome home soldier.

Hugs and kisses rained from mothers  
and fathers.  
But some weren't as fortunate as some  
came back in coffins.  
The cries of wives and children are still  
fresh within.

Now today, although the guns are quiet,  
the weapons in museums.  
But I still live in it.  
I'm still dodging bullets and running  
in my mind.  
The fear still lingers as I still hide in those  
dungeons.  
It's a life time battle trying to out stride.  
A veteran's war is for life.

## **A SOLDIER'S FORTUNE**

**by Irving E. Rice 2006**

They left us with a fortune,  
We spend it here and there.  
It's a fortune we can't buy,  
But it's something we can share.

They were more than just good soldiers,  
Who answered their last call.  
They were the type of soldiers,  
Who wouldn't let us fall.

Soldiers of this kind,  
How could we replace.  
Deep within our hearts,  
We hold an empty space.

We thought for fame and fortune,  
You had to be a star.  
These soldiers taught us all,  
It's really who we are.

One day they went with angels,  
To their homes above.  
Their fortune wasn't money,  
They left us all their love.

---

## **DON'T WORRY . . . I'M HERE!!**



## ***THE M & M STORY . . . .***



*It may not surprise you to learn that many amazing discoveries and inventions are spawned from war, but did you know the hugely popular M&M candies beloved by kids and adults of all ages around the world are one such innovation?*

After clashing with his father—the creator of the Milky Way bar—for a few years at Mars Inc., Forrest Mars Sr. moved to England, where in 1932 he began manufacturing the Mars bar for troops in the United Kingdom. It was during the Spanish Civil War that Mars purportedly encountered soldiers eating small chocolate beads encased in a hard sugar shell as part of their rations. In an age when sales of chocolate typically dropped off during summer months due to the lack of air conditioning, Forrest was thrilled by the prospect of developing a product that would be able to resist melting in high temperatures. He returned to the United States and, shortly thereafter, approached Bruce Murrie, the son of Hershey executive William Murrie, to join him in his new business venture. Anticipating a shortage of chocolate and sugar as World War II raged on in Europe, Mars sought a partnership that would ensure a steady supply of resources to produce his new candy. In return, Murrie was given a 20 percent stake in the M&M product, which was named to represent ‘Mars’ and ‘Murrie.’

In March of 1941, Mars was granted a patent for his manufacturing process and production began in Newark, New Jersey. Originally sold in cardboard tubes, M&M’s

were covered with a brown, red, orange, yellow, green or violet coating. After the United States entered the war, the candies were exclusively sold to the military, enabling the heat-resistant and easy-to-transport chocolate to be included in American soldiers’ rations. By the time the war was over and GIs returned home, they were hooked.

Shortly after wartime quotas ended and the candies were made available to the general public, Forrest Mars bought out Murrie’s shares in the company and took sole ownership of the M&M brand. The familiar brown bag package that remains in use today was introduced in 1948. In 1950, the candies were imprinted with a black “m” (which changed to white in 1954) and customers were encouraged to “Look for the M on every piece” to ensure they were getting the real thing. Peanut M&M’s made their debut in 1954, along with the cartoon characters Mr. Plain and Mr. Peanut, and by 1956 M&M’s had become the No. 1 candy in the United States.

In 1964, Forrest merged his various businesses (which by then included pet food and rice, among other products) with his father’s company, Mars Inc., and soon began to phase out external chocolate suppliers like Hershey’s. Upon request by the crew aboard NASA’s first space shuttle, Columbia, M&M’s were the first candy to rocket into space in 1981. Three years later, they were advertised as the Official Snack of the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. Today, the crowd-pleasing and satisfying candies continue to sweeten a soldier’s day as a welcome part of their individual Meal, Ready to Eat (MRE) field ration.

As the brand turns 75 in 2016 Mars is marking M&M’s 75th by kicking off the biggest marketing campaign ever for the tiny candies, aiming to cement itself in the hearts — and wallets — of American customers for at least another 75 years.

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*"I believe that if life gives you  
lemons, you should make lemonade...  
And try to find somebody whose life  
has given them vodka, and have a  
party."*

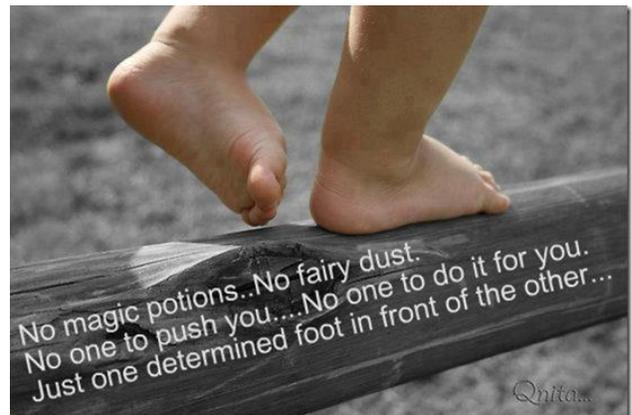
*Ron White*

**I think this is the greatest and  
truest description I've ever heard  
for a friend ...**

**FRIENDS**

They love you,  
But they're not your lover.  
They care for you,  
But they're not from your family  
They're ready to share your pain,  
But they're not your blood relation.  
**They are ... FRIENDS! !!!!**

**A True friend...**  
Scolds like a DAD ...  
Cares like a MOM ...  
Teases like a SISTER...  
Irritates like a BROTHER...  
And finally . . .  
loves you more than a LOVER.



## REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON . . .



For years and years our members have been sitting around beer tables discussing, and arguing the reasons our veteran's clubs are becoming less and less inhabited, and one club after another seems to be facing complete extinction.

What happened?

Everyone seems to have an idea why this is happening – is it because our members are moving out of the neighborhood? Are they passing on to the big club in the sky? Is it because people moving into our country have different life styles than we have? Perhaps our stricter driving laws are keeping them home? Those are just a few of the reasons many feel our clubs are in danger.

I have my own idea on this subject, and it is quite different than anybody else (my folks always said I was a little different than other people).

Anyhow – here's my reason: I blame the downfall of our wonderful clubs on a man from Scotland named *John Baird*.

I can just hear everyone saying, "*Who in H\_Ill is John Baird?*" Well, he's the guy who invented television in Scotland in 1926.

Hold it! Before someone hits me over the head with their remote control – please let me explain my reasons for blaming television for our troubles.

Those members that can remember when our clubs presented stage shows with such entertainers as Evan Kemp, Hank the Hobo, Harry 'Squeaking Deacon' Thomas, Taller O'Shea, and all the other great comedians and musicians, will also remember those were the days when if you

didn't get to the club before 8 p.m. you couldn't get a seat!

After the event of television, people found it much easier to just put on their slippers, grab a beer, and settle down on their chesterfield and watch Ed Sullivan present them with an entertainer right there in their own living room. As more people chose to stay home we had to finally cancel our live stage shows.

Still not convinced that television was our downfall? Well, how come when so many people began staying at home to watch the small screen, all of our neighborhood theatres had to close? The Main Theatre at 49<sup>th</sup> & Main was the first to go, followed by the Windsor Theatre at 25<sup>th</sup> & Main, then the Victoria Theatre at 41<sup>st</sup> & Victoria, and finally the Fraser Theatre at 47<sup>th</sup> & Fraser. All closed because of television.

Still not convinced? Whenever there was a big sporting event on, such as the World Series, Super Bowl or Grey Cup, our clubrooms were packed. Now we only get half the crowd. Why? Because, even though we have large TV screens in our club, most find it easier just to watch the game at home.

You ask, "*If television was invented way back in 1926, why did it take so long to affect our clubs?*" Glad you asked!

Television sales began in 1939, and in case you've forgotten, a war came along and instead of producing TV sets, production of radar was more important.

Because of the war, home sales of TV didn't begin until 1948. By the year 1965, there were over 70 million TV sets in homes throughout Canada and the United States.

And, of course, now television has much more than doubled the 70 million mark.

That's the end of my column for this month – I gotta go watch '*The Price is Right*' now!

Since this column appears to be mostly gloom – here’s my favorite TV gem:

*A couple of TV antennas got married. Although the wedding was terrible, the reception was excellent!!*



**Editor’s Note:** *You know something Ronnie – you have probably hit the nail right on the head!!!! Leave your TVs at home Comrades, and come back to your club rooms to reminisce with your pals once more! Save our Units!!*

## THE GARAGE DOOR

The boss walked into the office one morning not knowing his zipper was down and his fly area wide open. His assistant walked up to him and said, *'This morning when you left your house, did you close your garage door?'* The boss told her he knew he'd closed the garage door, and walked into his office puzzled by the question. As he finished his paperwork, he suddenly noticed his fly was open, and zipped it up. He then understood his assistant's question about his 'garage door.'

He headed out for a cup of coffee and paused by her desk to ask, *"When my garage door was open, did you see my Hummer parked in there?"*

She smiled and said, *"No, I didn't. All I saw was an old minivan with two flat tires....."*

**If you could sit on this bench and chat for 1 hour with anyone from the past or present who would it be..??**



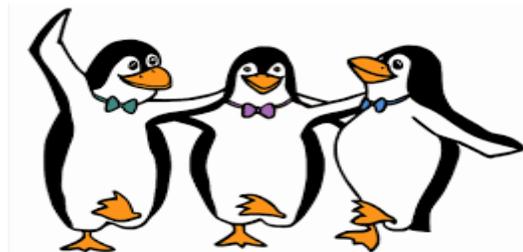
## DEAD PENGUINS - I NEVER KNEW THIS!

Did you ever wonder why there are no dead penguins on the ice in Antarctica? Where do they go? Wonder no more!

It is a known fact that the penguin is a very ritualistic bird which lives an extremely ordered and complex life. The penguin is very committed to its family and will mate for life, as well as maintain a form of compassionate contact with its offspring throughout its life.

If a penguin is found dead on the ice surface, other members of the family and social circle have been known to dig holes in the ice, using their vestigial wings and beaks, until the hole is deep enough for the dead bird to be rolled into, and buried.

The male penguins then gather in a circle around the fresh grave and sing:



*"Freeze a jolly good fellow."*

You really didn't believe that I know anything about penguins, did you?

It's so easy to fool OLD people, and even some younger ones too.

**From Your Editor Mardi:** I am sorry, an urge came over me that made me do it! Oh quit whining. I fell for it, too.

## BILL MAULDIN, WWII CARTOONIST

Many people have described their wartime experiences in letters home. But very few have chronicled war for the people doing the fighting. Bill Mauldin, World War II's most famous cartoonist, is one of them. In 1943, when he was 21, Mauldin's division shipped overseas to North Africa. Mauldin had been drawing cartoons since he was a boy, and he was quickly assigned to cover the war for the *45th Division News*, and then for *Stars and Stripes*. His cartoons, featuring a scruffy pair of foot soldiers named Willie and Joe, scored an instant hit with the soldiers who saw them. Within two years, Mauldin won fame -- and a Pulitzer Prize -- for capturing foot soldiers' everyday experiences.

As Mauldin described his famous GIs, *"they matured overseas during the stresses of shot, shell, and K-rations, and grew whiskers because shaving water was scarce in mountain foxholes."*



*"Fresh, spirited American troops, flushed with victory, are bringing in thousands of hungry, ragged, battle-weary prisoners. (News Item)"*

That last one was Mauldin's Pulitzer Prize winner. For an insight into Mauldin's place in history, here's part of the FORWARD from the 1982 *Stars and Stripes* book that included these and a number of other cartoons by Mauldin, and several others:

"Mauldin's cartoons of Willie and Joe, the two mud-covered, dry-humored infantrymen who typified the front-line soldier to all our combat troops, won for him a 1945 Pulitzer Prize and the reputation as WWII's outstanding cartoonist.

In 1940, when he was 18, Mauldin joined the Arizona National Guard, and went on active duty with it as a rifleman in the 45th Infantry Division. He accompanied the 45th through the Army camps in the United States, and in 1943, as a sergeant, went overseas with the division to Sicily, where he later switched from the unit's paper, the *45th Division News*, to the *Stars and Stripes*, with an assignment to cover the war in cartoons.

His cartoons, expressions of muted rebellion against the Army system, featured a young enlisted man, a clean shaven, nameless recruit who evolved into the dirty, dull-eyed, bearded Joe of the combat-weary team of Willie and Joe. The team slogged from Italy to Germany.

The cartoon that won Mauldin the Pulitzer Prize in 1945 was typical. Captioned "Fresh-spirited American troops, flushed with victory . . .," it depicted wretched, drenched infantrymen slogging through a downpour.

While most of the Army brass favored the cartoons as outlets for the average GI's pent-up rancor, a few objected to the bedraggled and grimy, although realistic, public image Willie and Joe were projecting of American fighting men. Mauldin was occasionally lectured, but

never suppressed.

Well known by now is the story of Gen. George Patton threatening to have The Stars and Stripes banned from the Third Army as long as Mauldin's unkempt heroes appeared in it. Patton and Mauldin were told by Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's headquarters to discuss the matter. Said Mauldin after the conference: "*I came out with all my hide on.*"

Plenty of other Generals, including Eisenhower, the Supreme Allied Commander, recognized the cartoons' worth.

Among the some 1,500 cartoons Mauldin has drawn during his career, he acknowledges only one favorite. It annoys him that none of his fans has been moved to rave over it. This drawing -- a captionless one -- shows an old cavalry sergeant pointing his revolver, in grief, at the radiator of his jeep, which has a broken wheel. '*I think that's really funny,*' says Mauldin."



## A TOUCH OF MARRIAGE HUMOUR . . .

The Harvard School of Medicine did a study to determine why married women love Chinese food in general and Won Ton soup in particular.

The study revealed that this is due to the fact that Won Ton spelled backwards is: **Not Now.**

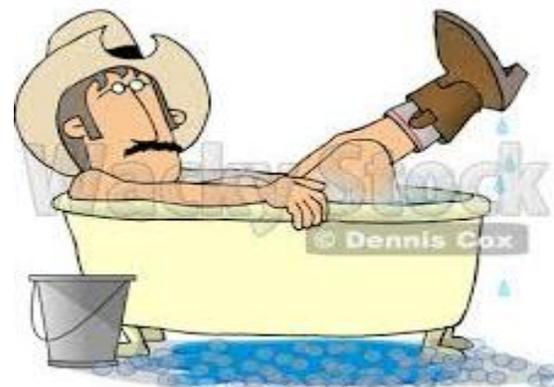
## THE TRUTH ABOUT COWBOYS . . . .

Lady went into a bar in Waco, Texas, and saw a cowboy with his feet propped up on a table. He had the biggest feet she'd ever seen.

The woman asked the cowboy if it's true what they say about men with big feet being well endowed. The cowboy grinned and said, '*Shore is, little lady. Why don't you come on out to the bunkhouse and let me prove it to you?*'

The woman wanted to find out for herself, so she spent the night with him. The next morning she handed him a \$100 bill. Blushing, he said, '*Well, thankya, ma'am. Ah'm real flattered. Ain't nobody ever paid me fer mah services before.*'

*'Don't be flattered... take the money and buy yourself some boots that fit.'*



**LOST WORDS . . . .**

Would you recognize the word Murgatroyd? - Heavens to Murgatroyd! Lost Words from our childhood: Words gone as fast as the buggy whip! Sad really!

The other day, a not so elderly (65) lady said something to her son about driving a Jalopy and he looked at her quizzically and said what the heck is a Jalopy? OMG (new phrase!) - he had never heard of the word jalopy!! She knew she was old but not that old.

Well, I hope you are Hunky Dory after you read this and chuckle - by Richard Lederer

About a month ago, I illuminated some old expressions that have become obsolete because of the inexorable march of technology. These phrases included "Don't touch that dial," "Carbon copy," "You sound like a broken record" and "Hung out to dry."

Back in the olden days we had a lot of moxie. We'd put on our best bib and tucker to straighten up and fly right - Heavens to Betsy!

Gee Whillikers! Jumping Jehoshaphat! Holy Moley! We were in like Flynn and living the life of Riley and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop or a pill. Not for all the tea in China!

Back in the olden days, life used to be swell but when's the last time anything was swell? Swell has gone the way of beehives, pageboys and the D.A, of spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes and pedal pushers. Oh, my aching back. Kilroy was here but he isn't anymore.

We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap and before we can say, well I'll be a monkey's uncle! This is a fine kettle of fish! We discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed omnipresent as oxygen, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues and our pens and our keyboards.

Poof, go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind. We blink and they're gone. Where have all those phrases gone?

Long gone: Pshaw/The milkman did it/Hey! It's your nickel. Don't forget to pull the chain/Knee high to a grasshopper. Well, Fiddlesticks! Going like sixty. I'll see you in the funny papers. Don't take any wooden nickels/Heavens to Murgatroyd!

It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than Carter has liver pills. This can be disturbing stuff!

We of a certain age have been blessed to live in changeful times. For a child each new word is like a shiny toy, a toy that has no age. We at the other end of the chronological arc have the advantage of remembering there are words that once did not exist and there were words that once strutted their hour upon the earthly stage and now are heard no more, except in our collective memory. It's one of the greatest advantages of aging.

**See ya later, alligator!**



**JULIE ANDREWS . . .**

Julie Andrews, born on October 1, 1935, is now 80 years old, but to commemorate her 72nd birthday actress/vocalist Julie made a special appearance at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall for the benefit of the AARP.

One of the musical numbers she performed was "*My Favourite Things*" from the legendary movie "The Sound of Music."

Here are the actual lyrics she used:

*Maalox and nose drops and  
needles for knitting,  
Walkers and handrails and new dental  
fittings,  
Bundles of magazines tied up in string,  
These are a few of my favorite things.*

*Cadillac's and cataracts, hearing aids  
and glasses,  
Polident and Fixodent and false teeth  
in glasses,  
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches  
with swings,  
These are a few of my favorite things.*

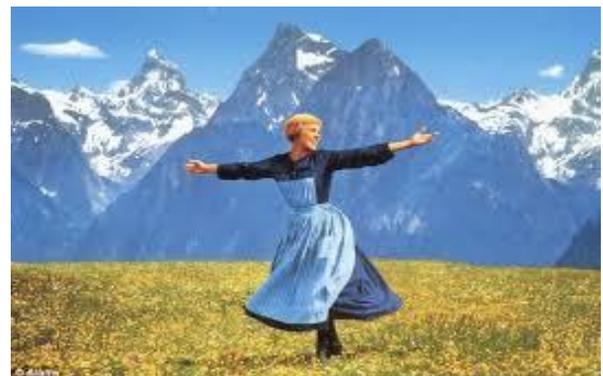
*When the pipes leak,  
When the bones creak,  
When the knees go bad,  
I simply remember my favorite things,  
and then I don't feel so bad.*

*Hot tea and crumpets and corn pads  
for bunions,  
No spicy hot food or food cooked  
with onions,  
Bathrobes and heating pads and  
hot meals they bring,  
These are a few of my favorite things.*

*Back pains, confused brains,  
no need for sinnin',  
Thin bones and fractures and hair  
that is thinnin',  
And we won't mention our short,  
shrunken frames,  
When we remember our favorite things.*

*When the joints ache,  
When the hips break,  
When the eyes grow dim,  
Then I remember the great life I've had,  
and then I don't feel so bad.*

Ms. Andrews received a standing ovation from the crowd that lasted over four minutes and repeated encores.



***"The problem with people who  
have no vices is that generally  
you can be pretty sure they're  
going to have some pretty  
annoying virtues."***

**--- Elizabeth Taylor (1932 - 2011)**



## HOW TO SURVIVE A HEART ATTACK WHEN ALONE?

1. Let's say it's 7:25 pm and you're going home (alone of course) after an unusually hard day on the job.
2. You're really tired, upset and frustrated.
3. Suddenly you start experiencing severe pain in your chest that starts to drag out into your arm and up in to your jaw. You are only about five km from the hospital nearest your home.
4. Unfortunately you don't know if you'll be able to make it that far.
5. You have been trained in CPR, but the guy that taught the course did not tell you how to perform it on yourself.
6. **How to survive a heart attack when alone?**  
Since many people are alone when they suffer a heart attack without help, the person whose heart is beating improperly and who begins to feel faint, has only about 10 seconds left before losing consciousness.
7. **However, these victims can help themselves by coughing repeatedly and very vigorously. A deep breath should be taken before each cough, and the cough must be deep and prolonged, as when producing sputum from deep inside the chest.**

A breath and a cough must be repeated about every two seconds without let-up until help arrives, or until the heart is felt to be beating normally again.

8. Deep breaths get oxygen into the lungs and coughing movements squeeze the heart and keep the blood circulating. The squeezing pressure on the heart also helps it to regain a normal rhythm. In this way, heart attack victims can get help or to a hospital.

9. Tell as many other people as possible about this. It could save their lives!

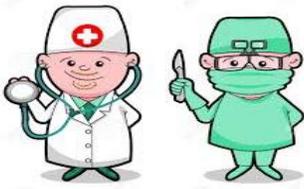
10. A cardiologist says If everyone who gets this message, & kindly sends it on, you can bet that we'll save at least one life.

## PIZZA MUTT . . . .



He started barking at the door, when I got up to look outside he ran back and stole a slice of my pizza. No one was at the door.

## THE PSYCHIATRIST & THE PROCTOLOGIST . . .



Best friends graduated from medical school at the same time and decided that in spite of two different specialties, they would open a practice together to share office space and personnel.

Dr. Smith was the psychiatrist and Dr. Jones was the proctologist; they put up a sign reading: *Dr. Smith and Dr. Jones: Hysterias and Posteriors*. The town council was livid and insisted they change it.

The docs changed it to read: *Schizoids and Hemorrhoids*. This was also not acceptable so they again changed the sign to read *Catatronics and High Colonics* - no go.

Next they tried *Manic Depressives and Anal Retentives* - thumbs down again. Then came *Minds and Behinds* - still no good. Another attempt resulted in *Lost Souls and Butt Holes* - unacceptable again! So they tried *Nuts and Butts* - no way. *Freaks and Cheeks* - still no good. *Loons and Moons* - forget it.

Almost at their wit's end, the docs finally came up with: *Dr. Smith and Dr. Jones - Specializing in Odds and Ends*.

'Everybody loved it'.

*"The way I see it, if you want the rainbow, you gotta put up with the rain."*

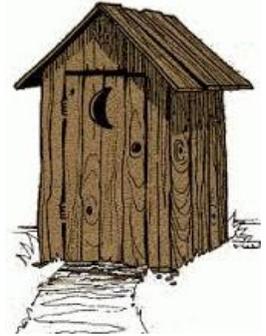
--- Dolly Parton



## THE OUTHOUSE AND THE CHERRY TREE . . .

*An 'Oldie' but a 'Goodie'!!*

Once there was a little boy who lived in the country. The family still used an outhouse, and the little boy hated it because it was so hot in the summer, freezing cold in the winter and stank all the time. The outhouse was sitting on the bank of a creek and the boy was determined that one day he would push that old outhouse straight into the creek.



So, one day after a spring rain, the creek was swollen and the little boy decided today was the day to push the outhouse into the creek. He found a large pole and started pushing.

Finally, after much effort, the outhouse toppled into the creek and floated away.

That night his dad told him they were going to the woodshed after supper. The boy knew that meant a spanking, so he asked why.

The dad replied, "*Someone pushed the outhouse into the creek today. It was you, wasn't it son?*"

The boy answered yes. Then he thought a moment and said, "*Dad, I read in school today that George Washington chopped down a cherry tree and didn't get into trouble because he told the truth...*"

The dad replied, "*Well, son, George Washington's father probably wasn't in the cherry tree.*"

## A PARABLE . . . ABOUT A SMART ASS

One day a farmer's donkey fell down into a well. The animal cried piteously for hours as the farmer tried to figure out what to do.

Finally, he decided the animal was old, and the well needed to be covered up anyway; it just wasn't worth it to retrieve the donkey.

He invited all his neighbors to come over and help him. They all grabbed a shovel and began to shovel dirt into the well. At first, the donkey realized what was happening and cried horribly. Then, to everyone's amazement he quieted down.

A few shovel loads later, the farmer looked down the well. He was astonished at what he saw. With each shovel of dirt that hit his back, the donkey was doing something amazing. He would shake it off and take a step up.

As the farmer's neighbors continued to shovel dirt on top of the animal, he would shake it off and take a step up.

Pretty soon, everyone was amazed as the donkey stepped up over the edge of the well and happily trotted off!

Life is going to shovel dirt on you, all kinds of dirt. The trick to getting out of the well is to shake it off and take a step up. Each of our troubles is a stepping stone. We can get out of the deepest wells just by not stopping, never giving up! Shake it off and take a step up.

**Remember the five simple rules to be happy:**

*Free your heart from hatred - - Forgive.*

*Free your mind from worries - -  
Most never happen.*

*Live simply and appreciate what  
you have.*

*Give more.*

*Expect less.*

**NOW...**

Enough of that crap ... The donkey later came back, and bit the farmer who had tried to bury him.

**MORAL FROM  
TODAY'S LESSON:**

When you do something  
wrong, and try to cover  
your ass, it always comes  
back to bite you .



**A FEW HANDY  
HOUSEHOLD  
HINTS FOR  
YOU . . . just in  
time for Spring**



If you have weeds growing in the cracks of your patio, deck, or driveway; kill them by spraying them with a solution of 1/4 cup of salt added to 1 gallon of water.

To keep weeds from returning to the cracks of your patio, deck, or driveway keep salt in the cracks.

**And for smokers:**

To remove the smell of smoke place bowls of white vinegar around the house to absorb the odor.

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

## **A FATHER OF MANY . . . . .**

A little boy got on the bus, sat next to a man reading a book, and noticed he had his collar backwards. The little boy asked why he wore his collar backwards. The man, who was a priest, said, *'I am a Father.'*

The little boy replied, *'My Daddy doesn't wear his collar like that.'*

The priest looked up from his book and answered, *'I am the Father of many.'*

The boy said, *"My Dad has 4 boys, 4 girls and two grandchildren and he doesn't wear his collar that way!"*

The priest, getting impatient, said. *'I am the Father of hundreds'*, and went back to reading his book.

The little boy sat quietly thinking for a while, then leaned over and said, *"Maybe you should wear a condom, and put your pants on backwards instead of your collar."*

.....

## **THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RICH AND POOR PEOPLE**

**Just a nice little wake up call for all  
of us!!!!**

One day, the father of a very wealthy family took his son on a trip to the country with the express purpose of showing him how poor people live.

They spent a couple of days and nights on the farm of what would be considered a very poor family.

On their return from the trip, the father asked his son, *"How was the trip, son?"*

*"It was great, Dad!"*

*"Did you see how poor people live?"* the father asked. *"Oh yeah,"* said the son.

*"So tell me, what did you learn from the trip?"* asked the father.

The son answered, *"I saw that we have one dog, they had four."*

*"We have a pool that reaches to the end of our garden, and they have a creek that has no end."*

*"We have imported lanterns in our garden, and they have the stars at night."*

*"Our patio reaches to the front yard and they have the whole horizon."*

*"We have a small piece of land to live on, and they have fields that go beyond our sight."*

*"We have servants who serve us and they serve others."*

*"We buy our food but they grow theirs."*

*'We have walls around our property to protect us; they have friends to protect them.'*

The boy's father was speechless, and then his son added, *"Thanks Dad, for showing me how poor we are!"*

Isn't perspective a wonderful thing? Makes you wonder what would happen if we all gave thanks for everything we have, instead of worrying about what we don't have!

Appreciate every single thing we have, especially your friends!

Life is too short, and friends are too few!"

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## DID YOU KNOW ????

There's a new jewelry store in Hollywood whose business has suddenly leaped ahead of all the competition.

It rents out wedding rings.



## INNOCENT OR GUILTY???

Bubba was arrested for selling home-stilled whiskey.

His lawyer put him on the stand and asked the jurors to look carefully at his client.

"Now, Ladies and Gentleman of the jury," concluded the lawyer, "you've looked carefully at the defendant.

"Can you sit there in the jury and honestly believe that if Bubba had any whiskey he would sell it?"



He was acquitted.



## WHERE ARE YOUR GLASSES???

*A rendition of an 'Oldie but a Goodie' . . .*

**Overheard in the Club rooms . . .**

Yesterday my daughter e-mailed me again, asking why I didn't do something useful with my time.

"Like sitting around the club and drinking wine is not a good thing?" I asked.

Her talking about my "doing-something-useful" seems to be her favorite topic of conversation. She was "only thinking of me", she said and suggested that I go down to the Senior Center and hang out with the gals. I did this and when I got home last night, I decided to play a prank on her.

I e-mailed her and told her that I had joined a Parachute Club.

She replied, "Are you nuts? You are 78 years old and now you're going to start jumping out of airplanes?"

I told her that I even got a Membership Card and e-mailed a copy to her.

She immediately telephoned me and yelled, "Good grief, Mom, where are your glasses?! This is a Membership to a Prostitute Club, not a Parachute Club."

"Oh man, I'm in trouble again," I said, "I really don't know what to do. I signed up for five jumps a week!!"

The line went quiet and her friend picked up the phone and said that my daughter had fainted.

*Life as a Senior Citizen is not getting any easier, but sometimes it can be ever so much fun!!!!*

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



**BAKED SALMON CAKES**



These salmon cakes are baked in muffin tins. They are moist, tasty and healthy. They freeze well for future meals, and go great in lunch boxes.

Approximate Time: 30 minutes  
Yield: 8-10 salmon cakes

**INGREDIENTS:**

1 can (14 3/4 oz) salmon, drained with skin and bones removed  
1 1/2 cup soft whole wheat bread crumbs  
1/2 cup sweet red pepper, chopped fine  
1/2 cup egg substitute (or 2 eggs)  
3 green onions, thinly sliced (or 1/2 an onion, finely chopped)  
1/4 cup celery, chopped fine  
1/4 cup fresh cilantro, minced (or a small amount of dried)  
3 Tbsp mayonnaise  
1 Tbsp lemon juice  
1 garlic clove, minced  
a few dashes hot pepper sauce, more if desired

**SAUCE**

2 Tbsp mayonnaise  
1/4 tsp capers, drained  
1/4 tsp dried dill weed  
a dash of lemon juice

**METHOD:**

In a large bowl combine the first 11 ingredients.

Spray muffin tins with cooking spray.

Use 1/3 cup salmon mixture for each muffin tin. (The recipe says 8, but 10 muffin tins can be filled in a 12 cup muffin tray).

Put water in any unfilled tins.

Bake at 425°F for 10-15 minutes, or until a thermometer reads 160°F.

While the cakes are baking, combine the sauce ingredients in a small bowl.

Serve the cakes with some sauce on the side or on top.



**ENJOY!!!!**

**PLEASE NOTE:**

You can use that recipe also with canned tuna. Rinse it well with lemon water. And modify the recipe slightly by adding very finely chopped onion.

*Source: Taste of Home newsletter*



***Finnegan drunk as usual walk into the church confessional. The priest waits and waits for Finnegan to say something. Finally the priest pounds on the wall of the confessional box.***

***"Ain't no use in knocking," Finnegan yells back  
"There's no paper on this side either!"***

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## WHY BE A VOLUNTEER?

--(Author Unknown)

It's not for the money;  
It's not for the fame;  
It's not for any personal gain.

It's just for love of your fellow man,  
It's just to give a helping hand;

It's just to give a little of one's self,  
That's something you can't buy  
with wealth;

It's not for a medal worn with pride,  
It's for that feeling deep inside;

It's that feeling that you've been a part  
Of helping people far and near,

**That makes you a volunteer!**

**"I've got my own recipe  
for Irish stew:**

Get some meat, some  
potatoes and a lot of  
Guinness Stout. Drink all of  
the beer. Forget about the stew."



## NO WORDS NEEDED . . . .



## FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

We have arrived at a very beautiful season in our spectacular province, and that is the Season of Blossoming Trees – everywhere one looks is a sea of colourful blossoms springing to life – reminding us that Spring is definitely on its way!!!



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

Special Thanks once again to our Star Columnist, Ron 'Andy Capp' Robinson!! We thank you for taking us with you down Memory Lane!!

Please visit our webpage at  
[anavets68.com](http://anavets68.com)

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

**Your Editors,  
— — — Mardi & Fred**

*"A best friend is like a four leaf clover: hard to find and lucky to have."  
~Unknown*

